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VOL. X

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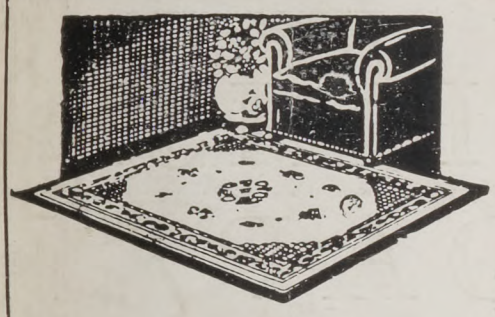
VOL. XX., No. 492] JOHANNESBURG, JANUARY 3RD, 1925. [Registered at G.P.O. as a Newspaper. PRICE 6D.



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General Manager.

Johannesburg,
December, 1924.

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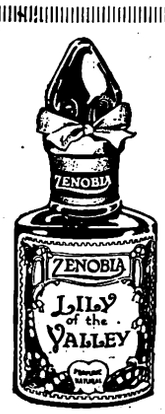

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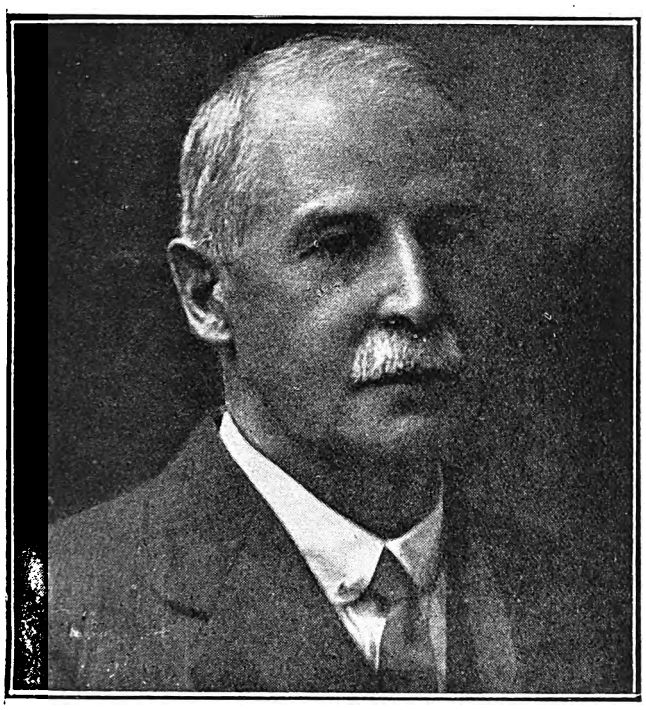
"The Union's National Weekly."

VOL. XX. No. 492.] SATURDAY, JANUARY 3RD, 1925. (Registered at G.P.O. as a Newspaper.) PRICE 6D.

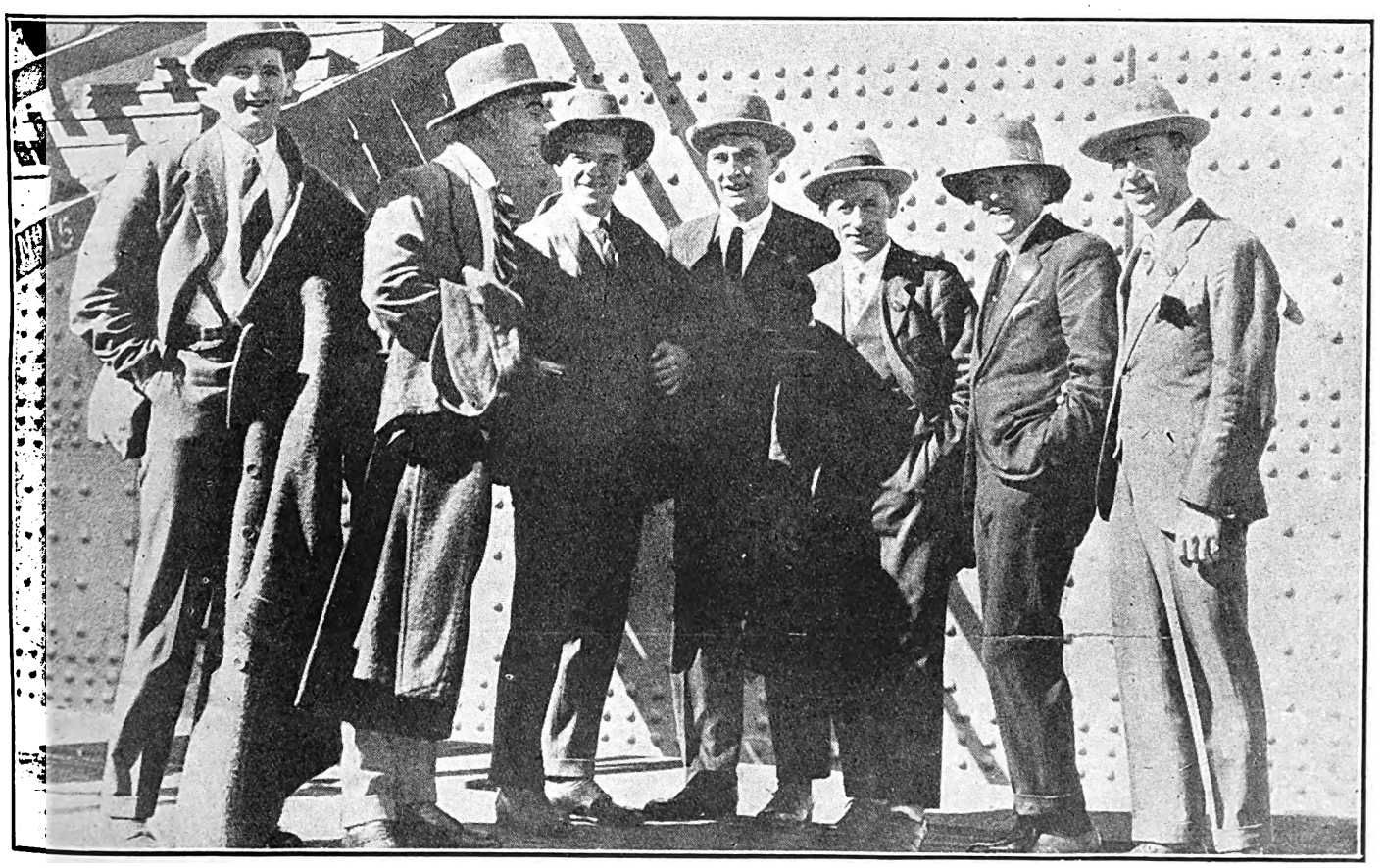


Mr. Ashburnham, Chief Magistrate for Johannesburg, who retired at the end of the year.

Photograph by Brittain.

Mr. E. Bowles, Chief Clerk of the Johannesburg Magistrates Courts, who has been appointed additional magistrate at Port Elizabeth.

Photograph by Brittain.



The Soccer Team Returns: Arrival at Capetown of Messrs. Riley, Hodgson, Murray, West, Stewart, Skene and Parry.

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Of Heavens and Hot Baths.

Merely a string of nonsensical thoughts that came to me in the bath.

On Sunday morning, sitting in my bath and watching the smoke of a cigarette I bought in London curling itself towards the African sky (it looked rather surprised at the change), I was thinking of heaven. I was wondering just what the powers that be intend doing with us when we get there . . . . whether they'll have a specially elect heaven for editors alone, or whether they'll just herd us in with the broad stream of humanity .

I was thinking just how much one wanted heaven to be everything the Sankey and Moody people don't imagine it to be. Marble seats are always uncomfortable and cold; I never could play a harp and my breathing is too uncertain and weak for a trumpet. I'd look positively absurd in a flowing robe, and, judging by the portraits of Saint Peter I've seen in children's books, I'd quarrel with the old gentleman the very first day.

And, if the Sankey-Moody conception of heaven hath no attractions for one, what is it one wants? First of all, I'd like plenty of hot baths. Here I am sitting in my bath, with the healthy warm caress of warm water about me. It is very pleasant. And I'd far sooner sit in a warm bath and watch the pagant of clouds sailing against the blue of this African sky than see a couple of old bearded saints hobbling down a marble path singing psalms. I bet they'd sing out of tune.

As I am lying in the bath, with a sponge floating merrily around (I bought it at Wembley for six shillings), I am certain that Heaven will be a place devoid of people who are trying to go there. Sometimes I think there'll be a sort of consolation heaven, with those nice milk-pudding-minded-smug people who are good because they haven't the courage to be otherwise.

Now my conception of heaven is a rather nice country house with undulating fields here and there and everywhere, plenty of caviare, plenty of escargo, plenty of good wine (the saints will appoint the manager of the Cafe Royal to order it) and still plenty of warm baths. There won't be any motor cycles and there won't be any private detectives. You won't have to " listen-in " or diet yourself.

As I am thinking about this, there is a specially wonderful cloud sailing past the bathroom window. It is tumbling into new shapes as it passes, now it is a polar bear, now a giraffe, now a chariot, and now like a portrait of Mr. G. K. Chesterton. At the moment, I don't really ask any more of heaven than this . . . . a warm bath, a good scrunchy soft sponge, and the sun coming in and dancing from the peroxide bottle to the tap, from the tap to the water itself, all in a pageant of silver light. *Hector Bolitho.*

Dock Scenes.

Another artist of the docks, this time Mr. C. E. Peers has had an exhibition of water colours and pastels at Dempers and Wiley. Mr. Peers like Mr. Dumbleton, has gone around with his things under his arm seeking out the quiet sunny corners where odd fishing boats lie at anchor in deep still water.

He likes the sunshine and has done a colourful picture of a German boat taking on cargo, and has even discovered something that is beautiful in a ship coaling. In no less degree has he been successful in his landscapes which show high decorative value.

A Pantomime Star.

Miss Renee Sutton, who is Dandini in "Cinderella" at His Majesty's Theatre, Johannesburg.

Of Gardens.

Taken as a whole, the South Africans are keen gardeners and it is, therefore, interesting to learn that Mrs. Marion Cram, authoress of " The Garden of Experience " and " The Garden of Ignorance," is again coming to visit us in order to write a book on South African gardens. Many people will remember her previous visit, some three years back, in connection with the Officers' Overseas Association. Mrs. Cram was the founder of the interesting Garden Club in London.

The Common Story of Mankind.

By Violet Lezard.

The story of a long career replete with misadventure;
The story of the legend " Where's that money that I lent yer? "
The story of a wild attempt to stick to resolutions;
The story of commercial giants and amorous Lilliputians.

The story of a broken heart, and many broken banks;
The story of the helping hand, but very little thanks;
The story of a stupid dupe that trusted far too much;
The story of the cripple who once threw away his crutch.

The story of a sentiment, the story of a sin,
And how a twisted, tortured soul repentance did begin;
The story of a life long hope, the story of a dud,
Who from the glorious starry heights fell earthwards with a thud.

The story of the only theme that gives old earth its shove,
The story of the failure of the aim of human love;
The story that is told again and told in every school,
The common story of mankind—the story of a fool.

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A London Letter.

Mr. "A"—Queen Alexandra—South Africans in London.

By Pamela Travers.

108, *New Bond Street, London, W.*1.

Thursday!

Why, not *Thursday?* It can't be!

Yes, it is Thursday—and mail day. A very bad combination, because Thursday is the day on which I always want to do something I haven't got time for—buy a new hat, for instance, or motor out to Hampton Court to see the daffodils or whatever flower is in season. And I always have to write letters. 'Tisn't fair!

Anyway, I'll get me out my little typewriter and set to work with paper from the top drawer of the writing table and a rubber from the secret little cupboard which occurs suddenly when you press the little spring on the thing that holds the pens. You can't guess what an intriguing desk mine is. It has—no, I think I'd better get on with the news, so I'll leave the desk until another time, much as I am loath to do it.

MISS PAMELA TRAVERS.

What shall I tell you about? Murders? No, they'e wearisome and too usual nowadays. Scandal? Good gracious, no—think what the Editor would say, and how his blue pencil would obliterate my very excellent copy!

I'll tell you a bit of London news first.

Well, firstly, as the parson says, the mysterious "Mr. A.," who has been the cause of this huge law case which has so lately held London in thrall, has been made known publicly by his right name. You will know this, of course, before you read this letter, but you don't know what an upheaval this unveiling has caused in the City of Fog. Many important people sat in solemn debate before they decided to allow the poor public to know that "Mr. A." was really Sir Harry Singh, son of the Maharrajah of Cashmere. Then the papers came out in a rash of old photographs and various unauthentic reports of the young man's life from the time he cut his first tooth. And the poor dark young man is far away in India and cannot refute such statements as "when he was only nine his sword play was so good that he could fence with any master of the art" or that "his favourite flower has always been the yellow cactus." They did not add that he likes to wear this exotic bloom in his buttonhole, but they might have done so with equal truth.

Something between a social crush and a football scrimmage on the underground at five o'clock gives the best impression of scenes in the court during the hearing of the case. Women literally fought for seats and at the end of the day officials went round picking up bits of fur, tortoiseshell cigarette cases, hairpins and gloves. Even Felix was there—or, rather, I imagine it was Felix. A black cat, extremely like Felix, made a stately entrance during the absence of the jury and walked with slow and pondering steps right across the bench and under Lord Darling's chair.

Oh, and Queen Alexandra has just had her eightieth birthday at Sandringham. December 1st brought back to many the memory of the fairy girl who arrived in London in 1863 to marry the Prince of Wales, who, say the royal archives and tomes, "greeted his bride with a kiss," and who wore, I have it from the same authority, "a deep blue coat and narrow trousers of grey." Does the old Queen remember him in that guise, one wonders. In spite of her eighty years, the Alexandra of to-day differs not at all from the Alexandra of forty years ago, so they tell me: I cannot judge that for myself. She still has that slender, soft daintiness which wrapped the Sea King's daughter from over the sea when the flotilla of warships carried her triumphantly up the Thames long and long ago.

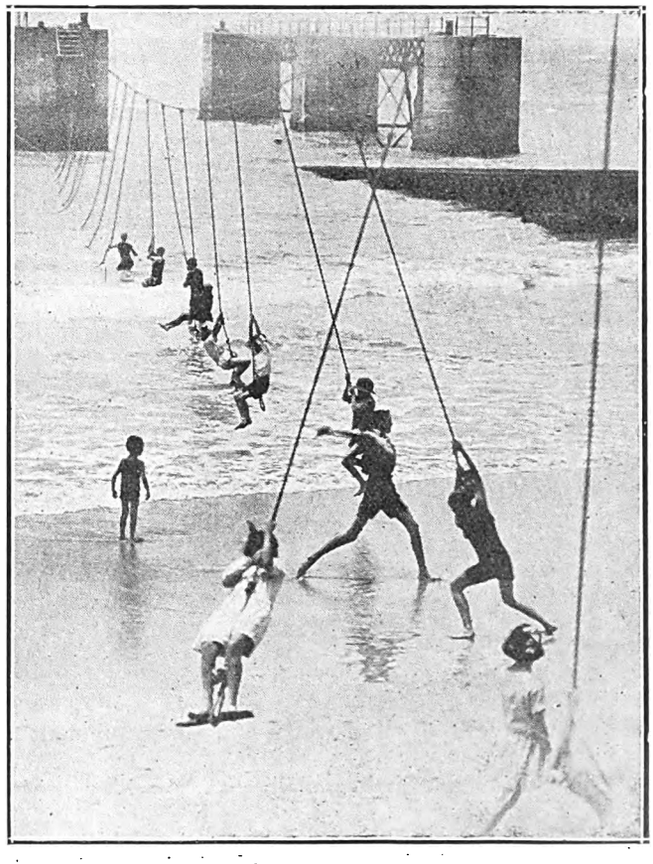
By this time the Duke and Duchess of York will be with you—at least they will be in East Africa as they are to eat turkey with the Governor of Kenya at Nairobi on Christmas Day. Everybody who has met the Duchess will hope that she gets the gauzy fairy from the top of the Christmas tree, since that is the loveliest gift anybody can possibly receive at Christmas time—except, of course, tickets for "Peter Pan." But the Duchess will not be here to see that this season, so the Christmas tree fairy will be the next best thing.

On the night of December 16th the South African students in London are to celebrate Dingaan's Day with a supper at the Florence Restaurant, Piccadilly. There is much secret planning and plotting going on, so that it will be an original success. According to an ancient custom, the speeches will all be in Afrikaans.

On the same evening there is to be a Roman ball at Claridge's, to raise £200 to complete the purchase of the Roman site of Reculver, on the Kent coast, and so save it from the builder and for the nation. Tickets have this legend written in small letters under the date, "Roman dress optional." One is glad of that. After all, the toga is hardly the garment one would choose for mid-December, besides think how glad the fat people will be to be let off that not-very-slim costume.

(Continued on page 4.)

A Communal Swing.



Children taking advantage of the ropes at Humewood, Port Elizabeth.
[Photograph by W. H. B. Wodehouse.

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London Letter Continued.

Basil Dean is in trouble over the production of "A Midsummer's Night Dream" at Drury Lane. He hasn't yet found an actor to undertake the part of Bottom, the Weaver. This production is to be the grand event of the London theatrical season, since it has in the cast such celebrities as Edith Evans, who will play Helena, Athene Seyler Hermia and Gwen Francon Davies as the doting Titania. Dean can always be trusted to give London something original, though he will hardly be able to do anything more iconoclastic than Granville Barker did some years ago, when he produced the same play with the fairies covered from head to foot with gold paint.

There is already a new hair-cut for women on the hairdressers' market. It is called the Eton shave and the barber who performs it must be nimble witted and nimble fingered. The new fashion brings back the long forgotten fact that women have ears, but woman must be very sure that she has nice ears before she has the Eton shave. The hair is clipped very short and close at the back, but is left longer in front and sweeps back behind the ears and over the head and makes a lovely smooth line from forehead to the nape of the neck. Of course, no curly-haired person can effect this result. The Eton shave is only for those who have well-shaped heads and straight, lank, governable hair.

There has been another innovation in broadcasting. It has been the custom to have a broadcasted "Children's Hour" every evening at five o'clock, when well-known entertainers sing and tell stories which are broadcasted all over Britain to thousands of small pyjamed people who listen while they toast pink toes before the fire. Now, however, the grown entertainers are to go and children are to entertain the children. The ones who go to bed late are to perform for the ones who have already had their bread and milk to eat and their faces newly scrubbed to clean rosiness. Every day at five o'clock the children of England can come into close touch through wireless for an hour until the warnings of many nurses proclaim bed-time and the broadcasting centre turns off to dull adult amusements again.

I have this day been to South Africa House, which looks into Trafalgar Square. They look after visitors to England very well there. The only thing against it is that there is no public telephone for visitors. I searched from ceiling to basement and could find no little glass-doored box into which I could step and call up a number. This is a most serious drawback, and I do think that a Round Robin, or whatever other kind of document is necessary, should be sent to the authorities.

Dr. and Mrs. Watkins-Pitchford, who have been spending some time in London, set out for South Africa on December 19th.

The *Windsor Castle* will take to South Africa on December 12th Colonel Sir Percival and Lady Marling, as well as the Earl and Countess of Leven and Melville, and Mrs. Alexander Susman and Mrs. Wakeham.

The *Llanstephan Castle* brought over, among others, Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Brooke. He is a D.S.O. Mr. P. and Lady Mary Boyd and Mr. H. Daly Stanford also came on the same ship.

South Africa is becoming a perfect hotbed of royalties. After the visit of the Duke and Duchess of York, or, if possible, during their stay, the Prince of Wales will visit the colony. In the course of his tour he will visit Sir Abe Bailey's farm at Colesberg. The Prince likes country life best of all and is never so happy as when he is riding a quick-tempered horse.

The *Kildonan Castle*, which sails on the 19th, takes to the South Sir H. Seymour King, Sir L. and Lady Lyne and Lady Wavertree, all of whom will take prominent parts in the regal season.

The Tristan da Cunha exhibits at Wembley, with the exception of the natural history specimens, have been taken over by the Imperial Institute. The natural history specimens go to the British Museum and will be on view at the Natural History Museum.

Pantomime's Principal Boy.

Miss Jean Andrews, who is Principal Boy in the Pantomime "Cinderella."

The excellent publicity given to South Africa through the medium of the cinematograph at the British Empire Exhibition is not to cease, for on Wednesday the trade witnessed a special show of South African film gems, and it is to be hoped that they will be shown throughout Britain. O, a splendid display. They showed the building of the African Irrigated Land Company's dams, panoramic and close-up views of the principal cities of the Union, canning of pineapples and every stage in the growing of the fruit, and forestry operations in Tanganyika.

And that for the moment is all, I think.

Of course, I haven't told you of the latest West-end divorce or the latest minutes of the Salvation Army and a host of other things.

But, you see, I fear the Editor's blue pencil.

Till next week, greetings, O ye of the South!

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"Blood and Sand."

This photograph from the magnificent Ibanez moving picture "Blood and Sand" introduces the famous player Rudolph Valentino, who is star in the film. It is a gorgeous production, full of the romance of Spain and the bull-ring. It will be shown at the Bijou Theatre on Monday next.

Capetown Tivoli Changes.

Twenty-one years ago, when the Tivoli, Capetown, first opened its doors, it was a bio-vaudeville house, and there were many people who heard with regret years later the news that it was to be converted into a music-hall with a full vaudeville bill.

Now the important announcement has been made that the Tivoli is to become once again a bio-vaudeville house. Those who remember the old days will be glad of this change.

The most important part of the announcement is the fact that the prices will be considerably reduced. Stalls, for instance, will come down from 8s. 3d. to 4s. plus tax, and thus a visit to the Tivoli will be placed within reach of every one.

Commenting on the announcement, Mr. Harold Matthews, the manager of the Tivoli, whom I found in his office the other day, said the change had been made because such a large number of people liked the mixture better than they liked either a full vaudeville bill or a full bioscope show. *R.*

For Children.

In a little sheltered bay on the Atlantic side of the Peninsula there is a sun-kissed bungalow town. One sees it all at once, as a surprise, on rounding the bend in the cliff road from Sea Point; a little town of many coloured houses built on steep cliff sides above the golden sands—Clifton.

And the first thing that strikes one about Clifton is that it is a children's paradise. A seashore of soft white sand slopes evenly and gently to the sea, and there are little coves and corners of the rocks such as children love. A retired nurse, Miss Hall, who is well known in the Peninsula as an indefatigable social worker, has now established a hostel there for children whose parents perhaps cannot afford to accompany them to the seaside, or for other reasons cannot be with them. She has called the bungalow "Southsea," and has turned it into a hostel. The name suits the cool-cream-washed appearance of the place. *R.*

A Dutch Visitor.

Not so very long ago there stepped off a boat in Cape Town docks a Dutch visitor to South Africa, whose name has since become very widely known in the Peninsula. Mr. Paul de Groot is an actor from Holland who has already given several recitals in the Peninsula and who will shortly start on a tour of the country districts. His value as a force in the education of country children was quickly realised by the energetic director of Education, Dr. Viljoen, who has arranged the tour for him.

Mr. de Groot is so happy here that he intends to stay as long as he can, which will certainly be as long as the cold and damp winter of Northern Europe continues. *R.*

FOR THE BEST POSTCARD PHOTOGRAPHS, NEW YORK STUDIOS. OPPOSITE G.P.O.

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Music and Musicians.

By "C. A. O. D."

Concert Disturbers.

I have often wondered whether local concert audiences have noticed how frequent performances in the Selborne Hall and in the Town Hall are interfered with by outside noises. The Selborne Hall is fortunately so placed that noises from passing trams are not heard, but there are a few other kinds of disturbers of the musical peace from which our popular concert hall is not immune. One is the occasional machine-gun-like exhaust explosion of passing motor-cycles, and the other the striking of the Post Office clock. The dreaded hour is nine o'clock, usually just before the interval arrives, and it is curious how frequently the nine strokes come just when the music is quiet and subdued. In the case of a chamber concert, the town clock will broadcast its information somewhere in the course of the Adagio movement, and for the time being one's attention is divided between the pitch of the music and the pitch of the time bell. In the case of an instrumental recital the big work that usually comes on the interval is usually preceded on the programme by something of a lyrical nature. Should the programme include a Chopin Nocturne or the Berceuse, it is fairly certain that the last few measures will become a sort of duet, with the town clock very much the dominant factor. Cradle songs have a purpose, but the purpose becomes an aesthetic impossibility when the very flat E flat of the clock is added to the final section of the accompaniment. Performances in the large hall are far less subject to disturbance from the same source, but all concert rooms in the vicinity are easy victims to the fearsome sound of the hooter sounded on occasion by the evening daily. Only a few nights ago a semi-private musical performance was completely spoilt by the hooter, which does not only announce the issue of a special edition, but irritates everybody within a radius of a couple of miles. The pitch of *The Star* hooter oscillates between D and E flat—according presumably to the amount of steam pressure available, and as it is a continuous sound, which constitutes the chief reason for this growl, it can be imagined what happens to the performers should they be busy in any other key. So disturbing is this hooter during concert hours that I regard it as an abomination and a public nuisance.

Probably those who attended the concerts given in the Town Hall recently by Miss Carrie Tubb will remember how, during the performance of a violin solo, the hooter announced a special edition, and continued doing so for several minutes. The violinist had no hope. The power of steam could not be denied, so eventually the soloist stopped playing with the remark, "How long does the oppositon show continue?" Of course, not only was that particular solo completely spoilt, but the disturbance had a direct effect on every other solo in that particular group, because the violinist had got himself surcharged with a continuous E flat.

Progressive America.

Systematic instruction in instrumental music as a regular graded study in the public schools has been successfully introduced in Washington. The plan adopted is applied to various schools, and a course, covering a period of thirty weeks, is designed specially to determine the ability of each child to master the piano. At the end of the first term the teacher will advise the pupils whether they should continue the instruction. A supervisor and a corps of pianists are in charge of the course.

A Musician's Income Tax.

An American writer refers to a newspaper headline which read "Los Angeles 'Cellist Pays over Four Hundred and Fifty Thousand Dollars," the kind of information that is now public property in America owing to the decision to publish the amounts paid by prominent persons as income tax. The 'cellist who paid the huge sum mentioned is G. Allan Hancock, who played in the Holywood Bowl Symphony concerts. It appears, however, that Mr. Hancock is not merely a plain 'cellist. Like, for instance, the other well-known violinist, General Dawes, of Reparations Report fame, Mr. Hancock has a little side-line. He is president of the Californian Trust Company.

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Rand Artists Returning.

It is stated that Signor L. Danza, the well-known pianist, at present in Italy, is also considering the advisability of an early return to this country. Signor Danza can be assured of a warm welcome should he decide to resume his work in Johannesburg.

Eisteddfod Bursaries.

In addition to the bursaries already referred to on this page as being available for award at the next Eisteddfod meetings, the following details concerning these prizes are now given in the Cambrian Society's official syllabus:—A bursary of ten guineas will be awarded to the vocal solo competitions, but competitors for this award must be within the following ages: Ladies, 17-22; men, 17-24. A bursary of ten guineas, offered by Mr. J. J. Williams, president of the Cambrian Society, will be available in the elocution competitions; and a bursary to the value of seven guineas will be given in the various dancing sections.

Owing to the restricted period available last year for the various preliminary tests it became necessary for the adjudicators, in some of the tests, to hear only a part of some competitors' work. This led to a great deal of dissatisfaction among those who were turned down in the preliminary tests. For the forthcoming meeting special arrangements have evidently been made, for it is now announced that the preliminary tests will be extended over a period sufficiently long to guarantee a fair hearing to all competitors. But competitors are asked to satisfy themselves that they are equal to the standard demanded by the competitions.

Sailing Ship Days.

Stirring sea-romances of other days are spun in a café I have discovered on the way to the Capetown docks. Here sailors from all over the world gather in thirsty groups and the talk runs freely from one end to the other of the world.

Here it was that we one day talked of the *Derwent*, the beautiful clipper which made Table Bay recently and now lies at one of the quays. Time was when she was one of the famous colonial clippers carrying wool on the Australian run, logging records from day to day in the race.

A PORTRAIT BY JANE PLOTZ IS GOOD. ART STUDIOS, THRUPP'S BUILDINGS.

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A Social Note Book.

By "Carrie."

New Year, new thoughts, new resolutions and a new, bright, shiny conscience! Such a wonderful thing to have! No heel taps and no regrets.

The House of Clergy has substituted the word "Service" for "Obey" in the marriage service in spite of protests that any change would undermine the authority of *man* in the home. Oh, it's a lovely business—this New Year.

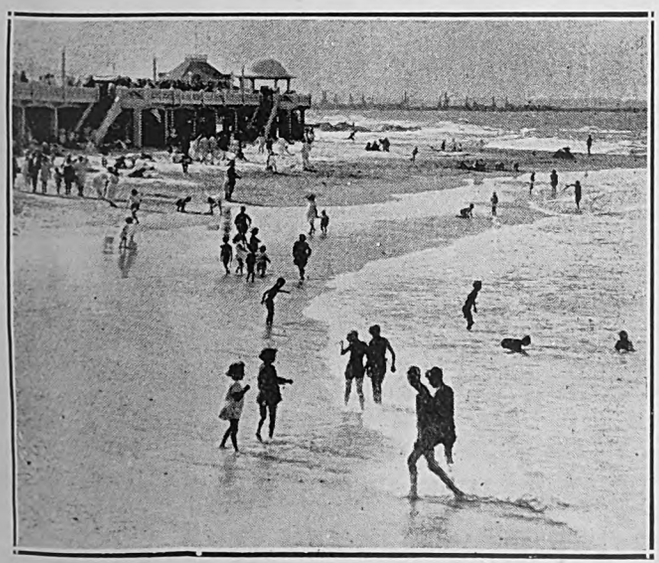
Already Father Christmas has been relegated to the limbo of Forgotten Fairies, and here we all are shaking hands with Madame 1925. I have just been reading about the Bachelor Tax and talking to a man in the Treasury Department—all in one breath. He tells me that married men save the most (actually, it is the wife who does it). At 24 the average bachelor has three per cent. more money than the average married man. At 28 the married man has three per cent. more than the unwed, and at 48 the man with a wife and family to support has twenty per cent. more taxable wealth than the average unmarried man. So I give you these figures, without prejudice, as the lawyers say.

The streets were as packed as ever at Christmas. The shops overflowed with people on Christmas Eve, to the astonishment of Cricketer Ernest Tyldesley, of Manchester, my home town (dear old, dirty, rainy place). But there—I am getting sentimental. Still n'importe, it's New Year and the time for sentiment.

At the Wanderers.

Balloons, paper caps and toys were the order of the day, or rather evening, at the Wanderers, where the Cricket Club entertained the English and South African teams. There were pretty girls, lovely gowns, music, warmth and brightness and, in obscure corners, *mistletoe*. The U.P.C. was full, and the Carlton Hotel hardly shut its doors. Life there has been a series of supper dances, dinner dances and cabarets, with an impromptu dance here and there. If 100 people came they were welcome; 500 and the walls seem to have expanding sides. Such a crowd arrived there on Boxing Night, that they cheerfully took up the rugs and danced in the Palm Court. Sir Harry Graumann had twenty-two friends to the dinner dance. Mr. and Mrs. Philcox, from London, were there, Mrs. Philcox defying superstition in a gown sprinkled with peacock feathers. Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Hyman, whose young son has just returned from England, Mr. Aubrey Hyman, Mrs. Peter Kaplan, Mr. and Mrs. Gustav Sonn and their pretty dark-haired daughter, and Mrs. Sims, who acted as hostess for her brother, were among the dancers. Sir Evelyn Wallers

(Continued on page 8.)

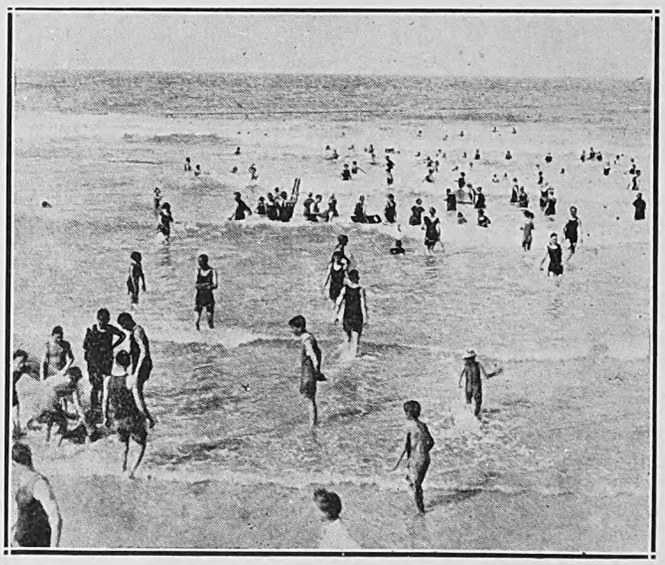


Another view of Humewood, Port Elizabeth, during the holidays.

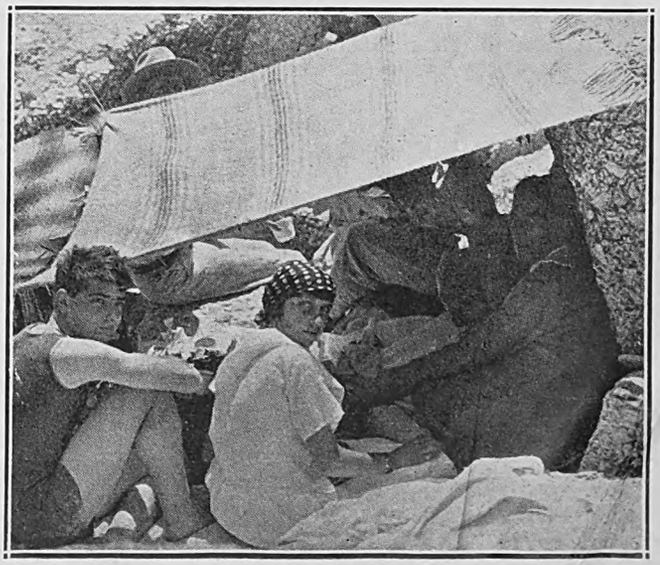
Beaches—Here, There and Everywhere.

Woodstock "Beach," Capetown, Boxing Day.

At Seapoint.



Bathing at Humewood, Port Elizabeth.



Camps Bay, Capetown, on Boxing Day.

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was with Mr. and Mrs. Percy Sherwell and Mr. and Mrs. Nelmapius. Mr. Douglas Clark entertained a large party, and Miss Gundry, Miss Rudd and Miss Bateman never missed a dance. Mr. N. O. Currey had a large party, which included Dr. and Mrs. Sheridan, just back from their farm at Nottingham Road, Miss Olive Jackson, and Miss Betty Preece, who was being congratulated on her engagement to Mr. Lou Marks. Mr. and Mrs. Pardee had Mr. Joel at their table. I adored Mrs. Pardee's "Betty Wales" gown of white, veiled in black with its diamante stemmed rose. Mr. G. Joel was entertaining his mother, who was attired in a wonderful black gown.

Boxing Day races gave the next bit of colour to my panorama. There were some remarkable parasols, the smallest one on the course being a mere toy of white, with ebony spokes and handle. Mrs. Peter Kaplan carried it. Princess Alice came with the Governor-General, and in the Royal party were also Lady Barbara Bingham, Mademoiselle de la Panouse, Major Alexander and Lieut. Hawkins, R.N. Princess Alice wore a charming cinnamon gown, embroidered in gold thread, blue and rose, and a gold crinoline hat with ospreys at one side. Lady Dalrymple was also in the Royal box, gowned in grey. Even the band wore new uniforms.

Pantomime.

There is a wonderful game called "taking the children to the pantomime," that is very popular at present. It is played at Her Majesty's, Johannesburg, with the aid of Cinderella. It is a splendid show, and it adds another feather in the cap of Mr. Levard.

I'd love to tell you more, but our Editor has a very large blue pencil, and Editors have to be humoured at Christmas. Then it is that the Yuletide poet wakes up and bombards him. To me the great surprise was Jean Andrews. Her Prince Charming was a thing of joy. I never realised so much shapliness was lost in those Paris creations.

There is a flying ballet, a magnificent ballroom scene and lots of pretty costumes. May I say that it is the finest pantomime we have ever had!

My automatic telephone is just the same as last week: a boon for quiet hours when the baby is asleep. You stand and give yourself the wrong number for hours (you dial the correct one: the machine does the rest).

Mr. Lion at Pretoria.

At the races I also met Miss Lion, who had come over from Pretoria. She told me that not only were the Governor-General and Princess Alice present at the Opera House on Tuesday to see "The Chinese Puzzle," but that there was a command performance for Saturday also, when "Outward Bound" was played. An English daily, speaking of the great success of Mr. Leon M. Lion and Miss Kelly in S.A., says: "They have been judging ankles in their spare time." This, of course, refers to the big fête two days after they arrived in Johannesburg.

A Royal Honour.

Mr. Wilfred Sketch, the well-known portraist, who has settled in a lovely home at St. James, right by the side of the ocean, has had one of his pictures of Table Mountain accepted by the Queen of the Netherlands. Before coming to Johannesburg, Mr. Jocelyn Leigh-Hunt was in partnership with Mr. Sketch at the Cape.

Coming South.

Colonel Sir Percival Marling, Bart., V.C., and Lady Marling will reach South Africa by the *Windsor Castle* in January. They have a very lovely home at Stanley Park, near Stroud, in Gloucestershire, but have planned to stay here over the English winter. Sir Percival won his V.C. in 1884 and last year he was High Sheriff of Gloucester. He has business interests in the Union, so Dame Rumour tells me.

C.R.

Competitors for the recent 20 miles cycling race at Port Elizabeth.
[*Photograph by R. L. Shawyard.*

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Life of Lord de Villiers.

Within a week or two, an important book will arrive from Messrs. Constable & Co., Professor Eric Walker of the Capetown University has written "Lord de Villiers and his Times, South Africa 1842-1914," and the volume will throw limelight on a great man and a great period in the story of South Africa. Of the author first. Professor Walker has the chair of History in the Capetown University. He was born in London in 1886, and he is the eldest son of William Walker, for many years Secretary for the Union-Castle Company and nephew of the late Doctor Thomas Walker, Professor of Philosophy at Victoria College (now the University of Stellenbosch. He was educated at Mill Hill School, London, N.W., and at Merton College, Oxford. His books "A History of England" and "Historical Atlas of South Africa" were published in England in 1920 and 1922 respectively.

PROFESSOR ERIC WALKER.

Speaking to a *South African Pictorial* representative about his new book, Professor Walker said, "I have been at work on 'Lord de Villiers and his Times' since August of 1920."

"I took up the work at the invitation of the present Lord de Villiers, who put at my disposal a great mass of papers at Wynberg House—including diaries, covering the beginning and end of his father's long life, and letters covering the year 1861-1914, almost all dealing with affairs of public importance. These naturally form the backbone of the work and in many cases throw new light on the history of South Africa. Beside these letters I have been shown many by correspondents of the late Lord de Villiers, also by the Rt. Hon. J. X. Merriman and Lord Selborne. I have also used the Hofmeyr Papers preserved in the S.A. Public Library and the two printed but hitherto unpublished volumes of the South African correspondence of the late Lord Loch (1889-95), with whom Lord de Villiers was very intimate. Other valuable documents include the draft of the Pretoria Convention of 1881, in Lord de Villier's handwriting with his corrections and marginal notes, his letters to and from the High Commissioner during the National Convention, of which he was President (1908-9), on the arrangements under which Basutoland and the Native Protectorates might one day be taken over by the Union, and a diary recording Lord de Villiers' experiences as acting Governor-General in July and August, 1914, covering the opening stage of the Great War.

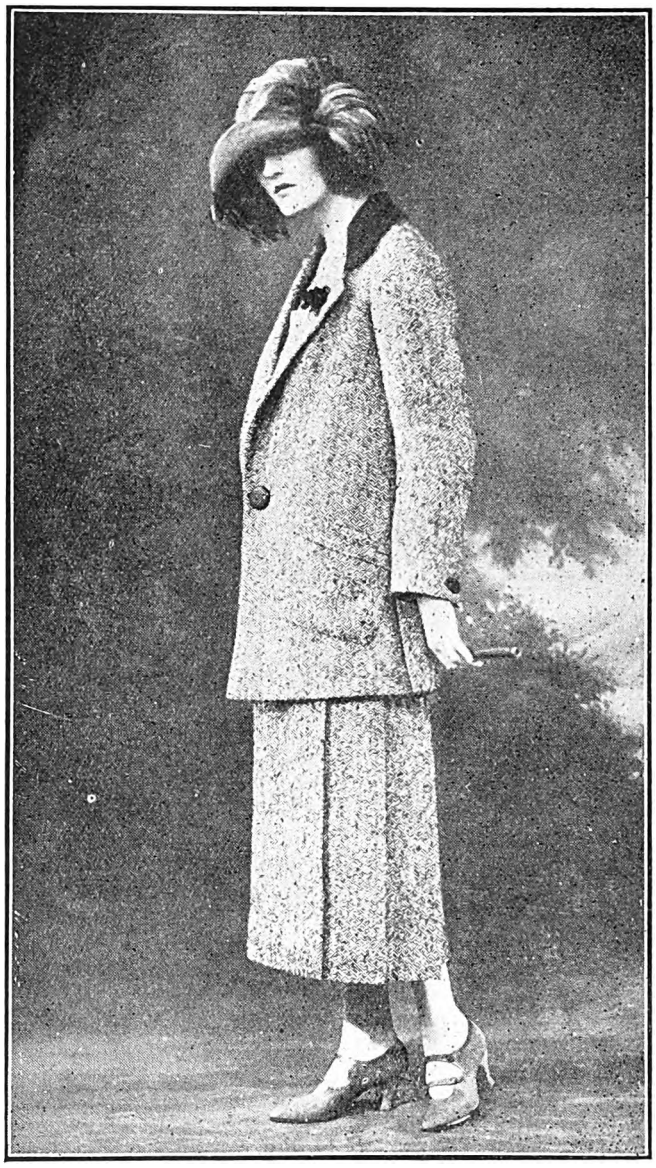
"The two main public interests in his life were the Law and South African Federation or Union. His ability and long tenure of office meant that his influence has been greater than that of any other man in moulding South African law. Tried consistently to simplify and cheapen the administration of justice. The judicial clauses in the South African Act of 1909 are mainly his work and are virtually those proposed by him in 1877 when Lord Carnarvon was trying to federate South Africa. In 1886 he was the first man to advocate admission of Colonial Judges to Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. In 1896, he was the first Colonial Judge to be called to it. He took his seat in 1897, at the time of the Diamond Jubilee.

Apart from the law he was a keen politician. Federation under the British Crown was, he said, the dream of his life. As early as 1869 he was corresponding with President Brand of the Orange Free State of this subject; he returned to it again and again; it was fitting that he should die as Acting Governor-General. Men of all ranks, parties and schools of political thought came to him or wrote to him for advice; hence, the variety and importance of the papers at Wynberg House. I have published some *in extenso*, portions only of others, but have been obliged to use many others merely as material on which to base my text.

To sum up, it is partly because the variety of the topics dealt with in these letters, but also because the past 60 years or so of South African history have still to be written, that I made the book a 'Life and Times.' I have tried to make the history a background, but I have been obliged to make it a somewhat detailed background."

University of Cape Town.
Cape Town,
19th December, 1924.

A Costume for these unexpected Rainy Days.



Messrs. Reville, Ltd., of London, send us this photograph of a particularly smart costume they have recently created.

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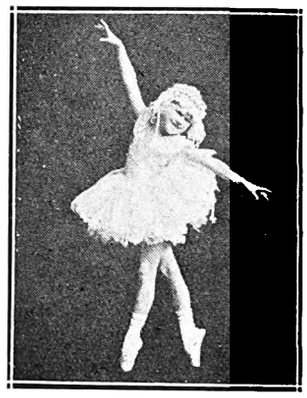
Johannesburg Dancing Competitions.

JEAN MCLAREN.

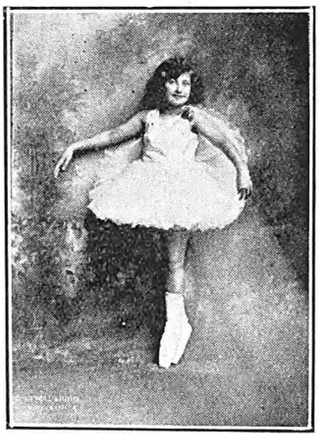
FLORENCE INNES, *second prize.*

CATHIE GIBB.

SARAH GOLDBERG.

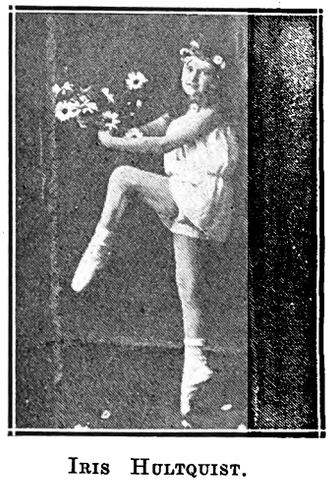


MAYARET JOHNSON.



RHODA LAZARUS.

Rhoda Brown, who won the first prize.



IRIS HULTQUIST.

BERTHA PEARCE.

The dancing competitions held in connection with the "Little Nellie Kelly" revival at the Empire Theatre, Johannesburg, were a tremendous success, as indicated in our last issue. So much interest was taken in the competitors that we have reproduced photographs of most of them. Rhoda Brown was the winner, and Florence Innes was second. The public voted Rosemary Milne as third best of the young company of dancers.

WENDY HARDIE.

HILDA MALTZ.

PATRICIA WOOD.

RITA GABBAHOLZ.

ESTHER LISSACK.

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Dancing in Strange Places.

Since we are all dancing mad at the moment, with competitions and serious public discussions as to how one should hold one, it is interesting to talk to Elsie Videau, who is appearing with Walter Kirby at the Empire, Johannesburg. She has just come back from the East and tells us surprising things about the dancing there; how Shanghai, Pekin and Tientsin are packed with Americans, who dance so strenuously that the men always bring a spare dinner jacket, two shirts and six collars, so that they may change during the dance. That's how hot it is!

"The Japanese," says Elsie Videau, "are keen on our European dances . . . especially the artistocratic Japanese. But the Chinese don't follow, partly because the tiny footed Chinese girl is unable to follow the vigorous activities of the modern ballroom. But that custom is dying and the younger Chinese girls are falling to the charm of One God Jazz. When the Japanese dance our dances they remain loyal to their national costumes, and the girls dance in kimonos and slippers with only one strap. But they don't wear the extravagantly embroidered kimonos we buy abroad. Those allegedly 'Japanese kimonos' are made only for sale to Europeans."

Elsie Videau and Walter Kirby, now at the Empire.

With her partner, Walter Kirby, Elsie Videau has taught dancing in many strange lands, including Japan, China, India and Egypt. "The Bedouins were very difficult to teach," said Walter Kirby. "Their flowing robes are not designed for jazzing."

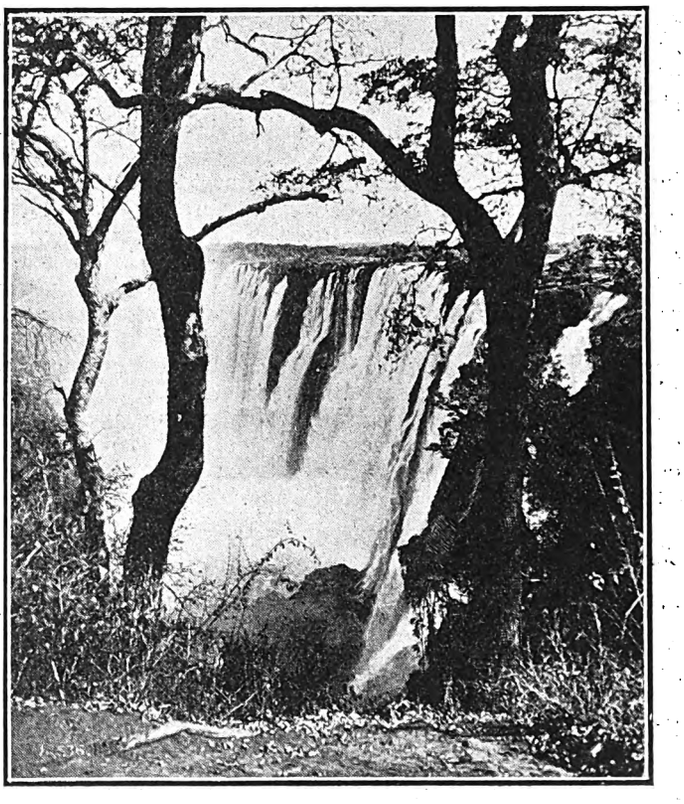
Signor Ferramosca.

Chatting with Signor and Mrs. Ferramosca on the night of their return, I noted that, although they went into ecstacies over Paris, Milan, London and other centres of seductive delights, they punctuated each chapter with the remark that they were more than glad to be back in Johannesburg. And I gathered that other South Africans would like to, and as a matter of fact intend to, wend their way homewards. Thelma Tuson, who continues to rouse London concert audiences to enthusiasm, is one. Ernest Dodson, who made quite a little money out of music selling and playing, is another. As for Danza, it is only a matter of months before he will take his place again in our musical firmament. Their sighs are quite understandable, but what shall be said of the bouquet handed to our sunny land by one who but a few weeks ago knew not Africa, although he admitted that he had long dreamt of coming. I refer to Afseh Paikin, a violinist of ability and personality who will give us many musical treats. Of course, the influence of a sudden inheritance may have had predisposing effects, but this gentleman plied very definite superlative adjectives of joy at being here.

Signor Ferramosca was emphatic that the best of our tea rooms provided entertainment not one whit lacking in quality in comparison with London establishments. His signora, who, it will be remembered, won our Beauty Competition, talked of the wonderfully dressed women of Paris and Milan. They are wearing short black coats, and skirts just below the knee. Stockings of a sun burn tint are matched with the complexion, and the *toute ensemble* produces an effect of unrepentant youth. The most beautiful thing she saw, however, was the opera "Valkyrie" at the Scala in Milan. *R.G.*

Blood and Sand.

Lila Lee in "Blood and Sand" at the Bijou, Johannesburg, on Monday, January 5.



A new photograph of the Victoria Falls.

A Daughter of Pretoria.

Miss Annie Hofmeyr, only daughter of Mr. G. M. Hofmeyr, Secretary for Education in Pretoria, who has been taking a course in the School for Social Work, Amsterdam, has just returned to Pretoria. Miss Hofmeyr travelled very considerably and spent some time visiting all the institutions, industrial schools and reformatories. As a teacher in the Free State, she became interested in welfare work, and the knowledge she has gained should be of the greatest help to the welfare organisations already formed in South Africa.

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Female Impersonators.

By Bert Errol.

England's Most Famous Impersonator, who is coming to Africa.

"There is no art so misunderstood among the public as that of the female impersonator. No road to theatrical success is more difficult. And I want to talk of that misunderstanding with the freedom and lack of bias without which judgment and criticism are of no avail.

"I hate the mincing, unhealthy impersonator who uses the cheap mannerisms of cheap women, dressing himself in gewgaws and tinsel. But I believe that it is possible for a man to impersonate with sane consideration of the female charcter, in the same way as he might play the melancholy Dane. The man who plays Hamlet is not melancholy away from the stage. Othello does not rant and rave when the curtain goes down. In the same way, the same female impersonator does not extend what is merely an amusing trick of acting to unnecessary and unhealthy extremes when he takes off his wig and becomes himself again. Thus I want South Africa to take my work as I present it—an amusing, unserious play about an amusing and unserious idea.

"First of all, I want South Africa to understand that I do not take impersonating in the least seriously. To me it is an arch entertainment—and I like to impress upon my public the tremendous difference between a female impersonator and a feminine impersonator. The first is a legitimate art which started in England when Shakespeare's women characters were played by men. In Japan, China, and the theatres of earlier Elizabethan England, the female impersonator was a recognised part of the theatrical profession. But I don't want you to think in the same way of the feminine impersonator—who ogles his eyes and does what the Americans might call 'put across the Theda Bara stuff.' That is silly.

"An impersonator must approach his little impersonations with a sense of fun. He is dressing up—he is playing a little joke. By buying the finest frocks old Paris can yield, by adding the best wig he can find and by little arts and crafts which are the right of the dressing room, he finishes the trick. But the whole thing has to be backed up with histrionic talent and voice. There is nothing more to say about it really—only this—please remember the immense difference between being a feminine impersonaator and intelligently trying to portray, with the legitimate art of the theatre, characterisations of women. There is a vast difference. I have established it on the stage—and I can rely on the intelligence of the South African audiences of whom I have heard so much from my wife's sister, Jennie Hartley, to see the difference and acknowledge it.

Chris Charlton.

We are all of us young enough to respond to the illusionist who can make ladies disappear, milk, wine or whisky come out of a kettle, and cut people in halves and join them together again without the slightest trouble.

The illusionist is as much part of the theatre to-day as the pantomime dame or Harlequin himself. Therefore, the super-illusionist casts a super-spell over us, and we have such a spell when Mr. Chris Charlton appears. He is playing a season at the Orpheum, Johannesburg, on January 5th.

Mr. Chris Charlton is a very famous English magician, and the way in which he makes the ladies of his company disappear is envied by every unhappy married man who sees him. Seriously, Mr. Chris Charlton will be greeted here because he has an exceptional show of exceptional originality. He has performed before the King and Queen, and is known throughout the United Kingdom as the Royal Illusionist. His magic kettle is world famous. He can produce anything from whisky to milk, and free drinks are the order of the day when he is on the stage.

The Editor of the "South African Pictorial" is pleased to consider

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Leon Levson.

I am going round with a sadly diminished estimation of my sex. It appears that men are the most difficult to photograph. Our self-consciousness in front of the camera is pitiful. Babies are easiest—one appeals to their affections; the fair sex takes next place—they are easily amenable to aesthetic suggestions; but men—lords of creation and all that—well, let us hide our heads.

So much and more I learnt chatting over the tea cups to Leon Levson, who is off early next year after many years' hard work in South Africa, to do some more of it for a twelve month in Europe and America. Levson is a brilliant example of a reputation which, although made in what is often referred to as the tail end of the world, has nevertheless been so effectual that masters of his craft in great centres have been delighted to accord his work unstinted praise. Apropos I learnt a rather interesting story.

When Mr. Levson was summoned to the late General Botha's home, Rusthoff, to make some portraits of the statesman, the country was in the first ferment of the troublous years of the war. Realising the need for a non-nervous portrait, Levson uttered some startling remark that brought a smile to his sitter's face, and in the same moment the shutter did its work.

Now for a strange sequel! During his world tour some three or four years ago, Mr. Levson found himself invited to exhibit at a big show organised by the professionals of America, where, by the way, it is nothing unusual for a man at the top of the photographic tree to charge 100 dollars for a first print. Among his pictures was the Botha portrait. Further down the wall was another picture of Botha, taken by a famous American portraitist, during the General's visit to France. When comparisons were made, Levson was gladly given the bouquet. The knack of imparting living personality to a piece of paper is given to very few.

Suits for the Well-Dressed Man.

The conventional blue suit is still a first favourite with the well-dressed man, and rightly too, as it must be admitted that it is, after all, one of the most practical suits a man can possess. It is never out of date, and, provided proper care is taken, a blue suit of good cloth will do yeoman service for a very long time. When choosing the material for a blue suit it is advisable to select one, the surface of which is not too closely cut. As a rule these cloths hold their shape remarkably well, but they generally have the disadvantage of becoming shiny quicker than cloths of a slightly woolly surface. The double-breasted blue jacket still holds its own, but again discrimination is necessary, as it will be readily understood that excessive "embonpoint" and double-breasted jackets do not harmonise. On the other hand, it is a garment which suits almost every man of normal build, and especially slim figures, but it must be remembered that a double-breasted jacket should always be worn buttoned, even if it is caught together by the bottom button only. Very little can be said of single-breasted sac suits, as no important change has taken place in recent years in the cut and style. With reference to the cloth, it cannot be said that at the moment any particular colour predominates, although this season brown seems to have been much worn, but I notice that many more people are wearing suits of cashmere material. The reason for this is obviously economy, inasmuch as this cloth always wears much longer and keeps its shape better than cheviots or angoras. Apart from these points in its favour, cashmere cloth is usually of dark designs, which in these hard times is a very strong factor, as dark suits are for most purposes far more practical than those of light tones. Not only that, but the cashmere material is the dressiest of all materials, and with reasonable care a suit of good cashmere will last for two or three years.

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The Week.

Paragraphed and Photographed

Without offence to friends or foes
I sketch your world exactly as it goes.

A Holy Man.

Agnes, the thin, plain daughter of the family, had been learning to play the piano for two years. Every Sunday evening, the aunts and uncles, mother and father gathered around the room to hear her play "The Indian Love Lyrics" and a specially hard piece in which Agnes was obliged to cross her hands very frequently. The time came when all the aunts and the parents put their heads together and decided that Agnes should "go up" for a musical examination. Aunt Ruth said, "The child is a genius." So the great day arrived and Agnes was sent in to the examiner, while mother and aunts stood feverishly outside wondering how the child would get on. Eventually she emerged from the examiner's room.

"How did you get on?"

"Do you think you passed?"

The child was bombarded with questions. She said, "Yes, mummie, I am sure I have passed because I played so well."

"And what kind of man was the examiner?" asked the mother.

"Oh, he was very nice," said Agnes, "but he was a very religious man. All the time I played he rested his head in his hands and said, 'My God! My God!'"

A Black and White Dance.

One of the most energetic artists in the Peninsula is Miss Stella Chiappini, who finds time in between her other work to do decorative work for many of the big City Hall dances of the year. She is at the moment busy on the decorations for the Black and White Ball on February 25th, in the arrangements for which Princess Alice is taking a personal interest. It is no easy matter to decorate the Capetown City Hall—the platform alone has stumped many dance promoters—and Miss Chiappini will have a bigger task than ever to do all the decorations in black and white.

But the idea of a black and white ball is a novel one, and novelty is needed at some of these City Hall affairs.

R.

Another Thief at Capetown.

Burglars continue to terrify the people of the city and suburbs, and yet another thief story comes to light; a story in which a young wife, invalided and alone in her home at Capetown, was forced to lie still while the thief made his entrance through the window before her very eyes.

It was about ten o'clock. The young woman was lying on a couch in a shadowy corner of the breakfast room, when she heard a noise at the window. From her corner she could just see the creeper stirring outside.

Suddenly she realised that two eyes were examining the room in which she lay. She remained perfectly still and watched. It was no use making a noise—the woman was unable to move. The eyes did not see her in her shadowy corner. A smallish face was thrust in through the window; the creepers stirred again. The intruder—slowly—hesitatingly entered the room, passing from the window sill to a chair and then to the floor.

Imagine the position of the woman; lying helpless on the couch and knowing that a stranger was looking around for spoil!

The eyes of the intruder scanned the table, and there lay his objective.

He moved forward, made one grab at the breadboard and the piece of bread and the feathery thief disappeared out of the window. *O.P.*

A Special Compliment.

Everybody who is anybody in the artistic life of Cape Town belongs to one or other of five clubs—the "K," the Repertory, the Owl, the Operatic, or the Garrick. Not to belong to one of these is, in Cape Town, the hall-mark of the Philistine.

So that when these clubs combine in anything it may be taken as certain that the gathering will be fully representative. Mr. Leon M. Lion and Miss Renée Kelly have been welcomed to the Mother City by a dinner organised by the Garrick Club, and attended by members of the Owl, the Operatic, and the Repertory, on Sunday night at the Royal Hotel.

It was a jolly affair, not spoiled by too much formality; just a gathering of artists to welcome and honour another and greater artist. *R.*

To the Sea.

The remarkable thing about Cape Town's season this year is that no longer are people staying in the town itself because it is convenient. They are filling the hotels at False Bay and Sea Point and never have the suburban railways been so popular.

The reason is, perhaps, that they have discovered that if hotels are a little dearer at some places outside the town it is worth the extra money to be able to enjoy the sea without having to make a day's excursion of it.

Sea Point has attracted a record crowd as the Boxing Day figures at the Pavilion and the smiles on the faces of hotel proprietors show. But yet the season is not properly in its stride. *R.*

A Family Gathering.

Sir Pieter Stewart Bam will soon be surrounded by his family, for the *Balmoral Castle*, arriving early in February, will bring Lady Stewart Bam of Ards and her mother Mrs. Stewart. Her sister, Miss Muriel Stewart, also arrives from Australia about the same time, so it will be a happy reunion. The Marquis of Londonderry is the head of the elder branch of the Stewart family, and Lady Stewart Bam is the head of the younger branch. Sir Pieter and Lady Stewart Bam have five children. Their eldest daughter had among her sponsors, Lord Strathcona, Sir John Taverner and Sir Starr Jameson. Thus Canada, Australia and South Africa are all represented.

A Golden Wedding.

It is seldom one sees such an interesting gathering as were present at the golden wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Adler at the Carlton Hotel on Monday, for practically every one of the guests was a Pioneer of South Africa, and many were the interesting reminiscences exchanged. Mr. and Mrs. Adler received at the entrance to the ballroom, where a tall blue vase of white arum lilies stood sentinel. Mrs. Adler wore an elegant pearl grey gown with grey radium laces to the sleeves and a black hat ruched with tulle and having touches of gold in it. Among their children were Mr. and Mrs. Grant Smith and their son Ian, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Adler, Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Adler, Mr. and Mrs. Max Adler, Miss Pearl Adler and two small grandchildren, who presented a bouquet. At the table of honour, which was beautifully decorated, sat Mr. and Mrs. Pistorius, Mr. and Mrs. A. Baumann, Mr. and Mrs. Gustav Baumann, of Bloemfontein, Mr. and Mrs. Papenfus, Mrs. H. A. Rogers, and Mrs. Welchman. Sitting round chatting were numbers of well-known people: Lady Dalrymple in a handsome black gown with beaver fur to the edge of the flairs on the hips and a hat with ospreys, Lady Cullinan, Sir Harry Graumann, Senator and Mrs. Kidger Tucker, Mr. and Mrs. Emile Nathan, Mr. and Mrs. Gustav Sonn, Mrs. I. W. Schlesinger, Dr. and Mrs. Murray, Dr. and Mrs. Hunt and others. Edgar Adler's band played for the dancing, which was led off by the bridal pair amid applause. Mr. and Mrs. Henry Adler are living at the Carlton Hotel.

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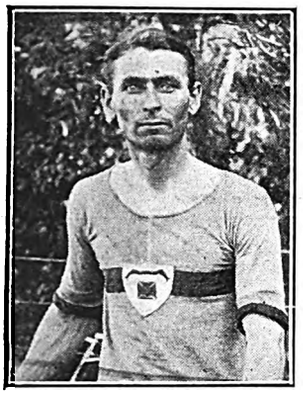
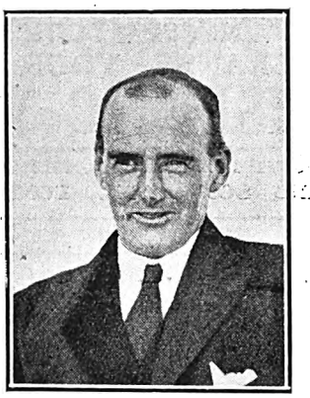
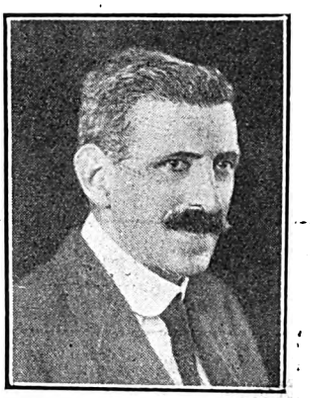


MR. C. C. REGNART, *winner of the 20 mile cycling race at Port Elizabeth.*



MR. GORDON STEWART, *winner of the Western Province Golf Championship.*

MISS E. BULTEEL, *who came to South Africa as Lady in Waiting to H.R.H. Princess Beatrice.*



SIR ROLAND BOURNE, *whose scheme for Garden Cities or Farms for retired professional men, has aroused interest in England.*

When the Prince Comes.

H.M.S. "Repulse," which will bring the Prince of Wales to our shores, will not be reconstructed for that purpose, as alterations were made in her some time back. She will not be remodelled into a Royal yacht, as was the case with the "Renown." It is expected that there will be many South African lads among her crew. These boys have gone overseas mainly through the Transvaal Organization of the Navy League. One of these boys, Reginald Hibbins, whose father is a well-known member of the S.O.E. in Johannesburg, already writes: "I am coming to South Africa in 'Repulse'; she's bringing the Prince of Wales, as you already know. I won't half feel a knut travelling with the Prince." Boys who are recruited by the League must be 15-16 years old and are sent to Devonport to receive their training. Last year, when the Special Service Squadron touched Capetown, there were many of these lads on the "Hood," and Admiral Field several times expressed his great satisfaction with their work.

Princess Beatrice in Capetown.

For the next few weeks Capetown will be honoured with the presence of H.R.H. Princess Beatrice, who arrived from England on Monday, December 15th. Princess Beatrice is staying with Archbishop and Mrs. Carter at "Bishopscourt," Claremont. In the short time she has been here, the Princess has made several public appearances. On Thursday afternoon of last week Her Royal Highness honoured "Herschel" by attending the annual prize distribution of the school. It is only three years since "Herschel" was opened as a private school for girls under the supervision of the Church Schools Association. Miss Ralph has already given it a wonderful reputation for conduct and scholarship. On a recent evening H.R.H. Princess Beatrice, with the Archbishop and Mrs. Carter, attended the Thursday evening classical concert in the City Hall, when Mr. Leslie Heward gave a fine and stirring interpretation of Tchaikowski's Pathetic Symphony.

London Theatres.

Present productions in London are remarkable for their good setting, in which the gowns of the actresses play no small part. Some little time back a film was shown at the Orpheum, Johannesburg, with Miss Constance Collier in some of the wonderful gowns she wore in Somerset Maughan's "Our Betters." It will be remembered that Miss Dorothy Varick, who was on the bill at the Empire at that time, had a brother in the production. Now comes news that Miss Margaret Bannerman has got all new gowns from Paris for the play, which is going bigger than ever, and that they are extraordinarily beautiful. The women reporters, I am told, are specially in love with a negligee of white bordered with white fox fur and cut on very elegant and graceful lines.

Lary Dunedin, the Marquise d'Hautepoul and Mrs. Buckmaster were the guests of Mrs. Christabel Russel at a tea party in mail week, when she showed them the 18 gowns she has specially designed for the film "Afraid of Love," her first venture.

It will be remembered that when "Whirled into Happiness," "The Golden Moth" and "Veronique" were played here some months back, the African Theatres brought out a number of chorus girls from London, all of whom were exceedingly tall and well built. It appears that this example is being copied in London, where the Hippodrome management are looking for eighty girls for pantomime and revue, none of whom must be under five foot seven. So far Mr. Julian Wylie has found a dearth of Amazons.

Mr. Leslie Henson, the husband of Miss Madge Saunders who is now in Johannesburg, is one of the well-known stage people that "Nerman," the theatrical artist, has caricatured on the Frieze of Stars, at the New Wardour Street Club—"The 50-50 Club." Many of the artists who have visited South Africa figure on it.

"A Midsummers Nights Dream" at Drury Lane has for Musical Director, Herman Finck. Mendelssohn's beautiful music is to be used throughout. His work is peculiarly suited to the Shakespearean Fairy play, and, in addition to the lovely overture, there are the love passages, suggested by the Nocturne, and the fairy dances (Scherzo in G). It is probably the best work the great composer ever did, and Basil Dean has done well to retain it as a fitting companion for the glorious poetry of the play.

Another S. A. Success.

Miss Dorothy Black of Johannesburg, who has been in London for some time has just had a great distinction—she played the part of Helen in Sybil Thorndike's special matinee of "The Chosen Women." Miss Sybil Thorndike is the second best actress in England at the present time. Her are is exceeded only to that of Miss Edith Evans and the fact that Miss Black was chosen to play this important production shows that still another South African has sufficient ability to go past the barriers of London theatres. Miss Black is at present living in Edith Road, Kensington West, and this latest news, is only another success added to the many which have come to her since she arrived in London.

Growing Africa.

On the same ship as the Duke and Duchess of York came Viscount and Viscountess Broom. Their destination was Beira, and there, Dame Rumour hath it, they will join Lord Kitchener, who is, of course, Lord Broom's father. His little grandchild is named Kenya, a token of the faith he has in our country for settlement purposes. He is very interested in a scheme for the placing of ex-Service men.

Talking of settlers, Sir Roland Bourne, former Secretary for Defence in South Africa, has created a great stir in England with his idea of garden cities or farms where retired professional and business men may be placed.

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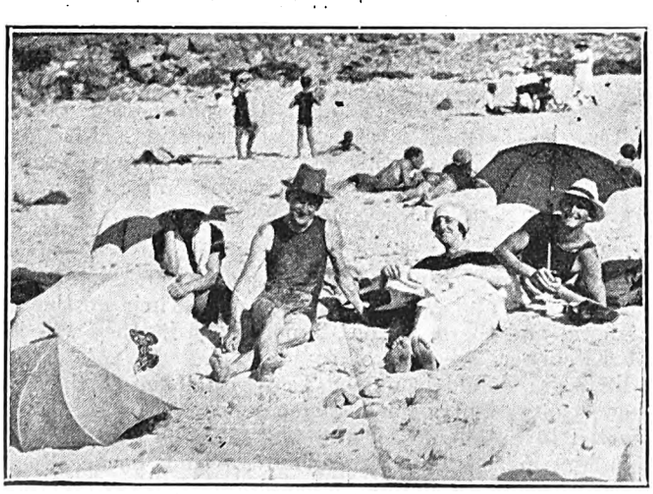
The Pacific Islands.

A scene in Samoa, where R. L. Stevenson lived.

The Beach at Durban during the holidays.



Clarens Road beach at Seapoint. Capetown at Christmas.

The Editor of the "South African Pictorial" thanks all those who so kindly sent Christmas Greetings to himself and the paper, and trusts that the coming New Year will be inspired by success and happiness for all.

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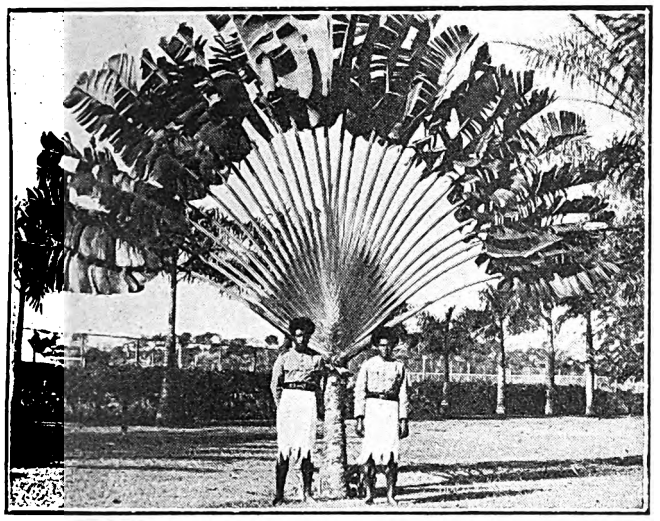

A remarkable palm in Fiji.

Making Women Disappear.

Modern man's attitude towards women can be summed up in the fact that the less there is of her, the more he thinks of her. Slimness is the male ideal of the day. Thus Miss Eve of 1924 shuns increasing years and increasing weight as horrors. Mr. Chris Charlton, the famous magician at the Empire, Johannesburg, has overcome all these little difficulties in one of his illusions, which will be presented later. He not only makes women appear and disappear in his act, but he makes them grow thinner and fatter to order. Thus we see a plump brunette—far too plump to be the figure of a romance—standing definitely in the centre of the stage. Mr. Charlton swings a curtain across, waves his hand, and she becomes a slim and possible figure for a modern romance. The only trouble with the illusion is that Mr. Charlton makes them grow fat again. If only some of the good-hearted but too liberally weighted ladies of the land could be the subject of the trick, and escape when half the illusion was over—when they were thinnest—Mr. Charlton would not have to engage a theatre for his audiences. Seriously, this famous English illusionist, who is known as the Royal Illusionist, because he has played before their Majesties the King and Queen, has some refreshing and original tricks to present, and his season is already a marked success.

The Tivoli, Capetown.

Three excellent vaudeville turns support the bio-vaudeville programme at the Tivoli Theatre, Capetown, next week. Nereide, the excellent act in which a man makes women appear out of nothing, will be in its second week, and Bilton and Max will make their first appearance on Monday. Lily Lena is the third act on this excellent bill. Lola Krasavina, who is playing at the Tivoli, Capetown, this week, will make her first appearance at the Johannesburg Empire Theatre on Monday next. She is also a good artist with a great reputation.

Criterion, Durban.

Hetty King, the world's greatest male impersonator, opens at the Criterion, Durban, next week. Seldom in the history of the vaudeville stage was there a genius of her standing, for even Vesta Tilley was eclipsed by her. Hetty King does some marvellous things as an impersonator. I remember, when in London, seeing her work with a gang of road men for two days. She did this to perfect her gesticulations and dialogue in a workman sketch. When she did her famous "Bird-cage walk" scene, she spent hours on the parade grounds and in the barracks in London, so that she would not be a mere stage imitation of a soldier. She is the only artist who had official permission to carry a service rifle during the war, and many of the famous regiments at home have given her permission to wear their uniforms. In this, as in her art, she stands alone. She will appear at Johannesburg and Capetown later on.

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Racing Notes: Turffontein.

"*By Onlooker.*"

The Derby.

Catalan only started twice as a two-year-old, and on his second outing won a Maiden Plate; just won, for he only had a short head advantage over Memoria. He was added to the list of geldings before running as a three-year-old. This season up to Derby Day Catalan performed much below expectations. The gelding's failures have been recited. His form was not such as to suggest classic distinction. We have, however, no outstanding three-year-old this season, and it is generally found that when the class is mediocre that first one and then another comes out on top. Catalan's turn to win came in the chief classic.

Catalan not only won the Derby, but scored without an effort. No doubt the gelding had come on a lot after being second to Narrow Gauge in the Guineas. But the showing of the latter on Boxing Day cannot be accepted as correct. Narrow Gauge was running on at the finish of the Benoni classic, but at Turffontein he was really beaten at the end of a mile. Too much use was probably made of him in the early stages, but that was insufficient to account for the ignominous part he played. It may be that the Capetown colt had come to the going-off stage; for horses coming from sea-level do go off for a time sooner or later when raced on the high altitude of the Rand. Anyway, we did not see the real Narrow Gauge on Derby Day. The other fancied runners, Royal Dance, Gladiator, with less excuse, likewise gave wretched exhibitions.

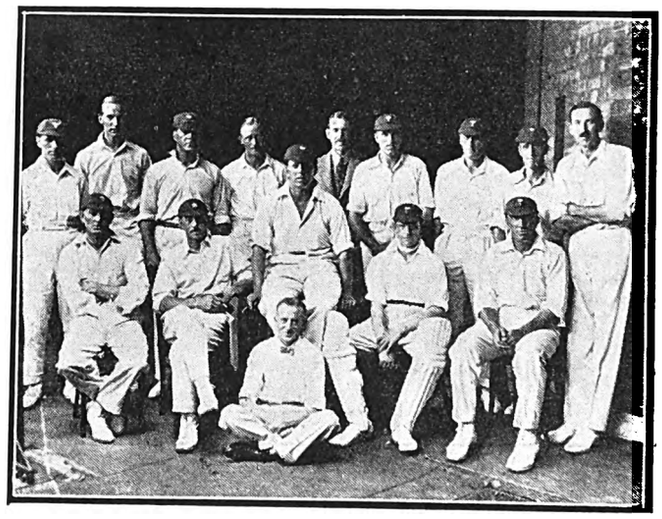
The first gelding to win the Derby at Turffontein, Catal, was out by himself at the finish of the race; two rather despised contestants in Thankful and Merry Legs following him past the post.

Other Events on Boxing Day.

It could be said to be a rich man's day at headquarters on the holiday. Beside having the pleasure of leading in the hero of the Derby, Sir Abe Bailey saw his colours carried to the fore on Manuel in one of the events over six furlongs. Manuel had two "goes" before gaining the award, for Earley dead-heated with Sir Abe's colt in the race proper, afterwards to readily account for the decider. And two races fell to horses carrying Mr. Geoffrey Joel's colours. The first was when Foolscap won at the mile. The stable did no good over this, for Foolscap has proved an unreliable customer. Mr. Joel's other winner, T.M.S., was, however, confidently supported for the Goldfields Handicap and, starting favourite, the sound-staying son of Sir Daniel won in the most convincing manner. T.M.S. was not seen out on the Saturday, being in reserve for the Transvaal Handicap on New Year's Day. He will surely take a lot of beating in that race.

Oaks Day.

Like Catalan, the sole claim to fame possessed by Naples prior to taking classic honours rested on success in a Maiden Plate as a two-year-old; the Derby and Oaks winners each gained their solitary previous success at the Summer meeting a year ago. The field for the fillies' race was a poor one. On form, on the performances of last season, False Pride stood out from her contemporaries. It must be said False Pride has been badly managed—has been over-raced this season ,and repeated beatings in open company has left her stale. Naples, with ample justification, went out favourite for the race. She was the best-looking and the best-conditioned of the party of nine. All that was wanted on behalf of Naples was that a sound pace be set. The hard-pulling Rebecca saw to this, so that Naples had her race won a long way from home, Mr. Lavenstein's Rara Avis getting closest to the winner at the end.



The English Cricketers, who are playing in Durban on Thursday.

Sir Abe Bailey's classic winners were bred at his own stud. Both are by the St. Frusquin horse Pietri, Catalan being out of Mazurka, who will be remembered as a smart performer. The dam of Naples, After Dark II. (now at stud in England), is a sister to the famous sire Son-in-Law.

Flush of Dawn Once More.

A scene of the greatest enthusiasm prevailed on Saturday at the coming back of Flush of Dawn as a winner. The wonderful mare, now nine years old, had raced for over two seasons without gaining brackets. It is true that during that time she has been knocking at the door on several occasions. This went to show that she was by no means a back number. After, however, the mare's fruitless visit to Capetown—her showings at Kenilworth lacked all her old-time dash—most race-goers came to the conclusion the old mare was a spent force. Flush of Dawn, with top weight, went out quite unbefriended in the betting for the Charles Marx Memorial Plate, one mile and a quarter. It was a race that took a lot of winning with an impost of over nine stone, but Flush of Dawn won full of running by a wide margin from a couple of light weights. Good old Flush of Dawn! Small wonder she was cheered to the echo.

The best horses in the land invariably find a home in one or other of the Rand establishments. Bird of Prey, a winner of several races at the Cape and the most potential horse in the Peninsult, has been purchased by Sir Abe Bailey. The baronet has also purchased Foolscap, who hitherto has raced in the colours of Mr. Geoffrey Joel. Foolscap is an erratic performer, and one would think him well sold at 410 guineas.

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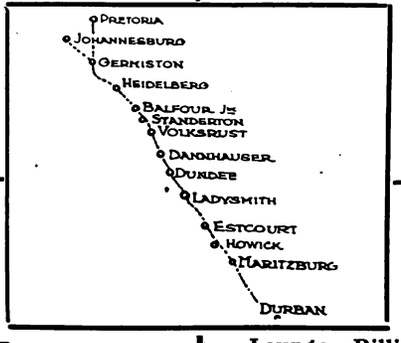

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The Danger of Thinking Backwards.

A Nonsense Story for the Young and the Young-old.

By Carrie Rothkugel.

"Oh! Lordy, Lordy me," said the Dreamland Elf. "Whatever shall I do?" He sat down and sobbed bitterly.

Something dreadful had happened—too awfully dreadful for words. He cried his little heart out until his nice new suit was simply ruined.

Outside, everyone was happy. The moon was shining in at the window and dozens of little pixies were tobogganing down its broad beams, to the earth, ruining their pants because you know, even moonbeams have nails in them.

But in the big bedroom, the little dream fay lay and cried and cried and he buried his face so deep in the pillows that a feather tickled his nose. He had to stop crying to sneeze because, you know, if you sneeze and cry at the same time, you will be turned into a meringue and although it's very good to eat a meringue, it's not much fun being one.

If you wanted to know what all the trouble was about you'd only have to look in the middle of the big bed and there snuggled up in the bedclothes nice and sleepy, was a teeny black kitten. Now that doesn't seem to be such a terrible thing—just a fluffy ball of soft fur. So why was the dream elf crying so bitterly?

Just then, Jack Frost peeped in at the window. He'd got his paint brushes with him, and he was going to paint castles and trees on the window pane, when he saw the little dream fay crying. His tender heart was touched, and he came right in through the window pane.

Oh, yes! that is easy enough to do if you hold your breath three minutes and know the pass word; his bundle of paint brushes stuck a bit, and he had hard work to get them through, so he was rather red in the face when he got inside. He sat on the brass knob of the bed.

"Now, Tootles, what's the matter," he asked rather crossly, 'cause though his heart's all right, his outside is a bit cold from living among the frost and snow. "I'll wire old Daddy Weather to come and catch some of those tears in his bag if you don't take care."

The fay looked at him and smiled a sort of watery smile said;

Oh! Jack Frost, I'm in such drefful trouble," and at the thought he laid his head down and simply howled!!!

"Dear, dear," said Jack Frost, "now what's it all about?"

"Well, you see," answered the fay, "The Queen of the Land of Nod told me to come here and coax little Rene to sleep and tell her pretty stories. I did—and then—I was telling her all about a black kitten, and instead of thinking on with me she, oh, dear! She began to think backwards—and of course she turned into a kitten. Boo! boo!"

"It's a deuce of a pickle, certainly," said Jack Frost, "A deuce of a pickle. Oh! Lordy me, these mortals. If they only knew the trouble they are to us poor fairies with their doings and their carryings on." "And it is only two hours to daybreak," sobbed the fay. "When the fairy cock crows I must be back in Fairyland. You know Daybreak once caught Pixie Pushnose out and the Pixie was in such a hurry to escape being seen that she changed herself into a cake on the table—and they ate her!

"What worries me," said Jack Frost, "is this. Just as I left with the Cloudland Express I heard the Black Witch had mislaid her cat, and I know she is coming this way, and if she looks in at the window and sees the kitten no one will stop her taking it with her and then where'll we be?"

"—— where'll Rene be, you mean," sobbed the elf.

"Something's got to be done," said Jack Frost briskly, "But what?"

Just then they heard a voice under the window, a mortal voice which said;

"Well! my dear. *If a thing is done, it's got to be undone*, that's all." — Jack Frost nearly fell off the knob with excitement, and as the footsteps crunched away in the snow, he whispered eagerly;

"That's it; *if a thing is done it's got to be undone*, that's all; if a thing is thought of backwards it's got to be thought of front ways. Just hurry up and tell Rene the story all over again and begin at the end and tell it to the beginning.

Now wasn't that clever of Jack Frost!

So Tootles sat on the bed and told the black kitten the story. Jack just held his breath with excitement and even the Moon hid behind the clouds his heart fluttered so. When she had reached the part where little Rene had started to think backwards, there was a rustle and the black kitten had gone and little brown-eyed Rene lay there instead, smiling in her sleep. You see if you begin at the back and go on to the front just after you have been thinking backwards, something is sure to happen.

Jack Frost gave a gentle Hurrah and just then they heard a flutter. The fairy cock began to crow—and the Black Witch peeped in at the window!!!!

Think—shudder—think. What would have happened if she had been a few minutes earlier?

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The entire Christmas issue of the S.A. Pictorial was sold out in three days.

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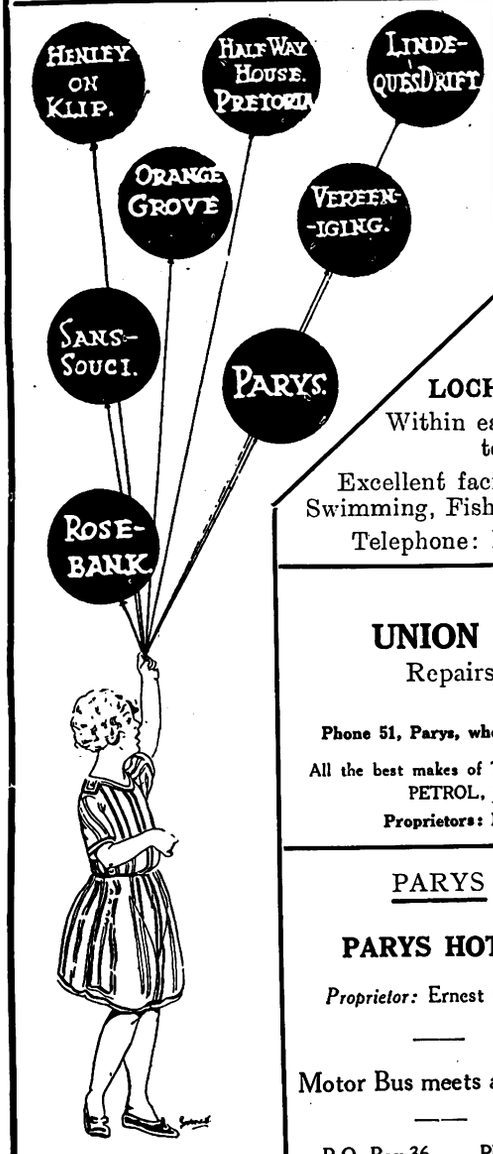
WEEK-END PLEASURE SPOTS.



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Theatres To-day and To-morrow.

Cinderella.

Thre is so much here theatrically and so much coming that one hardly knows where to begin in an article under this heading. Johannesburg is seeing Cinderella at her best. She is here, as ever, in pantomime, and it seems that the good lady grows more charming and more wonderful the more she is produced and the more people see of her. She has never appeared with such a lavish background and in such good company as at His Majesty's Theatre, Johannesburg, during this holiday season. Mr. Levard has undoubtedly scored still another success. It may not have occurred to South African people that Mr. Levard's record in the theatres here is probably a record for the world. Never before, to my knowledge, has a producer had nothing but successes. Every show he has put on the South African stage has been a success. That is more than the greatest producers in London could say for themselves. He has turned the story of Cinderella into a charming and amusing pantomime.

The Empire, Johannesburg.

The Empire programme is surprisingly good. Undoubtedly Mr. Bransby Williams is a great artist. His make-up is remarkable. He comes on to the stage like a normal human being with short cropped hair and a strikingly handsome face. He turns around and with a few deft touches and the addition of a wig and a little paint he becomes anybody and everybody as he wishes. His Dickens' characterisations are strokes of genius. He is never Bransby Williams impersonating Fagan, Scrooge or any of those wonderful people. He ceases to be Bransby Williams and is merely the Dickens character, as he is billed. Henry De Bray is also at the Empire with a turn which is absolutely the latest from the West-end cabarets of London. The greatest laughter provokers on the bill are Frank Fay and his little lady from Dixie. Here are two people who have all the knowledge and groundwork of old showmen, brought up to date with new songs and new humour. They are truly very clever and very bright.

Blood and Sand.

One of the best pictures ever screened is to arrive here soon. It is to be shown at the Bijou Theatre on January 5th. "Blood and Sand" is taken from a novel by Ibanez, the famous Spanish novelist, who wrote "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse." The last-named picture was the greatest success we had here in the months during which it was screened. The new Ibanez picture "Blood and Sand" is no less wonderful. Rudolph Valentino is the star. There are magnificent scenes of bull-fights in this play, and some of the old Spanish castles introduced into the story add a sumptuous note which is necessary in anything in which a true Spanish atmosphere is desired. When Valentino plays an ordinary European character, he is good. When he plays a character in which he is Spanish as he is himself, his acting touches the fringe of genius. The bull-ring scenes are among the most exciting the film has ever known. The romance in the story itself with Lila Lee and Nita Naldi will prove to be a tremendous magnet at the Bijou on Monday next, January 5th.

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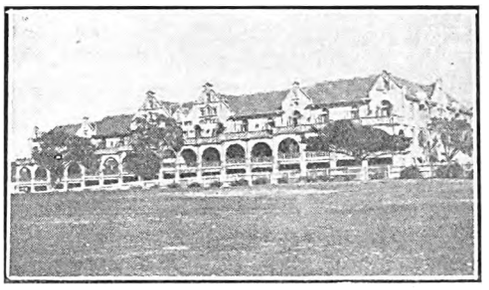

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Letters to the Editor.

The Eisteddfod.

Sir,

The Management Committee of the Witwatersrand Cambrian Society has noticed with pleasure your correspondent "C.A.O.D.'s" remarks in regard to the syllabus of the forthcoming National Eisteddfod. Sound and constructive, his criticism tends to help and not hinder the work of the committees concerned.

As regards the decision to award diplomas instead of medals in the junior musical competitions, "C.A.O.D." says: "The committee will have the approval of most musicians in the desire to discontinue the almost indiscriminate distribution of gold medals, but it is a practice that has been associated with local Eisteddfodau for many years, and the withdrawal of the gold medal award in so many of the popular sections might adversely affect the nature of the competitions." The Management Committee foresaw the possibility expressed by "C.A.O.D.," but had in mind two important factors in coming to their decision. They had to remember that the expansion of the National Eisteddfod is quite out of proportion to its income, and that juveniles should be asked to realise that in a competition the chief thing is not the intrinsic value of the prize concerned, but the honour of winning it. However, to forestall anything like prejudice among competitors, the Management Committee have been at pains to secure a diploma design which will be artistically attractive. They offer a gold medal for the design described on page No. 8 of the Eisteddfod syllabus. It is hoped that a specially designed diploma, beautifully embossed, will in course of time be valued as highly as a gold medal.

In your recent issues "C.A.O.D." also touches on the problem of selecting adjudicators acceptable to all sections of competitors, and he himself has indicated that the problem will be automatically solved if the proposed scheme of affiliation with the British Federation of Music Competition Festivals is carried into effect.—I am, etc.,

W. LLEWELLYN MORGAN,
Press and Publicity Agent.

Next Week's Calls.

WEEK COMMENCING MONDAY, JANUARY 5.

Tivoli, Capetown.—Vaudeville Artists:—Prof. Mellini presenting "Nereide," Bilton & Max, and Lily Lena.
Empire, Johannesburg.—Bransby Williams, Ted Marcel, Frank Fay & Dixie Lady, Brennan & Newton, Two Vagabonds, Videau & Kirby, Lola Krasavina, and Key & Keyworth.
His Majesty's, Johannesburg.—Grand Pantomime "CINDERELLA." Produced by Philip D. Levard.
Grand, Pretoria.—James Stewert, Merna Stewert.
Criterion, Benoni.—Foster & Ninon, and Scott Sanders.
Rinko, Maritzburg.—Jock Crawford.
Criterion, Durban.—Hetty King, Vesta Sisters, and Madge Kennedy.
Vaudette, Bloemfontein.—(Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday) Byron & Byron, and Reg. Moore.
Vaudette, Kimberley.—(Friday and Saturday) Byron & Byron and Reg. Moore.
Vaudette, Krugersdorp.—(Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday) "Veterans of Variety."
Apollo, Germiston.—(Thursday, Friday and Saturday) "Veterans of Variety."
Opera House, Capetown.—Leon M. Lion-Renée Kelly Company in "The Chinese Puzzle." *Palace, Bulawayo.*—The Rising Generation Company, 6th 7th and 8th January. *Palace, Salisbury.*—The Rising Generation Company, 12th, 13th and 14th January.

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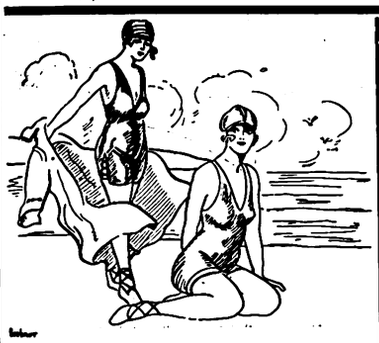

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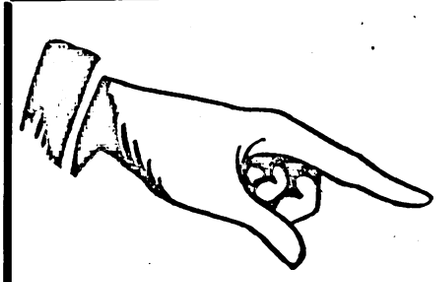

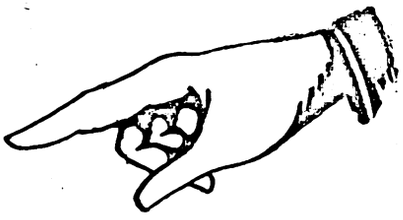

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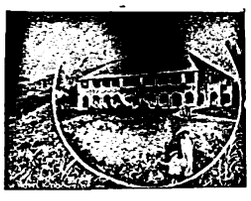

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This Private School is now booking applications to fill a few vacancies that will occur in December, owing to increased accommodation being available.

Situated in one of the most healthy localities on the South Coast, the school offers every facility for boys preparing for Public Examinations, or for the Matriculation.

Sons of Gentlemen of all ages accepted.

Enquiries solicited from the School's Johannesburg Agents. Early application should be made to the Principal, Sunnybrae Academy, Umzumbi, Natal.

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All the Hotels on this Page are recommended to Visitors to Natal.

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Motoring and Motor-cycling.

By "Wire Wheel."

Licences.

Licence fees, cars and motor-cycles, become due on January 1st, 1925. As Thursday and Friday are public holidays, it means Saturday, January 3rd, before the first licence can be taken out. The great trek to the Town Hall will therefore commence from Monday next.

Ultra-Lightweights.

Two new two-stroke motor-cycles of the 147 and 172 c.c. class have now arrived in Johannesburg. One is the Alex Bennett model Diamond, fitted with Villiers 172 c.c. engine (double-port), chain driven with Sturmey-Archer three-sped gear and kick starter. The other is a 142 c.c. Invicta, fitted with a 142 c.c. J.A.P. "Aza" engine, with Albion two-speed gear and chain-cum-belt drive. Both will appeal to a wide circle of wheel folk. As a first mount and for ladies, also their price and utility, for pottering around, must commend them. They are mounts built for serious work, and they are economical to run and practically fool-proof.

The weather during the holidays has not been such as to induce many to travel far afield. Christmas Day caught many in the open midst drenching rain. However, I noticed a considerable number out on the Vereeniging road, and on Boxing Day the Pretoria road was thronged. Most cars carried a full load, and the drivers and their passengers were all in happy, festive moods. Motor-cyclists were out and about, and, judging by the packs seen on the back carriers, they were well prepared for distance work and emergencies.

A Record Breaker.

Perhaps the biggest and most powerful car ever used on the road successfully is the 300 h.p. Fiat. Built in 1911, it has four cylinders of 190 by 250 m.m. bore and stroke, giving a piston displacement of 28,352.9 c.c. Driven recently by E. A. D. Eldridge, this car succeeded in beating the world's record for 10 miles with a flying start. The time taken over the distance was 4 mins. 56 49/100 secs., an average of 121.38 m.p.h., and made on the Montlhery track, Paris. The previous record stood at 120.46 m.p.h. and was made by J. G. P. Thomas on the Leyland.

R.M.C.C. Children's Picnic.

Last Sunday upwards of 150 children were taken out to the Victoria Lake, Germiston, for a day's outing. The affair was a big success, and the children had a rollicking good time until just on the hour for departure. All were seated having their tea when a storm broke over the district. Rain fell in torrents and the wind blew with the fury of a tempest. Before any preparation could be made, the huge marquee, which sheltered the children and officials alike, was blown down and everyone was drenched to the skin in a few moments. The R.M.C.C. officials worked hard to get the children under cover, and every available car was requisitioned to shelter the kiddies. The storm passed over in the course of 30 minutes, when a move was made for home. Beyond the soaking, nothing else occurred to mar the outing. The pity is the rain should have spoilt the good intentions of the sponsors of the outing.

A Lion of the Wheel.

Mr. H. C. Leon, who organised the Johannesburg poor children's outing on Sunday, has been connected with the motor industry for a number of years. He is vice-captain of the Rand Motor Cycling Club and chairman of the Entertainment Committee. Since his operation at the beginning of the year, Mr. Leon has felt more able to enter competitions. A month ago he was brought back from long handicaps and started on the same mark (8 minutes) with some of the well-known crack riders. He put up a creditable performance, returning 3 hours 23 mins. 33 secs. for the 176 miles over the Alberton course, finishing seventh. This is his best performance so far. *Wire Wheel.*

John Haig

SCOTCH WHISKY

Quality with age

Dwyer & Son,
Whisky Distillers.
Johannesburg.

The Glow of Perfect Health

A DAILY GLASS of Lamplough's in water keeps the system vigorous, refreshed, giving a clear, healthy appearance to the skin. It entirely removes HEADACHE, BILIOUSNESS, INDIGESTION, CONSTIPATION and SKIN ERUPTIONS, and is invaluable to those subject to change of climate and diet. Its portability makes it particularly useful to travellers, as its refreshing and beneficial qualities are most useful in hot and changeable weather.

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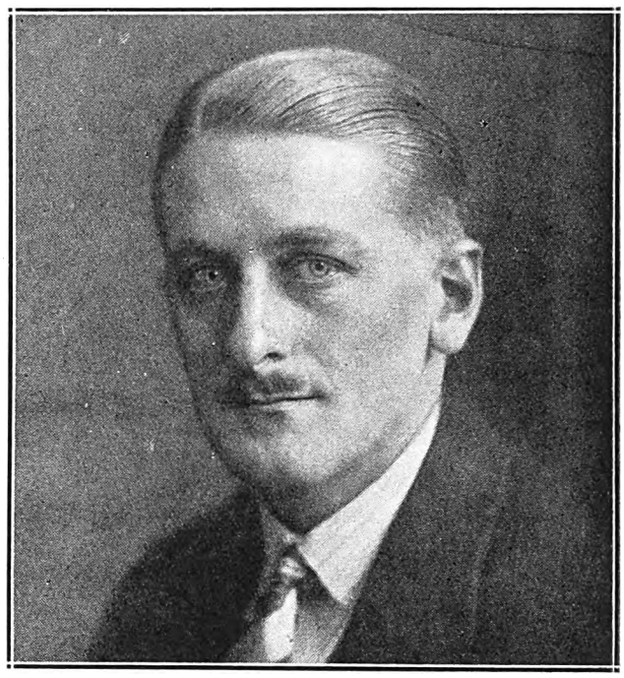
S.A. PICTORIAL.

"The Union's National Weekly."

VOL. XX. No. 493.] SATURDAY, JANUARY 10TH, 1925. (Registered at G.P.O. as a Newspaper.) PRICE 6D.

A Recent Engagement.

MISS NAN TAYLOR.



MR. RONALD WELLER.

The engagement is announced of Miss Nan Taylor, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Percival Taylor of Belgravia, to Mr. Ronald Weller, only son of Mrs. and the late Clement Weller of Birmingham, England.

Richard Barthelmess and Dorothy Makail in "Twenty One," a charming film story to be screened at the Orpheum, Johannesbury, on Monday, January 12.

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For, you know, newspaper editing is not a very ideal game. An editor has many things to contend with. If there is a revolution, the editor of the Conservative paper is always the first person shot, And I am as conservative as most people. I don't mean about politics—I have none: One evolves past that sort of thing . . . they're a kind of mental measles.

Out of the week, I should have some subject for a leader. I should feel very strongly about something . . . something like "Women and the vote," "The down-trodden poor" or "Free education." And yet this week I feel strongly about nothing. How can one have opinions about anything with a nice bright New Year in front of one, all shining and chaste? It isn't a time for opinions. It's a time for enjoying the sunshine and thinking of nothing more important than iced drinks.

Oh! There is something I *do* feel strongly about. Ice! The hotel and restaurant people in this land don't understand the proper use of ice. You go into a restaurant and they give you beer that is luke warm . . . a glass of water which is tepid. A hot country like this should long ago have mastered the art of iced drinks. England is just the same . . . only America (yes, they have one virtue) knows what ice is for.

A whisky and soda! The soda should be kept on the ice all the time, the glasses should be kept in a cool place. It is no use dropping a piece of ice into the whisky and imagining that will do the trick. Ice spoils whisky, unless you drink water with the spirit. Such things I can't abide.

And beer! It should be kept on the ice. But I musn't start on a liquor outburst. This is a family paper. Anyway, for that matter, *milk* should also be iced.

I went to Hartebeestpoort on New Year's Day. I feel strongly about that, too, but not enough for an entire leader. It was a glorious day and the dam, with its splendid lake, looked marvellous. I think, excluding the land about Capetown, it's the finest sight I've found in South Africa. Of course, I haven't been very far yet. The dam water, the dam yachts, the dam reflections; all so perfect.

Other than for these two things, I have no opinions to express this week. Actually, you know, this leader writing business is all nonsense. I don't really believe anybody reads them. You just skip them over each week and get on to the gossip. And yet, editor-like, I love to feel that my little opinions are read. I don't in the least want anybody to adopt them. They are not destitute and don't need adoption. To be read zealously by the public, I think the ideal leader should be a sequence of limericks: good, bright limericks like "The lady of St. Ives." Then I am sure people would read them. You could write up your political opinions in limericks.

We're annoyed with the Mayor of Durban:
The roads he's always disturbin',
He takes such pains
In repairing the drains
He spoils our quiet suburban.

It's very weak, but you get the idea. I commend it to editors in general. I have filled my space . . . salaams!

A Use for Leopard Skins.

A striking and unique costume, composed of leopard skin with collar of beige fox, and worn with a one-piece dress of light tan broadcloth. The little black hat is composed of satin with a small fancy feather.

As it was in the Beginning.

At the age of three and a half, Hetty King, who is playing at Durban this week, had a daily audience of scores of children, who foregathered on the sands at New Brighton, the seaside outlet of the great shipping city of Liverpool. Her father at that time had a troupe of Minstrels—now more appropriately known as Pierrots—on the promenade at New Brighton, and it was only discovered when her mother missed her one bright morning, and on inquiry found to her great delight, she being a performer herself, that the great little Hetty was following in the footsteps of her parents. Asked where she obtained her male attire, she said the boys brought it, and she purloined the "red nose stuff" from daddy's dressing table, Curiously enough, at that early age Miss King's vocal efforts were in male attire, and perhaps, as her mother came from the Emerald Isle, Hetty devoted herself to Irish songs and costume, not forgetting that little clay pipe which to-day is one of her most treasured stage props. So great had the child's name become that the summer following her father made her the little star of his company, and, with a number of cleverly written songs and a few steps taught her by the great Dan Leno, she was the means of bringing much grist to the mill. She tasted success very early in life.

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A Social Note Book.

By "Carrie."

It's all over!

No more meeting at street corners and shaking each other heartily by the hand, "A merry Christmas and a happy New Year!" No more sitting quietly down with your lurid past spread like a map before you and good resolutions simply oozing out of you. We've salved our consciences and put them quietly to sleep with the fragments of the pudding for next year. Talking of puddings, the Duke and Duchess of York brought with them to our shores two Christmas puddings—the one from York Cottage made from the old Royal recipe, and the other from Glamis Castle; a real Scottish pudding that one. Eaten under a tropical sky, they were just as good as if the snow had been falling outside the window.

Optimism and New Year.

Somehow this New Year there is a feeling of optimism throughout the country. Have you felt it? Politicians are quarrelling just the same, and each party is just waiting to chew the other up. Yet behind it all we seem to feel that the silver lining is being gradually turned this way. So, my dears, cast aside your Christmas thoughts and come down to earth. It's 1925 and just about what we make it ourselves.

Of course, the same cranks will arise, the same new theories be expounded, we shall all be slim or fat as the fashion dictates. Are we to retain our shingled heads? Yes, in spite of the world, in spite of Mr. Herbert Norris, whom you know as a well-known stage and costume designer, and who says: "The shingled hair fashion, considered so smart and original by women of 1924 England, is a revival of a mode worn by early Christian women as a penance for their naughty habits. It is possible, of course, that the women and girls of to-day shingle for the same reason." Comment, my dears, is superfluous. You and I both shingle because our hair fell out. If Fashion desires that we wear it green or pink, it shall be done. Here is a bright idea for you!

Shall We Shave?

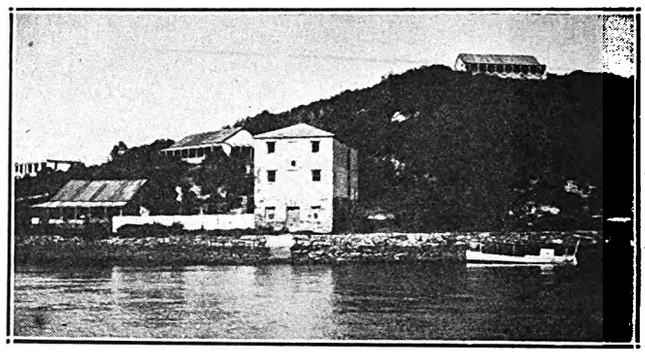
It's come all the way from America. After we have been shingled (the Eton style is the newest) we shall subside into a chair and murmur bashfully, "Shave, please." For so the Association of Master Barbers has decreed. Man's last sacred rite torn away from him! Hurrah for suffrage! It happened thusly. Cluster round and listen. Men are popularly supposed to have a better complexion than the poor, weak feminine, with her greases and her rouge, her fats and her lip salve. And it is all due to the effect of steel on the flesh. The process? I will quote it. "First, cold cream rubbed in, a dash of lather whisked on with a brush, a nice dull razor and a moist towel, sweet scented powder and . . . 'thank you, madam.'"

The Races.

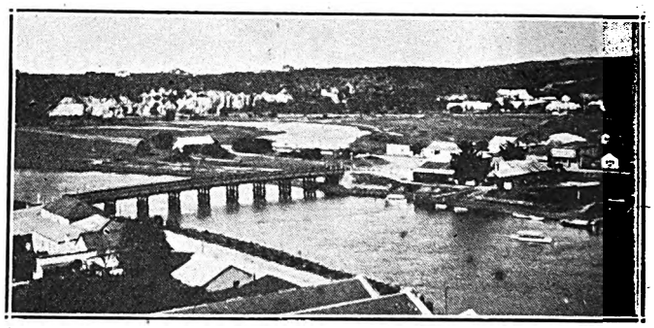
In spite of it all, you looked exceedingly smart at the races on New Year's Day, even without the help of the razor. But what a hot day! Veritable summer! No wonder you had to put up your smart parasols to keep the sun off your dainty noses. Such gay parties under the wide verandahs of the stewards' luncheon-room with its setting of green lawns and the water-lilies floating in the terracota basin. Mr. E. J. Sievewright, the chairman of the Johannesburg Turf Club, had the honour of entertaining the Governor-General and Princess Alice. Lady Dalrymple and Mrs. C. Simpson sat on either side of the Governor-General, and Sir William Dalrymple partnered the Princess, who wore a white lace gown with a hat, somewhat Spanish in shape, with a long black ostrich feather curling to below the shoulder. Invited to the party were Lady May Cambridge, Lady Barbara Bingham, Lord Bingham, Colonel Collings Wells, the nephew of Lord Rosebery, you know, who married Miss Hutchinson, one of our

(Continued on page 5.)

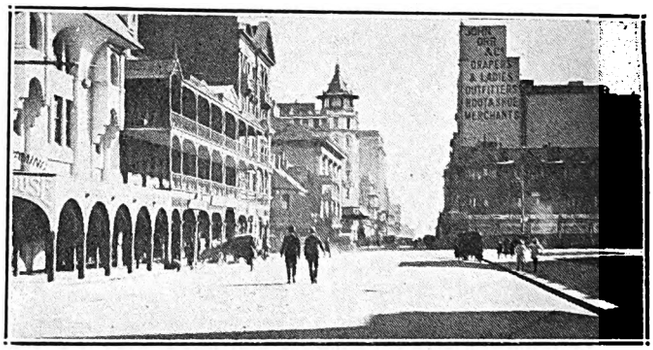
Here, There and Everywhere.



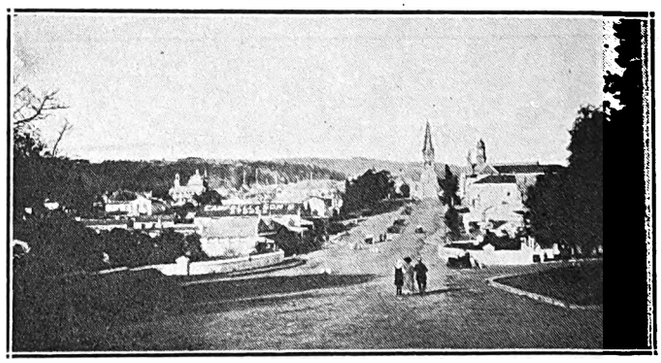
The Old Mill on the Kowie River.



Putt Bridge, over the Kowie River, at Port Alfred.



Pritchard Street, Johannesburg.



High Street, Grahamstown.

[Photographs by F. H. Yeo.

Of Shawls.

One sees so many wonderful shawls about nowadays that only those of outstanding design and colouring are noticed. None could withstand the gipsy shawl worn by Lola Krasavina at the Empire this week. Lola Krasavina is a very delightful creature with the most attractive of accents. For her second song, she wore a black gown studded with diamante studs. Her last frock was white; all fox fur and pearls with a wonderful head dress of white curling plumes.

FOR PASSPORT PHOTOS, NEW YORK STUDIOS, CORNER RISSIK AND PRESIDENT STREETS.

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prettiest Johannesburg girls. Miss Rita Hutchinson, Mademoiselle de la Panouse, Colonel Panchaud, Captain Hargreaves, Captain and Mrs. Bengough, Mr. C. Simpson, Captain Beyers, Mr. and Mrs. J. Neilson, Mrs. Abrahams, Mr. Clement Davies and Miss Braginton were all in the party. All the stewards had luncheon parties, and Sir Julius Jeppe and Sir Abe Bailey, the latter with the Earl of Sefton as his guest, were also entertaining.

Men's fashions! The only new one I saw was a white clay pipe being smoked in the members' enclosure.

The men are all becoming very fond of white shoes strapped with brown and black. Lady May Cambridge looked very charming in white, sprinkled with daisies that hung in small bunches by their green stalks. Her white hat was large and shady. Lady Barbara Bingham chose cinnamon shade with small swathed hat to match. Mademoiselle de la Panouse looked very dainty in white, edged with puce. Mrs. Collings Wells had on a becoming pink georgette gown with ecru laces and hat of black. Mrs. Simpson wore golden brown with a lace skirt and hat to tone. Mrs. Abrahams was well gowned in grey marocain with a small grey hat wreathed in flowers. Mrs. Henley, wife of the popular secretary of the Turf Club, had on a floral gown with tiny lace edgings and shady hat. Mrs. Bengough came in black and green, her hat being of the same two shades. Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Watson were over from Pretoria, and among famous people was Dr. Rendall, of Winchester College. Everyone was jolly and bright, even when they lost.

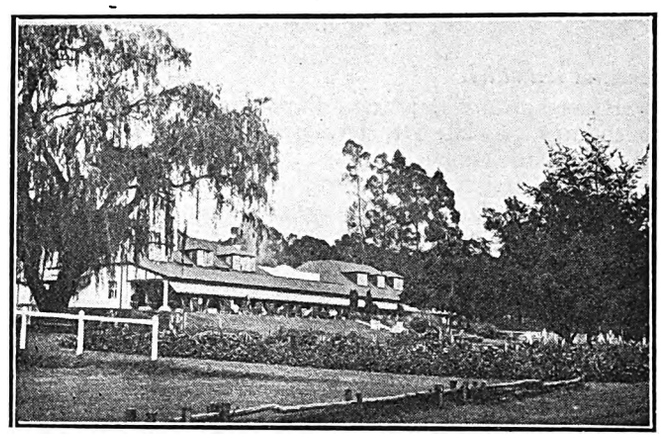
I wandered round and learned, among other things, the new salutation for 1925. In 1924 the correct form of address was, "Hallo, old top, you're the outside edge." Now, in 1925, I shall say to you, cheerily, "You priceless old thing, you're the four valve limit." And so the world gets brighter every day.

On New Year.

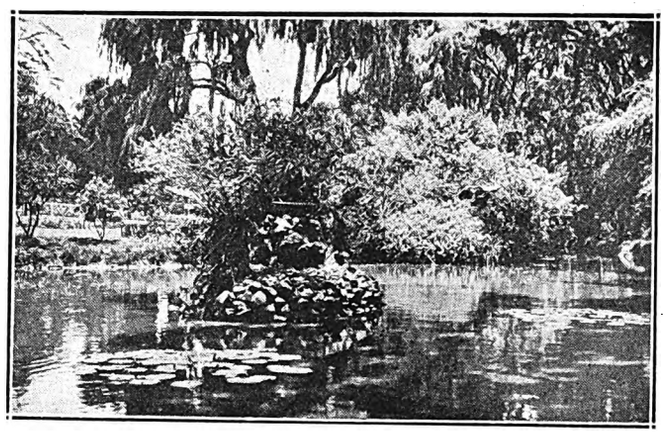
I suppose few of you went to bed on New Year's Eve. First there were the theatres. You adored "Cinderella" and the Empire programme, and then what a scramble to your favourite dance hall! The Carlton Hotel? First, may I hand the management a bouquet for their wonderful organization? Everything went like clockwork, and although in a crowd of nearly a thousand you were prepared to go somewhat supperless, there was no need at all. In the intervals of the jazz it seemed to appear automatically. There were tables in the ball-room, in the palm court, in the restaurant, in the drawing-room, in the two smaller dining-rooms, and between them and in and out swayed and danced one of the cheeriest crowds I have ever seen. The revellers were headed by the Earl of Sefton, Sir Abe Bailey and Mr. Rudd, of Kimberley, and that is as far as I can remember.

A novelty stall did splendid business, apart from the Parisian toys laid on your table by the management of the hotel, and everyone wore caps of all descriptions and forgot, for once, to be dignified. Blues and greens, pinks and mauves, black and cerise, gown after gown flashed past, and Edgar Adler's band seemed to have got the latest London non-stop craze. There were trails of green and holly, there were good wishes written in frosted snow, 1924 was lit up, and as the magic hour arrived and 1925 was flashed in shining light on the walls, Charlie Chaplin, Prince of Mirth, drove a motor car into the rooms and bade the revellers rejoice. Henry de Bray and Doris Hare, in their best mood, danced and sang, the Two Vagabonds entertained and we all? Well, we just danced and danced—a mass of whirling colour. And so my congratulations to the Carlton Hotel on the best show I have ever seen in South Africa. There were 1,300 people at the United Party Club. The Scientific and Technical Club sent off a hugh cracker with two pretty girls inside. There were dances here and dances there that night, and everyone had a glorious time.

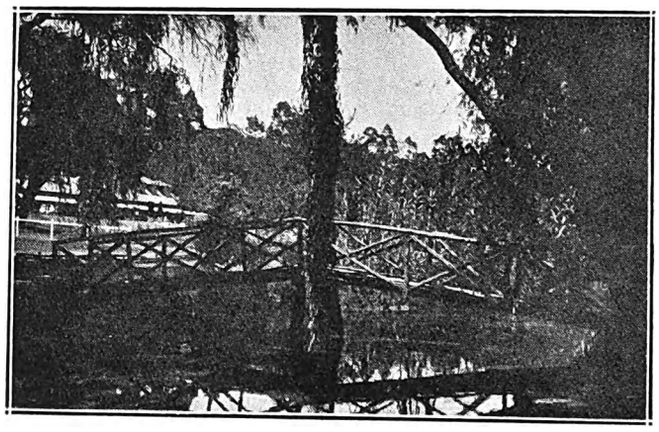
The Country Club, Johannesburg.



The Club House.



The Lake in the Grounds.



The Rustic Bridge.
Photographs by F. H. Yeo.

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Music and Musicians.

By "C. A. O. D."

Orchestral Activities.

It seems that at present Capetown is the only town in the country privileged to have regular symphony concerts. The Durban Orchestra has now for some time been employed in giving free concerts of light and popular music, and it seems that symphony performances will not be resumed for some time. No doubt this arrangement meets the Durban requirements very well, since the orchestra is also employed in connection with the broadcasting service recently inaugurated at the Natal port. But to an occasional visitor the whole policy now followed by the Durban Orchestra seems strange, for it is assumed that the principle function of a combination like the Durban Orchestra is the regular performance of works of symphonic proportion, the other activities being merely of a secondary character. This view of the Durban musical position struck me forcibly last week when I was informed that symphony concerts had been suspended for a time, the orchestra being employed solely for popular beach concerts and other concerts of a similar nature. It does not seem to me that in so employing the orchestra the Durban authorities are getting full value out of their fine combination. To cater solely for the free entertainment of the public in programmes of a light nature does not seem to me to be the proper and legitimate function of a first class orchestra. Of course, the Durban people know their own business best, but to those who visit the town from other centres the absence of symphonic performances seems worthy of comment.

Visitors from the Rand, particularly, can hardly be blamed for regarding the Durban Orchestra as a very strong attraction to the Natal coast, but, similarly, they can also not be blamed for wondering if by limiting the orchestra's activities during the summer season, the Durban authorities are quite fair to their own orchestra.

As I have said, there is probably a very good reason for it, but this reason is not apparent to a casual visitor who knows and fully appreciates the capacity of the Durban Orchestra.

KARRIDENE HOTEL

SOUTH COAST, NATAL

This delightful, select and altogether restful resort is situated at the mouth of the Karridene River, 23 miles from Durban by rail, and within 70 minutes by car.

It occupies a unique position, almost abutting the Ocean Front in such a manner as strongly to suggest to the visitor when promenading the fine and extensive balconies the pleasant hours spent aboard a well-appointed steamship.

The Karridene Hotel is an extensive Brick Building, equipped with the most modern conveniences: Hot and Cold Baths, Electric Light, Bells to each of the forty-five Bedrooms, Dance Hall, Billiard Room, Lounges, Open-air Gardens, etc.

The grounds, 35 acres in extent, take the form of a lovely natural park, and lend themselves to all the usual outdoor amusements: Tennis, Croquet, Shooting, etc.

Boating here is excellent, and the resort is specially noted for fishing and safe surf bathing.

A Golf Course is in course of construction, and guests may be fully assured of every comfort, attention and amusement being provided for them.

The Cape Orchestra.

Last year's season of orchestral concerts given in Johannesburg leads to the hope that the present year will see another visit from the Capetown players. Apart from the recognised efficiency of the Cape Orchestra and the excellence of the programmes performed here last year, a further visit will hold the extra interest because of the change in the direction. From reports it seems that Mr. Leslie Heward has already created for himself a definite esteem among concert-goers at the Cape, and many on the Rand will welcome an opportunity of attending a series of symphony concerts under his direction.

But I hope that the change in direction will not mean a sort of throw-back in the matter of programme selection. We have come to regard the Cape Orchestra as a pioneer in bringing to South Africa at least some indication of the progress of modern orchestral composition. As we have to thank the Cape combination for a first hearing of works like Strauss' "Death and Transfiguration," the Stravinsky "Fire Bird," much Debussy and Franck—the latter's "Psyche" music and D minor Symphony, as well as the symphonic variations, the Gustav Holst Suite and Vaughan Williams' "London Symphony," I think we can take it for granted that this progressive spirit in the matter of selection will be continued. There is much of notable interest that the well-informed concert-goer would like to hear, apart from established things like the Beethoven overtures and symphonies, the Tschaikovsky symphonies and suites and the usual Wagner.

Wireless and the "Messiah."

From all reports it seems that the first experiments to broadcast performances of Handel's "Messiah"—both on the Rand and in Durban—have not been as successful as was expected. The main conclusion arrived at is that broadcasting will probably not affect concert attendances to any great extent. Apart from the consideration of an artist's personality—a by no means unimportant factor in concert giving—there is the added disadvantage of unclear transmission. The Durban effort is said to have been thoroughly disappointing, for much the same reasons as were applied to the Rand experiment, and so for the present the concert hall will hold its own for those who are interested in musical performances.

The Durban broadcasting venture seems to have met with obstacles similar to those which faced the Rand studio. Foremost among them was the general outcry against the broadcasting of advertisements. The press does not seem to be concerned in any way with the new possibility of serious competition, but subscribers all over the country in Natal have expressed strong objection to the method of broadcasting advertisements. While those who are responsible for the wireless programmes would like to meet the wishes of the licence holders, they cannot overcome considerations of finance, and so it seems that the advertising system will be continued. It seems to me, however, that the matter will eventually be solved by those who pay for the advertising. The point of view that advertising firms will eventually take is the purely businesslike one of "does it pay?" There is nothing permanent in a broadcast advertisement, and it therefore seems likely that in time to come the controllers of wireless stations will have to create some other method for the production of revenue.

The Halle Orchestra.

Big results sometimes come from small beginnings. The Halle Orchestra, which has just concluded a record season in London, is a case in point. Founded in 1857 by the late Sir Charles Hallé, who conducted it for nearly forty years, the total profit of the first season amounted to exactly half-a-crown. Hallé's business manager, with a pretty conceit, presented him with ten brand new threepenny bits, one for himself, one for his wife, and one for each of his eight children. To-day the pension fund, initiated by Richter, totals thirteen thousand pounds. Richter, who conducted the orchestra for thirteen years, after hearing Hamilton Harty conduct at Covent Garden, not only embraced the youthful musician, but uttered the following intelligent prophecy: "Some day you will be in my place." Hamilton Harty is now the conductor of the Halle Orchestra.

A PORTRAIT BY JANE PLOTZ IS GOOD. ART STUDIOS, THRUPP'S BUILDINGS.

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Drought.

By William J. Makin.

Namaqualand, December.

I.

"That horse will die before sunset."

Van der Merwe made the statement without emotion, deliberately cutting up some black tobacco leaf in his palm.

"Why not give the poor brute some water?" I suggested.

"....And prolong the agony? There's no food for the beast. There's not a scrap of corn within fifty miles. No, the horse will have to die, like all my sheep and cattle have died. Man, if you came to my farm you'd have to walk through a field of bleached bones to see me. Three hundred sheep and four hundred cattle—just bones. That's what the drought has done for me."

I had heard the story too often within the past few days not to know the truth of it. I looked at the brazen emptiness of the sky and then at the heaving bulk in the dust a dozen yards from the stoep.

"Can't you shoot the poor brute?"

"Ach! No need," said Van der Merwe, carelessly. "Look!"

His brown, gnarled hand swept in the direction of a dozen Kaffirs, sitting in a semi-circle. One could see by the hang of their rags that they were starving. The gaunt high cheekbones of a Bushman gave him the appearance of a skeleton sitting on its haunches. The natives sat in the red dust of the veld, the sun beating down upon their woolly black heads, while their eyes fixed themselves on the heaving bulk of the dying horse.

"They're waiting for the horse to die," grunted Van der Merwe. "No chance for the jackals with those fellows about, eh?"

All the afternoon the Kaffirs sat there, hungrily watching the horse die. Their black eyes stared with the persistence of beasts. A swarm of flies settled above. At last, when the sun threw a pink glow over a distant kopje, there was a convulsive kicking from the horse, and then stillness.

The semi-circle of natives crept closer. Waited. One of them drew a jack-knife from out of his rags and walked boldly to the dead horse. The others panted behind him.

I turned away my head and went into the homestead.

II.

It seemed I had been sitting behind those six half-starved donkeys for years. Endless was the barren Karroo, baked to a flaky dust by the pitiless sun. The dust hung about in a cloud. One could not escape from it. The six half-starved donkeys staggered in drunken fashion, dragging the creaking cart into an emptiness of sun and sand.

"There's the big kopje, baas."

The hoarse voice of the coloured driver roused me to stare with dust-rheumed eyes at a purple haze on the horizon. I snarled:

"It might be any kopje. Will those donkeys carry us to the next water hole?"

"They'll have to, baas. And, if the Lord is good, there'll be water there."

He drooped his shoulders and creaked his sjambok in the dry air. One of the donkeys leaped excitedly, and then dropped, kicking in the dust of the veld.

"Ya..a..a!"

The coloured driver had leaped from his seat and was beating the donkey with dull thuds of the sjambok. I licked my dry lips. Cursed luck that a donkey should collapse twelve miles from the nearest dorp and no water. Through the dust came the sound of that dull thudding. The sun semed to have sucked all the power of action out of my body.

"I must stop him beating that donkey."

The thought wheeled round and round in my mind. I remembered that dreadful scene pictured in "Crime and Punishment," Raskolnikov's nightmare of a horse being beaten to death by peasants. Now this terrible reality of the veld was a nightmare to me. I could not act.

"Klass, you brute! Stop it!"

His coffee coloured face swam out of the dust, distorted and perspiring with rage.

"He no good. I have to cut him loose and leave him."

I made no answer. I hardly cared. Before long we were again jolting over that desolate, sun-baked Karroo, leaving something that looked like an ant-hill behind...

Four hours later I stumbled into the corrugated iron shed on the edge of the desert that was the store for some dozen farms in the vicinity. Three Boer farmers ruined by the drought lounged listlessly against a gaudily painted plough.

"Got any champagne?" I croaked.

"They must have thought I was a madman. A *rooinek* with red dusted face ,streaked with sweat, asking for champagne. A Boer laughed, harshly.

"I tink I have... Wait!"

The Jew storekeeper alone accepted my order. He smirked and disappeared into the labyrinth of the store. A moment later and he reappeared, triumphantly displaying a bottle, the gold papered neck of which had been scratched almost clean. A faded label revealed the magic word, "Rheims." The gurgle of it as it was poured into a big glass was deliriously fascinating. I drank it greedily.

"Klass!"

"I walked on the stoep and called to the coloured driver. Sjambok dangling from his arm, he came forward.

"Like a drink?"

"Ja, baas!"

I gave him the glass with the remains of the champagne. He took it with one gulp.

"Danke, baas!"

The five donkeys drooped their heads in the dust. With a sudden pang, I also felt that I wanted to droop my head in the dust. I was ashamed.

III.

The farmhouse was built of baked clay. One might easily have missed it in this landscape where everything was parched and burnt brown. It was erected in an emptiness of desolation and was only revealed by the scattering of bleached white bones that lay about the veld.

Those bleached white bones of sheep and oxen seemed to suggest the remains of some terrible savage orgy; black faces smeared with fat and gleaming against the red glow of a camp fire. In the fierce morning sunshine the white bones were starkly criminal. They made a pathway to the farmhouse of baked clay.

I knocked several times before the door was opened. Out of the deep shadows peered the gaunt hungry face of a Dutch women.

"Can you tell me——" I began.

There was a hurried intake of breath, and the white face was swallowed up again in the shadows.

A moment later, and another face came. This time it was the farmer, a young Dutchman with a golden beard His blue eyes regarded me curiously.

"Ja?" he asked.

I told him that I wished to find the road to Springbok. He grunted, and stepped out on to the veld, his heavy veldschoen crushing the baked flakes into a fine powder. A big, heavy forefinger pointed out the road. I thanked him.

"You seem to have lost a good deal of stock," I ventured.

"Everything."

"Nothing left?"

"Only one horse—and that is dying."

The white face of the Dutch woman came out of the shadows again. There were whispers. The golden beard was stroked, and then the blue eyes again turned towards me.

"You have come far?" he asked.

"I have been on the road since five this morning."

"It is a long time. We—we have a little soup here. My wife would like you to join us, eh? It is not much, but...."

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The Exquisite Krasavina.

Strings of small pearls, dew on tea-roses, tea in Bond Street, at Barbellions on a Saturday morning in Spring, those first wonderful violets, in baskets about the fountain in Piccadilly, the freshness of those little cloud ruffles Table Mountain wears about her throat . . . these delicate, perfect things one associates with the appearance of Lola Krasavina. She is at the Empire, Johannesburg, now; she was at Capetown last week: wherever she is she will be greeted just a little more enthusiastically than any other of her kind; because she has something more than any other of her kind.

The stage is a strange place; so is the concert platform. It is no trick or strange truth that I'd sooner hear Krasavina sing one of this tripping, sparkling, dancing French songs than hear Melba tear through an operatic tornado. The public is also a strange institution, because very often it like noise although it lacks discrimination in regard to noises. The English public has long ago made Melba a greater name than Kirkby Lunn. It is nevertheless true that Kirkby Lunn is the greater artist. It is all because people, like the Clara Butts of this world, have what the dear souls call "God's gift," but the powers that be didn't make them what we call, for want of a better word, artists.

Krasavina is a great artist. She is not a Melba or a Tetrazzini or a Kirby Lunn as far as her voice is concerned. She is not pretty, because pretty women are very often—I am tempted to say always—dull. But she is a magnificent woman, because she has a beauty beyond the agricultural sphere of pink cheeks and what the novelists call a "perfectly chiselled profile." She has the beauty that makes something within you tremble—you don't know whether it's her voice, her hands, her eyes, her gesticulations, her "expression" or the soul that's within her finding itself interpreted in her voice. But you know, when she sings, that she has something that few others have. Perhaps it's because she is partly French.

There are some things the French can do better than any other people in the world. I shall tell you some of them. They can make salads; they can make love better than the English. Either form of genius is a successful basis for marriage. I knew an Englishman once who married a cross-eyed French woman—because of her salads. You must know that the way to a man's heart is *via* his stomach. The French know that.

They can also sing songs better than most people. The Italians are too sentimental; the Germans too cold and guttural and educated; the English are too respectable. But the French! Mon Dieu, they are the salt on the international plate. They add the zest to it all.

I am not terribly fond of the French as a nation. Now-a-days, when you go to Paris, they are damnably rude to you. In this again they excel the English. But . . . back to songs and Krasavina!

I heard her on Monday night. Have you ever seen a silver stream dancing through a solemn green meadow? That's what she's like, and you come away with your eyes and heart dazzled by the fire of that silver. She sang "Comin' Thru the Rye" perfectly. That is the trouble; English composers always have to take their songs across the Channel before they can get them sung properly. Of course, Krasavina is not all French. I believe she is half Russian; the Russians are people who have suffered; that is why she sang that war song, in French, so vividly and marvellously that people who knew not a word of French understood every phrase. That song was her triumph. Out of all my association with music halls, I remember perhaps five or six performances as being apart, aloof from all others. The little group was increased by one when Krasavina sang her French song.

Her voice! It is good but it is not wonderful. She does not need a great voice. She has eyes and hands—hands almost as wonderful as the hands of Duse. She fills one with the desire to take each and every passer by, lead them all to the theatre and say "Here is a great artist; here is somebody who can hold an audience charmed while she moves her little finger; here is a singer whose voice is like falling pearls—and yet at times, like fiery, mad, red, falling rubies. *H.H.B.*

A new Reville costume design from London, suitable for lightweight tweed.

Diocesan College Sketches.

See Opposite Page.

A country where civilization is so new as it is in South Africa cannot expect to have great architectural traditions. Yet the old Dutch houses of the Cape lend a mellow beauty to some stretches of landscape. But they are all too few. Of the other buildings in the Union none gives more pleasure to the eye and to the minds of those who care than the buildings of the Diocesan College at Rondebosch. The sketches on the opposite page have been made by Mr. W. G. Holford, who was a student at the school up to a few months ago. He is still very young in both himself and his art, but he has caught the spirit of the old buildings very effectively and the sketches will give pleasure, not only to those who know the school through intimate association. The first sketch is of one of the oldest parts of the college—a gable in founder's house, now forming the front of the house-master's cottage. It faces a magnificent avenue of pines and has white walls and tiles of a greyish purple. The school house provides the subject of the second sketch. The school house is quite modern, for it was built only fifteen years ago. The sketch shows the porch leading into the quadrangle. This building is of rough plaster with a roof of orange coloured tiles, at one side covered with a luxuriant Virginia creeper. The clock tower and the doorway of the Brook wing have inspired the third sketch. This clock tower and doorway form the front of the founder's house quadrangle. The wing is massively built in itself, and it contains a laboratory on its ground floor and studies above. On the right of the fourth sketch is a gable of the Brook wing, and on the left the dining-hall, in which the pointed windows are a feature. Mr. Holford shows us in his sketches that, although South Africa may be very busy in growing crops on the top of the earth and wooing gold from beneath the surface, there are people who design and erect fine buildings to prove that, in the march of civilization, we have time to spare for the less transient, more beautiful things of life.

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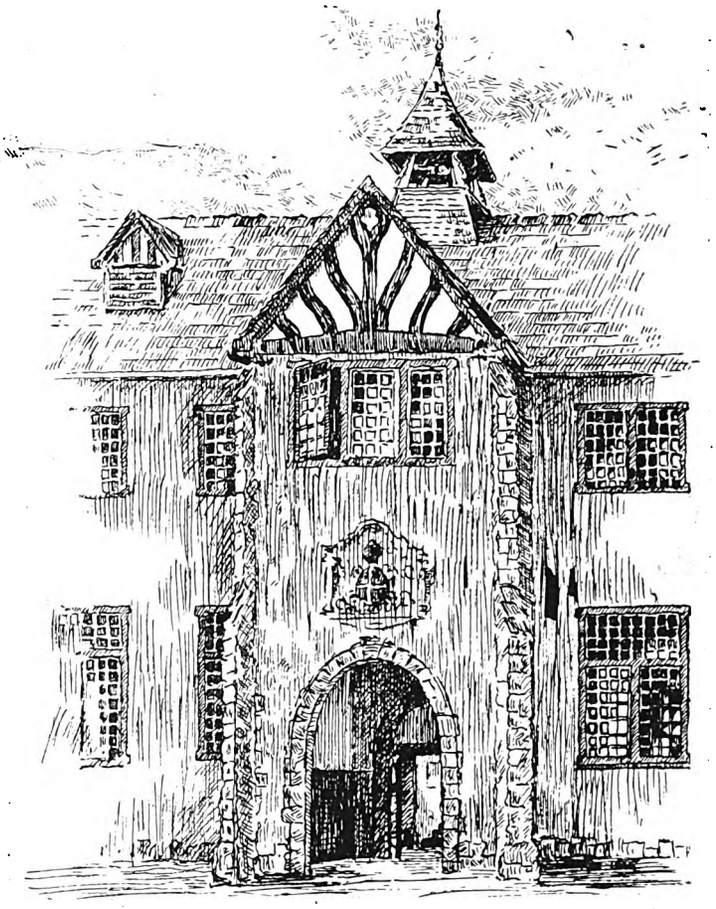
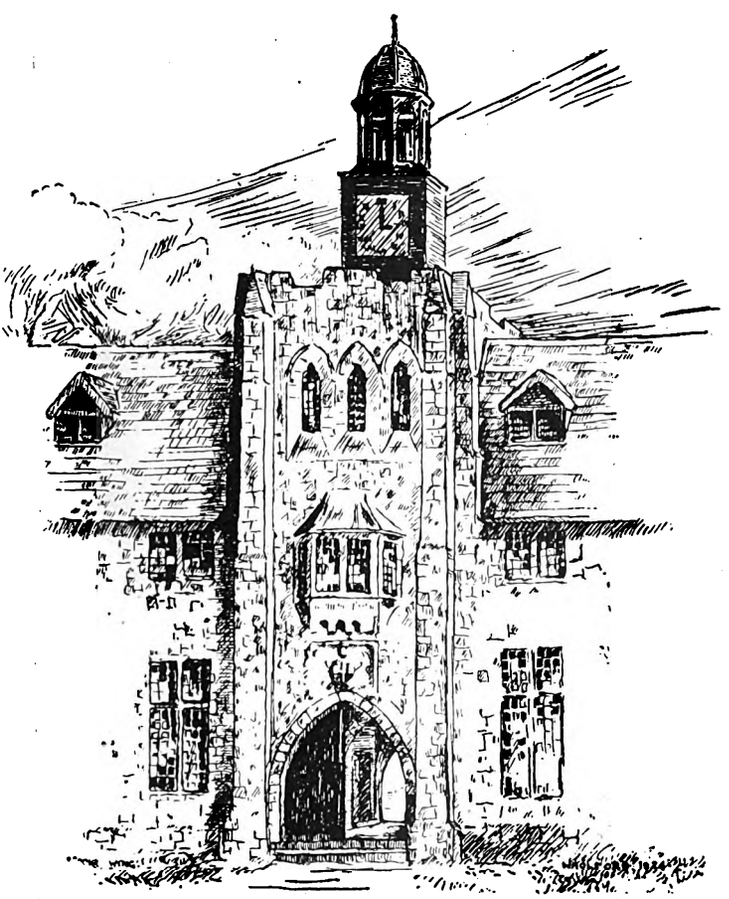
Diocesan College Sketches.

(See Letterpress Page 8.)

Gable of Founder's House from the Avenue.



The Porch—School House.



Tower of the Brooke Wing.

A Corner of Founder's House.

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South Africa's Favourite Racehorse.

When Flush of Dawn captured the second of the Johannesburg Handicaps to which the added money was 4,000 sovereigns—the Summer Handicap of 1921—supplementing that success by a few days later winning the Champion Stakes, the little mare had earned in prize money a sum far exceeding that secured by any other horse that had raced in South Africa. The Champion Stakes victory over Dignitary and Colesberg—it may have been a fluke, yet there was sterling merit in the win—was the last time Flush of Dawn was first past the post prior to her unlooked for runaway win on the third day of the Summer Meeting just concluded.

But during the interim the mare was not idle; picked up quite an appreciable amount in place money. Two seconds and a third in the same season as she took the richest handicap, added £230 to her credit. The following season was the mare's lean year, two seconds in Merchants Handicaps only yielding £175.

For the season 1923-4 the places secured by Flush of Dawn, three seconds and three thirds—the seconds included an unlucky defeat in a Johannesburg Handicap—brought in £385. This season prior to her win she was second to Fabaris in the Spring Handicap.

In her earlier days the daughter of Red Vixen was regarded as like her dam, only a sprinter, and we have had no sprinter that has annexed so many of the best races over short cuts as she. With age, however, it was discovered Flush of Dawn was more than a sprinter; was in the first flight as a middle distance horse. Indeed at distances deemed in this country Handicap courses—over a journey such as the one she last won at—the record stake earner has been victorious more often than probably any other performer now in commission. It cannot be claimed that Flush of Dawn is the best sprinter raised in the country, for such as Abelard, Dancing Wave, and Dignity at anything like equal terms were superior "down the straight," and Contentment, Winnipeg, Dignitary and others, were better over the middle distances. But what can be said is that no performer in the land has been so consistently good, has lasted and retained courage so long as Flush of Dawn. She is well dubbed "The Wonderful Little Mare."

Flush of Dawn is the equine idol of our racecourse crowds.

London's Fashion Note.

Messrs. Reville Limited, of Hanover Square, who supply exclusive fashion notes and photographs to the *South African Pictrial*, write under date December 3rd stating that as a result of the recent campaign to increase interest in Ostrich Feathers, the sales have increased for both London and Continental houses. The leading fashion journals and illustrated papers in Germany, Vienna, Paris and London, are all showing gowns on which feathers are used profusely. Mr. Reville's own campaign, conducted at the request of Her Majesty the Queen, and the South African Pavilion at Wembley, have combined to increase interest in the Ostrich Feathers, and, Mr. Reville writes to say that there is every reason to believe that the use of these graceful and delicate trimmings will increase even more.

Mr. Reville is at the present moment concentrating upon a number of advance creations for the coming Spring on behalf of which manufacturers of the new artificial silk fabric which is likely to cause a big sensation because of the wonderful effect that can be obtained with material priced at such a low figure that the multitude will be able to appear in beautiful and artistic gowns at a low cost. This artificial silk fabric, which will appeal to South African women because it is light and inexpensive, will revolutionize the dressmaking world because of the low cost of production. Mr. Reville promises to send a number of photographs of gowns made from the new silk within the next few weeks.

Engaged.

A Racecourse snapshot of Miss Eileen McPherson and Mr. E. W. Stewart, of Edinburgh, whose engagement was announced last week.

Two Wise People.

A Port Elizabeth snapshot.

VISIT JANE PLOTZ PORTRAIT GALLERY, ART STUDIOS, THRUPP'S BUILDINGS.

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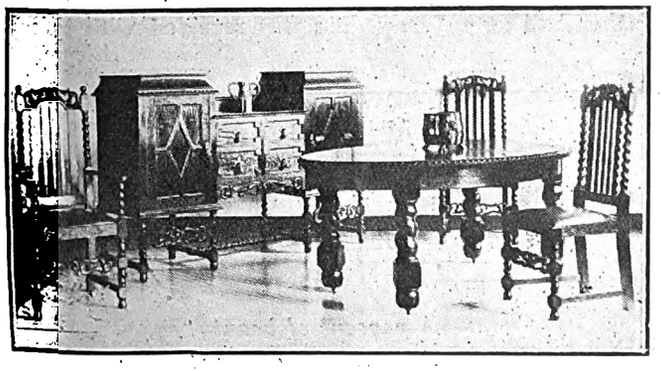
Lola Krasavina, who is appearing at the Empire, Johannesburg.

A Modernist in Africa.

"Africa hasn't been touched by the painter, as yet." So said Mr. Neville Lewis, the well-known modernist painter to me in his studio in Capetown. Mr. Lewis has just returned from a tour of the Rand and Pondoland and has made several fine native studies which are to be exhibited in London this year. "There is no finer place than the Rand for studying the many different types of natives that exist in South Africa," he continued. "I spent days in the compounds there, and I had no lack of subjects. In fact, after the first day, every native I met wanted me to paint his portrait."

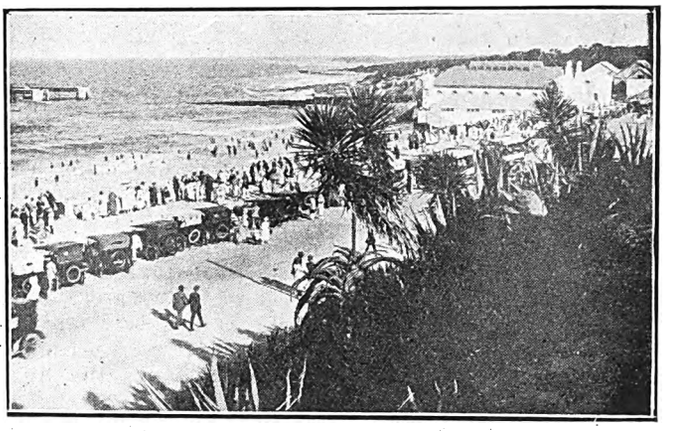
But it was in Pondoland that Mr. Lewis has done some of his best work. He rode about on horseback from place to place, reaching isolated districts where the white man was practically unknown.

Mr. Nelville Lewis is the younger son of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. S. Lewis of Newlands, Capetown, and after leaving the University here went to study at the Slade. He has now become one of the leading modern painters in England, and the Tate Gallery recently purchased one of his pictures. Art critics such as P. G. Konody and James Bone have written enthusiastically about Mr. Lewis' work.—*Beachcomber.*

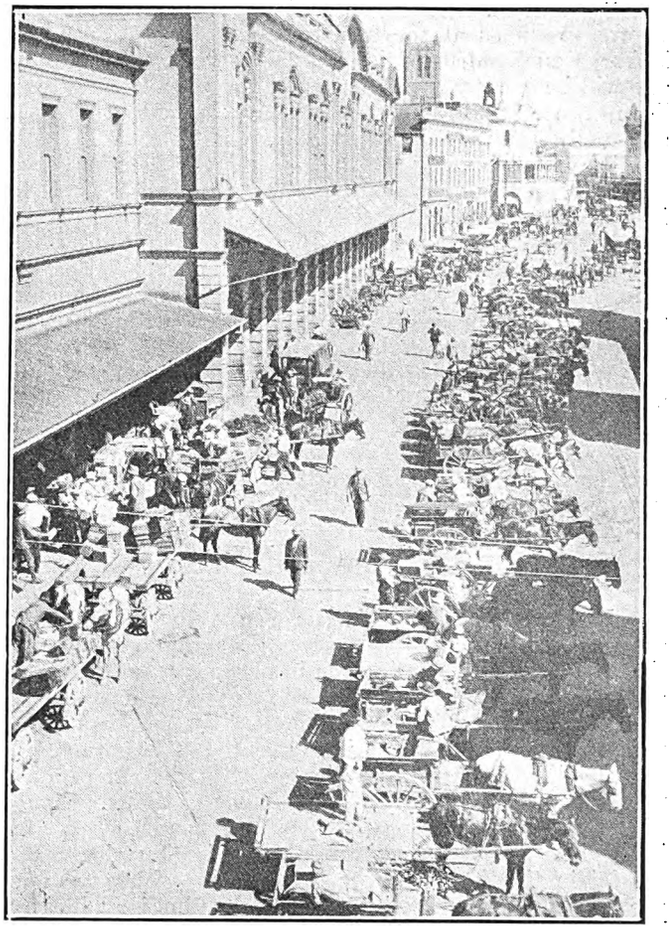


A suite of furniture which will appeal to many house furnishers.
[Photographed at Messrs. Geen & Richards, Johannesburg.

The Holidays in Port Elizabeth.



Many turned towards the sea.
[Photograph by R. L. Shanagan.



The markets in holiday mood.

CARLTON HOTEL

For Dainty After-Theatre Refreshments.

SOUPER DANSANT
EVERY FRIDAY

Phone 3111, Cent. H. Gauthier, Manager

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Iris Hoey's Season.

A good actress in a series of good, light comedies is always a joy. Such a joy is coming this way, for, early in February, Miss Iris Hoey, the eminent English actress, will open in "Clothes and the Woman," the sparkling comedy which made London laugh more than most comedies do. Iris Hoey has played in so many successes, and her acting is of such an individual mould, that playwrights now talk of "Iris Hoey parts."

Her acting will bring a new light into the African theatres, for her work is very different from that of any other artist that you may have seen. There are moments when she has the charm and lightness of Miss Marie Tempest, moments when she has the amusing qualities of Miss Cicely Courtenidge ,and times when she has the human notes of Miss Gertrude Elliot. It is because of this rare quality that the comedy rolés which she has created in London have always possessed a human note which has made them more than comedy.

"Clothes and the Woman" is a comedy in three acts. It was produced at the Ambassadors' Theatre, London, by Robert Courtenidge. Miss Iris Hoey was the star there, as she will be in Africa. Thus, as in the case of Mr. Leon M. Lion, the African Theatres are bringing out a West End star with a West End success.

The first comedy, "Clothes and the Woman," which Miss Hoey will produce, was written by George Paston. It is written about the age-old subject of woman and her excusable vanity in regard to clothes. The first act throws one into the amusing theme of the plot, the action taking place in the rooms of a free-lance journalist, who has one of those glorious George Belcher landladies, without whom no comedy would be complete.

With the promise that Mr. Lion's company will make a second tour of the Union with new plays, the fact that Miss Iris Hoey is coming here with her company, and that Hetty King, Maddie Scott and Bert Errol are booked to tour our halls, it seems that this year is to be a carnival year as far as the African Theatres are concerned.

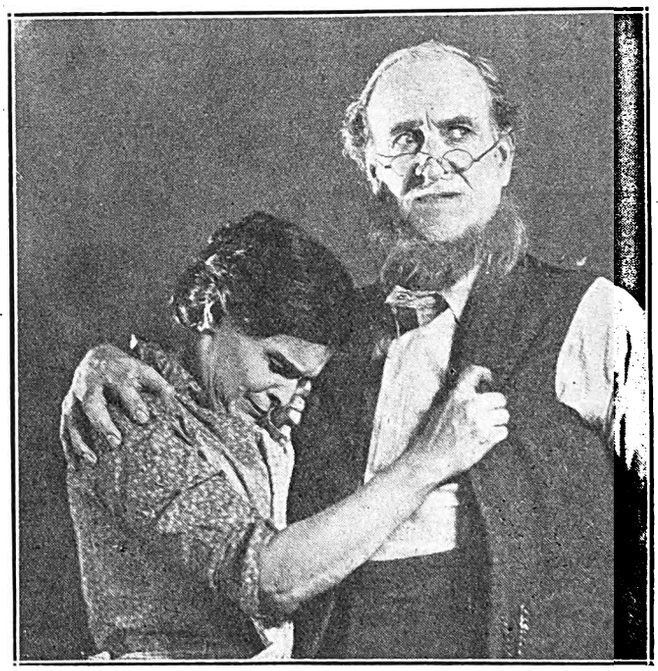
Orpheum and Bijou.

Richard Barthlemus is one of the young, matinee idol actors of the screen who deserves the name actor as well as that of idol. He has appeared in many great pictures, many good pictures ,and never a mediocre production. On Monday, January 12th, the management of the Orpheum will present this actor in a picture called "Twenty-One"—a film dealing, as the title indicates, with the career of a boy who is twenty-one. Barthlemus is one of the great magnets of the motion picture world. He is no lounge lizard, for he is as virile in open air pictures as he is charming and successful in the drawing-room dramas, for which the modern age has a certain passion. His new film is light, full of humour, and this good actor and this good story have been filmed by the First National people, who know their job. Dorothy Mackaill provides the feminine attraction in the film. The Orpheum Theatre deserves packed houses every day next week.

Just as Richard Barthlemus is the best of the younger actors, so Theodore Roberts has stood pre-eminent as a middle-aged character man. He is the star in "The Old Home Nest," to be screened at the Bijou Theatre on Monday next. "The Old Home Nest" is a well-known play and a popular play, and there is every reason why the film, when presented on Monday, should enjoy similar success in Johannesburg. Many people forget that the legitimate theatre is not the only sphere for good acting in the world to-day. Films come and go in the Johannesburg theatres, the Capetown theatres and the Durban theatres every week, and these celluloid dramas very often represent the highest achievement and the highest tradition of histrionic talent. Theodore Roberts is a great actor, and on this occasion, as on most others, he appears in a good story.

Both the Bijou and the Orpheum have exceptional bills this week.

"The Old Homestead."



Theodore Roberts and Ethel Wales who are playing in "The Old Homestead," opening at the Bijou Theatre, Johannesburg, on Monday, January 12.

Dominion Artists Ball.

In spite of the heavy fog which prevented many from attending the function, the first dance given by the Dominion Artists' Club (London) at Australia House on the 9th December was a complete success. The ball room was tastefully decorated with flags of the Dominions, plants and flowers, and over 250 members and guests danced with the greatest *entrain.*

Amongst those present were Sir James and Lady Allen, with Miss Allen and party; Mrs. Philip Snowden, Madame Mabel Manson and Miss Nathalie Rosenwax, who were responsible for most of the arrangements; Dr. Pfister (chairman), Miss Doris Carter, Miss A. E. Evans, Madame Evelyn Scotney and party, Miss Gladys Verona, Miss Jean and Miss Lute Drummond, Mr. and Mrs. Guy Innes, Mr. Russel, Miss Sarah Fisher, Mr. and Mrs. Adolphe Hallis, Mr. Roy Agnew, Mr. John Collinson, Mr. J. Holt, Mr. and Mrs. A. Bennam, Mr. and Mrs. Webster Murray, Mrs. Kathleen Alder, Miss Mabelle Esquilant, the Misses Shuffries, Miss Ritzmaurice, Messrs. Tanner, Miss Eileen Driscoll, Miss Etta Field,, Mr. Hubert Carter, Mr. and Miss Rumford. Miss Gwendoline Bray, Mrs. Jean Kilmartin, the Misses Wyatt, Mr. and Mrs. Patlanski, Miss Beryl Starling, Mr. W. H. Gardiner, Miss Williams, Madame Kate Opperman, Madame Estelle, Mr. Fred Hallis, Miss E. M. Stratton (secretary)

The announcement that the club intends to organise a further ball at an early date was received with cheers.

Allegro.

CINDERELLA

The pantomime magnificent at His Majesty's Theatre, Johannesburg.

A pageant of beauty!
A carnival of fun!

Produced by Philip D. Levard.

YOUR PHOTOGRAPH? JANE PLOTZ WILL ADVISE YOU. ART STUDIOS, THRUPP'S BUILDINGS.

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Crowded London.

London, December 14.—Still another wise man has come out of the East. He heard of the scarcity of flats, houses and dwelling places in general, in London, but he was determined not to waste one hour of his six months' leave hunting for the elusive. He at once hied him to a spot near the Thames, bought a small house boat and set up housekeeping there, despite fog and cold. What is more, he fights the high cost of living by growing vegetables and flowers on a bank garden! His idea is not altogether original, for last summer some Americans bought a barge and converted it into an up-to-date flat which floated on the Seine, quite near the heart of Paris. It was a *de luxe* establishment, even to hot water pipes and electric light. There was excitement in Paris last week when a desperate man, who had hunted and hunted in vain for a place to set up his household gods, displayed a magnificent piano in a shop window. Beside it was a placard stating that the instrument would go to anybody who could find a flat for its present owner! *F.S.*

Capetown Notes.

Looking through the light haze from my bed on the verandah just after dawn on Monday mornings, I sometimes see a grey shape entering Table Bay from the Atlantic. Grey against a grey sky, the ship moves steadily in and quickly disappears behind the Point.

Then, as I go to town a couple of hours later along the main road, I see the mail boat lying parallel with Table Mountain in the docks, while cranes work feverishly with bags of letters.

But when the *Windsor Castle* arrived this week I missed this usual sight of the four funnels broadside to the road. And down at the docks they told me that the mail boat had a new berth.

I wandered round to the East Pier, Here it was that I first set foot in South Africa . . . here it was that many times later I had shouted an envious farewell to friends of mine who three weeks afterwards were in London . . .

Now the mail boat's berth has been changed to one much more convenient, especially for Rand passengers, who go straight from the ship into the Customs shed and then straight into the train on the other side. *R.*

Old Sea Dogs.

In odd corners of quiet Devonshire fishing villages one meets old sea-captains. After days and years of storm, they choose, when at last they retire, some little haven and they anchor there in the quiet backwaters of village life.

Or there are others who choose city life, and I have met these old sailors living amid the noise and squalor of Clerkenwell, in London.

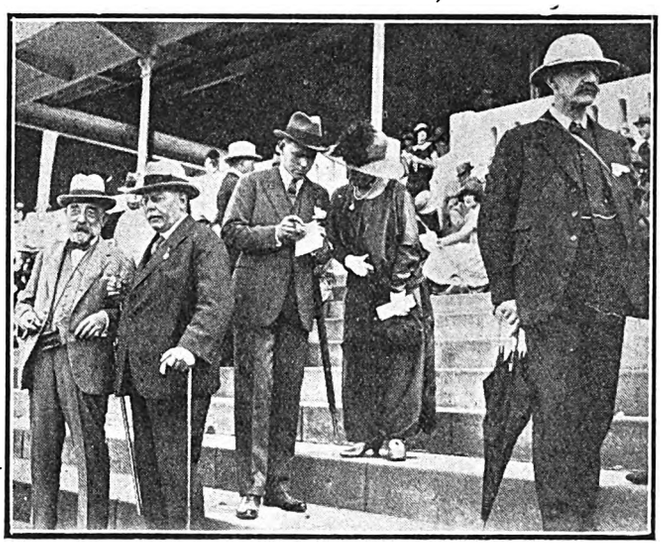
Captain J. A. Culverwell, the veteran commander of the *Windsor Castle*, who has been at sea for nearly half-a-century, will take his vessel back to England and then retire, and he will be badly missed by all who found the *Windsor Castle* one of the most popular boats on the run. He served his apprenticeship on a sailing ship, and his bluff, hearty manner has made him a favourite with all. I believe he does not know for certain where he is going to settle down. *R.*

Back From Wembley.

One by one the people who have been acting for South Africa and Rhodesia at Wembley come back. And each one, as he steps off the mail boat and is met by the inevitable Pressmen, has something good to say about the value of the Exhibition to this country.

The latest to return arrived by the *Windsor Castle*—Sir Bourchier Wrey, the representative of Rhodesia, and he has come back full of optimism for the future and full of praise for the Exhibition. The phrase in which he summed up his whole opinion was: "Wembley has been the finest letter of introduction, both for Rhodesia and for the Union, to the trade of the world that could possibly be secured."

At the New Year Races.



Mr. Gustav Sonn, Sir W. Dalrymple, Mr. John Bailey, Lady Dalrymple and Dr. Rendall.

Mrs. Gordon Douglas, Miss Rudd, Miss Gundry, Mr. T. Clapham and Mons. Emile Levy.

Hetty King

The world famous impersonator: at Durban this week—at Johannesburg next week.

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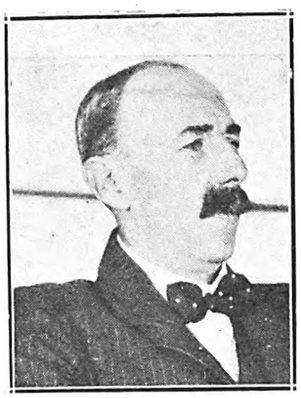

SIR HERBERT READ.
K.C.M.G., C.B.,
Governor of Mauritius, who arrived in Capetown last week.

The Week.

Paragraphed and Photographed

Without offence to friends or foes
I sketch your world exactly as
it goes.

CAPTAIN CULVERWELL,
Of the Windsor Castle, who is retiring from his command.

Mauritius Recalled.

In the sultry heat of a summer's day I once listened to the drone of a dull Parliamentary debate. After much weary sight-seeing I had wandered into the Chamber of the Council at Mauritius and sat at the Press table. On a dais at one end of the Chamber sat the Governor, presiding over the assembly.

Outside in the courtyard of the Mauritian Parliament House a native woman washed clothes.

This little scene came flashing through my mind when I met on board the *Windsor Castle* Sir Herbert Read, the newly-appointed Governor of the island, who was on his way to take up his duties there. A typical Englishman, Sir Herbert is a Brazenose man and has taken part in many important offices as British delegate, including the Paris Peace Conference in 1919.

His new experience in the sugar planting island should be useful as well as interesting. *B.R.*

An Outspoken Parson.

I shall very shortly shake hands once again with one of the most outspoken and most sincere parsons I have ever met. He is the Rev. Basil Bourchier, who has been appointed to assist at the Capetown Cathedral.

One cold, clear December Sunday evening, I remember wandering around the Hampstead garden suburb, near London, for three-quarters of an hour in an attempt to find Mr. Bourchier's church—St. Jude-on-the-hill. At last I found it standing alone on the crest of a little hill, and from its door I looked out over a thousand lights that were one corner of London's suburbs.

Almost a lonely church it is, for only a few houses were near it, and inside it was cold and undecorative. Yet it was filled on that evening and on each Sunday with people who travelled long distances to hear Mr. Bourchier preach on matters that affected their daily lives—on business, on divorce, on theatres, on dancing, and on Dr. Marie Stopes.

As we stood together after service outside the church door and watched the last member of the congregation walking slowly down the road, we shivered at the tinge of frost in the air and sighed together for South Africa. Mr. Bourchier is returning at last. *"Adderley."*

A New Idea.

Since the world began there have, I suppose, been libraries, but I had never heard of a library for gramophone records, until the other day I found one in Adderley Street. I went upstairs into a comfortable little salon and listened for half-an-hour to some of the world's best singers.

The librarian was Captain Sandford, a young man full of energetic ideas. He told me that the idea came to him in the bath one morning—wonderful place for ideas, the bath.

"I was thinking," he said, "what a pity it was that I should have to buy a whole lot more records for a dance I was giving that evening, and I sighed for some place where gramophone records could be hired. The strange thing is that I laughed to myself at first at the idea of a Gramophone Record Library, where one changed records as one did books. Then I began to think seriously about it until the water grew cold and I could stay in the bath no longer. As I dried myself the idea seemed not so bad, and over breakfast I decided and—well, here you are."

There are about three thousand records in the library, which is now a successful going concern. *R.*

Surfing Discovered.

Addison and Mitrenga, the two dancers who created such a sensation on the Rand, are now at the Cape and have discovered surfing.

"What a country this is," said Addison to me. "One week I am playing in Johannesburg, and the next at Capetown, and I never found two places in one country so different. I love Johannesburg for its audiences, its people and its way of taking life, and I love the Cape for its beauties, its glorious sea and—surfing. Surfing at Muizenberg has got me."

Addison went there quite by chance one day, and at every chance since he has been again. He calls it one of the most exhilarating sensations he has ever known.

I found him one morning after two hours' strenuous rehearsal at the Tivoli, where, with his partner, he is taking part in the first programme on the return to bio-vaudeville. The couple believe in much rehearsal, and are always at it. They are both firmly convinced that, together with bathing, it is the thing that keeps their dancing up to the mark. *R.*

A Quick Rise.

From a planter in Java, Dutch East Indies, to an illusionist, is not a very usual change. Yet this is the change over that Mellini, who is at the Tivoli, Capetown, this week, has made. And it was not because he was disillusioned about planting that he became an illusionist on the stage. He is now mystifying the audiences each night with a glass cabinet filled with water, out of which he twice produces a woman.

Few people can claim the meteoric success on the stage that he can. It was on Whit Monday this year that he made his first appearance at the New Cross Empire, where audiences are critical. Madge Kennedy was on the same bill. So soon after as nine months he has become a star turn.

His two partners, Babs Mabelle and Cherry Anderson, who help him in the illusion which he calls Nereide, wear metal costumes on the stage which weigh 40lbs. each.

Mellini himself has only two faults to find with South Africa—the altitude of Johannesburg and the old Cape Doctor which blows fiercely from the south-east sometimes. *R.*

KODAK SNAPS ENLARGED AND PAINTED BY JANE PLOTZ, ART STUDIOS, THRUPP'S BUILDINGS.

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THE AGA KHAN,
Who has sailed for South Africa

FRANK FAY,
Who has been a tremendous success at the Empire Theatre, Johannesburg.

FRANK FAY'S PARTNER.
"The little lady from Dixie," who has also been very popular.

MISS LILIAN NATALI,
Of Durban, who has been singing in London with success.

Red Bananas and Pink Champagne.

London, December 14.—Red bananas are being coveted by the hostess who likes to be up to "the last moment." In Paris recently, when a lunch table was adorned with a basket of rare fruit topped by the red banana, a society woman from America found herself at a loss to explain to a compatriot her opinion of a woman she found wanting in finesse.

"My dear, I really do not know how to describe her. But she is the sort of person who eats yellow bananas," she related, as her eye fell on the red variety. And her friend "got it in one."

Now, in London, there threatens to be the same division between people who drink the old-time yellow champagne and the new-time pink variety—rose burnt. This is the very last word in intoxicating beverags, and is said to waft into oblivion at an amazing speed. Those who have quaffed report "fit for the gods." One venturesome soul peered behind the scenes somewhere and found the brew is made by the introduction of cochineal, but she neglected to discover just how. *F.S*

Vaudeville in Johannesburg.

The Empire, Johannesburg, have eight very clever acts to present on January 12. At the top of the bill is Hetty King, no doubt the world's most famous male impersonator at the present time. Her fame to-day is that of Vesta Tilley yesterday. Hetty King is the most expensive artist the African Theatres have brought here for a long time and, as money is the basis of judgment in these matters as well as all others in life, one can expect a tremendous show from Hetty King. I knew her work well in London, where her frequent appearances in the West End always meant crowded houses. She gives charming little character sketches as well as big numbers, and her sketch of a workman is so real that one wonders exactly how she gathered the material with which to work. The story is told by her husband, Captain Lamond. Hetty King actually worked with a gang on a road in London for two days to get the correct phrasing and gesticulations for this act. In the same way her soldier and sailor numbers have been perfected only by close study of the types seen in Hyde Park on Sunday afternoon or at Portsmouth. Hetty King is a great artist because she is a realist. She knows that to make a type perfect, you must merely transfer it from the street to the stage without embellishment. This she does, for the characters she stages are those one meets on the tram and in the street. With her are Addison and Mitrenga, who are playing a return season; Key and Keyworth, Brennan and Newton, and the ever-popular Frank Fay and His Little Lady from Dixie are on the bill. The Vesta Sisters, Lola Krasavina and Scott Sanders are among the merry company who will make their bows at the Empire on Monday, January 12th. *O.P.*

Stone Throwing.

Motorists and motor-cyclists, on Old Year's Night, were subjected to a bombardment of stones in Louis Botha Avenue, at the dip just past the entrance to Kloof Road. Mr. Colin Munro was travelling to town, bound for the Country Club, when his car was struck by huge pieces of rock. Others had suffered a like fate, and a motor-cyclist with a lady pillion passenger was also struck. Mr. Munro reported the matter to the Hospital Hill police, who at 12.55 a.m. on New Year's Day arrested a native, who was subsequently found to be without a pass. He was sentenced on two counts to 14 days' hard labour and fined £1 for each count. The thanks of all motorists are due to the Hospital Hill division of the police for their prompt action. *Wire Wheel, Johannesburg.*

Isobel McLaren.

Although Miss Isobel McLaren was born in Edinburgh, one feels that she belongs to Johannesburg, for her people ar here; also she lived in South Africa for many, many years. It is about five years since she sailed away for the great adventure of England. Just before I left England I say her play in Sheridan's *Duenna*. How one remembers first nights at the Lyric, Hammersmith, when Nigel Playfair produced the Beggar's Opera and, later, the play in which Miss Edith Evans was so wonderful. Miss McLaren has every right to feel pleased about her contract, for Mr. Playfair is one of the great producers of London now-a-days Miss McLaren is a professor of elocution at the Royal Academy of Music, and is permanent stage manager for their operatic performances. I remember hearing her sing at the first promenade concert I went to, at the Queen's Hall, a few months ago. Then I heard a voice of which Africa should be definitely proud. Miss McLaren, who is living at Nottingham, Place, W., leads a very busy life in London, giving an occasional recital at The Aeolian Hall, and singing at concerts. Her engagement under the Playfair management at the Lyric is very reassuring. Isobel McLaren is talked about in London now-a-days, and you cannot imagine what a difficult place London is to move. *Oliver Pageant.*

From the Sporting and Dramatic News.

FOR A PORTRAIT OF YOURSELF OR YOUR BABY—JANE PLOTZ, ART STUDIOS, THRUPP'S BUILDINGS.

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Racing Notes.

Conclusion of the Johannesburg Turf Club Summer Meeting.

By "Onlooker."

New Year's Day at Headquarters.

In some respects the racing on New Year's Day at Turffontein, the last day of the Summer Meeting, was the most interesting of the four days' sport. Winners were certainly elusive, for only two first favourites hit the mark. One of these was Polinique, on whom odds were laid in the race for the Governor-General's Cup. Polinique won his race readily enough at the end, and so far has shown himself second best among the two-year-olds. He is, however, a long way behind Illustrious. Polinique is bred on similar lines to the best, being, like Illustrious, by Polystone out of a mare by Greatorex. This cross is proving very prolific in getting fast stock. As the sire of stock to come early, Polystone has gained a great name.

Three horses that have been very much in the public eye distinguished themselves on the day. These were Elegant, Cardinal's Guard and Father Christmas. The first-named had always hitherto been a very unfortunate runner. He opened his winning account for the year with a clean-cut victory in the Merchants' Handicap. The shortest priced one for the event was Duchess Trenton. Weale's mare suffered in the running owing to being knocked back in a collision with her stable companion, Dark Brown. The mishap hardly affected the result, for Elegant won with a good deal in hand.

The Champion Stakes.

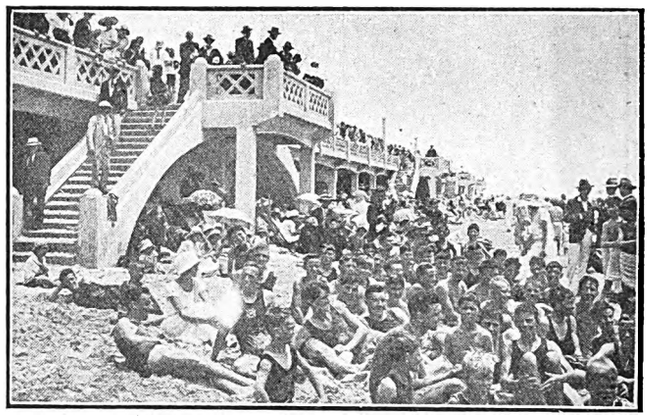
Many of the racing fraternity have made a joke of Cardinal's Guard being engaged in the best races. The "heads" were wont to say Mr. Wenninger's colt ought to be kept in the class to which he belonged, the inference being that such class was an inferior one. To aspire to win among the top-notchers was crass foolishness. Well, the aspirations of the owner and trainer of Cardinal's Guard were after all not as ill founded as the majority supposed. The colt won the coveted Champion Stakes, beating the great Fabaris and Flush of Dawn!

Cardinal's Guard has thriven on the hard racing he has had, but it was certainly an eye-opener to find him, a horse that had never previously been first past the post, winning the weight-for-age contest. He had finished fourth to Catalan in the Derby. The Derby winner had been engaged in the Champion Stakes, but being struck out, the presumption was his stable companion, Fabaris, even with 9st. 8lb. to carry, was the better. Truly, Cardinal's Guard's success was a surprising one. The Champion Stakes must surely have gone to Catalan had he been started.

It seems a pity that the field for the Champion Stakes included Red Ronald; obviously very short of work, the crack of two seasons sprinted away from the others at the outset of the race, but broke down so badly at half-way that the jockey dismounted and led the colt back to the paddock. This means the exit of Red Ronald from the racecourse.

Father Christmas did not win his race on New Year's Day, for, after finishing level with Dark Brown in the Farewell Handicap, the latter won the run-off in hollow fashion. Seldom has a participant in a decided been more confidently expected than was Simpson's colt. There was reason for this, seeing Dark Brown had a cut in for a race during the afternoon before, equalising with Father Christmas. Moreover, the latter, being the fresher, had on a previous occasion shown his partiality for a second bout. But Dark Brown beat Father Christmas all ends up in the second go. There can be no doubt Dark Brown is a horse of stamina. It is not at all singular that such be, for he comes from very stout stock. He is a son of Brown Ronald, and Brown Ronald is a brother in blood to Son-in-Law, acclaimed the most potent progenitor of stayers in the Old Country. Son-in-Law, who belongs to Sir Abe Bailey, came out at the head of the winning sires' list in England for last season.

New Year on the Coast.



The beach at Port Elizabeth.
[Photograph by R. L. Shanagan

As regards Father Christmas, it can be said no horse had come on to a greater extent in the past few months. He won his first race, a poor class one, on his last outing as a three-year-old. Prior to that he was for the most part a Wednesday performer, and talked of as one not worth feeding. Now he is quite useful in the top class.

Tamil, second to T.M.S. in the Goldfields Handicap, very effectually turned the tables when the two met in the two miles Transvaal Handicap. The weight, 9st., told its tale on T.M.S., and the visiting horse (Tamil was sold as a supposed "has been" for £14 not long since) came right away from his previous conqueror towards the finish.

The Pony and Galloway.

After the big show, the sport at headquarters on Saturday with the little ones in action was very tame. Some of the running, too, was of an unsatisfactory character. The outstanding feature was the good showings of Golden Flower, a three-year-old filly by Goldwing, the first of the progeny of the Durban July Handicap winner to carry silk. Golden Flower ran right away from her opponents in the Trial Plate over five furlongs; there would have been no caviling if the judge had put down the margin of victory at ten in place of six lengths. Later in the day the filly, putting up a 10lb. penalty, won the Second Division of the Galloway and Pony Handicap over a mile in much the same style as she took the Trial Plate. Golden Flower is smart. For the rest, Will's Maid gave a smooth performance in taking the principal event; and Deceiver registered a capital performance in winning under top weight the best race for ponies, the course being a mile.

Germiston Race on Saturday.

Many of the front rank horses, including Fabaris (who, of course, heads the list) are engaged in the principal event at Germiston this week-end. Fabaris will probably not be among the starters, for the impost allotted him, 9st. 10lb., is a formidable one. The stable, however, has a likely candidate in Jubilant II. We have not as yet seen anything like the best of this imported now four-year-old. Of those with over 8st. to carry, Prince Orb (8st. 6lb.) and the best of Rowe's pair, Surprise Sauce and Princess Alice, now weighted within 1lb. of one another, seems the most likely. The Derby runner-up, Thankful, with but 6st. 7lb. to put up, is another that should take beating. Perhaps the result may be somewhat as follows:—

Jubilant II. 1, Prince Orb 2, Thankful 3.

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Fancy Dress Ball at Casa Mia.

A very successful fancy dress ball was held at Casa Mia, Johannesburg, on New Year's Eve,
[Photograph by African Film Productions, Ltd.

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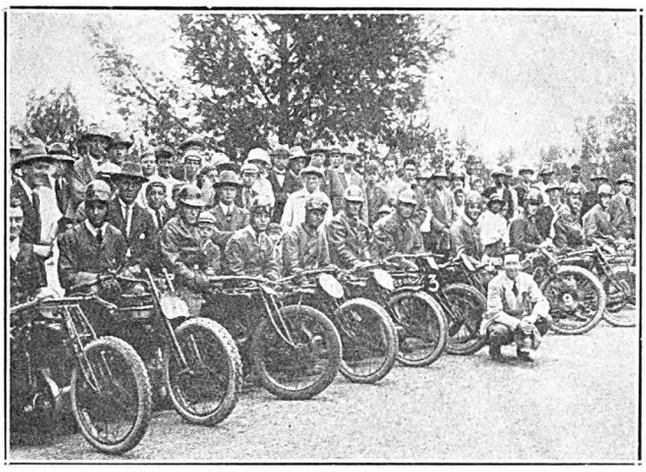
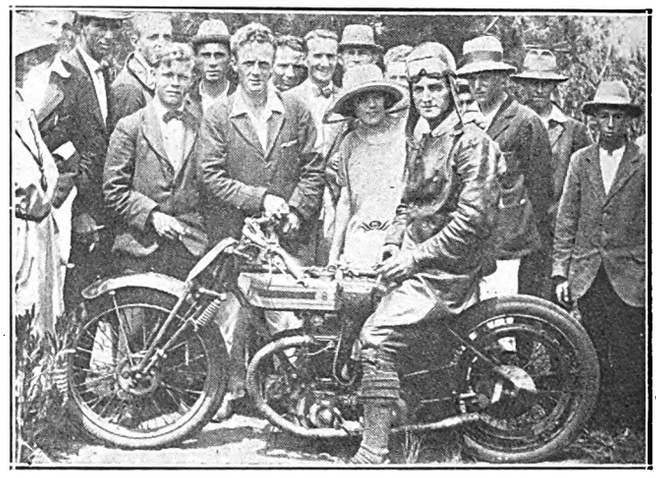
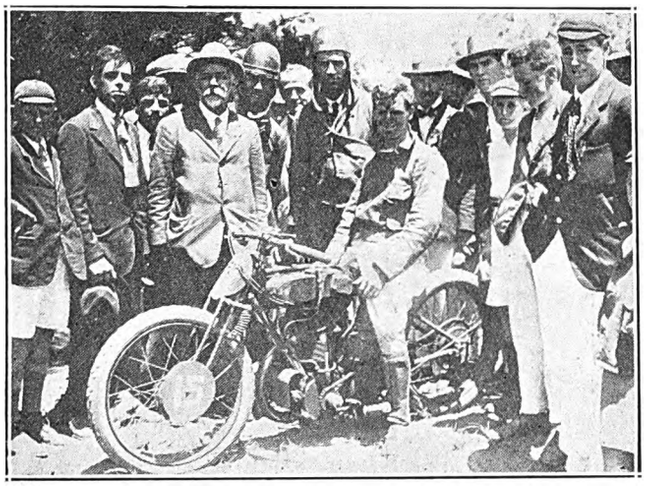
Motor Cycle Races at Port Elizabeth



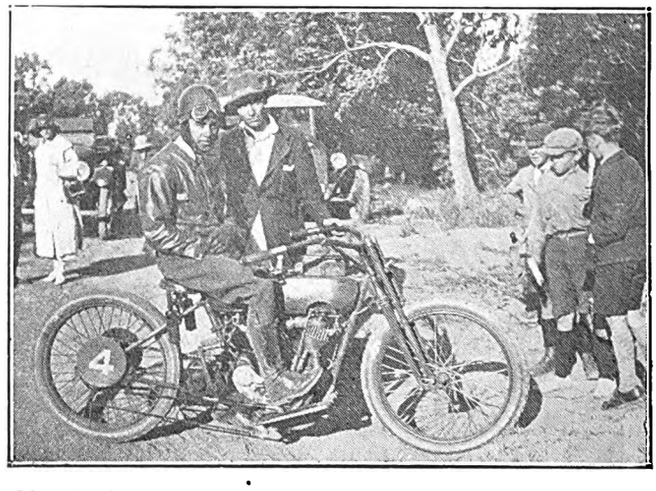
A group of starters in the 600 C.C. Class.



C. Young, of Natal, winner of the 600 C.C. Class. He covered 200 miles in 3 hrs. 22 mins. 40 secs.



Mr. D. Hall, of Natal, winner of 200 miles 350 C.C. event. Time, 3 hrs. 36 mins. 53 secs.



Mr. E. G. Murray, of Johannesburg, winner of 200 miles (unlimited capacity) event. Time, 3 hrs. 26 mins. 14 secs.

Capetown in Australia.

Our Australian correspondent writes:—

Frank White, the man "behind the smoothness" of everything on the stage at the Theatre Royal in Sydney, is a native of Capetown, from where Cecil Kelleway also hails. Both were friends as kiddies. As a boy pupil at Bishops' Diocesan College," Frank showed ability as a runner and held several championships before he became a member of the local harriers and carried off the half-mile riband. He was also a first-class footballer—ten years with the rugby code and two with soccer. His main hobby is golf. Until he returned with "Cousin From Nowhere," he had been away from the stage work since the run of the "Peep Show," the motor trade having interested him. Now he is back at his old post. His wife, Gwen Ives, may soon make more appearances. The Whites have a little 6-year-old girl—"Disa"—so called after the South African native flower. Frank has been in Australia about seven years, his first appearance being in "The Bing Boys" and "Passing Show," later he was with the Musical Comedy Co., working with a very lengthy repertoire. A good stage manager, an affable fellow well liked both in and out of the profession.

Special Anniversary Number of the "South African Pictorial" first week in February.

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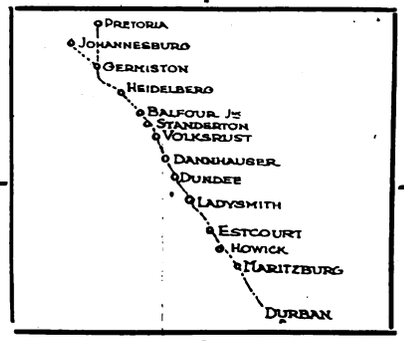

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People Who Come and Go.

London, December 14.—The *Edinburgh Castle*, which leaves Southampton on December 26, carries to South Africa Lord Wilton and Mr. W. G. Wickham. They will barely have time to digest their turkey and plum pudding before they set sail.

Brig.-General and Mrs. Holdsworth will set out for South Africa early in the new year, and intend to remain there some time. The *Windsor Castle* brought over Sir James and Lady Beattie. Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Cunningham have arrived in England from the south. The Davises, Mr. and Mrs., are here on a short stay in London, but leave shortly for Switzerland for the winter sports. The *Llanstephan* brought home two people well known in Africa. Captain E. C. Cocks, of Beira, who has been on a four months' trip to Africa, and Mr. M. G. Tighe, Solicitor-General of Tanganyika, who will spend his six months' leave in England and Ireland. Also Mr. J. A. Neville, Financial Adviser to De Beers Consolidated Mines, is on a visit to England where Mrs. Neville is at present. Field-Marshall Lord Methuen, who is in his 80th year, has decided to pay a visit to South Africa with Lady Methuen, and will sail from Liverpool shortly in the *Ulysses*. The marriage arranged between Mr. Frank D. M. Crakanthorpe and Miss Lilian Cary-Elwes, who leaves for South Africa on January 2, will take place on her arrival in Capetown.

Mr. H. Daly Stanford, having completed his journalistic and theatrical enterprises in South Africa, arrived lately in London, and will reside in England and on the Continent for the future.

Early next year the chief engineering centres of this country will be visited by thirty University engineering students from Capetown. They will be accompanied by seven members of the University staff.

Mr. D. W. Day, K.A.R., brought with him from Kenya, on his return to England, a fine lion cub, seven months old, and its special companion, a young monkey. Mr. Day is not going to take the care of them upon his own shoulders, however, and is presenting them to the Dublin Zoo.

The London National Council of Women congratulates Mrs. Charles Molteno on her re-election as President of the Capetown branch of the same institution.

Mr. Bertram Lowndes, of the Standard Bank of South Africa, has been elected hon. secretary and treasurer of the British Overseas Banks Association, in succession to Mr. Francis Shipton, who is retiring from active banking service, and has been elected an honorary member of the Committee for next year.

And that, I think, is all for the moment. There are not many South Africans in London at present. They wisely stay at home with the sunshine until the English summer is well in the land and the London season begins. Next season promises to be as great a success and as crowded as the last one. Wembley has done a great deal to foster the demand for garden parties and receptions to the Dominions. *P.T.*

Bert Errol.

Bert Errol, the female impersonator, is due to open here very soon. He is married to Jennie Hartley's sister, and this fact alone should arouse Africa's interest in him. He is England's greatest impersonator, and he does not do any of those stupid tricks with feathers and fans, nor does he mince up and down the stage in the objectionable manner which has made most female impersonators very unpopular. There is something virile and definite about his work. It is more characterisation than impersonation. His clothes are marvellous, and he sings and acts with a touch of genius.

Miss Ray Hartley of the stage, who dances with him, is Mrs. Errol away from the theatre, and between them present a turn as clear-cut and individual as a cameo. It is a sheer delight to watch and hear them, and he ranks as one of the most famous of vaudeville stars.

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Yours sincerely,
(Signed) **F. Lonsdale.**

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Dear Sir,—What Kotalko has done for me is nothing short of wonderful. Four years ago I lost all my hair. My head was bare and shiny just like the back of my hand. I had been under a hair specialist and a doctor, but all in vain.

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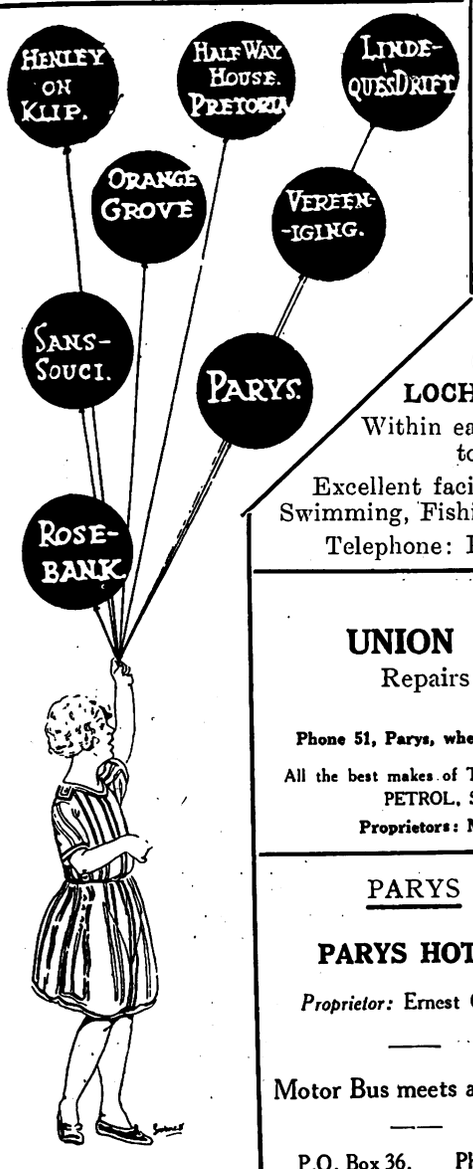
WEEK-END PLEASURE SPOTS.



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On the Rialto.

By Antonio.

JOHANNESBURG, Tuesday afternoon.

The resumption of business on Monday was characterised by great activity in companies having any assets connected with the magic word "platinum." Transvaal Consolidated Lands were run up to 34s., "Devils" to 17s. 9d., Platinum Proprietaries to 30s., Transvaal Platinums to 65s., and Lydenburg Platinums to 19s. 6d. But yesterday afternoon and this morning there is less excitement; Lands receded to 32s., but recovered to 32s. 9d.

Tendency of Gold Stocks to Recover Portion of Dividends.

The gold stocks have kept their ground well, and in the cases of Brakpan, Crown Mines, Modders and Modder Deeps it has paid to keep shares rather than to take "dividends out of the market" by selling before the end of the year. By lunch time to-day, Brakpans had made up nearly half their dividend at 71s. 3d., Crown Mines 1s. 6d. out of 4s., and Modder 1s. 6d. out of 5s. The two latter were helped by their magnificent profits for December.

Gold Drops Ninepence an Ounce to Par.

The price of gold was taken by the groups at 88s. per ounce, which is a shilling less than for November, but the cost of realisation is a "tickey" less at 3s. 3d., a drop of 9d., which represents something less than £30,000 on the current production. Hence, I rather rubbed by eyes when I read in my "stop-press" that group profits for December were "for the first time in 1924 below the million mark, showing a decrease compared with the previous month of no less than £212,734." These alarming occurrences were attributed to the low price of gold, but in point of simple fact they were due to failure to "carry two" from the hundred thousands column! The six groups made in profits £1,105,677, or but £12,734 behind November, a remarkable achievement considering the inevitable disturbances of Yule-tide. Thanks to an increase of £14,000 in the profit at Crown Mines, and of £6,000 at New Modder, the Central Mining group made a larger aggregate profit. So did the Anglo-American, owing to an advance of £5,500 at West Springs to £31,600. Barnato's (or "J.C.I.") profit was down £26,000, which corresponds with the shrinkage to £25,200 at Randfontein Estates owing to the lamentable accident; an improvement of £7,000 at Government Areas being balanced by a drop of £6,000 at Langlaagte, due to absorption of gold in the new plant. Both Geduld and Modder Deep of the Union Corporation made better profits, and the decreases in other groups were small.

Well over a Million a Month Profit With Gold at Standard Price.

It is highly gratifying to know that the Rand is making £1,100,000 a month with gold at standard price. How insignificant has the currency premium become is well illustrated by the fact that it accounted only for £1,250 out of £330,000 gold revenue of the three mines of the Anglo-American group, constituting a premium of less than half of one per cent. Crown Mines is making at the rate of £1,150,000 a year on a recovery of under 6½ dwt. per ton. But the fa in price is giving the very low grade mines rather "a thin time" of it.

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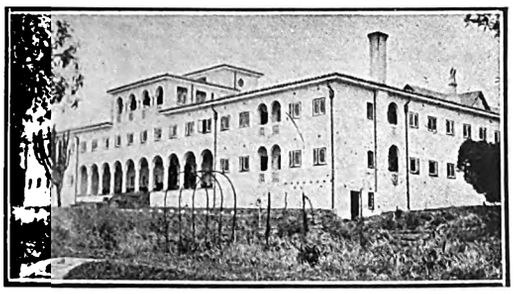

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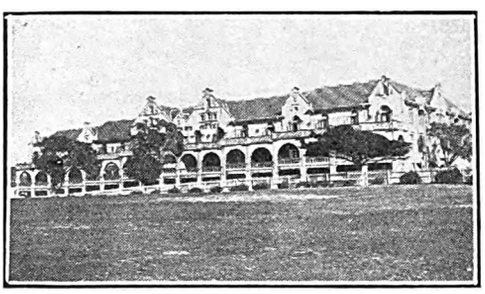

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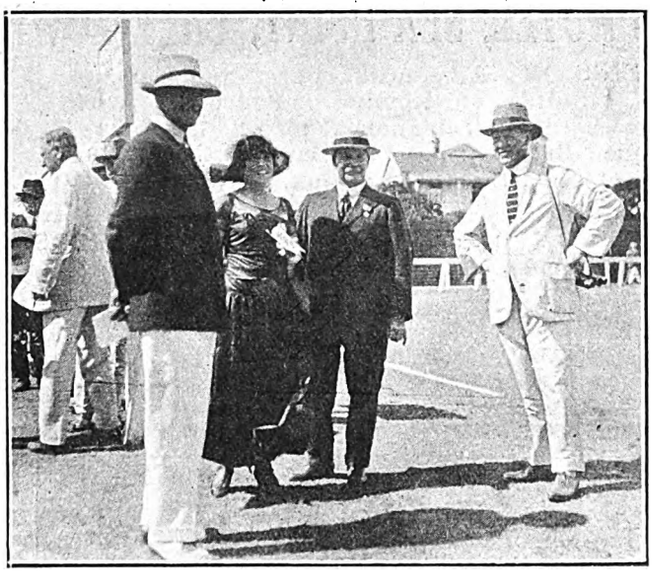
Hetty King at Durban.



The famous male impersonator photographed at the Durban races.

Back From England.

Walking down Adderley Street, I met Miss Edith Struben, who has just returned from England where she has been elected a member of the Royal Colonial Institute, a well deserved honour for the popular Cape artist. Miss Struben gave a very successful exhibition of her pictures before leaving London, and found that the general public were extraordinarily interested in South African scenes and types. The call of the veld seemed to appeal to them in a prosaic gallery as much as its mystic shadows do to the born Afrikander. Miss Struben is also a very successful gardener, and her home at Paradise Estates boasts many rare flowers and shrubs, many of which she has painted with outstanding success. One wonders how long it will be before she is away on her travels again, and remembers with pleasure her return from the Far East and the interesting lectures she gave, illustrated with her own pictures.—*C.R.*

Next Week's Calls.

WEEK COMMENCING MONDAY, JANUARY 12.

Tivoli, Capetown.—Lily Lena, Mariajanos, and J. H. Scotland.
Empire, Johannesburg.—Hetty King, Scott Sanders, Vesta Sisters, Lola Krasavina, Key & Keyworth, Brennan and Newton, Frank Fay & Dixie Lady, Addison & Mitrenga.
His Majesty's, Johannesburg.—Grand Pantomime "Cinderella."
Orpheum, Johannesburg.—Ted Marcel, and Videau & Kirby.
Grand, Pretoria.—Ransby Williams, and Byron & Byron.
Criterion, Benoni.—Two Vagabonds, and Henry De Bray and Partner.
Rinko, Maritzburg.—Madge Kennedy, Jas Stewert.
Criterion, Durban.—Alice Lloyd, Payne & Hilliard, Chris. Charlton.
Vaudette, Kimberley.—Verterans of Variety (Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday).
Vaudette, Bloemfontein.—Veterans of Variety (Thursday, Friday and Saturday).
Opera House, Capetown.—Leon M. Lion-Renèe Kelly Company in "The Chinese Puzzle" to be followed by "Outward Bound."
Palace, Salisbury.—"The Rising Generation" Co., 12th 13th and 14th.

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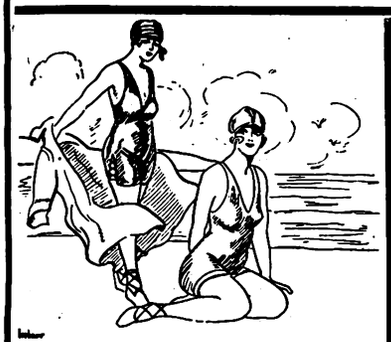

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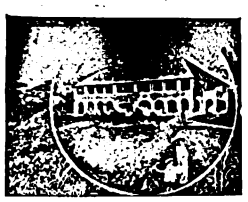

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Women's Clubs.

London, December 14.—London's feminine club world has been in unity this week so far as a general topic went. According to the many members Sir Ian Hamilton was, to put it crudely, "talking through his hat"—and a silk one at that—when he remarked blithely at the opening of the British Legion Club, "in no women's club is the comfort up to the mark, or the food, or the drink, or the attendance." But it was his subsequent "the atmosphere of cocktails, scented cigarette smoke and bridge is warranted to make the licensed victualler grow dizzy" that roused them to red wrath. Cocktails—"almost unknown in the woman's club" was the retort irascible. Scented cigarettes—"well, skirts were drawn closer at the thought of the world where they were to be usually found."

Probably by now Sir Ian is sorry he spoke. Woman has had the usual last word. She spoke through the secretaries of the different clubs, and what she said was definite. It ended with "Sir Ian could never have been in a woman's club." It began with the information that "for comfort and good food the average women's club surpassed that of the men." Miss Irene Manby, who directs the thirty National Ladies' Clubs, then and there invited the reckless orator to visit any one of them and see just how wrong he was. Up to date there is no report of the invitation having been accepted. On the day when the bombshell remark fell, I talked by chance with the housekeeper of a well-known women's club in Piccadilly. She took me to a secluded corner while she confided she "would rather manage four men's clubs than one women's." Later, while the subject was still under heavy discussion, a woman writer who has now "arrived" in London, after coming from the provinces, told that a "woman who knew" advised her to avoid feminine clubs with all her might. "They are the resort of the dull and struggling," was how she put it. Despite this, there is a long waiting list at all the prominent London women's clubs at present. So somebody must be wrong, somewhere.—F.S.

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Parliament Opens in London.

Sir Edgar and Lady Walton.

Our London Correspondent writes: Before the fog set in there was a great event—*the* great event since the breaking up of Parliament, and that is the opening of Parliament. Luckily, London presented the King and Queen with a fine day for the occasion. They left Buckingham Palace just after eleven, and drove through the Mall and the Horse Guards Parade—suitably crowded as these places always are on these occasions—to Victoria Tower, where they were met by the Ministers of State. The Queen had on her ermine—or rather, perhaps it would be kinder to say that she had on another ermine—I would not have it thought this ermine was the same in which she has helped to open five other parliaments. And the King himself wore a sort of cloaky thing about his shoulders and no hat. He always looks so much more kingly without a hat, I always think. Of course, the Prince, too, was becomingly garbed, and arranged his robes round him most beautifully as he took his place on the small throne beside the larger thrones of their majesties.

It was a glittering and splendidly colourful scene. The peers, in their scarlet gowns, sat on little red cushioned seats. It was noticeable that most of them were bald or inclining thereto. And the peeresses were mostly stepping into dowagerdom. Notwithstanding that, they wore all their diamonds festooned about them and were gowned in more than oriental splendour. Oh, the diamonds at that assembly! But even the largest diamond in the largest coronet on the largest dowager looked insignificant when the King and Queen entered. Their crowned heads positively fought a pitched diamond battle for ascendency. As the Queen moved her crown winked a thousand saucy diamoned phrases at the King's crown, which, in turn, sent back brilliantly gemmed messages. Small pages bore the two huge trains and arranged them in waterfalls of velvet about the feet of their majesties.

The King greeted nobody, but read his speech and walked out again. There was no attempt on the part of anybody to cheer him or to stand up and say pompously, "Your Majesty, I am proud to have you with us on this auspicious occasion." Not even the National Anthem was sung.

I think the cheeriest part of the performance was when a young reporter, evidently writing up the opening of Parliament for the first time, perceiving a be-wigged, be-curled, be-breeched person in gorgeous comparisons, demanded of the doorkeeper behind his head what the name of this lordly personage might be.

"Bless ye, sir," answered the doorkeeper, "that's one of *my* colleagues; him that opens the door of the Robing Room for the King."

I noticed a delicious N.B. at the end of the programme of the proceedings:

"Knights will wear the collars of their orders.
Full dress, with trousers."

Dress without trousers could hardly be termed full, think you?

Sir Edgar Walton, High Commissioner for South Africa, arrived about eleven with Lady Walton, Sir Edgar in uniform and his lady in a flowing velvet cloak which hid her gown from the curious eyes of bystanders.

The Mistletoe Market.

London, December 14.—In Covent Garden yesterday I saw some of the first consignments of mistletoe from the forests of Normandy and Auvergne, priced at a pound a crate. This is cheap when you consider how many sprigs go to a crate, and how many beads a sprig may cover. Mistletoe is cheaper this year, I was told, beacause America, usually a heavy buyer, has suddenly become prudish and banned the import of the dear plant.

Motoring and Motor-cycling.

By "Wire Wheel."

On New Year's Day the Transvaal Automobile Club held a hill climb contest for cars on Mulder's Drift Hill, some 28 miles west of Johannesburg. The attendance of motorists at the top of the hill emphatically demonstrated to the T.A.C. the fallacy of holding aloof from competitions. Never in the knowledge of many who have attended every event on this notable hill has there been seen such a crowd. Over 200 cars were counted, whilst the number of spectators must have been in the region of 3,000. Perhaps now the T.A.C. will feel inclined to alter their views and take notice of those who have advocated competition on a basis in which all can come in with a chance of gaining a winning bracket.

In Class "A," second place was awarded to a novice, who had to be persuaded very much before he would enter his Dodge car. However, Mr. D. Lighter has reason to be proud of his performance on the hill and the remarkably consistent runs he made. In each run his time was returned 2 mins. 12 2-5th secs.

In the Racing Class, a wonderful performance was put up by Master Sydney Anderson, who drove a 7-h.p. Baby Austin with commendable skill and tied for second place with a car almost twice its c.c. capacity.

Of the 16 competitors, two were ladies, and both acquitted themselves with credit. Miss Woolls-Sampson, on the Oldsmobile, won, whilst Mrs. A. H. Quirie was second on a Durant Rugby.

Notable performances were put up by the brothers B. and S. J. Rosenberg, on the Ansaldo; Otto Prillewitz, Fiat; V. Grossman and P. Opperman, Oldsmobile; E. Buchanan, Overland; P. K. Saunders, Austin 12; G. Harper, Talbot (carried the heaviest weight in the competition); G. Harper, L. J. Selby, "Itala."

The sensation of the event was the marvellous drive of Dave Owen, when he beat the record for the hill in time, registering 1 min. 37 1-5th secs. Another fine performance was made by L. Redlich, on the Oakland, in 1 min. 41 2-5th secs. Mr. Prillewitz, on the Fiat, won Class D and second in the Racing Class to the two Ansaldos, which tied for first place.

It was not before 3.30 p.m. that that competition closed down. The day was delightful and spectators fully enjoyed themselves in the open. The course was in excellent condition after the rains.

The T.T. Races.

All eyes were on the Bay during the 1st and 2nd January, when the second South African T.T. races were run off. The first day's races, 350 and unlimited c.c. classes, were run in a gale and dust storm. L. Hall, of the Natal M.C.C., Durban, won the 350 event and the "Woolavington" Trophy on an A.J.S. The unlimited class was won by Mr. E. G. Murray, Johannesburg, Rand Motor C.C., on a Harley-Davidson. Mr. Murray also holds the Eastern Province M.C.C. Trophy for one year.

On Friday the 600 c.c. class was run off in most delightful weather. Percy Flook, the favourite for this event, led for eight laps, when a fractured frame caused his retirement. Charles Young, Natal M.C.C., Durban, won the event and Triumph Shield on a Triumph motor-cycle; with H. B. Loader, A.J.S., second, and I. H. R. Scott, A.J.S., third.

A Tip worth Knowing.

When the celluloid curtains of a car become cracked or broken, with the aid of a motion-picture film a neat repair can be made which will not "blot out" the scenery or become unsightly. The length of the film to be used is moistened on the emulsion side and the picture rubbed off with a wet cloth, so that the film will be transparent. A good cement is then made by mixing celluloid shavings in acetone, adding a little ether to make it quick drying.

THOUSANDS OF PASSPORT PHOTOS ARE TAKEN BY NEW YORK STUDIOS. OPPOSITE G.P.O.

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S.A. PICTORIAL.

"The Union's National Weekly."

VOL. XX. No. 494.] SATURDAY, JANUARY 17TH, 1925. (Registered at G.P.O. as a Newspaper.) PRICE 6D.

Two Engagements.

Miss van Boeschoten (daughter of Sir William and Lady Boeschoten, of Pretoria) and Lieutenant W. H. Everard Poole, whose engagement has been announced.

DR. J. F. VAN IDDEKINGE.

MISS VIOLET VERSTER.

The engagement is announced of Miss Violet Verster, second daughter of the Mayor and Mayoress of Capetown, to Dr. J. F. van Iddekinge, of the Free State.

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From a High Window.

All day I have played in a king's garden;
About the feet of the grey castle,
Upon steps that knew
The Whisper of Victorian skirts.
In the sunken garden, forget-me-nots,
Like the eyes of little birds
Peered in awe at the tall tulips,
With their golden helmets bowing in the sun.
Trim-cut trees, like dark green-skirted girls,
Stood about the lawn, so primly mown;
Smeared with snowy daisies.
Beyond the castle's grey and sombre walls,
Beyond the sophisticated beds of wallflowers,
Gold and brown,
The woods stretched contentedly.
The high chestnuts, with their turrets of white bloom
Had pools of lilac about their feet and flowers,
Ravished by the plundering bees,
Lay about the path or swung,
Like little girls,
Caught in the strands of deserted spider webs.

The purple beech; a grand and glistening sultan,
Held court upon a velvet lawn.

All day, I played in a king's garden.

And now, from my high window in the castle wall,
I can see the placid towers of Eton,
Cloaked with twilight, and the Thames,
With ponderous, slow-moving barges,
Shattering the reflections of willows
And a tall church tower..
From my high window, I can see
One hundred steps,
And there, the joiner's daughter plays,
With a round vermillion ball.
It bounces, and its dull thud is the only sound,
Save the creak of crows in the chestnuts
And the far away murmur of an unseen train.

I lean far out and see the town,
And the little houses, like painted toys,
With smoke rising from their chimneys . . . tenderly.
Down, far down, a scarlet-coated guardsman walks monotonously,
And the scarlet of his coat grows fainter and fainter,
With the increasing night.

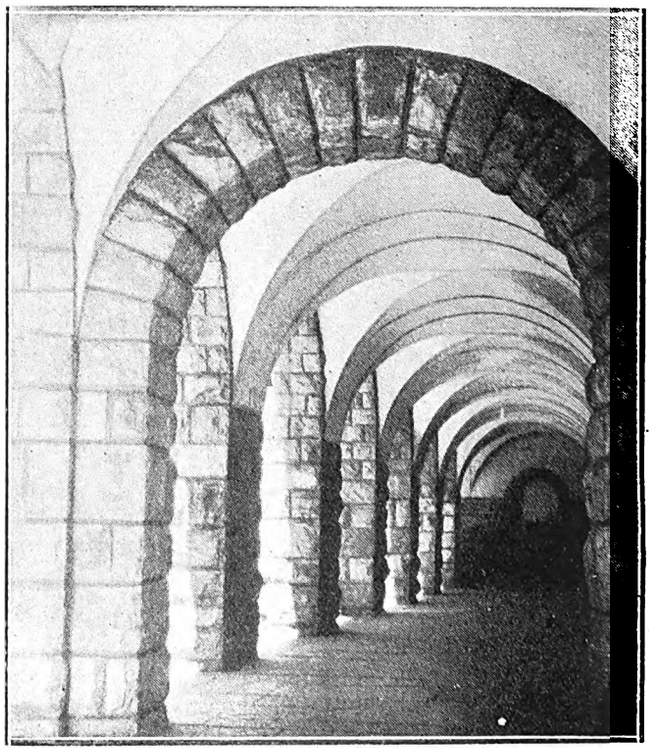
Behind me, in the room,
A candle burns and beckons me
Towards the cool adventure of contented sleep.

Hector Bolitho.

The Cloisters,
Windsor Castle,
May, 1924.

A scene from "Her Temporary Husband," to be shown at the Orpheum, Johannesburg, on January 19th.

A scene from "Ponjola," based on Cynthia Stockley's novel, This film will be the attraction at the Bijou, Johannesburg, Monday, January 19.



The Stoep of St. John's College, Houghton Estate.

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Born in a Caravan.

Doris Hare Talks.

Perhaps eighteen years ago, a caravan packed with a touring company and scenery for the production of "East Lynne" drew up under a bridge in the South of Wales. The rain was pouring down; the big drops were dancing on the top of the caravan, and inside, among the properties and scenery, the little family waited for the sunshine which would make it possible for them to move on and play in the next town. In that caravan, under that bridge, Doris Hare was born. She is Henry De Bray's partner at Benoni this week and Capetown next week, and because her comedy has moments when it is reminiscent of Violet Lorraine, she must not be overlooked.

Back to that caravan, to the wet day and Wales. Doris Hare's mother owned a portable theatre and, with a repertoire which included "East Lynne," "A Boy's Best Friend," "Two Little Orphans," and as Irish as ever she toured the land, playing in buildings sometimes and at other times drawing the wagons together to make a stage and playing in the open air. It is from such touring companies that England's greatest music hall artists have come.

Doris Hare tells strange and wonderful stories of the days when she toured with her mother in this little waterproof theatre. She first appeared at the age of three in "Queen's Evidence." The company toured and succeeded until a terrible storm blew the shutters down and the portable theatre was a wreck upon the ground, so it had to be all started again. "I shall never forget the day when our theatre blew to pieces," Doris Hare says. "The shutters blew down and we had to dash about in top boots trying to hold the theatre together. My mother was Kate Braemer, and there were six of us children called the Six Lilacs. We all had to play, and at the age of twelve I played the parts of old women in some of the plays. In 'A Boy's Best Friend' I was the heavy woman in a long dress with fair wig smoking a cigarette. It nearly choked me (I was still twelve). I had to vamp a leading man of fifty and lure him away from home. And then in the part which followed I had to play the part of a very old lady (I was still twelve). When I was three I was too young to play the part of Little Willie in the production of 'East Lynne' which mother was staging in a little town in the Rhonda Valley in Wales. I was only three, and as all the other children had been lent out to other companies mother had to scour the little village for a Little Willie.

"She found a boy who had a deep voice and who was very tall, so the only way to preserve the 'Little Willie impression' was to make him come and say nothing. You know the famous scene in 'East Lynne' where Lady Isobel leans across the bed and says 'Dead, and never called me mother'; well, the moment came, but Little Willie had not been rehearsed very perfectly. Instead of dying he sat up in bed and stared at Lady Isobel. Mother was playing Lady Isobel, and she was very concerned. She whispered to him 'Fall back and die.' Another Little Willie we engaged in one town came on and instead of saying 'Mamma, may I ride into town with you to-day,' he said 'May I die to-day, mamma?' The Little Willies produced by those small towns are very annoying at times.

"I shall never forget when we produced 'The Sign of the Cross' in a small Irish town. The man who was playing Marcus insisted on having some 'atmosphere.' There were no palms in Ireland, and we searched everywhere. When the curtain rose that night and we walked on to the stage, he had hung the walls around the Roman general with wild rhubarb leaves to take the place of the palms. He would have the atmosphere!

"I used to play Stephanus in 'The Sign of the Cross' at that time, and when I was taken off the stage, allegedly to be put on the rack and torn to pieces, I used to stand at the side of the screen while they rubbed the back of a kitchen chair to give the effect of the rack. One night I crawled back on to the stage broken and bruised as the plot demands, and Marcus turned around and said 'Stephanus, come hither; what is thy name, boy?' A strange man was Marcus. Once he was playing in 'The Rosary' and our stage was far from well equipped. We had six kitchen lamps for footlights. It was hard to get any scenic effects with such limited lighting arrangements. The hero came on and when the line came 'Ah, Gladys, see, a storm is coming on,' he would get down and turn the six kitchen lamps very low. And then, in a few minutes, came the line 'See, the storm has passed.' Then he would bend down and turn all the lamps up again.

MISS DORIS HARE.

"Playing in Ireland was great fun. We used to have many of what is described as the cabbage and bacon towns, so named because the people there eat practically nothing else. We arrived in one place and there was nowhere to play. No Town Hall. So we went to the local inn and asked the publican where we should perform. He suggested 'Paddy Murphy's loft.' So we prepared the loft for the production of 'As Irish as Ever.' In the announcements which we pasted around the town we had to add 'bring your own chairs.' The floor was about three feet from the ground, the lower portion being used to store implements. We produced the first act very effectively, the improvised stage being built out in a sort of lean-to to the building. While we were preparing for the second act there was a terrible crash—we were in Ireland, so did not worry—we thought somebody must be fighting. But when we lifted the curtain to go on with the scond act the audience had disappeared, the floor of the loft had fallen through and the people, bent on seeing the show, had merely picked themselves up and arranged their chairs and were waiting for us to play—three feet lower down than where they had been for the previous act.

"They were great days, touring with that little company, and I doubt whether the spirit of the theatre has ever been more real to me than it was then. I have played in great cabarets in the West End of London, and even there I doubt whether the glory of doing a job well was ever as intense as it was in that little fit up touring company my mother still takes around in England. For us children, that caravan was a magic thing. It all comes back to me when, at night, I go into my dressing room and put my make-up on. The inevitable and wonderful smell of the grease paint carries me back to those little winding roads and the cabbage and bacon towns of Ireland. And I just pine because, in spite of all that people think, actresses have got hearts, and, truly, they are normal human beings."

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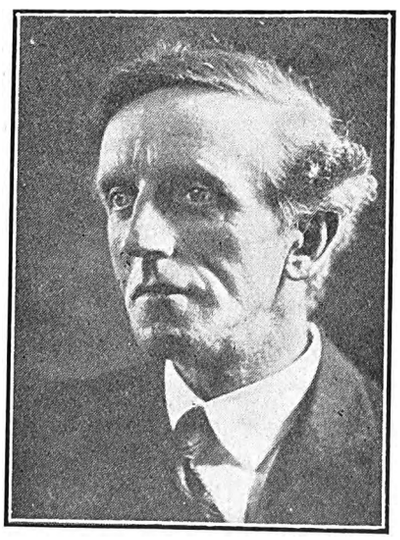
ENGAGED TO BE MARRIED.

These photographs of Mr. D. M. Stewart, son of Mrs. D. Stewart, of Millhills, Perthshire, and Miss E. R. Macpherson, daughter of Mr. N. W. Macpherson, of Johannesburg, have just been taken by Leon M. Levson. The engagement of Miss Macpherson to Mr. Stewart was announced early this year.

Sunny Scenes.

There is being exhibited in Capetown at the moment the water colour of a poster that will shortly be seen all over South Africa and outside the Union as well. "Evening — Chapman's Peak" is the title given by the artist, Mr. Charles E. Peers, to this picture which won a recent poster competition for a picture to advertise the Peninsula.



MR. CHARLES E. PEERS.

In its wonderful colouring and sunny effect it typifies well the atmosphere of the Peninsula.

In an exhibition, which Mr. Peers is holding at the moment, there is another picture which I like immensely and which typifies the way in which he has caught the beauty of our seascapes. "Sunny Afternoon" he calls it, a delightful impression, one imagines, of four o'clock near the Pier. Princess Beatrice, who is herself an artist, paid a visit to the exhibition this week. *The Gossip.*

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A London Letter.

By Pamela Travers.

My dears, since I last saw you—or rather, since I last wrote to you—the fog has gone and the sun has come back. And the world is at the moment such a splendid place that it doesn't seem possible that there could ever be rain or fog again. One bears with noble fortitude the crowded buses and tubes, almost smiles at the throngs of people who jostle and bruise one in their efforts to get to the remnant counters first; even the arrival of my income tax return this morning seemed less weighted with menace than usual, and you will realise what a stout heart I have when I say that. If I could have my way I would forcibly do away with all instigators of income tax returns; they should die the most prolonged and agonised death that is humanly, or inhumanly, possible. But as I have no say in matters of this kind I can at least keep them waiting and elude them as long as possible. I know one man who has successfully eluded the income tax for years. What his methods are I am not at liberty to make public, but I wish they were not too splendidly daring for me to adopt, too.

Which is all very well from our point, isn't it?
Well, to the hosses!

We are at the moment in the grip of a notorious criminal—metaphorically, of course. He is the "Cat" burglar and he has already broken into several wealthy homes in the West End—Park Lane, and the like. The Scotland Yard people have secured copies of his naked footprints but have not yet located their quarry. We live in deadly fear that we will wake in the night to find a feline hand searching in our jewel boxes. The least sound in the night makes us cower down under the blankets and hold our breaths very tightly until there is silence again. We look longingly at the policeman stationed at the corner when we close our front doors for the last time every night, and wish he could be stationed outside our door instead of the house at the corner; we cannot help feeling that we are far more important and our jewels more valuable than the people and the jewels in the corner house.

Field-Marshall Lord Methuen, who is shortly to visit South Africa, was present at the unveiling of a war memorial to his regiment by the Prince of Wales. He sails in the New Year.

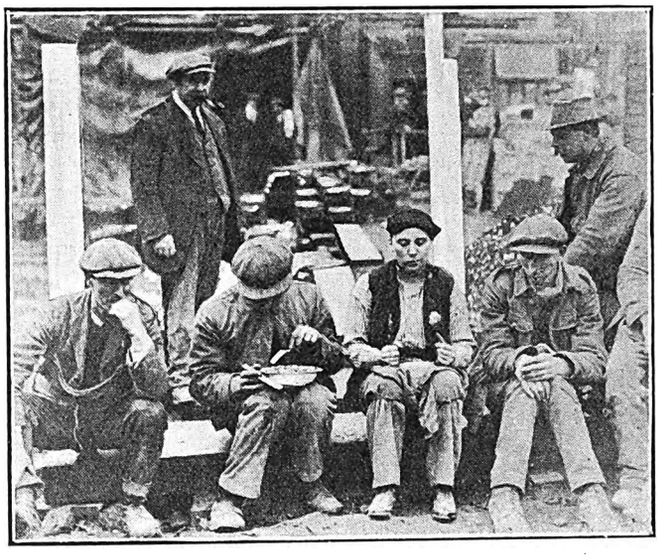
Next week it will be Christmas. Yesterday I heard a suburban woman announcing that she couldn't possibly stick at home and eat her Christmas dinner. Her mother would probably have been scandalised at such a modern idea, but times change. There are not many who will be eating their Christmas dinner at home this year. There are some at the winter sports in Switzerland, country folk are coming up to town, city people winging to the country. Many, as you know, have gone south and will be eating their turkey and pies in your country—bless its sunniness!

Last Monday John Drinkwater, poet and playwright—surely you know him!—and Daisy Kennedy, violinist—surely you know her!—(anyway, if you don't, you should, and if you do you know just exactly how important they both are in the world of art) were married at a registry office in Kensington. It was a quiet affair as both of them had been married before; in fact, the small daughter of Daisy Kennedy waited in her baby-carriage to greet her mother as she stepped out of the car. A crowd of passers-by collected at the sight of the sprig of white heather on the car, and when the newly-married pair came out and got in and drove quietly and unfussily away, one Cockney lady in a vivid tartan and a mangy tippet sniffed and said to her crony: "Huh, call that a weddin'? I had a better weddin' meself!" The delicious part of the affair was the barrel-organ, which, without previous stage management, ground out "Nearer my God to Thee" from the pavement while the wedding was taking place.

(Continued on page 6.)

£2-2-0
Three Prizes £1-10-6 For Nothing
£1-1-0

In the group of workmen in the photograph below, there is a famous London star at present appearing in a South African theatre. The photograph was taken in a London street. Prizes of £2 2s. 0d., £1 10s. 6d. and £1 1s. 0d. will be presented to the first, second and third persons to send in the name of the theatrical star to the Editor, "South African Pictorial," Empire Buildings, Johannesburg.



Any number of guesses may be forwarded—providing each one is accompanied by a coupon. See below.

Members of the theatrical profession and employes of the African Theatres may not compete.

The Editor's Judgment is Final

Twelve autographed photographs of the famous star will be presented as consolation prizes to the twelve people sending in correct answers, after the three monetary prize winners.

The Editor, "S.A. Pictorial,"
Empire Buildings,
Johannesburg.

Sir,—I think the London star (at present appearing in South Africa) in the above photograph is

.....

Name and address:

.....

.....

.....

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(Continued from page 5.)

Bond Street, O you who love clothes (and is there any woman worthy of the name who doesn't?), has sent a challenge to the Rue de la Paix in the matter of dress. English modists are claiming that their clothes are just as good as those made in France. They resent the fact that so much good English money goes out of the country to Paris, and that it might be spent just as effectively at home. There is to be a big effort to make London the rendezvous for all fashionable people of the world, just as it is the hub of the world for everything else. But, you know, there is a certain cachet of fashion in the phrase "I got it in Paris!" You know it yourself, probably, if you have ever bought a frock in the Rue de la Paix, or even in a by-street in less fashionable quarters of the Gay City. I think it will be a long time before we can say with just the same air of mingled pride and daring: "Ah, yes, isn't it too divine, I got it in London."

Great discussions of much moment are going on in the House of Commons. The new Government is like a child with a very intriguing toy. They are pulling out the screws and seeing how the wheels go round. The other night, about eight o'clock, the Commons began to get very stuffy and airless, and two of the Worthy Gentlemen asked the attendants to open the the windows—but the attendants had had no instructions as to the opening of windows, and they remained closed. They complained to the Speaker, who said he had nothing to do with it, but would tell the First Commissioner of Works. By this time it was getting stuffier every minute, but the windows remained hermetically sealed. Now, I suppose, the First Commissioner of Works will tell his secretary, who will dictate a letter, which will be typed by a typist and delivered by a messenger to the Superintendent of the House of Commons, who will tell the foreman to order the Officer Commanding Windows to see that a little fresh air is allowed in. By that time it will probably be February and snowing hard, and there will be more need for fresh air. In the meantime, the members of the House may die of asphyxiation, and it won't be anybody's fault. That's the way they do things in dear old England where the roast beef comes from. Or does it? I am never sure.

Among the arrivals by the R.M.S. "Kildonan Castle," which reached Southampton last Monday, were Prof. E. H. Cluver, Capt. E. J. King, Mr. P. Ludlow, Mr. R. J. Davies and Mrs. Davies, with their two children, Mr. and Mrs. and Master Bandonin, the Rev. Nelson Bitten and Mrs. L. R. Aitken.

The Earl and Countess of Leven, who arrived last week in South Africa, will stop there until the spring, when they hope to return to England.

Mrs. George de Pass, a well-known identity way down, has just returned from Paris after a two months' motor tour through the south of France and Italy. She will be in London for a few weeks.

The new book which has caused such a laudatory furore in political circles, "Native Policy in South Africa," must be read with even more amazement at its power and breadth when one considers that its author, Dr. Brookes, is only twenty-seven. Not many of us could put such a tome of knowledge to our credit at that age.

Mr. and Mrs. Ostriches, and those of their sisters and cousins and aunts, who lent an air of homeliness to the South African exhibition at Wembley, have been removed to the Zoological gardens, where they will eat pebbles and wave their tails to their hearts' content. Or is it emus which do that? You see that my knowledge of fauna is primitive.

Mrs. W. du Pre and Miss Majoria Du Pre will spend the Christmas days at Wilton Park before they set off for Italy for two months. Mr. H. Daly Stanford has been lately a guest of the Earl of Craven, who returns to Capetown in the New Year by the "Lanstephan Castle." Lord Craven has an estate at Hermanus.

And that's that.

Or, wait—no it isn't. I just remember something I had almost forgotten.

To-day I saw a stream of motor 'buses and other traffic held up in Ludgate Circus by—no, it's no earthly use hazarding a guess. You'd never get it by yourselves. The cause of the temporary obstruction was a flock of sheep. Imagine a flock of sheep in the City of London. Everybody was laughing, except, of course, the sheep themselves, who looked, if anything, more stupid than the average examples of their kind.

They disappeared in a straggling, doleful line in the direction of Gray's Inn Road. Baa!

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The Serious Amusement.

There is no doubt that dancers do take themselves seriously nowadays. I was very much amused to see that a local writer of dance notes is seriously advocating the inclusion of ballroom dancing at Eisteddfod competitions. All dancers will agree that to dance well is better than to dance badly, and that therefore it is necessary to be properly taught. But to place an amusement and pastime on the syllabus of highbrow educational tests is surely going rather too far. Naturally the Cambrian Society turned the suggestion down, seeing that it was only last year that for the first time operatic dancing was included in their tests.

With just a little encouragement the Cambrians will be besieged by requests from cricket, football and hockey associations to be included in the Eisteddfod syllabus.

Somehow I think that ballroom dancing is getting its fair share of attention in the Transvaal Ballroom Championships which are about to be resumed in earnest and with great gusto. The next contest will be danced on Wednesday, 4th February, at the Selborne Hall, at a dance specially organised by a sub-committee of the S.A.D.T.A., and another contest will take place also at the Selborne Hall on Saturday, February 7th, at a dance organised by the Agoudas Achim Society. *A.A.*

Sir Edgar and Lady Walton.

London, Christmas Eve.—Sir Edgar and Lady Walton were present the other night at a reception given by Sir James Allan, High Commissioner for New Zealand, for the All Blacks, New Zealand's triumphant football team. It was a great evening but the crush was enormous, and one had simply to cleave one's way forcibly through the crowd to the supper room and in there, as you can imagine, it was worse than ever. The All Blacks have been in great demand, and I think everybody who answered invitations must have brought a friend with them to have a look at the footballers in dress clothes. *P.T.*

A PORTRAIT BY JANE PLOTZ IS GOOD. ART STUDIOS, THRUPP'S BUILDINGS.

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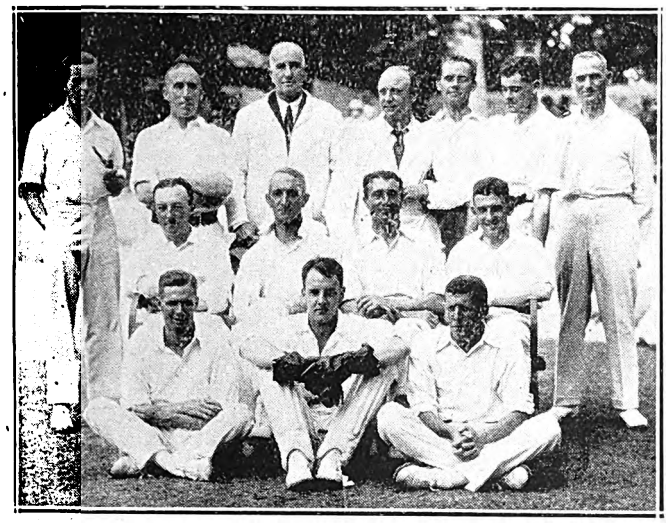
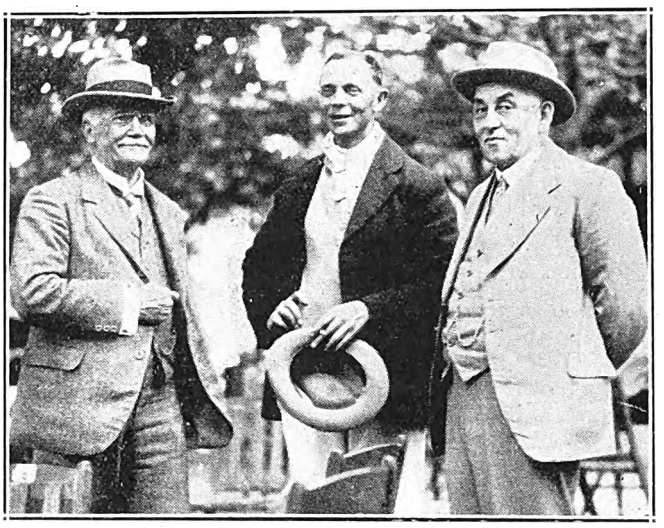
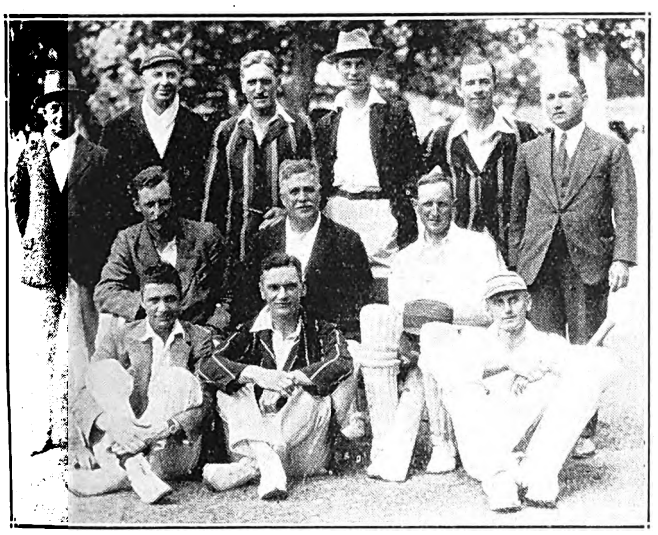
Bar defeats Navy.





The cricket match between Bar and Navy ended in a victory for the Bar at Capetown last week. The first photograph shows the "Navy" team, and the second photograph is of Judge Gardiner, Advocate G. Steyn, and Sir Malcolm Searle, looking on.



The naval team, which was defeated by the team "from the Bar."

The Hon. Mrs. S. Hay, Commander the Hon. S. Hay and Miss Searle (daughter of Sir Malcolm Searle), looking on during the match.

New Film for Johannesburg.

On Monday, January 19th, Cynthia Stockley's marvellous novel, "Ponjola," will be presented in screen form at the Bijou Theatre, Johannesburg. The story, as most of you may know, moves between Paris and the African veld. Anna Q. Nilsson made a supreme sacrifice to play the part in this drama. She has to play the part of a man, and her already famous hair was cut off for art's sake. She received an extra nine thousand five hundred dollars from the producer to part with her locks. That, however, is only a detail. The picture has a wonderful story well presented. The novel, "Ponjola," is one of the best Cynthia Stockley has ever written, and although the highbrows may not think her a very notable person, she writes very human stories for human beings. The modern picture theatre asks no more than that. Highbrowism is too much overrated now-a-days. The public want human stories on the film, and both the writer and producer of "Ponjola" have realised this fact and have allowed it to dominate their excellent production.

At the Orpheum, Johannesburg, a film called "Her Temporary Husband" is to be shown. Peggy Joyce is the star of what is really a very witty and fiery bill. Cissie Chaplin, Owen Moore and Sylvia Braemer are other players in the cast. The girl in the story marries an old man for money's sake. All sorts of complications put her in such a position that four old men claim her as wife. It is just a glorious laughter-crammed comedy from beginning to end, and undoubtedly the Orpheum will have a big attraction in this film for the week commencing January 19th. With the film at the Orpheum, Key & Keyworth and the Two Vagabonds will provide vaudeville acts.

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Woman and Clothes.

By Iris Hoey.

When I arrive in Africa in a few weeks time, I am going to produce a play called "Clothes and the Woman." It is now about three years since I was starred in the first production of this play at the Ambassadors Theatre in the West End of London, and I am on the way to that Southern World which has such a great reputation for sunshine and light, to reproduce the play. The public no doubt have the idea that a good play is produced by a good producer and interpreted by good artists all to make money. I am not so stupid as to suppose that this ideal or ambition does not inspire most of the productions in the modern theatre. But, I just want in passing to impress upon you the fact that "Clothes and the Woman" has something more serious behind it than the mere making of money. When I read the script of the play some four years ago, I realised that the author, George Paston, had struck right deep down to a truth in feminine psychology. Newspaper people talk quite a lot of nonsense about modern women and modern clothes—they say that woman gives too much of her time to the consideration and choice of her frocks. I hate the woman who frills herself up until she is an unreality. But I believe that clothes are an essential in a woman's life, not because of vanity, but because they are as much part of her as any of the more serious things with which she surrounds herself.

"Clothes and the Woman" is a light comedy as far as the stage is concerned, but the part I play has another important aspect. The comedy bubbles and ripples and laughs. It is designed to do nothing more than entertain you, but it somehow reveals the fundamental truth that woman is not only adorned by clothes. Some part of herself very deep and serious is expressed in what she wears.

Great artists have chosen women's clothes as their medium of expression. Poiret, the great Parisian designer of rocks, has become a leader of art as well as fashion. Reville, the leader of London's fashions, has probably done more to bring the public to a point of appreciation of beauty than the Royal Academy. Only a small minority of the people see great paintings—all the people see beautiful clothes, and I am strong in my statements that clothes are not a merely superficial expression of feminine vanity.

Actually very few vain women know how to dress. Vanity is a small frail thing, born of fools. Pride and appreciation of beautiful lines and correct colouring in clothes is a thing born of intelligent, sane women with good taste.

Now all this leads back to my play—the first play I am to present in Africa. It is called "Clothes and the Woman." The play, rippling along in comedy fashion, shows you that clothes are the emancipation of the plain woman. It is no idle epigram that plain women are saved from mediocrity by their dressmakers. Just as a cheque lifts a man in the world, so do clothes lift a woman. If there is cheapness in her it finds expression in stupid frills and anaemic colours. If there is strength in her, it finds expression in the lines of her clothes, the cut, the courage expressed in colouring; the general association of form and colour which is the basis of all art.

"Clothes and the Woman" is a comedy, I admit, but there is something in it to make you think. I thought about it very deeply before I played the part. It is a good play and it will make you laugh heartily, and I trust it will send you home with just a little grain of what, for want of a better word, we will call "wisdom."

An Engagement.

Old friends of Mr. Gustav Baumann, at one time Surveyor-General of the Free State, and of Mrs. Baumann, will be interested to hear of the engagement of their third daughter, Gurling Carter (Tockie) to Mr. William Montague Plaistowe of Winter Kloof, Natal.

Lady Bourne's Exhibition.

Lady Bourne, M.B.E., whose photograph appears in this issue, is, her many friends will be glad to hear, returning from England with the *Arundel Castle*. Lady Bourne is very interested in the "Home Artistic" and has spent a great deal of her time overseas in searching for beautiful things which are within the limit of everyone's purse. These she will show at a special decorative Arts and Crafts Exhibition in Capetown. Although the whole of the goods shown will be of the greatest interest to housewives, a special sentiment is attached to the Poole handcraft pottery, for it is made by Mr. John Adams, a craftsman potter who was formerly Principal of the Art School at Durban. Lady Bourne is also bringing leather work, brass, china, chintzes and Liberty furnishings, the specimens being international in character, coming from all over the world, even from Baffin Island. *C.R.*

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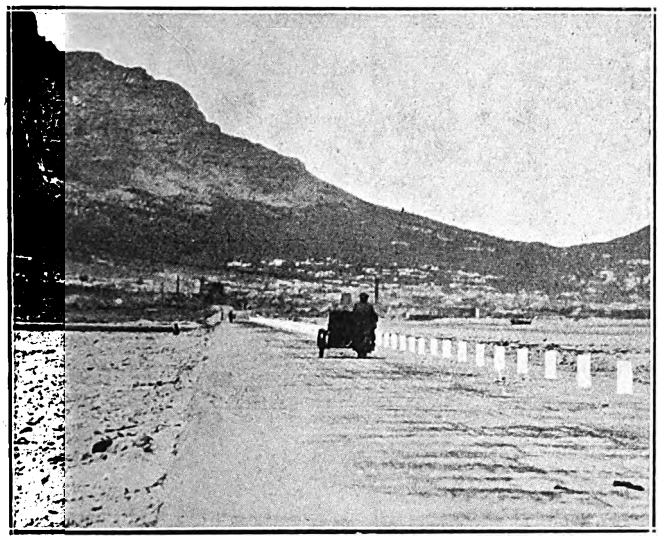
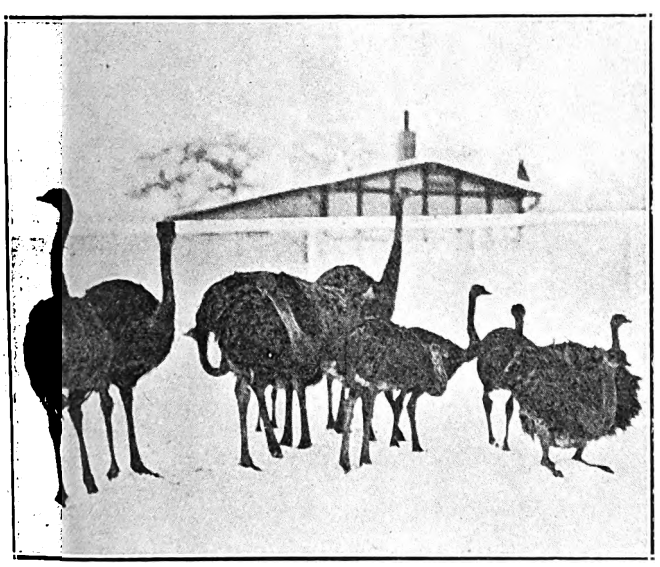
New Roads for Old.



The opening of the new road to Milnerton, Capetown, is a tremendous boon to motorists. The left-hand photograph shows the new route, and the right-hand photograph shows the old road.

S. A. Ostriches in Germany.



The South African ostriches from Wembley were taken to Germany, where they have to face conditions, such as snow and cold, very different from the veld.

Debrett's.

Our London correspondent writes: "There is a new edition of Debrett on the market. There are two things the average individual does when confronted by the red and gold glories of a new edition of Debrett's. The first is to see whether he or she is included, with correct details; the second, if the inquirer is of less exalted station, is to look up the dossier of more fortunate friends.

The 1925 Debrett has just been issued. It is a handsome and imposing volume, and the D of Debrett is like the blood of some, though not all, it chronicles, of deep blue.

Debrett, nowadays, is far more than a list of royalty and nobility, with information appertaining to them. There is an account of Wembley, political news, notes about bishops (though no wicked stories about them) and cathedrals, and many statistics that are far from dull. Among the photographs of the Royal Family, great prominence is given to the Duchess of York, for there are two full page photographs of Her Royal Highness and one of Glamis Castle. *P.T.*

Empire, Johannesburg.

Hetty King will continue her triumph at the Empire during the coming week and with her will be Lola Krasavina, Scott Sanders, Addison and Mitrenga, the Vesta Sisters and, among new players, Madge Kennedy and Jas. Stewart. Hetty King's triumph is described elsewhere in this issue.

Tivoli, Capetown.—In addition to the excellent film at the Tivoli, Capetown, Donald and Carson, Rosie Lloyd and Henry De Bray will provide the vaudeville acts. Rosie Lloyd and Donald and Carson have still to arrive in Johannesburg, but Henry De Bray is well known here.

Other theatres.—Alice Lloyd and Brennan and Newton are at the Grand, Pretoria next week. Ted Marcel and Byron & Byron are at the Criterion, Benoni, and Bransby Williams, supported by Leo. Sterling, is to be at the Rinko, Maritzburg, on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday. On Friday and Saturday, Bransby Williams will be at the Vaudette, Kimberley. The Veterans of Variety are to be at Queenstown on Monday and Tuesday, and on Thursday, Friday and Saturday at East London.

See generous competition offer on page 5 of this issue.

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Hetty King.

On Monday night I saw her on the stage—England's greatest male impersonator, Hetty King. The effect was baffling. Her art is not that of donning trousers, coat and hat, and passing for a half man. She gives you remarkable little character sketches in every one of which the man, be he sailor, soldier or man of the street, is as clear cut as a cameo.

Her ovations here are the ovations of a Prince of Wales. Indeed, she is known as the Prince of Vaudeville. Her art is that of a Vesta Tilley—and yet perhaps it is a greater art, for Vesta Tilley always presented the carefully strapped, stiff type of impersonator. Hetty King rollicks, laughs, dances and is as careless as if she really had no charm to hide beneath the deceptive tweeds and serges.

She told me a rather beautiful story about her childhood. When she was a tiny child, her mother and father, both performers, were ill and poor. Hetty and her sister both left the house—they were mere youngsters—tramped several miles to the nearby town and asked the manager of the theatre to let them appear. He gave in, and not until he had explained the circumstances to the audience did the two girls walk timidly on to the stage and offer their child items. There was a shower of money, and Hetty and her sister trudged home again and emptied prosperous pockets on to the table before an anxious mother.

I shall never forget the first night at the Empire on Monday, when there was all the spirit and enthusiasm of a London first night in the theatre. Hetty King was wonderful. I have seen her play in Manchester, in London itself, and in various other places in my time, but somehow she was even more wonderful on Monday than ever before. "The Bird Cage Walk," her sailor song, her Scottish number—they were all wonderful; as definitely above anything else of their kind you have ever seen.

There is a lot of nonsense talked about the Colonial theatre. People imagine at times that the fare they receive here is not of the best. This is most unfair and untrue. I I have never in all my experience of London music halls seen a more even and excellent programme. A lot of music halls never have more than one star, and an artist like Hetty King heading the bill in London would be followed very often by some very mediocre people. There was not one mediocre act on the Empire bill on Monday—there *is* not one mediocre act this week or next week. I do not remember a London bill where artists as notable as Hetty King, Lola Krasavina, and Addison and Mitrenga appeared all at once. Addison is the second best male dancer I have seen in my life. He is a great artist—just as Lola Krasavina is great in her way. Here are three London top-liners all appearing on one bill. South Africa, as I have said before, has no reason to criticise the hand that feeds it theatrically, when such programmes are brought across the world for its entertainment. *H.H.B.*

Sir Roland Bourne.

Our London correspondent writes: "Sir Roland Bourne, who for twenty-five years has lived in and loved South Africa, is setting to work to alter the immigration schemes for that country. After all, he should know something about it after twenty-five years.

"Empire Community Settlement" he calls his plan and, in a chat with him yesterday, he told me that his scheme is not for the young and vigorous who can face discomfort and positive hardship, but for the retired professional classes who have £600 a year or more.

"It's not their money we want," said Sir Roland. "The scheme was in the interest of the people it has been designed to help but we must get them in thousands if it is to be a success. These people are the best in this country. The colonies want this type and particularly their children, who will have brighter prospects than in congested England."

AN AMERICAN SPORTS OUTFIT.

The photograph shows Norma Shearer, the American actress, in a tailored white jersey sweater and white broadcloth skirt. She wears them with a small red felt hat adorned by a fancy feather. The whole simple outfit is enriched by a figured georgette scarf. Outdoor South African women should appreciate the simplicity of the suggestion.

"So many of these people have embarked what little capital they had in buying farms, only to fail, that few of them will risk it now," he continued.

"Why should they risk failure and the loss of everything they have got? Under this new scheme all they have to do is to guarantee the rent of the house they will occupy for five years. If they don't like it they can come back home again." Sir Roland hopes that his scheme will be well under way in the New Year. *P.T.*

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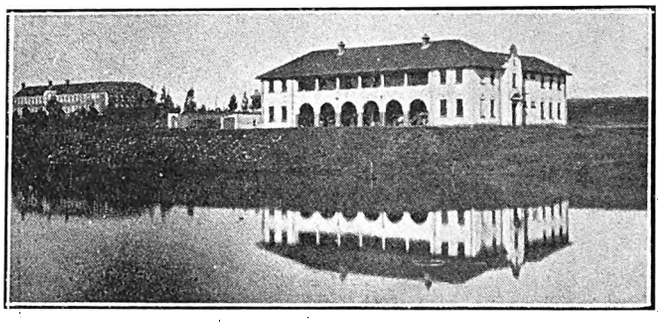
Gossip from London's Theatres.

Leicester Square, Christmas Eve 1924.

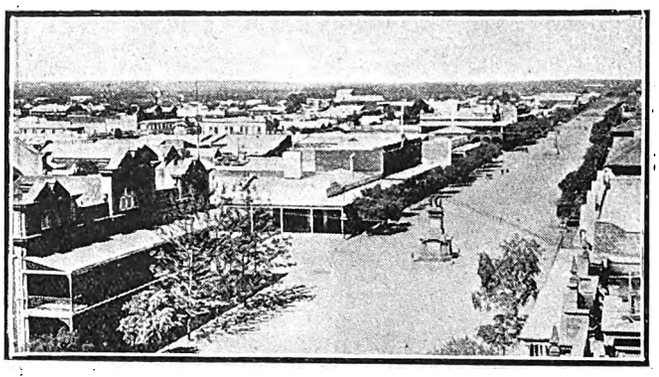
Managers lay all the blame for this year's pre-Yule slackness in theatre-going at the door of our excessive pre-occupation with the buying of presents, planning of rich meals and the sort of lenten frugality of mind and body we indulge in to precede the annual orgy. The silver lining to their cloud, however, is very apparent in the hefty advance bookings for Boxing Day onwards; these do really constitute a record, of that there is no doubt—"no possible doubt whatever." Of the presentation of fantasy plays there seems no end, though there are no new ones offered; pantomimes, on the other hand, are even scarcer than last year—at least as far as the West-end is concerned: only the Hippodrome, the New Oxford and the Lyceum cater for the panto. public. Drury Lane for some weeks past has been vigorously protesting that a "Midsummer Night's Dream" is nothing more or less than Elizabethian pantomime and, to substantiate their claim, they straightway engage four of our most important "legitimate" leading-ladies (Edith Evans, Athene Seyler, Mary Clare and Gwen Ffrangçon-Davies) and two of the Old Vic.'s best Shakespearean mimes, besides sending poste-haste to New York for Michael Fokine, the first internationally-famous producer from the Imperial Russian Ballet, to arrange the choregraphy (and aerography, too, since there is to be a flying-ballet as well) for the fairy-scenes! Sounds a bit different from the days of Leno-Campbell-Fragson-Graves, etc. Basil Dean, of course, is to superintend the production and will have a wonderful chance of making good on the grand scale with his ultra-famous Schwabe-Hasait scheme of lighting. I understand he will use a sort of built-up platform series of stages, somewhat similar to the semi-permanent system which Granville Barker made such a sensation with when he presented the "Dream" and "Twelfth Night" at the Savoy some years ago. Mendelssohn's music in its entirety is to be played and they are also drawing on other works of that whilom-neglected master. "Peter Pan" this year has several new names in the cast, notably that of Ian Hunter, the South African actor, who is "doubling" the infamous "Hook" with "Mr. Darling" (and at nights he is playing Owen Nares' part in "Diplomacy" opposite Gldays Cooper); E. V. Lucas' daughter, Audrey; two of Sir Gerald du Maurier's young daughters, Angela and Diana, and Eva Moore's daughter, Jill, also figure therein.

Sybil Thorndike will quickly redeem her promise to revive "Saint Joan" in town: she has arranged to continue the run at the Regent early in the New Year. It should be certain of a long run there as the prices are a sort of half-way-house between those of the West-end theatres and the suburban cinemas. There is a rumour here that South African audiences are to have a series of Shaw plays presented to them at some not for-off date—the *repertoire* possibly including "Mrs. Warren's Profession."

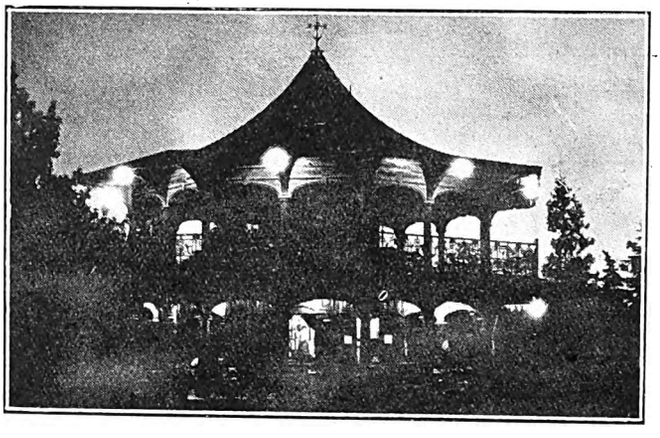
I went in to see "Fata Morgana" at the Criterion last week. It is hard to understand how this play has come to be quoted everywhere as though it were merely a *succès de scandale* for, in reality, it is one of the most appealingly lifelike and sympathetic studies of adolescence the modern stage has to offer—just the old story of Samson and Delilah, but with Hungarian trimmings. The very long opening act is perfectly played by Jeanne de Casalis and Tom Douglas as the siren of the big city and the ingenuous country student she "vamps" (to use the horrible movie-word), and the only complaint one can make is that Mr. Douglas apparently takes no pains to conceal or get rid of his pronounced Amurrican accent. Mlle. de Casalis has only to give us one or two more glimpses of her quality and she will certainly be added to the small, but shining, list of "actresses who can do no wrong," which includes Edith Evans, Hermione Badderley, Athene Seyler, Fay Compton, and just a couple of others of the Younger Guard. *Paul Pry.*



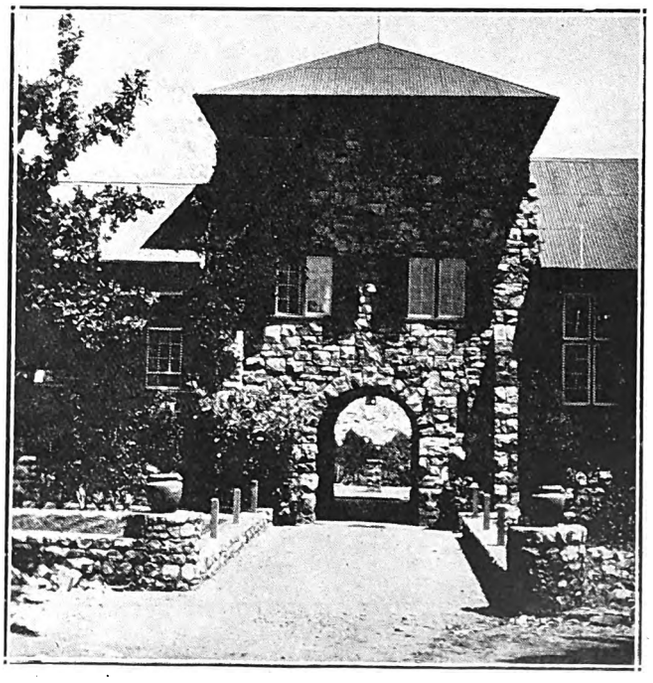
Boys' H.S. Hostel, Ermelo.



The main street, Bulawayo.



Joubert Park Kiosk at night.



Entrance to St. John's College, Houghton Estate.
Photographs by F. H. Yeo.

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MR. GORDON WATSON,
who has been appointed to make arrangements for the Prince of Wales' visit to the Union in April.

Mr. Reville, the famous London designer, sends this photograph of a red embroidered afternoon coat and dress to match. The coat and dress have just been designed for Queen Marie of Roumania, and they represent London's latest mood.

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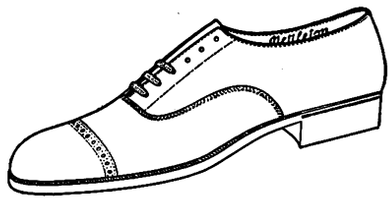

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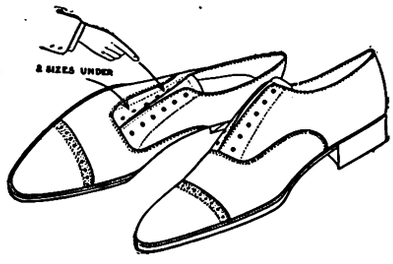

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On the Rialto.

By Antonio.

TUESDAY AFTERNOON.

The week's market, as far as gold shares are concerned, was characterized by a sharp burst of activity in dividend paying stocks on Friday morning which continued on Saturday, and, to a less pronounced extent, on Monday. This was chiefly due to aggresive buying from London, and at times the arbitrage dealers were very busy indeed.

Leaders Recover Their Dividends.

In some cases those of the more popular stocks, the dividends declared at Christmas were recovered in the price. For example, Government Areas which were 142s. 6d. last Tuesday, were quoted this morning at 148s. 9d., thus making up the dividend all but threepence. New Modders which a week ago were dealt with at 80s. 6d., reached the high-water mark of 85s. 6d. yesterday afternoon, thus recovering the whole of the dividend of 5s. per share. "Modders" were as high as 93s. 6d. in London yesterday, this quotation being, of course, *cum* the dividend, which is not deducted from the price in London until the next settlement after it has been paid.

"Crowns" up, "Cities" Down.

There were considerable transactions in Brakpans at 73s. 6d. yesterday representing a recovery of more than half the dividend, while there was a proportionately better recovery in Springs Mines at 52s. 6d. Of the two principal Central Rand stocks of the Corner House control, Crown Mines made up the whole of their dividend of 4s., being dealt in at 56s. yesterday, but the improvement in City Deeps was distinctly less noticeable at 64s.

This morning prices were generally easier, and business on a smaller scale. For example, Geduld, for which there were buyers yesterday at 62s. 6d., had sales at 61s. 9d. No actual transaction took place in New Modders which were quoted at 84s. 3d. — 84s. 9d. Sales at lunch time at 84s. The price of Randfonteins has improved to a greater extent proportionately than any of the others. As a matter of fact these shares have made up almost double their dividend, being quoted at 19s. 7½d. against 17s. 9d. a week ago. City Deeps were no better than 62s. 6d., and sellers.

A "Hustling" Week.

The week has been a truly momentous one in its financial aspects. On Saturday the Chamber of Mines notified the December output, which but for the regrettable disaster at Randfontein which reduced that mine's output by nearly 5,000 ounces, would have beaten all previous records. Last year the Transvaal produced nearly 9,600,000 ounces of fine gold, valued at just over £43,000,000. We have to go back as far as 1916 for the previous record, which is now beaten by 300,000 ounces and, thanks to premiums, by over £3,500,000 in value. Compared with 1923, the output is up 465,000 ounces and the value higher by well over three million sterling. The depreciation in American exchange, which Sir Abe Bailey impressed upon us was a more correct interpretation of the position than the appreciation in British sterling—though some students of the position challenge that view—has brought about a reduction in the currency price of gold. Allowing for the cost of realisation it is a sort of financial "see-saw" as to whether it pays the mines better to send their gold to London than to dispose of it to the Reserve Bank at Pretoria.

Banks' Two "Bites" at the Exchange "Cherry."

The banks have tried to arrest this loss of very considerable business by reducing the rate for drafts from London to Johannesburg for the proceeds of gold sales by half per cent. on two occasions during the week, and there are, of course, powerful financiers in London who are anxious to retain control of the gold market. A week's output of gold was recently sold to the Reserve Bank, Pretoria.

Mr. W. G. Pegram (with race card), who has just been elected to the committee of the S.A. Turf Club, in place of Lieut.-Col. H. Hirsch, who has resigned.

Sir Pieter Stewart Bam, the Mayor of Durban (Councillor T. M. Wadley) ond the members of the Durban Publicity Association photographed, after Sir Pieter Stewart Bam's address in the Durban Town Hall this week.

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The Week.

Paragraphed and Photographed

Without offence to friends or foes
I sketch your world exactly as it goes.

Gadgets.

I wonder who first coined the word "Gadgets?" During the last few years it has become so useful that I do not know what I should do without it now, and yet I cannot find it in the concise Oxford dictionary. "Gadgets" embraces such a lot of things, patent pipe cleaners, and that new invention for lighting gas without a light, for instance.

In war time, I believe, it was born and it has stayed because there is no other word to describe these er—well, to describe gadgets.

But I did not mean to start talking about the origin of words. These thoughts just came to me because I was going to use the word gadgets and then suddenly realised that it was not in the dictionary.

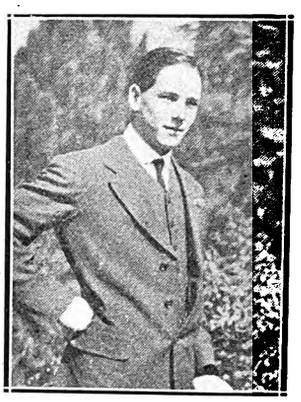
Anyway, I was going to say that there are some people, I know several, who love gadgets. They cannot resist them. Give them a patent fastening or a new fountain pen clip to play with and they are perfectly happy.

I once walked into a room in London full of gadgets. It was a part of the offices of some inventor's Protection Society, and all around on the floor, on shelves and in cupboards were gadgets—gadgets for farmers, for housewives and for lawyers, for shirts, for bathing suits and for shoes, gadgets for everything. I was appalled at the number and the multiplicity of the designs. I thought of the terrible death to be shut alone in the room for a night.

A man, who is certainly responsible for more gadgets than anybody in Britain, arrived in Capetown by the *Kildonan Castle*. Mr. W. Temple Franks is the Comptroller-General of the British Patent Office, and his life is spent among gadgets. He is now on a short visit to South Africa. While he is here I wish he would tell me what he calls them in official documents. *The Gossip.*

Mark Hambourg.

It is stated that South Africa is to have another visit from Mr. Mark Hambourg, the famous pianist. The great pianist has recently been writing a series of articles on the subject of "Musicians I Have Met," and some very entertaining anecdotes are included in one of these articles, published by an English journal. Hambourg's loyalty to his great Viennese teacher, Leschetizky, is good to see, but I feel certain that much of the teachings of Leschetizky, which were exemplified by Hambourg's playing in 1907, have been modified by Hambourg, if his later performances mean anything. When Hambourg was first heard in South Africa he was a wonderful disciple of the "hammer-stroke" finger action, and of the lowered wrist manner of performance. Recent years seem to have modified both these methods, for when Hambourg was here two years ago his playing had acquired a delicacy, and a degree of lightness and ease that did not characterise it eighteen years ago. But whatever be the nature of the principles that Hambourg has superimposed on his original technical method, it seems that he recognises only one mentor in his technical and interpretative ability, and that is Leschetizky. Hambourg can tell much that is of interest concerning players like Rosenthal, Busoni, Rubinstein, and Pachman, and he admires them all for varying superlative qualities in their respective attitudes towards great literature. It appears, though, that he has reason for feeling a special gratitude towards Paderewski, who assisted him, financially, to go to Leschetizky. Hambourg is to-day—and has been for many years—a phenomenal performer—phenomenal in the physical sense. He can, for instance, touch off the last movement of the Chopin B flat minor Sonata in a lesser number of seconds than any other performer this country has so far heard. Even Paderewski is not so speedy in this particular movement. And then there are the Black Key and the Winter Wind studies of Chopin. Hambourg's version of these two works will always be carried in the memory. *C.A.O.D.*



TO BE MARRIED THIS MONTH.
Miss Elenor Cumming Dickinson (daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth B. Dickinson) and Mr. Donald McKechnie, who are to be married on January 31.

A Bad Doctor.

When the South-Easter rages and tears through the streets of Capetown, as it has been doing on one or two days lately, there always arises a controversy in the drawing rooms, the bars, and the clubs at to the most sheltered spot. Each one has his favourite place.

Those people who live in the hillside avenues with French names on the Fresnaye Estate, claim that the Lion's Rump shelters them from the wind; and those who have houses in Kloof Nek say the same thing.

Whether they are right or wrong the majority of us did not care. We only knew that we were blown this way and that; that tram conductors were short tempered; that typists complained of headaches and went home; that everybody was restless and irritable and that taken all round we did not like the Cape doctor's visit. He does not seem to do much good.

Rand Artists at the Cape.

Among the Rand artists to visit the Cape during the holidays was Miss Audrey Goldstein, who played with the Capetown Orchestra in a programme of Russian music. Miss Goldstein selected the Rachmaninoff G minor Concerto, and seemed to have given a highly satisfactory version of the work. She was generally complimented on the brilliancy and power of her performance, and she also was responsible for one of those special efforts which every concerto soloist is bound to make at some time or other. A slip in one section of the work was evidently so neatly rectified that several Capetown writers felt bound to applaud the lady's resource.

A Bowling Invasion.

Capetown has recently been invaded by bowlers, who are taking part in the first Bowling Week held in South Africa. Mr. Jimmy Dunn, the live chairman of the Cape Province Publicity Association and South African Manager of Reuters, is a moving spirit in the affair, and he was here, there and everywhere during the first few days, welcoming the bowlers. At nights they are to be seen often at the Sea Point Pavilion, where the manager, Mr. Easton, is a leading bowler, singing loudly the choruses of local concert parties.

A party of six, with their wives, surprised the dancers at the Marine Hotel the other night by walking arm-in-arm up the front drive singing loudly, but tunefully, "Are we Downhearted?" to a well known hymn tune. Altogether, they appear to be having a fine holiday and, incidentally, making a success of the first Bowling Week in Capetown.

The Gossip.

KODAK SNAPS ENLARGED AND PAINTED BY JANE PLOTZ, ART STUDIOS, THRUPP'S BUILDINGS.

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MR. L. CARSLAKE, *the famous English jockey, who arrived in Capetown by the mail boat.*

DR. W. WATKINS-PITCHFORD, *who has returned to Capetown from England.*

JOE BRENNAN, *the pantomime dame, at the Empire, Johannesburg.*

LADY BOURNE, M.B.E., *who is returning to South Africa with an exhibition of pictures and craft work.*

An Exposure.

"There is a young photographer in South Africa who is producing work equal to the best photographers in Europe. Look him up when you go back to the Cape." So said a friend of mine in London some months ago. I met the young photographer this week at Muizenberg. His name is Wilfred Sketch, and his landscapes of South Africa, as well as his portraits of the many cosmopolitan types to be found in this country have won him many medals at the London Salon of Photography.

"It was only after spending six years at an art school studying design and composition that I discovered—thank God in time—that I couldn't draw. So I went in for photography. The call came, and I jolly well had to go. I came to South Africa five years ago, and since then I have exhibited several photographs each year at the Salon. When I tell you that there are some 12,000 entries for only 400 hanging spaces, you will realise that to have nine hung last year is not bad for a man in South Africa." Mr. Sketch's photographs of South African landscapes are to be found in many a Peninsula home. Lord Lonsdale, when he was in South Africa some time ago, bought over sixty pounds worth of these photographs to hang at Lowther Castle. Mr. Sketch was badly gassed in the war, and for this reason is forced to make this country his home. *Beachcomber.*

Florence Rex.

It is almost eleven years since Florence Rex played in Johannesburg. Many things have happened to her since then. When she was in Australia a few years ago she was commanded to appear on the *Renown* before the Prince of Wales. But it was during the war she had the greatest adventures, for Florence Rex played at no less than one thousand soldiers' concerts. Her act at the Criterion Theatre, Durban, this week and at Maritzburg next week, is bright and sparkling. Florence Rex started her stage career at the age of three when she played at the Pelican Club in the old original production of "The Country Girl." King Edward was at the first performance, and he was so delighted with the child artist that he went behind the stage and congratulated her. She was three years old, and he had sufficient appreciation of her childishness to play horses with her behind the stage. He was Prince of Wales then, so it did not matter. Florence Rex has brought some new and delightful numbers to Africa, and her appearance will no doubt attract a deal of attention.

Portable Culture.

Travelling around with Mr. Leon M. Lion, in addition to his ordinary baggage are two big boxes. Coloured porters sweat and fume over those two big boxes, their weight being such that the average man collapses under them. I discovered the secret of those two boxes the other evening, when I was with Leon M. Lion in his room at the hotel in Cape Town. "They are my books," he said. "I wouldn't go anywhere without them. They provide me with my finest relaxation after a heavy night at the theatre." I glanced over some of the titles, and I was astonished at the intellectual fare that Leon M. Lion tackles on his voyages. There were Samuel Butler's Notebooks,—"my favourite bed book," he admitted—Gilbert Murray's "Euripides"—"I have read it a dozen times."—and poems by W. B. Yeats—"one of my greatest personal friends." In addition I discovered books by Maxim Gorki, George Moore, Havelock Ellis and Pater, as well as several translations of Chinese poems, heavily marked, which revealed their possessor as a keen Orientalist. Leon M. Lion and myself browsed among these books talking about their authors until Miss Lion, his sister, peremptorily ordered him to dinner. *Beachcomber.*

Studio on the Stage.

Not a novelty, because it was done once before, but still an excellent idea was that of the Capetown Orchestra at their concert on Saturday (January 10th), to reproduce the Broadcasting Studio on the stage of the City Hall.

The Uncles—broadcasting advertisements—were seen in real life, and there was no doubt that a large number of the audience were not so much music lovers as wireless fans come to see "what they looked like."

Leslie Heward, the conductor of the orchestra, working hard in his shirt sleeves, the orchestra in morning dress and with coats off, and at the back the anxious switchboard controller with his little notices "Speak louder, please," "A little slower," and so on, all formed part of the entertainment.

Probably the best touch of real colour was the way somebody entered the "studio" from the wings—on tiptoe.

Value of English.

A Dutch actor, since his arrival in South Africa, has become convinced that he must learn English and play English plays. That is why Mr. Paul de Groot is busy at this moment losing his foreign accent as quickly as he can.

While he is rehearsing for his next Dutch play "Overschotje," which was originally Italian, and while he is touring schools under Dr. Viljoen, Superintendent General of Education, he will be working hard at English so as to be able to put on "Business is Business," the play he recently gave in Dutch ("Zaken zijn Zaken") in English.

"I realised after I had been here only a little time," he told me in a short chat I had with him, "that to get the audiences and the halls I must play in English. So I am doing my best and very soon I shall be back again here, with May Edouin to help me, with English plays."

With Paul de Groot in "Overschotje" will be seen Mrs. Stuart, who is the wife of the manager of the Transvaal Bank. She is hardly known to Capetown audiences, but I believe she is a talented amateur. "Overschotje," by the way, in its original Italian form of "Scampolo" was written by Dario Nicodemi, the man who is responsible for the famous phrase, oft quoted by all who love the stage, *Le Theatre—ce n'est pas un metier: c'est un art.*

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A Social Note Book.

By "Carrie."

It's been a very quiet week; just a peaceful, restful week. Of course I've met you in the stores, buying new macintoshes. We've all lost faith in Victor Crawford and his prophecy, "It ain't gonna rain no more." For myself, I have not dared to go out without a lifebuoy. The only grain of comfort lies in the fact that you all look very sweet in these new little oilskin sou' westers. A frivolous sex, we are always called. Well, why not? I know that if ever I come up again on this earth (as these people who see one surrounded by red and blue auras say we may) I plump my vote right away for being essentially frivolous, fairhaired, and dainty. If you're beautiful, you don't need brains.

Man the Protector.

There is nothing a strong man likes better than a small pleading voice, a tiny hand, a fluttering heart afraid of the squeak of a mouse. That is the way to be born, I'm certain of it. The strong minded woman is a back number with men, and she knows it. Even Christabel Pankhurst has decided that after all she hoped more from suffrage than it can ever accomplish. So now she is writing a book to prove something or other. I hate a book that proves anything—unless it proves to be entertaining.

The Prince of Wales.

With the visit of the Prince at hand, we have excuse enough for being bright. Now is the time to furbish up our frills and bits, try the new pale green face massage, to acquire that new filleted herring-like appearance so fashionable at the moment. It is fashionable to wear yourself very thin at the moment, with your spine waving in the wind like a young sapling. Half a yard of crepe-de-chine added to this, and you look as if you've come straight from Paris. That is if anyone ever does come away from Paris "straight." *Mon dieu!* Those Parisians! But Paris is not all it was. "British Made" is your slogan. Representatives of the woollen and silk industries with all the year before them, have decided to float a company to prove to the world that the London dress designer can and should and must replace the Parisian on the pinnacle of fashion. I suppose we must be patriotic, but there is something about the atmosphere of Paris that makes for joyous creations.

Lola Krasavina, gowned in marvellous black georgette, at the Carlton *souper dansant*, a gown on which 150 ermine tails were sewn in wonderful design, talked clothes and Paris to me with great verve . . . ." Only one city to buy in, and what wonderful sings! Each time I go to it, my Paree, I say to myself, I will be so good—I won't spend all zee money! I must do zee save. But what do I do? Buy, and buy, and buy! Zen I 'ave a leetle pain in zee 'eart, my 'eart (oh yes, I 'ave a 'eart), because in zee next magasin, I see somesing more beautiful zan what I 'ave just got. Zee fashion, it change so quick, I buy—somesing in zee morning—it is fashionable for lunch, and by tea it ees out of zee dates—you say in Engleesh."

Dancers and the Prince.

Who will dance with the Prince when he comes to Africa? Will he notice me? Shall I talk to him? That is in the minds of our young society buds—and their mothers. England's most famous ambassador is a young man with an attractive personality, apart from his position. Rumour hath it that he prefers small women to dance with, just reaching above the heart. A very well-regulated article that heart must be to have withstood the flowers of the Empire. But rumour, though always right for the time being, soon finds fresh material for gossip and there is no need for the well-proportioned young woman to try Tootles' Thinning Salts or any one of these safe and certain remedies. At Lady Linlithgow's ball, at Claridges in mail week, he seemed to prefer tall partners, for his hostess is one of the tallest women in London society. So cheer up, my dears. Life is a lottery anyway. From South Africa the Prince goes to the Argentine, and in this connection I read an amusing story.

Told by Lady Tree.

It was Lady Tree who told it at the League of Mercy meeting. She was standing in Trafalgar Square and by her side were a young girl and her "boy" also watching the brilliant news signs. The girl gazed at the shining letters and then said: "Prince going to Argentina." "Now what's he going to see her for?" With crushing promptness came the reply: "He's not a she—he's the Captain of the All Blacks."

In Argentina.

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Their night life is very gay. Dinner usually starts at nine and then follow theatres and dances lasting until nine or ten in the morning. Then the world of fashion sleeps till afternoon and at five or six meets in the Palmero Park.

Our Late Hours.

We are used to late hours in Johannesburg but not so late as all that.

We are copying London in our Kult of the Kipper, with the difference that here it is ham and eggs. Nowadays you go to a dance where hot supper is served and order ham and eggs about three in the morning. Thus you impress your partner with the fact that you know the ropes.

Seriously, though, I have often noticed this at the Carlton *souper dansant*. Last Friday there was a very big attendance and lots of merry tables. Mrs. Sydney Benjamin, who is just up from Capetown and who wore a charming deep violet gown, was being entertained by her brothers. I noticed she had her hair shingled. Her sister, Miss Julia Goldberg, who has a very charming voice, is still over there studying. Mr. and Mrs. Hjort and Mrs. V. Faford were with Lola Krasavina, and Mrs. Seals Wood was with a merry party. Mrs. Wilding wore a handsome deep rose gown trimmed with ostrich feathers. Mrs. S. Cooke had a very large party, all of whom seemed to be having a thoroughly good time. As usual the Palm Court was full of after-theatre visitors.

Sir Hugh and Lady Marling have just arrived at the Carlton, and with them are Major and Mrs. Marling.

The Young Israel Society.

The dance given by the Young Israel Society was responsible for introducing a new idea on their programme. Mr. N. Kretzner, the chairman of the society (which has 2,000 members), had as A.D.C. Miss Gingold and, of course, the usual number of M.C's. to assist him. No wonder the dance went off with such a swing. Together with Mrs. Joe Cohen (who told me such lots about the Arcadian fête she is organising) and Mr. I. M. Goodman, I judged the costumes and awarded the prizes to Miss Forer and Miss B. Abrahamson (who was also the hon. secretary), for their Eastern costumes. Mrs. Cohen presented the prizes, and wore a lovely sage green georgette gown embroidered in crystal and bugle beads.

Playtime at the Piccadilly.

From overseas comes news that the new edition of the revue is brighter than ever and one of the best cabaret shows in London. Much is said about the discovery of Rene Riano as a cabaret star. Most of us in South Africa remember Rene when she toured here some little time ago, remember her fascinating ugliness, her wonderful clothes and her smartness. She is extremely amusing and was the life and soul of any party. While chatting to her in her suite at the Mount Nelson Hotel in Capetown, she showed me her dolls, without which she never travels. About three feet long, they are made to her exact image, dressed as she dresses. They are altogether very charming mascots. Padding and cloth go to their make up, glorified rag dolls, not china beauties.

Out of Fashion.

It is better to be dead than out of fashion. I have just got me a tiny car, to the amusement of my dearest enemy and the fear of my friends, who have not got the V.C. and are, in consequence, afraid of being taken for a drive. First there came the traffic problem. A kind gentleman in the Municipality gave me such a map of the places you *can't* park a car in that I envied the poor heathen on his tropic isle. May I burst into poetry, Mr. Editor? [No, you may not.—*Ed.*] Having got over that difficulty, by leaving the bus miles away from the place I want to go to and fetching it at night, I find I am quite behind the times because I have not got a motor hat.

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It's really very simple. As Sir James Barrie said: "Genius is the faculty of cracking your walnuts when you get them." The motor hat is a simple little affair designed to propel its wearer after the manner of the Flettner sailless rotor boats (you are all *au fait* with the principle, naturally, so you do not want me to discourse on it). On your other extremities you place a pair of roller skates, and, by harnessing the winds of heaven for our propulsion by means of these tiny cylinder hats—turned by a wee motor within the head piece—away we go and, when we want to go into our offices, we just park it in our pockets. So simple!

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Racing Notes.

Current Topics.

By "Observer."

The Wednesday Clubs.

A crisis has arisen as regards Wednesday racing in the Transvaal. The clubs, with one exception, have been cutting down prize-money to the disappearing point, on the plea that meetings are being run at a loss. If such be the case, the obvious thing for the clubs to do is to shut up shop. How can owners be expected to send horses to Springs or Krugersdorp to run for a stake of £35—£30 to the winner! Most of the horses racing at these Wednesday meetings are held under lease, so that the nominator's share of the first prize is £15. Out of this he has to pay entrance-fee and the jockey's riding fee. This latter item is nominally £2, but what jockey who rides a winner is content with the ordinary fee? He must have a present! What, then, would be left of the £15 to provide for stable upkeep? It would take a microscope to discern the credit balance.

Success of Local-Breds.

After a racing fixture extending over several days there is always a summing-up as to how the colonial-breds fared as compared with the imported stock. At the recent big meeting at Turffontein, although it was one of the imported division, Poldemere, that annexed the Summer Handicap, the English-bred ones as a whole were very much out of it. Of the 25 races open to all-comers the colonial-breds annexed 18. Thus, only seven races fell to the imported lot, and of these, two races each, all being minor events, were won by Foolscap and The Tortoise. It is becoming more apparent every day that the importing of horses to race here is being very much overdone. It is all very well to bring to the country horses such as Fabaris and Wonder, but the great majority of thoroughbreds dumped into South Africa are very much inferior to what can be raised locally. The country is not enriched by the importations we have been getting; on the contrary, we would be very much better off without them. Owners should surely by now become wise to this.

At Germiston.

Quite a good field turned out for the chief event at Germiston last week-end. As anticipated Fabaris did not put in an appearance, but several who took part in the Summer Handicap, and a couple of those that ran in the Derby, were of the number. Jubilant II. hardly realised expectations, but he ran sufficiently well to be just cut out of second place by Thankful, and, as readers know, it was to these two that this paper looked to supply the winner, and they certainly did not disgrace themselves in having to knock under to Dark Brown, for Mr. Lavenstein's five-year-old is a very much better horse when quite himself, than his record would suggest. On Saturday, Dark Brown was preferred in the market to his well-performed stable companion Duchess Trenton, and he justified the hopes of his connections by winning in really good style. Waited with until well in line for home, the handsome son of Brown Ronald had only to be called upon when he drew out, and the race was over.

The Polystome-Greatorex cross is certainly producing wonderful results. Another of the strain that has not previously scored, turned up as a winner at Germiston. This was Mr. O'Meara's three-year-old Vibration, who took one of the five-furlong events. Vibration is out of Undulation, an own sister to Dancing Wave, who, it will be remembered, was one of the best sprinters we have ever had. Undulation did not do much good on the turf, and only raced for a season or two. She is, however, turning out, in contradistinction to her distinguished sister, a great stud success. The fact is, Undulation retired with none of her vitality impaired, whereas Dancing Wave was practically worn out by continuous efforts on the turf. While the cross has not yet given us a stayer, every one from the nick seems possessed of brilliancy. Although it was the first race won by Vibration, the merits of the colt had evidently been bruited about, for he started a hot favourite.

The success of Overall in the concluding event at Germiston would give particular satisfaction to the veteran, Mr. A. E. Passmore, for the handling of the gelding was entrusted to his younger son, A. Passmore, the little chap landing Overall a winner by a neck. Earlier in the afternoon Mr. Passmore's Devilry, with "Reggie" in the saddle, had taken the seven-furlong race, and here the margin of victory was also a neck.

The Week-end Fixture.

The racing on the Rand this week-end is at Auckland Park. All the races have filled well, and a good meeting may be anticipated. The chief event will be decided over the mile and quarter course. The fifteen engaged include Bird of Prey, who has just joined Randall's stable from Capetown, and in this race shares top-weight, 9 st., with Prince Orb. Bird of Prey cannot as yet, in the altered altitude, be expected to show his true form, and it may be doubted if his first outing on the Rand will be as soon as next Saturday. Prince Orb did not run well enough at Germiston to suggest he can carry 9 st. to victory at the Park. Weale holds a strong hand in the race with Dark Brown (8 st. 6lbs.), Jacques (6 st. 4 lbs.), and Battle Cry (6 st. 2 lbs.). The first-named, although he has been heavily penalised, is in form, and, if the elect of the stable, should about win. Perhaps Back Answer (8 st.) and Prudens (6 st. 4 lbs.) may be found the hardest for Weale's selected to overcome.

A Christmas Camp Psalm.

The tent is my sleeping place; I cannot sleep.
It maketh me to lie down in damp places, it runneth with wet waters.
It restoreth my temper; it leadeth me to use bad language.
Yea, though I wear warm pyjamas, I cannot sleep; for the wind whistles through my tent floor, and it is with me. The cold and damp disturbeth me.
I preparest a supper before me in the presence of my tent mates; then cometh the wind and annointeth my legs with hot tea, for my cup bloweth over.
Surely rheumatics and coughs will follow me all the days of my life, and I shall dwell in the house of the sick for ever. *O.P.*

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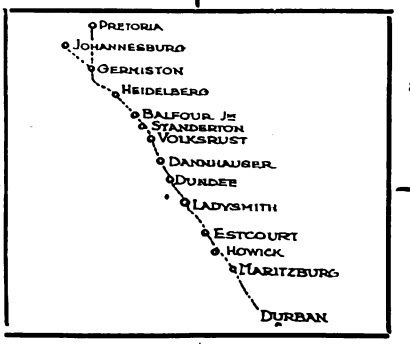

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Two and a Bit.

Iris Hoey, Cyril Raymond and John.

By Pamela Travers.

There are three of them—or rather, I should say, two and a bit. For one can hardly as yet call John a person since he is only just one year old, though he is more important to his parents than a world of grown-ups.

Close by a rosy fire, in a room thronged with pink carnations, Iris Hoey and Cyril Raymond, who, in private life, is her husband, talked to me of many things, but the best bits of their conversation centred round their son, John. They are off to South Africa in the New Year, and John must be left behind with a doting grandmother, so naturally they want to be with him and talk of him as much as possible before they go.

But on the rare occasions when John was ousted from the conversation, they talked about their careers and their ambitions, and the other things they love—or rather they talked of Iris Hoey's career, for Cyril Raymond is a modest person, and pretends to be far less important than he really is. Actually he is leading man to his wife in this projected South African tour, and producer of all the plays which they have in their bag.

They will produce, first of all, in Johannesburg a play called "Clothes and the Woman," in which Miss Hoey made such a success here not so very long ago. The plot is faintly reminiscent of "The Marriage of Kitty." Then there will be "The Pelican," which is now playing to packed houses in London, "Scandal," that notoriously successful comedy, and in all probability South Africans will have a chance of seeing these artists in "The Man from Toronto" and "Billeted."

And now for Iris Hoey. Really, you know, it's ridiculously hard trying to describe her. She simply eludes description. One describes people as pretty, or vivacious, or charming, or interesting, and they go tripping into their pigeon-holes speedily. But Iris Hoey is all of these and more, and one gropes for a category in which to place her and finds none. She will have to have a very special one all to herself.

To begin with, nobody would ever take her for an actress. She looks far too young, far too childish to have been on the stage as long as she has, and it's preposterous to think that she has a husband and a son who is stepping into his second year. Her eyes are as limpid and as clear as a child's, and she is almost small enough to fit comfortably inside a nut-shell. Not quite, of course, otherwise she would be far too precious to be allowed to make such an enormous journey as she is contemplating. Imagine a Persian kitten which has suddenly been given human shape, and you will readily see that she is, as the Frenchman would say, very, very nonplussing! Pens are futile things sometimes; one should write with one's heart to find the right words.

But in spite of her childish looks, this Persian kitten person has a host of stage experiences behind her. When she was quite small she was at Tree's dramatic school, and she had the unique distinction one season of being the only child chosen from the school to be one of the fairies in Tree's production of "The Tempest."

And she is, unlike so many other stars, very versatile. She has not said to herself "Now I am a tragedienne, I must only play sad parts," nor pointed out comedy as her only metier. She has played every kind of part that can be played, from Cockney and musical comedy up to tragedy.

"Why," she says, chuckling to herself elfinly, "do you know that at one time in my career Marie Lohr, Mabel Russell (now an M.P.) and myself were all in the chorus together! What do you think of that? Then I was Cinderella for three years running, and the comedians with whom I played were, successively, George Robey, Harry Lauder and Harry Weldon. What a trio! And Violet Lorraine was principal boy.

"Oh! I've played in everything you can imagine. I was chosen to play in all Galsworthy's plays at the Court Theatre, among them "Windows" and "The Skin Game," but I was playing very successfully in "Clothes and the Woman," and did not want to give it up. By the way, I played that part one night when the King and Queen were in a box, and was amazed to find that Kings and Queens are just ordinary people under the skin, and I was no more nervous than usual.

"Oh, and another thing—I believe I can safely say that I am the only woman in London who has been offered Peter Pan and refused it. You will think me a perfect heathen, but I know I would not enjoy playing that part—I could not feel any sympathy with it if I played it myself, though I love to see it played."

That strikes one as an extraordinary admission for such an elfin-looking person. She seems the very incarnation of Peter Pan, as if she herself had tripped down the handle of Barrie's pen and made the part on his manuscript in spite of himself.

But she is a small piece of adamant, and sticks loyally to what she says. "Any part but Peter. I don't like him. My first big success in London? Oh, 'Baby Mine,' of course. Charles Wyndham chose me for the part, and it was an enormous and instantaneous success. I had the offers of many parts after the run of that was over, and found that I could practically choose the parts I wanted. I like to play only those parts which I feel fit me. I have been on the road many times because I think there is no experience for an actress like it. Besides, you must remember that London is always full of people from the provinces who will be sure to welcome you in the metropolis if they have liked your work in their own home towns."

You see how serious this fairy-like lady can be. She even has stern ideas about actresses off-stage. She does not agree with the idea which is so popular amongst high-brow theatre-goers at the moment—that the actress should only be seen by the public on the stage, never in private life.

"What nonsense!" she says, firmly. "As long as an actress is always careful to look her best how can it matter when or where she is seen in public? Nor do I agree that the dramatic critic should not have any communion with the people on the stage. Absurd! The actor needs to discuss his art with the critic, just as the critic adds to his understanding of the stage by his friendship with the actor!"

For the rest—let me whisper in your ears that Iris Hoey is not only wife, mother and actress, besides being a keen student of philosophy and reader of biographies ("no novels for me!"), but she is also an aspirant to the art of play-writing. In fact, she tells me that she has two acts of a play written already, but adds, "where I shall get a woman to play the leading part, I don't know—I certainly couldn't!"

But, you know, I think she probably could, really. She is slow to comment on her own successes, and thinks very little of her own histrionic powers. "Of course, I love to see other people act. I always think they do it so splendidly. Whenever I have a spare afternoon I go to another show. I am like every actress in the world in this respect—that my holiday is always a busman's holiday.

"Yes, of course, I'm longing to get to South Africa. I've heard such wonderful things about it. The thought of the sea journey does not terrify me in the least, as I have already been to Japan, and the sea has no terrors for me. This will be my husband's first trip, but I do not think any turbulent ocean would trouble him after the flying stunts he did when he was in the R.A.F. during the war. And I shall be very glad to get into the sunshine. They tell me it is always sunny in South Africa. I do hope that is not merely a legend, but more than anything I do hope that you'll like me very, very much—will you?"

And you will have hearts of stone if you can resist such an appeal—but I'm sure you won't be able to do that when you see her!

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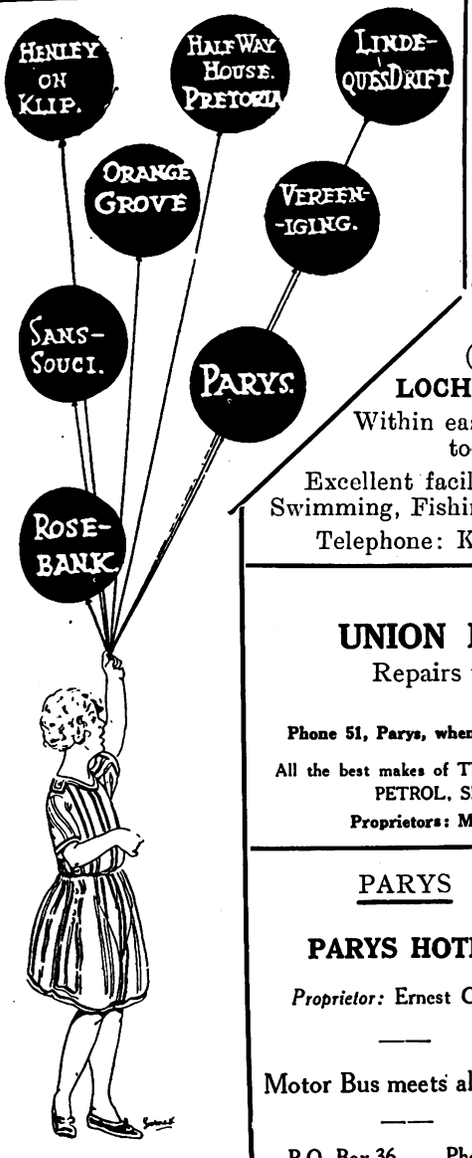

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Hetty King.

This charming sketch of Hetty King, by John Ferguson, catches the personality of the famous impersonator very successfully. Hetty King is playing at the Empire, Johannesburg, this week.

Cinderella and the Prince of Wales.

At one moment in "Cinderella," the pantomime at His Majesty's in Johannesburg, the girls all come on playing ukaleles and banjuleles. The latter instrument may be a stranger to this part of the world, but it has the Royal approval, for the Prince of Wales has just started banjulele lessons. A few days ago he added the banjulele, which is Hawaiian, and a cross between the banjo and ukalele, to his little collection of musical instruments at St. James's Palace.

Recently the Prince studied the banjo. He later became interested in the drums of the type used in modern dance orchestras. Of these he has a complete set, and Mr. Brooke Johns, the tenor-banjoist, who lately entertained him, declared that he has a high sense of rhythm, and plays the drums with skill.

He telephoned for the banjulele to be sent to him. He was very pleased with it, and shortly afterwards ordered a second one.

The Prince, with the help of the members of his suite and friends, is able to form an orchestra for their own entertainment.

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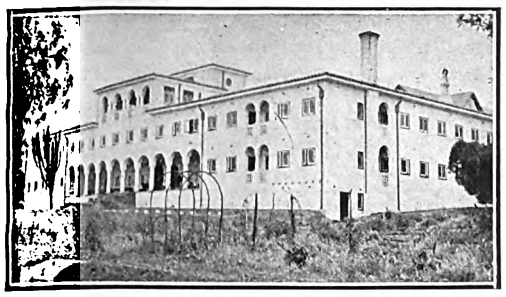

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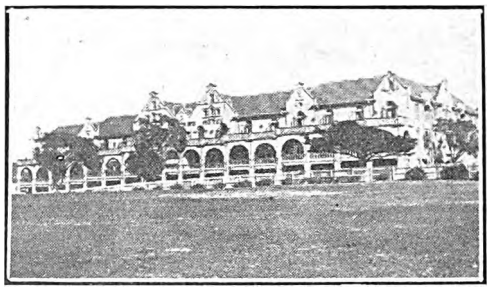

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A Seal of Satisfaction

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The Sunshine.

What caught the fancy of Florence Rex most about her journey to South Africa this time was spending Christmas on the mail boat.

She had been booked in England for a tour of South Africa with the African Theatres, and had to sail just before Christmas week. "When I see those fogs creeping and coming up Northumberland Avenue, I fly from London for my life, and the two places I love to go to are South Africa and Australia," she said to me one morning this week over a cup of tea. "This is what I like—the sunshine" and she waved her hand to the door through which we could see sun-baked Adderley Street. "I love it."

Christmas Day on the *Kildonan Castle* was a very happy affair, she said. The Union-Castle Company had provided a Christmas tree, but there were so few children that the grown ups had to join in as well. I spent Christmas in many parts of the world, but I enjoyed this one as much as any," she told me. *The Gossip.*

A Jockey's Visit.

Smiling broadly beneath his white hat Carslake, the jockey, known to his friends all over the world as "Brownie" Carslake, stepped off the *Kildonan Castle* when the boat arrived at Cape Town. He sniffed at the warm air, caught that typical odour which the travelled man knows is South Africa's and smiled a little more.

He was still smiling when I shook hands with him and welcomed him back to South Africa. "Thank you," he said, "I am glad to be here again, believe me. I have many good friends in South Africa." Carslake is particularly interested in young Leon Fernandez whom he knew in England, and against whom he rode in several races. He formed a very high opinion of one of South Africa's most promising jockeys and would like to see him ride out here.

It was a remarkable coincidence that two old friends met on board the *Kildonan Castle*—Mrs. Carslake and Florence Rex who had come to do a circuit with the African Theatres. *The Gossip.*

Next Week's Calls.

WEEK COMMENCING MONDAY, JANUARY 19TH, 1925.

Tivoli, Capetown.—Donald & Carson, Rosie Lloyd, and Henry de Bray & Partner.
Empire Theatre, Johannesburg.—Hetty King, Lola Krasavina, Scott Sanders, Addison & Mitrenga, Vesta Sisters, Frank Fay and the Little Lady from Dixie, Madge Kennedy, and Jas. Stewart.
His Majesty's, Johannesburg.—Grand Pantomime, "Cinderella."
Orpheum, Johannesburg.—Key & Keyworth, and Two Vagabonds.
Grand Pretoria.—Alice Lloyd, Brennan & Newton.
Criterion, Benoni.—Ted Marcel, Byron & Byron.
Rinko, Maritzburg.—(Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday only) Bransby Willians, Leo. Sterling, Florence Rex.
Criterion, Durban.—Beryl Beresford assisted by Leslie Hinton, Ed. Lavine, Zena Zampa.
Vaudette, Bloemfontein.—(Thursday, Friday, and Saturday) Jazz & Jessie.
Apollo, Germiston.—(Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday) Chris Charlton, and Videau & Kirby.
Vaudette, Krugersdorp.—(Thursday, Friday and Saturday) Chris. Charlton, and Videau & Kirby.
Vaudette, Kimberley.—Friday and Saturday) Lily Lena, Mariajanos, Bransby Williams.
Opera House, Capetown.—Leon M. Lion-Renée Kelly company in "The Chinese Puzzle," to be followed by "Outward Bound."
Gaudium, Queenstown.—(Monday and Tuesday) "Veterans of Variety."
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The jocund man who is cheerful before breakfast, and who asks you to have a round of golf immediately afterwards.

The dyspeptic man who gives you a history of his night when he sees you for the first time each day—how he couldn't get a wink of sleep till after one; how he woke at thirteen minutes past three exactly and ate half an apple and a life-saver; how he was awakened at seven o'clock by his wife talking in her sleep; and what he dreamed in the rare intervals when he managed to doze off.

The woman who waits for a lull in the conversation and then asks a riddle.

All those who *mean* to pay the 'bus fares but get tangled in the handles of their bags while somebody else forks out tuppence.

The dolorous people who enjoy bad health and generously allow their merest acquaintances glimpses of the gory details of their latest operation, and even the one before that.

The man or the woman who will insist on singing at concerts on board ship.

The dreadfully complacent people who cheerfully admit you are in the right and will not argue.

The woman who has countless friends in the feathered world and always says "A little bird told me!"

Aldermen and the man who tells you at inordinate length by what diverse means he came by his quite-ordinary silver matchbox.

People who play "Look for the silver lining" directly after a very poor boarding-house lunch.

The thoughtful people who always want to lend a helping hand with the washing up.

All askers of questions.

The man who reads from the screen at a picture show to his little boy.

The people who eat peanuts when you haven't got any.

The person who can quote a phrase of Shakespeare to fit any occasion.

The woman who has been to the theatre before.

All distant relatives and old friends of the family.

Pamela Travers.

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Motoring and Motor-cycling.

By "Wire Wheel."

A Picturesque Cape Resort.

Bayonian motorists have in the Springs at Uitenhage a veritable Garden of Eden and an ideal picnic spot within a short distance of Port Elizabeth running through some of the most beautiful scenery of the Cape.

The Uitenhage Springs are situated among lovely pine trees and meadows, the "springs" yielding somewhere about 900,000 gallons of clear crystal water every twenty-four hours.

Motorists from up-country making for the Bay could not do better than spend a few days at this delightful and restful spot, which is situated about five miles from the town.

There is a kiosk at the Springs where refreshments can be obtained.

The Cape-Rand Record.

Mr. H. P. Rose will again attack the record from Capetown to Johannesburg this week.

He is due to start with the Cape mail which left yesterday (Friday) and all being well hopes to reach the Rand this afternoon well before dusk.

Jan Smuts Avenue.

For years motorists have had to put up with a pot-holed, bottled-necked apology of a road to the Northern Suburbs *via* the west.

Now we are to have a widened road of some thirty-six feet, which is being obtained by moving the tram tracks some twenty feet to the west of the road leading past Ohlsson's Brewery, *via* Jorissen Street.

Another improvement promised is in effect that asphalt will be laid from Jorissen Street to Pallinghurst Road, and from the latter point of Oxford Road macadam and tar will be used.

On Sunday evening light showers fell, and this road was a veritable slush hole with pot holes full of water which covered the car as one drove over the road. There was no chance of dodging the puddles—one simply had to take the chance of having bonnet and windshield bespattered with mud.

We are promised that in a few weeks all this will be a thing of the past, and for which motorists will offer devout thanksgiving.

"Hendee" Vase.

Last Sunday the Rand Motor Cycling Club re-ran the "Hendee" Vase.

This was a competition for sidecar machines, a scratch event, with rider classification allowance.

There were twelve entries, but only seven started, of whom only three finished the course in which riders had to pass through water on the back stretch up to their waists, and rider and passenger had to lift the machine and sidecar through the stream for nearly forty yards.

The event resulted in a win for E. G. Murray and F. Mostert in the Harley-Davidson (2 min. 30 secs.) in 3 hrs. 48 mins. 33 secs.

J. Pattison, Indian Chief (10 mins.) was second, and J. P. Brits, Indian Chief, third.

West Rand Motor Club.

On Friday last the West Rand Motor Club held a very successful dance in the Masonic Hall, Roodepoort, at which a number of Johannesburg motor cyclists attended. The weather was rather boisterous, otherwise a bigger attendance of Rand riders would have resulted. At the interval the Mayor of Roodepoort presented the prizes won by the members in competitions held during the year.

The hall was very tastefully decorated, the Bachelor Girls of Roodepoort being responsible for this work, which added very considerably to the enjoyment of the evening.

The D.C. was Mr. J. Hodgson, and M.C.'s the Misses Dey, Webster and Thring, Mr. Glass and Mr. J. R. Berry.

The Standard for "Scotch" is

John Haig

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A DAILY GLASS of Lamplough's in water keeps the system vigorous, refreshed, giving a clear, healthy appearance to the skin. It entirely removes HEADACHE, BILIOUSNESS, INDIGESTION, CONSTIPATION and SKIN ERUPTIONS, and is invaluable to those subject to change of climate and diet. Its portability makes it particularly useful to travellers, as its refreshing and beneficial qualities are most useful in hot and changeable weather.

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S.A. PICTORIAL.

"The Union's National Weekly."

VOL. XX. No. 495.] SATURDAY, JANUARY 24TH, 1925. (Registered at G.P.O. as a Newspaper.) PRICE 6D.

Iris Hoey: Away from the Theatre.

Miss Iris Hoey and Mr. Cyril Raymond are Mr. and Mrs. Raymond away from the theatre. These very charming photographs show them, with "John," the third member of the family, who decided to stay in England.

Cinderella will put her ashes into a bag and wrap up her slipper on January 31st as far as His Majesty's, Johannesburg, is concerned. Then the Pantomime season ends and the company goes to Pretoria. The public knows them amid the pomp and splendour of production. Here they appear as Everyman and Everywoman, ready for the long tour in front of them.

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S. A. PICTORIAL

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AGENTS FOR GREAT BRITAIN: Argus South African Newspapers, Ltd., Byron House, 82-85, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

A London Adventure.

By Oliver Pageant.

3, Panton Street, Haymarket, London.

Of course, when you first come to London, you don't know anything. The nights almost terrify you . . . cold, quick nights with millions of lights and millions of people and never a one that knows you. You want to send a telegram to a friend in Wigan. Actually, I don't really believe there is such a place, but the very mention of it seems to "get a laugh" in this country. So let it be Wigan.

You want to send the telegram after 8 o'clock and every post office is closed. They just stare at you with black window-eyes and say "come back with the dawn."

But there is a post office that is always open, when you know your London well. It is the Charing Cross P.O. which, with its plain glass front and half hearted lights, could be a tailor shop or a land agents' office if you didn't know better.

You can slither past on a twopenny bus and never know the wonders that live and thrive in that little post office after 8 p.m. Even if you haven't the money to send a telegram to your friend in Wigan, you can get good fun out of it. And now comes the secret!

It needs two to play the game properly.

Your friend leads you in and he goes up to the counter. "Can you tell me whether a telegram sent now would be delivered in Wigan by 8 a.m. to-morrow" he asks.

The man clears his throat, slides his spectacles higher up his nose, and takes down a book. There is a great deal of finger licking and turning of pages and while this is going on, you slink in, look to right and left and then make a dive for the waste paper basket. You must fill your pockets with the crumpled telegram forms and then rush into the street. Your friend follows.

I did this . . . on a recent Wednesday night, when we had walked down from Piccadilly in disgust, expressed our disapproval of Nurse Cavell in stone for the hundredth time, pitied the lonely men in the steps of St. Martine and finally found the Charing Cross P.O.

My friend asked about Wigan and I filled my pockets with the crumpled telegram forms. So we paddled home through the wet and sat over a cosy fire to read the intimate truths about the people who slip into the place during the night, to set their souls down on paper, at twelve words for a shilling.

The first was to a Colonel who is staying in Montparnasse in Paris. It was just a nice respectable telegram . . . it read *Prepared continue tenancy flat if convenient.* Then, near it was another attempt in which the writer had changed his tune. That's strange . . . how we'll contemplate ending a telegram for a day and then, when we *do* slip in and drag the form out of the box, change and change our silly old minds and knit our brows over the purport of a phrase. In the second telegram he said *Anxious remain flat long as possible wire when required.* What ultimate wire reached the Colonel in Montparnasse only the Colonel and the sender know. Anyway, what was any respectable Colonel doing in Montparnasse?

The rejected telegrams were dull after that, until we found one addressed to Manchester. It read *I love you dear lad, writing to-night, believe in me.* And it was signed with a very ordinary and charming female name. One sighed over that and said very little. You see, even the man who is reduced to waste paper baskets for his emotions has a *little* feeling.

The next one was cold and definite. It was to a man in Horsham and it said "*Send three pounds, stumped.*" That's a very human telegram and it needs no comment. The next one was too much for my unbusinesslike brain. But it may convey something to the ledger world. It said:

TERMS FOR 100,000 credit bank charge opening first credit four months 1/3 of 1 per cent. rate of interest five per cent. our commission two per cent. per annum wire details of shipment commodities for which credit required and authority to close

That sounds too wise and efficient for me. When you are a journalist, you never *can* understand this English as she is telegraphed.

And now, from this dull world of ledgers and ink wells we skip to Paris. You always *skip* to Paris. Nobody ever thought of just *travelling* to Paris. We unfold a rejected form and read *Embrasse mon petit Zouchkine cheri malheureux etre loin.* Ah! the tenderness of these French. I wonder if some little English Miss was waiting for him, tapping her impatient toe against the pavement as he sent that telegram off? I wonder if the one he sent was more wonderful or less wonderful than this. I trust for the sake of petit Zouchkine that it was even more tender and wonderful, for love over the wire is so often more wonderful than it is over a dinner table.

So we sighed for the lonely little Zouchkine and threw her telegram into the fire. That is a rule of the game! You see, it's rather dishonourable in the first place to steal the telegram forms and still more dishonourable to read them. But amusement lies in dishonour these days, so what are you to do?

The next one was just too sensational. We unfolded it and pressed it out on the chesterfield with a feeling of somethings about to happen. "*Have joined Bert again, you must go your own way. Sorry to upset you.*" Here you have the inevitable triangle in all its horror. And yet, I think there is a certain simplicity about that! Nowadays the inevitable triangle has developed into the inevitable octagon and it is pleasant to find these simple souls dealing in proprietary love . . . in these days of syndicates. Anyway, you may see the triangle! There is Bert who is joined by the lady whose name I simply cannot tell. There is the broken-hearted husband whose name was written in a feminine hand at the top of the telegram form. There was the trembling little woman who had walked along the Strand to send her ultimatum from the Charing Cross Post Office. One shivered over that. One was thankful that one was a journalist . . . too busy writing romances to have a spare moment in which to live one.

And so the game is played! You cannot imagine what fun it can be. It happens, by the peculiar laws of life, that our next door neighbour's tragedy is our comedy. There is that in all of us that makes us want to laugh when the old woman next door falls down the steps and appears next day with one eye in a sling. It is cruel, but it is human. So we can pacify our mean desire in the waste paper baskets of the Charing Cross Post Office . . . that is if the serious-eyed man with the steel rimmed spectacles doesn't look up from the Wigan directory and catch you in the act.

In Bulawayo.

A new photograph of Government House, Bulawayo, by F. H. Yeo.

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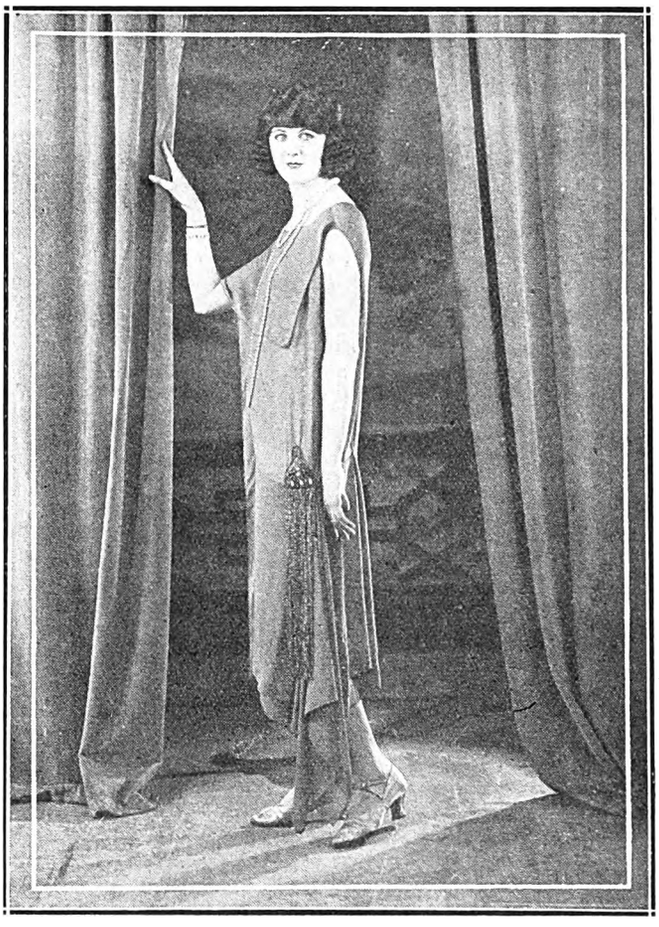
Two New Dress Designs From London.

A Reville summer afternoon frock of lemon-yellow Georgette and gold lace.



Another new Reville creation in cerise-coloured crepe marocain.

A London Letter.

Christmas and New Year.

Christmas Eve.

This is written on Christmas Eve, and I have determined there will be no note of seriousness in the whole letter.

If you demand statistics of the growth of the population in Polynesia, or the best way to cook up an ancient rabbit so that he tastes like a newly-hatched chicken, then I am not the woman for you to-day. I must be blithe because there is snow in the air and mistletoe hanging everywhere, and the brambly holly putting its impertinent myriad red noses into everything.

Of course, the shops are crammed. Woolworth's, that emporium of wonder, where nothing costs more than sixpence or less than threepence, is simply packed to bursting point. One goes in fear that it will sneeze and its momentary occupants be scattered to the four winds. You cannot imagine how very splendid Woolworth's is. Or what wonderful things sixpence will buy—balloons, teacups, cut-glass salt cellers, yards of ribbon, tea-towels, stockings, dolls, floor polish, nut crackers, scrubbing brushes, and the most magnificent jewellery. Even the threepenny things are very miraculous, and keep the heart thumping with expectation. One can shop very royally at Woolworth's at Christmas time, especially if one is seven or thereabouts.

Of course, the great event of note which has lately occurred was the Three Arts Ball. My dears, what merriment. It was held as usual at Covent Garden. In the middle of the floor was a huge dark pool with what looked like thousands of pearls flung into it. But when one had recovered after one's first entry one found that it was a fountain towering high to the ceiling and spreading little jets of silver into the black water beneath. Bacchante, Spaniard, Gypsy, Columbine, Witch, Jester, and Pompadour all danced round the fountain as soon as everybody got cheery and mellow. From the boxes came the clink of glasses and echoes of mirth. Occasionally a lady in fancy dress would lean down to a bedecked troubadour below and carry on airy conversations from her box. Oh, a dazzling evening.

The King and Queen have tripped along to Sandringham for Christmas, where they will eat their turkey and pudding with Queen Alexandra. They always make their Christmas very much a family affair. I do not know whether when their family was young they opened their presents on Christmas morning with their father and mother, like ordinary children, but I should think it very likely. Perhaps they look for pigs and rings and threepenny bits in the pudding still. They are very human.

Theatrical London is inaugurating a new scheme for filling in the day. At the Garrick the new play "Six Cylinder Love," with the beloved Edna Best in the cast, is being sandwiched in between matinee and evening performances of the "Rat," in which Ivor Novello plays lead. "Six Cylinder Love" begins at six o'clock and goes on until about half past seven. I had better point out, perhaps, that this play is at 6 p.m., not a.m. But now that people dance at lunchtime and go to cinemas in the morning, the warning is not so unnecessary as it may seem. I have even received an invitation for a breakfast dansant. Ugh!

The circus has come to Olympia at last. The stamping little horses, the fat lady in pink tights, who does things on the trapeze, the baby elephant, who can count up to ten with his foot, the immaculate ring-master, the roaring lion, and the snake-girl, they have all returned to make us merry at Christmas. And what greater joy could there be than

(Continued on page 4.)

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A London Letter—continued from page 3.

eating an orange and watching the circus? If you have never done that in your youth you have not lived!

I will give you a poem.

"If carrots grew on a gooseberry bush
And jam tins hung in the sky
In place of the stars, and the stars themselves
Were eaten by dragon flies.

If lobsters sang in the forest green
And larks lived under the sea;
If grocers turned into little pigs
And sold no rice or tea—

I cannot go on with it for fear I should never end, and there *is* a limit, yes? Another time, perhaps!

And so I leave you for a little while.

Merry Christmas, merry people!

The New Year.

No New Year ever being completely a happy one, however much breath, ink, and champagne we spend on it, I will not weary you with the usual conventional wish. Drier weather and a bit off the income tax would not come amiss for us. As for you,—well, it seems to me you do not need any good fairy to bless you with wishes, even when the good fairy is me (*la, la,*)—for you have the sun and you should all go down on your knees and thank God fasting for warm days and light frocks. Ninon! Oh, lovely word! Muslin! The sweet sound of it! Crepe de chene and linen! O, pretty, tripping tunes! And you—you are wearing all these things, I suppose. You are going to garden parties under the most ephemerally exquisite sunshades and above the thinnest of flimsy shoes. I could hate you for it were I not a perfect lady. Your horizon is not bounded by a pair of gum-boots, your days are not heavy with the dread that you will wake up on the next morning and find you have frozen to death during the night. Even our swallows have gone and I suppose you've got them.

Still, I forgive you since it's the New Year and the time for kindliness and the making of good resolutions. I do hope you have all fixed up your quota of resolutions by now, and that you have not broken more than half of them.

The year which many alcoholic hoo-hahs sped on its way last night has not been a very fat one, what with wet weather, no Summer, Wembley, and Labour to the fore. To make a synopsis of it is a gloomy proceeding so I will not proceed.

One did not have to look far behind the Venetian masks, the swinging garlands, or the giant central birthday-of-the-year cake rearing its white massiveness in the centre of the Albert Hall last night to discover all sorts and kinds of people from Chelsea and beyond. So, when the highly fictitious elephant strayed out of the Persian procession to revel on its own in search of the lions and tigers from the Augustus John menagerie, the hunt went with something more than jungle impetuosity and the full bag is yet to be reported.

For one black moment last night it looked as though the Arts and all else besides were to perish in a final intoxication of joymaking. That was when every light was extinguished simultaneously and the clash of music and chatter ceased in an awestruck silence. But it was only old Father 1924's last gasp. A moment later from all parts of the hall the strokes of Big Ben, marconiphoned, heralded the New Year.

A lovely, pink, naked little New Year it was, too. Out of the great cake which stood in the middle of the hall (thirty feet high, *with* candles) emerged four fairies, the first one bearing aloft the babe. It couldn't have been more than two, if as much—a dimpled girl-child rosy with promises of a lovely year. Then from the white fairy hands the babe slipped into the upraised arms of a brawny charioteer who handed it to a stalwart Britannia standing aloft in the chariot. Twice round the hall they bore the child, naked and serene, holding in its infinitesimal hand the smallest of lights. Rank upon rank of carnival-clad people closed in behind the chariot led by the child. From the boxes came cheering and riotous clapping. The New Year was born, a little child was leading the world, rainbows were in the air—so they could turn to their splendid supper of quails, chicken and champagne.

Cloudbursts of multi-coloured balloons dropped, light as dew, but a thousandfold larger, amid the flashes of light. Striving hands reached for them, caught them and soon burst the airy bubbles of colour.

Chocolates and cigarettes were distributed from the bowels of the cake—not mean cigarettes or stale chocolates either, but aromatic, delicious smokes and chocolates which made one think one was eating a dream.

Of the wilder revelries that followed hotfoot one on the other, from the gay inrush of the gentlest Bolsheviks who never saw Moscow, to the fierce lashings of the mammoth octopus, or the softer charms of the gondola beauties, all that can be said is that the Outside of the Door was a most unwelcome sight, in fact, some of them refused to look at it at all and had to be forcibly ejected. But for the allaying of your fears let me say that these were very few and far between—most of us being so weary that the sight of comfortable taxis and the thought of our beds at home made us almost weep for gladness. Never, I believe, and I say this with reason, has a taxi appeared such a luxurious vehicle, never did taxi-driver wear so fittingly the guise of gentle angel, as last night—or rather late this morning. If you find any bad mistakes in spelling in this letter you may for once blame me instead of the compositor—or rather blame the Chelsea ball and forgive.

We have had the most perilous Christmas, as you have, of course, heard. Floods everywhere, the sea carrying off small cottages as presents for mermaids, rivers rising and eating up the land with greedy mouths. Those bungalow dwellers under the Thames just now may find it hard to believe that floods are not what they were. But listen to a line I got out of the old Abingdon chronicler of the 13th Century;

> On the feast of the Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin there was much rain, and such floods of water that, it is said, no such terrible a sight has been seen either before or since the deluge of Noah; the water continued to increase for more than forty days.

After reading that I have taken heart and am now reading a long treatise on "Arks and How to Build Them."

Lord Dudley Gordon, D.S.O, the Hon. Mr. Justice G. T. Morice, K.C., Lieut-Colonel and Mrs. G. F. Birney are all late arrivals in London from South Africa.

Do you know that Christmas has done you very proudly down south in the matter of mail, since I learn from a red-tabbed and helmeted official of the postal department that ten thousand bags of letters and parcels were dispatched to South Africa from England.

The Arundel Castle which leaves on January 16 for the Cape will carry a noble load of prisoners—ahem, forgive me—I didn't mean prisoners, exactly—when one is a very bad sailor oneself one imagines that everyone else must consider sea-travelling the acme of discomfort—I should say passengers, and they include Sir Lionel Phillips, Colonel W. C. Blackett, Brig.-General Sir Cecil and Lady Lowther, and Lady Leuchars.

The Countess of Cathcart, an ardent advocate of South Africa, and whose book "The Women Tempted" is selling well, has been very ill in Leeds but has now gone to Sussex where she is recovering.

And that's all the news for the moment. If I go on I feel sure that the Editor will be on my tracks with murderous intent to impale me upon his blue pencil.

Sayonara!

That is Japanese for farewell. I put it in to show you that far from being ignorant, I can at least speak one word in the language of the Cherry-blossom country!

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A Social Note Book.

By "Carrie."

Have you all retired into a nunnery this past week?

You have been so quiet, I am almost persuaded that woman can stay her tongue with the best of men. Not a whisper as to your doings has reached me.

From the Cape, from Durban, even from Benoni, where the volatile Henry de Bray and Doris Hare have been disporting themselves at the Criterion, come no whispers of news. Truly, we are in a bad way. What can we do to redeem our reputations, for it is better to be dead than have no reputation on the Rand. "There is only one thing worse than being talked about, and that is not being talked about."

The Rand Club.

For many moons past women have cast envious eyes at that very stately structure and home of millionaires—the Rand Club. But the members have steadfastly refused to allow us to do our knitting in its marble halls, or sip tea from the depths of their club easies. And even the staid servitors (I think that is the most dignified word I can use, Mr. Editor) are the soul of discretion when it comes to replying to telephone queries as to whether hubby is there or not.

So it is cheery to learn that in mail week, the portals of the Junior Carlton Club fell before the onslaughts of the women, and two of them, the Countess of Derby and Mrs. Baldwin, were admitted. Of course, there was a catch in it somewhere, and we read further that the latter lady assisted her husband as hostess at the reception of members of the Conservative party. So the very least they could do was to invite the ladies to dinner beforehand. In was the first time women have ever dined there. After this we need not despair of entering our own select doors!

English as She is Writ.

Of course, Pretoria is a very charming place, but its shopkeepers foist some very poor English on to their prospective customers. "These is a bargain" on a line of clothes brushes is too much. While I was waiting for a tram, a small boy gave me a "dodger" on which a local vendor announced "The firm who does his own fishing."

Near to the magnificent square is a confectioner who advertises "A superior MICTURE."

Clothes and the Man.

Men are coming more and more into the limelight lately. At one time to have discussed their clothes would have been considered indecent, but now the best paragraphists concentrate on them. I think the Prince of Wales, best dressed of men, has much to do with it. Just now coloured string gloves are intriguing him. They are much better than their leather brothers for riding, driving, or reducing your handicap, for they give you a good grip. There is soon to be a strike of tailors, I understand, consequent on the wearing of the wide trousers. They are so economical—never any bagginess at the knees. They last so long that the knights of the needle and thread are likely to starve. But theirs is the last word, and they are insisting on making men's evening cloaks the fashion; they take so much cloth! To the mere feminine mind it's a lovely idea. You can make one of these new umbrella skirts out of hubby's cape so nicely. Just take in a gusset or two and tack on a box-pleat and there you are!

Industrialists in Council.

Talking of men, I found myself in a gathering at the Scientific and Technical Club last week. It was the rendezvous of the Transvaal Chamber of Industries, and many were the learned men there, headed by Mr. W. Seals Wood, the president. His speech was really wonderful, and I became an Industrialist at once; which section I have not quite worked out. But it was Mr. Morris Kramer, the president of the Federated Chamber of Industries, who showed much knowledge of the inner workings of the minds of the women present, for he left the mere man alone and appealed to the women to help them in pushing South African goods. And the women—there were four of us who had braved the meeting—handed him their vote at once. Sir Pieter Bam gave an impassionate lecture on the need of advertising South Africa, and seriously speaking, it was a very interesting afternoon. Mr. J. S. Hancock, whose photograph you will find nearby, spoke of the South African National Union, and asked everyone to support the 28th January as a day on which South Africa should be advertised. Then we had tea and cakes, and everyone enjoyed them, although it was very pathetic to see the efforts some of the men made to appear at home with a tea cup at five in the afternoon.

MR. J. S. HANCOCK.

A Market Story.

As I came away, I met Mr. Philip Levard, who looked rather worn out, and he had got up early that morning to go to the market, for even producers have to get fresh green material you know. But he cheered up considerably, and told me of a lady, a perfect lady, I would have you know, whom he met on the tramcar. She was carrying a live goose, and our producer looked at the bird rather anxiously, for it was very alive. Said the stern tram conductor: "Madam, no live stock allowed on the trams." "Right," said the lady, as she screwed the bird's neck round, and then took her seat! and verily it happened at Brixton—ask Mr. Levard.

At Killarney.

Which reminds me of a pretty story about one of the wee babies whom we have all so adored in the pantomine. A small film was being taken at Killarney, and the kiddies crawled across the stage in the mice and lizard number. Then they rushed to the dressing rooms, and within a minute back came the tiniest of them all, dressed up and ready. Said Mr. Levard: "That's all right, dear, I won't want you again." Her Baby Highness turned away in disgust. "Fancy coming all this way to be a mice," she said, with dignity.

Painted Fabrics.

I wonder if you remember the sale of painted Fabrics at Messrs. Harvey, Greenacre some time ago, when Sir Frank Benson and his company were in Johannesburg. They made excellent salespeople. Among their customers was Princess Arthur of Connaught, who bought a wonderful white georgette scarf, beautifully painted. Now comes the news that Miss Margaret Bannerman and Miss Mary Jerrold are helping at Libertys to sell the disabled ex-service men's wares and have done exceedingly well. Captain Liberty is very full of sympathy for his late comrades, for he, too, lost a leg in the war.

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Music in Durban

By "C. A. O. D."

Following my comment on the absence of Symphonic performances by the Durban Orchestra during the summer season, it seems that I missed what I looked for—musically—by just a week. The symphony concerts by the Durban Orchestra, were resumed on January 16, the programme including the first symphony of Brahms and Beethoven's fourth Pianoforte Concerto.

Having resumed again its normal function, the question now exercising the minds of the Durban authorities is the future of Durban's music. The Orchestral contracts will be shortly coming up for the consideration of the Corporation, and there is much discussion regarding the policy to be followed in the future. I was not surprised to notice whilst in Durban that the local Press was freely used by correspondents advocating that a municipal band should be established, and the Orchestra disbanded. The arguments were those used some three years ago when the Durban Orchestra was first proposed, but, somehow, the authorities originally thought that an Orchestra was the better investment for the ratepayers' money. Can any real reason exist for a complete change of opinion?

It is really curious to note how firmly some people can support the band proposal against that of an orchestra. While the military band may be smaller in numbers and therefore somewhat cheaper, its utility as a musical medium is practically negligible. A band can make a beach festival noisy and, as some seem to think, jolly also, but from a purely musical viewpoint it is nearly useless.

From an entirely outside view, and without a full appreciation of the main requirements of the Natal port, it seems that the orchestra, as it is at present constituted, is the better investment since it can do all that is expected from a band, while in addition it can function in a strictly cultural and educational sense.

The expenditure on the Orchestra has from time to time been the subject of adverse criticism, and the present situation is governed largely by the question of finance. But is it not the duty of the municipalities to examine such expenditure from the view point of service to its citizens? A band organisation will also cost money, though less than an orchestra, but will the difference in expense compensate for the vast difference in service? There is admittedly no question as to the efficiency and musical capacity of the Durban Orchestra—and it is difficult to believe that the value of the orchestra is not fully realised by the Durban people.

A Suggestion.

I note that one authority suggests that Durban people be asked individually to assume some measure of responsibility against excessive loss in the continuance of the Orchestra, and that such individuals be given some voice in the corporations' musical activities. The proposal of a possible future National Orchestra also sees the light again. This proposal needs some breadth of view on the part of Durban and Cape Town, but given this, there is no insuperable difficulty in the way. A National Orchestra would solve the orchestral problems of both the present centres, and would most likely appeal strongly to every other important centre in the Union. Cannot the Durban authorities take up the question with the Cape, and make some effort to secure the co-operation of the Rand and other centres?

Organ Music.

A recent programme given on the Johannesburg Town Organ, has been adversely criticised owing to the comparative simplicity of the music selected, the writer complaining that the capabilities of the instrument were not fully exploited. The trouble with organ music, whether it shows the instrument's capacity or not, is that its interest is mostly restricted to organists. The organ has not the universality of appeal that is enjoyed by other solo instruments, and the fact that someone dislikes simplicity on the King of Instruments need not unduly disturb the player concerned, for there are many who equally dislike complexity in organ music.

KARRIDENE HOTEL

SOUTH COAST, NATAL

This delightful, select and altogether restful resort is situated at the mouth of the Karridene River, 23 miles from Durban by rail, and within 70 minutes by car.

It occupies a unique position, almost abutting the Ocean Front in such a manner as strongly to suggest to the visitor when promenading the fine and extensive balconies the pleasant hours spent aboard a well-appointed steamship.

The Karridene Hotel is an extensive Brick Building, equipped with the most modern conveniences: Hot and Cold Baths, Electric Light, Bells to each of the forty-five Bedrooms, Dance Hall, Billiard Room, Lounges, Open-air Gardens, etc.

The grounds, 35 acres in extent, take the form of a lovely natural park, and lend themselves to all the usual outdoor amusements: Tennis, Croquet, Shooting, etc.

Boating here is excellent, and the resort is specially noted for fishing and safe surf bathing.

A Golf Course is in course of construction, and guests may be fully assured of every comfort, attention and amusement being provided for them.

Sung by "The Army."

To have the tune of your song success sung to different words through the streets by the Salvation Army is not the kind of advertisement every music hall star can claim to have had.

Yet, this remarkable experience befell Lily Lena when she was last in Capetown. She is now at the Tivoli, and somebody reminded her of it while we were talking together the other evening.

The song was "Obadiah, Swing Me a Little Bit Higher," and when Miss Lena was on her way to the Tivoli one evening she heard the tune coming from a dozen lusty voices. But the words were strangely unfamiliar to her, and she found the reason in a few minutes when around the corner marched a small company of the Salvation Army.

Miss Lena does not know to this day what the words were. Her friends had to do some persuading before she realised that it was more of a tribute to her popularity than it was an infringement of her copyright.—*The Gossip.*

Bert Errol.

The nearby snapshot, taken on an English road, has both associations and promises for South Africa. On the right are Mr. Jack Hart and Miss Jennie Hartley, Mr. and Mrs. Hart away from the theatre, and both remembered in the Union. On the left is Mr. Bert Errol and his wife (Miss Ray Hartley), who are to play here soon. Bert Errol is England's most famous female impersonator, and his voice and acting, with a wonderful setting of the latest Paris gowns, will give Africa a new mood in vaudeville art. His wife's dancing, which will support him here, as it did in his recent West End season, is no less delightful.

A PORTRAIT BY JANE PLOTZ IS GOOD. ART STUDIOS, THRUPP'S BUILDINGS.

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The Sightless.

Miss Jose Wood, who has been spending a few weeks with her sister Mrs. W. H. S. Bell, "Bisham" Seymour Avenue, returns to her home in Grahamstown on Friday.

During her stay in Johannesburg she made an appeal by wireless to all and sundry to help in every way possible to bring brightness and cheer into the lives of the blind people of South Africa.

Miss Wood herself founded The South African Library for the Blind, which was until recently known as Jose Wood Library, and from 1919 to 1923, managed and financed it herself, with the help of a few subscriptions from readers.

The story of her work seems to me not only wonderful but heroic, quietly and almost unaided to have realised a want, which exists all unthought of by most people.

I cannot help thinking that some of the splendid voluntary workers in Johannesburg might find a useful outlet for some of their superfluous energy (if any); in devoting a little attention to the everlasting need of the Blind.

It wants perhaps an effort of imagination to understand that even the well-to-do, sightless need all the help others can give them in the matter of literature.

Miss Wood's awakening to the need came quite by chance.

During the "Flu" Epidemic, she met Miss Comber, a missionary who in 1914, had brought out the nucleus of a Braille Library.

The latter was leaving Grahamstown and begged Miss Wood to take on the work she was forced to abandon.

As a first step she taught her successor the elements of Braille; Miss Wood with some reluctance undertook the charge, and the rapid growth of the Library proves how pressing was the need.

In 1919 the Library comprised 100 volumes, to-day it owns 1,000, purchased by Miss Wood, except for some 166 volumes presented by the National Institute, and the original 100 given by Miss Comber. In 1923, a small annual grant was made by the Provincial Council in recognition of the valuable work done. Up to the present the Library has been housed in Miss Wood's own residence, but now through a grant from the Bannerman Bequest it has been possible to acquire a building. Miss Woods' Library is run in reciprocity with the National Institute in London. Readers all over South Africa are supplied with literature without charge.

There are 1,200 Blind Europeans in the Union. There is a wide scope for any one taking up the study of Braille and Moon Type. Proficiency may be acquired in about three months.

Anyone wishing to learn and to help either financially or by service can apply for particulars to Miss Jose Wood, Hon. Secretary and Librarian, The South African Library For The Blind, Grahamstown. *A.A.*

An Empty Liner.

One of the smallest passenger lists there has been for some time was that of the *Edinburgh Castle*, which arrived from England with only a very few people on board.

In the early morning haze that hangs about the docks on some of these summer days, the decks looked lonely and deserted after the mailboat had been tied up at her new berth—a remarkable contrast to the scene a week ago, when the mailboat brought a very large and jolly crowd of people.

The reason is not very far to seek. Few people like to leave their Christmas dinner and rush away to finish off the packing so that they can catch the train from Waterloo on Boxing Day. For the *Edinburgh Castle* sailed on Boxing Day, a day on which many people think it unlucky to sail, or to do any long distance travelling. These few who sailed by the *Edinburgh Castle* were those who could not postpone their visit.

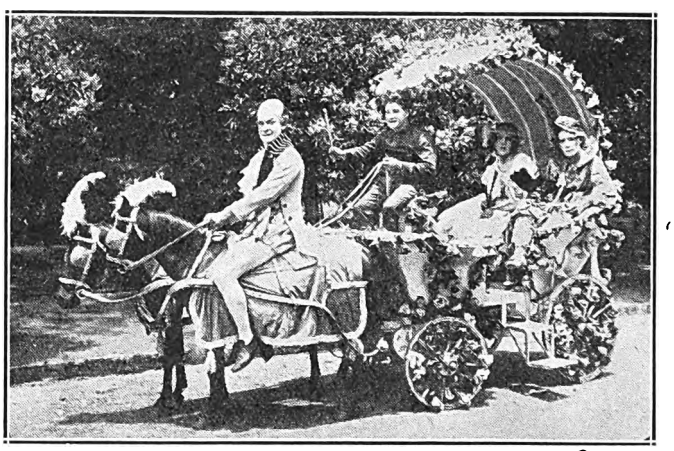
Among the passengers was the Earl of Wilton, who is on his way to Nairobi for a big game hunt.

He expects to be here for many months. *The Gossip.*

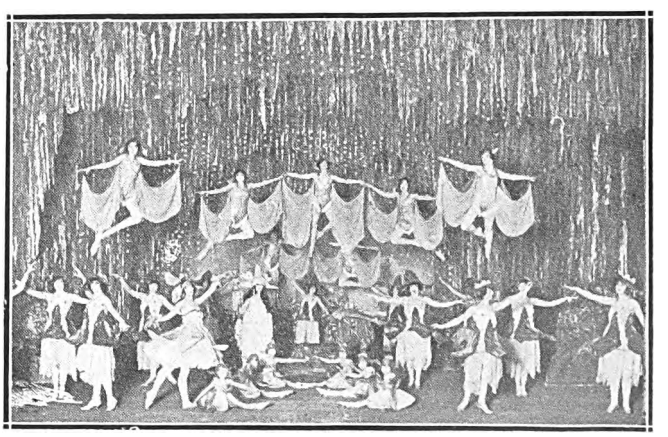
Pantomime Time.

"Cinderella" is to leave His Majesty's at the end of next week and go to Pretoria. In the above photograph, she takes her morning drive at Killarney.

Cinderella's Court consent to ride in an everyday 'bus.



The Ugly Sisters steal Cinderella's Coach.



The magnificent scene of flying fairies.

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Letters to the Editor.

Tennis and Olympia.

Sir:—Most people will agree with Mr. H. J. Lamb, president of the South African Lawn Tennis Union, that tennis might well go unrepresented at the Olympic Games. Your paper has pointed out repeatedly that tennis competitions were out of place at a gathering devoted to fierce battles among athletes, with accompanying circumstances that suggested rank professionalism. Tennis-playing countries are looking askance at the Olympia Games, and it only needs South Africa to set the example and withdraw for the others to do likewise. An Olympic championship is really an empty title. Events have shown that several crack athletes at these Games have been unable to withstand the temptation to turn pro. latter on, which, of course, justifies one is asking whether the country sending them gets full value for its money.

Looking at the question from a national viewpoint, it would be much better to raise funds for local or inter-provincial competitions, either in tennis or the more strenuous sports, than to go round cap-in-hand for money in order to send a small contingent to the World's Games. The object should be to encourage every one to embark on some healthy sport that can be indulged in without disarranging the claims of business. Olympia begets professionalism—a coterie of specialists—which is a poor asset to any country.

Yours, etc.—G.A.H.

Bobbed Hair.

I suppose the human race is essentially curious. An intelligent interest in your neighbours makes the world go round—often in jerks, it is true. There has arisen one who has sought and analyzed the reason why we bobbed our hair, and has traced this same reason, with many others, to France. French peasants discarded their quaint head-dresses and took to hats, so they needed their own hair and would not sell it. Now, however, being a thrifty nation, they have decided that money is better than hair, and the hairdressers are working overtime to get plaits and puffs, waves and transformations ready against the time Madame will revert to the more feminine fashion of the coiffure. The height of fashion, is *à la* Mrs. Langtry of some years back, divided in front and looped over the ears with a bun at the back. Thank the gods we are spared a hair net also. *C.R.*

At Yvette et Cie, Cuthbert's Buildings.

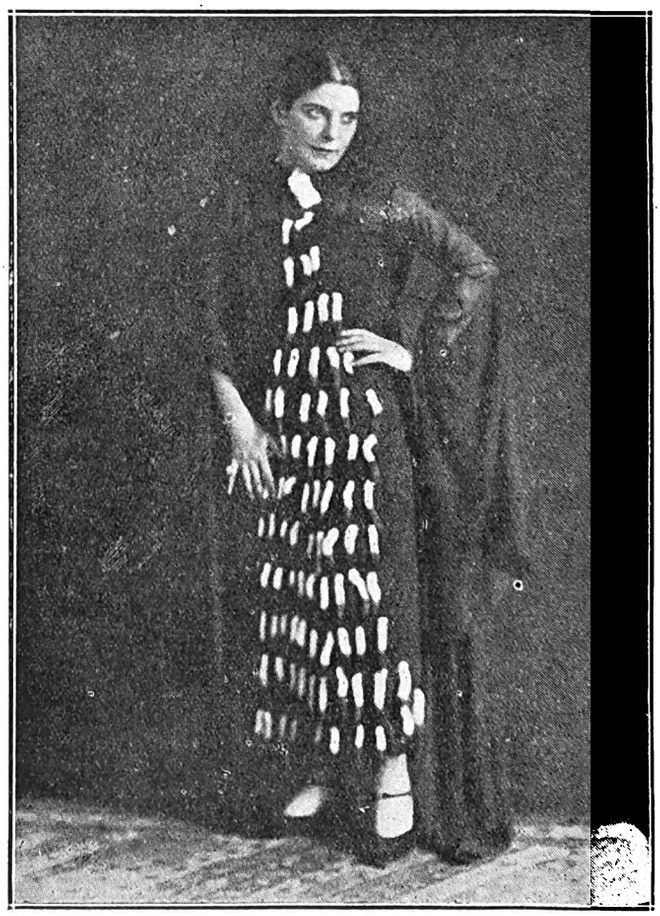
On Corsets.

I suppose this heading does not matter, as no mere male reads our pages.

All save the Editor! Editors, together with postmen and hairdressers, are neutral. They have to be. There is a mere male in England now who is having a perfectly lovely time delving into the whys and wherefores of women. He is Mr. Herbert Norris, the artist and designer, and he has found out—so clever of him—that the first real corset was introduced by Catherine de Medici in 1530, and was wrought of iron. "It opened on one side with hinges and was fastened on the other by bolts," says Mr. Norris, "which were frequently padlocked, so that a husband could imprison his wife in her corset and refuse to release her, if he so chose to punish her." The rubber corset is of course a direct descendant. *C.R.*

Lola Krasavina.

A new photograph of Mdlle. Krasavina, who is at the Empire this week and the Orpheum next week.



A frock from 150 ermine tails worn by Mdlle. Krasavina.

Photographs by Charlotte Studios.

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"From Stage to Gutter."

By William J. Makin.

It is amazing with what pertinacity humanity clings to convention. Take for example the convention of evening dress. Wander through the world as you will, evening dress will confront you with an air of being insolently correct whatever latitude you may cross. I have seen evening dress in the Indian jungle, on a dirty tramp steamer in the China Sea, and in a gambling den in San Francisco. But it was not until the other day that I saw evening dress under really incongruous circumstances.

It was noon, and the sun blazed down upon the dusty London pavement. It was the hour of lunch, and shop girls, clerks, portly business men, and suburban shoppers bustled along the noisy street. And in the gutter was a man in evening dress, turning the handle of a street organ, and gazing ecstatically into the sky. A piece of white cardboard hung haphazardly from the organ bearing the interesting announcement: "From Stage to Gutter."

Young typists and shop girls lingered in admiration of that figure in evening dress. Clerks—shrewd business fellows these—smoked their cheap cigarettes with an air of prosperity, and contemptuously ignored this obvious Bohemian and the insecure world of romanticism that he represented. Ledgers and balance sheets for them, and no nonsense. The rest of the crowd passed by indifferently. The gutter has no attraction for the Londoner.

Oblivious to the admiring girls, the indifferent men, even to the occasional dropping of coppers into his hat, the figure in evening dress churned out some ridiculous music-hall melody, and never for a moment shifted that ecstatic gaze from the sky. He might have been some humble worshipper rendering an oblation of songs to a group of inscrutable gods. This thought moved me to drop a penny into the hat and move away, marvelling at life as lived in this City of Surprises.

There the story should have ended. The City of Surprises, however, was to reveal itself as the City of Coincidences. That same evening I made my way towards a certain cafe in Soho. There, perched on a high stool, with a cup of excellent French coffee and a cigarette, I might lean over the counter and exchange *blague* with the demoiselle who presided. All this for the insignificant sum of fourpence.

But this evening when I reached the cafe, I was surprised, not to say disgusted to find a common street organ lying derelict in the gutter outside. Truly, the clientele of the Cafe du Chat Rouge would object to this vulgar intrusion. I perched on my favourite stool, and ordered the usual *cafe noir* with an injured air. It was then that I became aware of a man at my side. It was the figure in evening dress, whom I had seen in the gutter at noon.

He nodded, in an indifferent, vagabond way.

"Business good" I asked tentatively.

"Pah. Rotten! The pavement crowds ain't what they used to be. They gives you the 'bird' worse than a music hall audience."

"You've really been on the 'boards' then?" I ventured.

"Been on the 'boards'! Blimey, I should just think I have. Ain't you read my card on the organ outside. All about my downfall, that is."

"I have," I replied calmly, "and I don't believe a word of it."

"You got a nerve!" he said admiringly. "But you're right. It ain't true." There came a break in his voice. "Wish ter Gawd it was," he added.

"Well, have another coffee and tell me the story," I suggested.

"So I will," he said slowly. "It doesn't hurt like it used to. That comes in telling it often, I suppose. . . . Plenty of milk in mine, Mam'zelle."

He stirred the coffee, and then began to talk in a tired, reflective manner.

I used to play the swell on the halls—you know, the bloke who swaggers up and down the stage, with a glossy topper, gloves and cane, and sings about 'The lovely girls beside the sea.' I used to get 'em every time with my swagger."

He then pulled himself together in a pathetic attempt to reveal his former art. Then he relapsed, and took a sip at the coffee.

"But times were bad, and the wife didn't like it. You know when you're on the boards you have those damnable periods of waiting when you can't even get an engagement to sing in the local pub. I was passing through one of those periods, and it seemed to last longer than usual. She took it badly. Don't know why. But it got on her nerves like. Women are fretful creatures at times."

I nodded, sympathetically.

"I tried to cheer her up, and told her it wouldn't last much longer. I was sure to get an engagement, sooner or later. But she didn't seem to care. Just nodded, and went on staring at the pattern of the wallpaper. But at last it came; an engagement for six months. I rushed away with the good news to her, and—"

He stopped, and leaned on the counter, closing his eyes as if in sudden pain.

"Yes. And what? . . ." I asked relentlessly.

He opened his eyes. There was a fierce glint in them.

"She had gone. Left a short note scribbled on the back of an unpaid laundry bill. 'Am fed up and am leaving you.' That was all. It seemed so comic that I even laughed. I remember lighting a cigarette with the note afterwards."

I saw he was regarding himself in a mirror opposite. Automatically his hands went up to straighten the black bow.

"What did you do?" I ventured.

He smiled.

"Just nothing—except a lot of drinking in order to forget. But all the drink in the world couldn't make me forget. Anyhow the first night of my engagement came. It was a good, rollicking Monday night audience. I waited my turn. I remember I was billed to appear after the man with the performing sea lions . . . I heard the orchestra strike up the first bars of my song. I tilted my topper at an angle, grabbed my cane, and swaggered on in my best style. Everything seemed to be going well. It was when I was singing the second verse of my song that I saw her."

"Whom?"

"My wife. She was sitting in the stalls with some man of sorts, and grinning at me, yes, grinning at me. I saw nothing but that grinning face in front of me. I forgot everything, the song, the orchestra, audience, myself—everything but that face grinning at me. People said that I just stood there on the stage, gazing vacantly at nothing . . . . Then someone hissed. That began it. Soon, everybody in the theatre was hissing. A drunken youth in a box flung two pennies on to the stage. I had got the 'bird.' Down came the curtain, and—well, that's the end."

"Why the end?"

He drained his cup of coffee, and slowly got off his stool.

"Because I never got another job on the halls after that night. Once you get the 'bird' it's not easy to persuade another manager to give you a chance. That's the reason why I play the street organ in the gutter."

"And your wife?"

"I never saw her again . . . Good-night."

I heard a rumble of wheels as he dragged his street organ along the gutter.

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Secret of All Blacks' Success.

As one who has played Rugby in New Zealand, I am frequently asked the reason of the All Blacks' phenomenal prowess in the game, and I confess to a smile when I hear the invincible team referred to as "super-men." At the same time, there must be a cause for such overwhelming excellence—1905 team, one defeat; 1924 team, all victories—and it is the purpose of this article to enlighten aspiring Springboks on the methods employed to bring about this satisfactory state of affairs.

Rugby is, of course, the national game in New Zealand, and consequently there is no lack of encouragement. Members of senior clubs watch like hawks for any special talent among schoolboys. It may be that in an inter-school contest a player shows some attractive points, or young lads are observed putting in good work practising "long drops" from half-way with either foot. Talent never escapes notice so, when school days are over, the senior clubs vie with each other in being the first to secure the services of promising youngsters.

The rigorous work of the potential All Black now begins. Training is robbed of its terrors, however, by the interest taken in the beginner by the general public. Members of Parliament, too, lend a hand in advancing the game by many friendly acts towards the youngsters. And so it comes about that if there is anything in the Rugby sense developed in a lad, no effort is spared in making him a top-notcher, with corresponding glory to the Land of the Moa.

I think I hear South Africans saying that, with all this encouragement, it is no wonder that the New Zealanders are world-beaters. Yet encouragement is not everything. There has to be the determination to excel, and this upholds one throughout long hours of gym., tight scrums on a sawdust floor, and moonlight practice matches with their attendant forcefulness. Orthodoxy is shunned as the plague. When a lad displays some peculiar trait in the game, the committee don't fall about him like a ton of bricks; they discuss the best way of using this newly-found asset in the team-work.

The training is carefully thought out—a spell of purely gym. work, packing scrums and, particularly, handling the ball by backs and forwards. Open-air training is carried out on suitable evenings, when sprints for all hands and selected movements for an approaching match are the leading features. But this is not all. There is. I admit, a "little secret" connected with New Zealand's Rugby success. It is this: no keen player permits himself to get out of form. He trains and plays throughout the winter, and keeps himself up to concert pitch in the summer by competing in athletic events, such as running, hurdle-racing, swimming and rowing. Cricket is not extensively patronised by Rugby men; indeed, it has few first-class exponents in New Zealand.

Rugby has fallen away in South Africa and requires "bucking up" very badly. In a future issue I hope to be able to suggest improvements whereby the Springboks may look forward with confidence to a tilt against the All Blacks. For the present let me say that if all the South African towns were of the same mind as Stellenbosch, and treated Rugby as the national game, new blood would be continually available, and the veterans who are now inspanned could be permitted to enjoy a well-earned rest.—COLLAR LOW.

Galsworthy and Capetown.

"I met John Galsworthy, the famous novelist and dramatist, just before I left England," said a friend to me the other day, "and he told me that the drama was very much alive in Capetown." It appears that Galsworthy read with great interest the accounts of a production of "Loyalties" in Capetown by the local Repertory Society, and that he is hoping that Mr. Leon M. Lion will also produce one of his plays in South Africa.

Beachcomber.

Miss Marion Davies, star in "When Knighthood was in Flower," to be shown at the Bijou, on Monday, January 26.

The Zionist Picnic held at Greenbushes, near Port Elizabeth, on Sunday, January 11th.

Mrs. George Black (Miss Edyth Hyland) and her baby. Edyth Hyland is the well-known singer who appeared in pantomime last year.

VISIT JANE PLOTZ PORTRAIT GALLERY, ART STUDIOS, THRUPP'S BUILDINGS.

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The Yellah Dog.

By Robin McGruer.

He had never had a name—not even when he was very new and glossy, but he was the joy of Merry Ann's life. Always he was called the Yellah Dog.

He was not beautiful either. His eyes were small and very glassy with points of brown, somehow hidden in the glass. Some said that his eyes were only glass beads, but Merry Ann always strenuously denied it. When he was very new he had a mechanical contraption just under his front paws, which when squeezed, emitted a hollow sort of squeak from the wide red mouth, and made the little yellow bob of a tail wag and wag. But this did not last long. Too much affectionate squeezing by small warm hands robbed him of his little voice, and I believe that Toby, the real dog, relieved him of his bob of a tail before he was a month old.

But, nevertheless, he was the joy of Merry Ann's heart. She had no one else to play with but the Yellah Dog, and many a glad tale and many a sad tale did he hear from her mouth. He went everywhere with her except to church, for, of course, they don't allow dogs, even yellah ones, in churches, but Merry Ann always remembered to tell him all about it when she came home—how the third choir boy to the left was eating a piece of toffee during the sermon, and how the curate had stumbled over his long black robe and blushed bright pink.

Out in the Cold.

The Yellah Dog even slept with Merry Ann—crushed close in the small crook of her arm. Sometimes he found it rather difficult to breathe properly in her tight clasp, but he never complained. He was very long-suffering. He sat beside her chair at every meal, and his table manners were always of the very best. He never, for instance, stretched out a yellow paw and touched the largest cake on the table, thus claiming it as his own to eat, when the bread and butter was finished. And, of course, he never coughed at the table. He was a splendid example for Merry Ann, who, I'm afraid, was inclined to do both these things. She was very young, you see, and as merry as her name.

But gradually she grew older—these things will happen, you know, no matter how hard mothers try to keep their children young. She grew from sandals into socks and shoes, and then into the big girlishness of stockings. (Very long and black and thin her legs looked then!) And as she grew taller it seemed to the wistful little Yellah Dog that somehow he was being left a little bit out in the cold. She no longer told him stories, and at night he was relegated to the chair beside her bed, where not all his sighing would make her stretch out her lengthening arms and tuck him under the blankets.

Then she went away to school, and the Yellah Dog was left behind. Merry Ann's mother took him tenderly in her arms and put him high up on top of the linen press among some old books. He was lonely there, for though he knew a great many things, such as why Merry Ann's favourite colour was blue, or the true story of "The Frog who Would a Wooing Go," Merry Ann had overlooked his literary education, and he couldn't read.

The New Merry Ann.

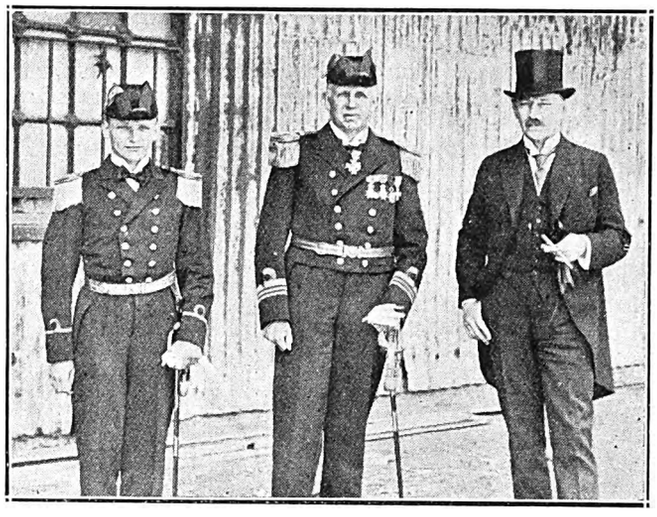
Years went by, and more years, and the dust of them clustered thickly about. Sometimes Merry Ann came and smiled tenderly up at him, but never took him down from the linen press.

Until one day he heard her voice, that was small and tinkly and sweet. Her bright head nodded up to him, and her hands reached up and took him softly into her arms. She flicked the dust away from his brown beady glass eyes and snuggled him against her cheek, just as she used to do. And then he heard the tinkly other voice say: "Give him to me, Mummie, do give him to me."

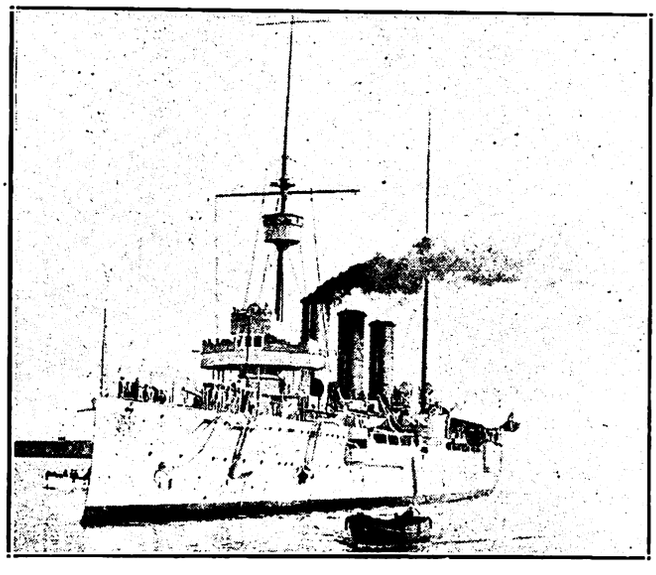
And her Yellah Dog sighed happily as he felt the soft arms of Brigid circling him with tenderness, and knew that love had come his way again.

He is wiser than ever now, for he knows all Brigid's secrets as well as Merry Ann's, and at night he sleeps in the close warm crook of Brigid's arm.

Sweden in Capetown.



Captain J. I. F. Ehlund of the Swedish training ship, "Fylgia" (now in Capetown), his A.D.C., and Mr. H. Rosenlund, the Consul for Sweden.



The Swedish training ship "Fylgia," which has arrived in Capetown.

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Christmas in England.

By Pamela Travers.

Some time within the last two years death took away a very dear old gentleman from England. His name was Christmas and he had the widest heart in the world. It stretched from John o' Groats to Land's End, from London down to Cork.

And he was loved. Probably no gentleman has ever been so loved. Nobody saw him die; his death was not recorded in the newspapers; no flowery verse appears yearly under his name in some "In Memoriam" column. He was not even missed until the end of the year came round, and England found that she had the thin, half-hearted son of Christmas to deal with instead of the rubicund old man.

I have missed the little old pot-bellied gentleman who was Christmas. He died before I arrived here and I did so want to see him. I wanted snow and yule-logs, red robins and lantern-lit roads, and all the merry measure of the tune he used to play. I wanted to receive frosted Christmas cards representing bright, impossible inns with incredibly large garish birds sitting in their eaves, with, perhaps, two hands clasped fervently somewhere in the right-hand corner and a joyous legend in gilt letters scrawled along the bottom. And nobody sent me one. Even the Christmas cards have become genteel. The very pudding itself, joint ruler with the fat turkey of the banquet, often comes out of a tin and has not the lovely round nobbly shape an old-time pudding had. It is all very distressing. I feel that I have been born too late—that I have been cheated somehow.

Christmas in England has generated into a very every-day affair. In fact, many regard it as a yearly nuisance which must be put up with as cheerfully as possible.

Instead of snow this year we had floods. As a new Christmas present the elements washed away homes and flooded streets where once the old gentleman stepped gleefully along or rode in a sleigh with little bells a-jingle.

Of course we had holly—a merry abundance of it. And mistletoe, too, since the mistletoe flowered very well this year. It does its best to keep the memory of grand days green in our hearts. And, of course, there were robins—a few of them. None of the perky, impertinent little people who pirouetted on one's window sill and simply cried for crumbs. They were very sleek, sophisticated robins this year. They looked like small grey profiteers, sporting expensive, vulgar waistcoats as they flew by, ignoring us, to spacious nest-mansions and rich repasts of dead grubs acquired during the year.

The prettiest and most lovable robins I saw this Christmas were the children of the Foundling Hospital. The boys wear black suits and Eton collars, and through the coats peep scarlet—oh, most beautiful scarlet waistcoats. The girls are less gaudily attired—in a blue that matches heaven on a fine day; so what does it matter?

I took a fur-coated person of seven to the Foundling Hospital on Christmas Eve to hear the children singing carols.

We went to the little chapel to hear the carols, and the children extolling the Babe and praising God for making them homeless and fatherless—a doubtful mercy on the part of the Lord. But they were gloriously forgiving, and their voices went dancing along the crest of loveliness.

"I wisht I could be a Founderling!" remarked John (who is seven) as we came out.

And as I displayed evident eagerness to be told the reason for such a lugubrious wish, he remarked:

"'Cos then I could have a scarlet waistcoat, couldn't I?"

John and Eve would have got on very well together. They could have discussed so tirelessly the question of personal decoration.

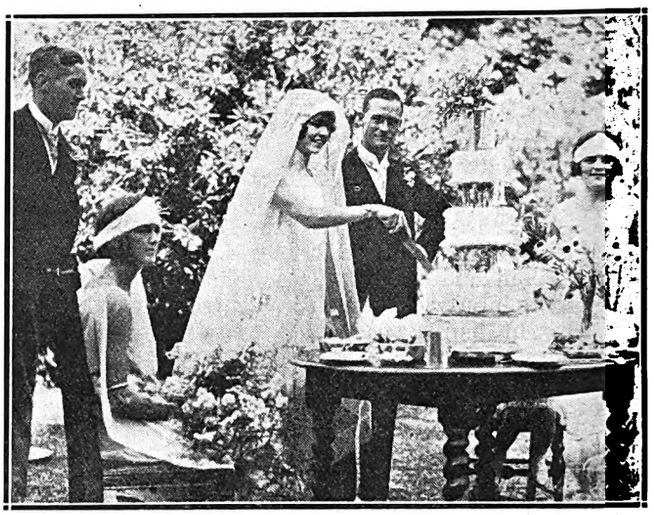
I would not have you think that Christmas is not a merry time in England. It is. But it has lost some sense of dignity, some lovely, snuggly, safe-inside-on-a-wet-night feeling. Perhaps it is because Santa Clause doesn't come any more to fill the houses with laughter and breath-taking expectation. Perhaps it is because England is becoming less sentimental and more matter-of-fact. But I think that Dickens—the father of Tiny Tim and David Copperfield and Oliver Twist, and that irascible, preposterous old Scrooge—would be a disallusioned man if he suddenly turned up from some limbo where he lives with the Old Gentleman of Christmas. Perhaps it was his ghost I heard howling round the house on Christmas Eve, bewailing lost days and lamenting our sophistication; or maybe it was just the voice of the Fairy Who Stands At The Top Of The Christmas Tree weeping because we no longer believe she is the most beautiful thing in the world.

No, this young Christmas is a very diffident and supercilious fellow. I shouldn't be surprised if he died quite soon, in spite of his long-lived ancestry, in spite of his equipment of presents and wine and turkeys and nuts and raisins, in spite of the sprig of holly in his cap and the mistletoe-leaf in his button-hole. And though we are still in half-mourning for his father we'll wear no purple for him.

But wait. I find I must forgive him. There is one thing that really does weigh the scales a little in his favour. For he *has* brought us Peter Pan, just as his father brought Peter Pan to London every year for so long.

And for anybody who brings us the eternal Little Boy Who Wouldn't Grow Up, the cosy woman-sprite Wendy who so dearly loved to have a baby in the cradle and to sew a button on; the fat pirate Smee stitching away at his sewing machine and harshly tearing his material in the middle of "Yo, ho, ho"; Captain Hook with his menacing hand-piece of crooked iron; the beloved and terrifying crocodile who had once swallowed an alarm clock whose constant ticking could be heard for miles around; the "darling little house with roof of mossy green" which the Lost Boys (who had fallen out of their perambulators in babyhood and who were left to providence by uncaring nursemaids) built for their mother; the Never Never Land which is on the "second turning to the right and straight on till morning"; and the blue lights which are the boy fairies, and the white ones which are the girl fairies, and the mauve ones which are just darling little sillies who don't know what they are"—for anybody who brings all these dear things to us, must we not have a word of praise?

Young Christmas, you're not what your father was, alas! But here's a kiss for both your eyes because you've brought us back such merry, wise, heart-mastering, inconsequential nonsense!



CUTTING THE CAKE

at the wedding of Miss Bailey, daughter of late Doctor Bailey, to Mr. Sampson, son of the Rev. Coldstream Sampson. The reception was held at the home of Sir Malcolm and Lady Searl.

YOUR PHOTOGRAPH? JANE PLOTZ WILL ADVISE YOU. ART STUDIOS, THRUPP'S BUILDINGS.

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A Letter from Paris.

By Madame Lily Levy wife of Monsieur Emile Levy, President of the French Club, Johannesburg.

Paris, with its subtle charm, its indescribable atmosphere of Vertige, has cast its spell over me.

Whether I am in the Bois de Bologne, watching the swallows basking themselves in the sum-warmed sand, standing at the Guignol Show on the Champs Elysees admiring adorable little French children toddling around in the brightest of yellow or orange shades, looking at a troop of midinettes as they come out of the smart fashion temples in the Rue de la Paix, or whether I am sitting in one of the cafés of the boulevards noticing the various types around me, the long-haired artist, the little midinette with her face "arranged" in the most amazing shades of ochre, the charm of Paris is there in all its intensity. But it is on a Sunday morning, between the hours of eleven-thirty and one o'clock, that one sees the smartest woman of Paris strolling down the Avenue du Bois, and it is there that an interested spectator can make most useful studies. It is a woman's duty to be immaculately appointed, and Frenchwomen never go out of doors without being conscious of looking their best; it gives them a wonderful amount of self-assurance. I have often noticed that their clothes never look brand new, nor do they seem dressed up for the occasion.

Madame Lily Levy.

Cultured taste of to-day demands the harmony of straight, long, simple lines, particularly in tailored suits. The new silhouette remains straight, bodices are utterly plain, although the skirts may boast a flare—but from below the knees.

V necks are newer than the boat-shaped neck line.

Scallops are very much in vogue, they are seen on hems of dresses, capes, panels, etc. Skirts are worn about twelve inches from the ground, and are no more than a yard around the bottom.

The gardenia and "done to death" camelia have been ousted by chrysanthemums or carnations, and are still worn on the shoulder of evening gowns.

Talking of evening gowns—lace, shaded georgettes or metal laces are *le grand chic*.

I have realised why *la Parisienne* is so smart; she pays the greatest attention to detail; shoes, stockings, hats, gloves, all have had especial thought. The stockings now *en vogue* are cinnamon, buff-coloured and "biege-salmon," if such a colour exists. However, the stocking shops invent the most alluring names for these differently shaded flesh coloured hose.

There is no need for dressy afternoon clothes. Smart sports clothes have now taken their place, and I might almost say sports clothes are the main feature of the smart woman's wardrobe to-day. But they must be wisely chosen and really expert advice is needed to secure the correct outfit.

A pale-blue or pale-green cashmere sweater over a finely box-pleated white skirt (I did not say accordian-pleated!), a muffler of beige and a beige sports hat (it must be a man's hat!), white shoes with dark-yellow leather strappings, sensible stockings and sports gloves (yellow chamois), and you have just one picture of a smart sports outfit.

I have heard it said that shingled hair is going out of fashion. This is incorrect; the smartest women are wearing their hair extremely short and well-groomed, like a man's. Then, of course, they have their eyebrows pencilled into a neat long line.

And their complexion is still ochre, with "mandarin" red cheeks and brilliant red lips.

I could write an entire chapter of the wonderful perfumes used in Paris. Perhaps some day I will. However, in this letter I want to tell you about the coats Madame wears over her very simple black dress, for in Paris black is mostly worn. Wildcat's and leopard's skin are greatly to the fore as coat trimmings this season. There are some coats made of fine kashmir fabrics in the new dull suede finish. English velvet is also used most effectively.

The gowns worn beneath the coat must be immaculately simple, for, of course, at a "five o'clock" dance—usually taken at the hour of 6 or 6.30, but still called "fif o'clock" by *la Parisienne*, Madame slips off her outer covering and *tout le monde*—and the *monde* consists, of course, of the other women's eager eyes—regards her gown.

Whilst taking my tea in a smart place, Claridge, Ritz, the Afternoon Tea! or the Hermitage on the Champs Elysees, or any other of these places where fashion meets, I have often tried to put aside thoughts of clothes and follow the mentality of the Parisienne by listening to her conversation. It is usually *L'Armour! La Mode! et la Vie chere!*

I love Frenchwomen, they are so prehistorically normal in their mode of thinking. Love—clothing—food—three essential things. Why worry about Herr Einstein's theory, it sounds so incomprehensible, *si difficile*, anyhow. Why worry about philosophy? Have not many of the philosophers died insane?

Ah no, indeed! Madame who has puckered up her delicate brow in the effort of deep thought, quickly fetches out her mirrow to see whether this last deep thought has produced any line or wrinkle on her forehead, and finding it has not, quickly dusts her face with powder, rouges her lips gracefully, and then, spraying herself with Chypre from a tiny jewelled bottle, settles back in her chair with a sigh of relief, and at peace with herself and the world in general.

Of course, there are innumerable fashion temples in Paris, and each house creates several miracles of wonder every season, but it is impossible to follow each and every whim of fashion's decree. so the intelligent woman will sit down and "sort things out" calmly and dispassionately. Stout women should wear loose fitting gowns with as little trimming as possible (some day I will also tell you of correct corsets, weight reduction and black lingerie).

I can only again repeat, it is the small accessories that complete the whole, careful and thoughtful planning out of one's wardrobe, and mainly, perhaps, dressing to suit one's individuality.

Study your lines and dress accordingly.

A well-groomed, pretty woman, is a perfect joy, and Paris abounds with them. But then, as I said at the beginning of this letter, there is something indescribable in the Paris atmosphere, and it's small wonder that the French people are full of "Joie de Vivre."

Colonel Collings Wells, C.B.E., D.S.O., and his wife left Johannesburg for Lourenço Marques on Monday last.

Their visit was particularly interesting to all who knew Mrs. Collings Wells as pretty Victoria Hutchinson, daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Hutchinson, with whom they have been staying.

Travelling with them is the Hon. H. E. Edwards, second son of Lord Kensington, who takes the greatest delight in all the new experiences afforded by this tour of South Africa in the company of people who have many friends in all parts of the Union.

After leaving Delagoa Bay, the first step in the return journey, the party will visit Mombasa and Nairobi, and make a five weeks' tour of East Africa, visiting a tobacco farm owned by Colonel Collings Wells.

From there they go on to Cairo and eventually back to London and High Wickham, Bucks. *A.A.*

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The Week.

Paragraphed and Photographed

Without offence to friends or foes
I sketch your world exactly as
it goes.

Mussolini.

A man in Johannesburg has received a private letter from one of the most influential noblemen in Italy, in which he says "You must not believe all the nonsense appearing in British newspapers about Mussolini. The dramatic interlude of the past few weeks has not such great significance as you might suppose. He still has the cauntry behind him and his power is not seriously affected by the so called demonstrations against him."

The Gum Tree.

An Australian writes:—

There are places in this wonderful land of yours very reminiscent of Australia, especially those stretches between Johannesburg and Pretoria, where the gum trees grow into fairly extensive plantations. In Australia, the gum, or Eucalyptus, dominates the landscape. It is almost the only tree excepting, of course, our national "wattle."

In recent years, especially in the months since Wembley opened, the gum trees have created a new industry for Australia. Thousands upon thousands of bottles of eucalyptus oil were sold at the exhibition, and its curative properties have been given wide publicity. It is a fact that the perfume of the gum trees in Australia is so strong that it can be smelled at sea before land is sighted. *O.P.*

A Racing Personality: W. L. Randall.

There is no better known figure at racing headquarters, and the other principal courses of the Union, than W. L. Randall, who, for a considerable time past, has been trainer for Sir Abe Bailey. Sir Abe has two training establishments in South Africa, but the first is that presided over at Booysens by Mr. Randall.

MR. W. L. RANDALL.

Mr. Randall is the scion of a Surrey family, many of whom, particularly as soldiers, have played a distinguished part.

"W.L." came to this country as a youth of 24, and, following the instincts of the Randalls, soon found himself engaged in the sporting world. For a long time he raced a few horses on his own account. His first real opportunity of showing he was a master of the profession he adopted came when he was engaged as private trainer to the late Sir George Farrar. With good horses to manipulate he soon made it plain that he had the faculty of getting a horse fit to do his best. How did he do it? The horses came out looking big, but the bigness was all hard muscle; and this was astonishing to most of his confreres, whose charges, when brought out to race, metaphorically speaking, were trained to go through a gas-pipe. The faculty which few acquire is in getting a horse both strong and fit.

Mr. Randall has not much time for flapper meetings; he would much sooner have a day's shooting or a day's fishing than go to such gatherings. "Meetings at which good horses compete, or none at all," is his motto.

Familiarity, they say, breeds contempt, but, tell it not in Gath, although he is "Billy" to most of his acquaintances, W. L. R. remains the gentleman he always has been: is as respected as he is popular. *G. H. H.*

MR. PAUL DE GROOT, *the Dutch actor, who is touring the schools of the Union under the direction of the Education Board.*

MR. JUSTICE GREENBERG, *the new judge, who sat on Pretoria bench for the first time last week.*

Surfing.

I have surfed at Muizenberg. Bravely venturing out, with my board under my arm, into the surprisingly warm water, I was told what to do and I tried it. And I can remember few moments more exhilarating—except, perhaps, the time when I scored my first try—than that when I caught my first wave and was swept away on the crest, with the roar of surf in my ears, towards the shore.

After surfing, one has coffee. To surf without drinking coffee afterwards, or to drink coffee without having first surfed is, at Muizenberg, a deadly sin against form. And out there they are very keen on form. So I had coffee.

In a little cafe, from which I could see the sea and the bathers, I watched, it seemed, the whole world go by. Everybody was there with or without his wife. If without, then somebody else invariably brought her along in a minute or two. Muizenberg, on a Sunday morning, is not a place for honeymoon couples. *The Gossip.*

Yachting Nights.

In a quiet part of the Capetown docks is the "yachtsmen's corner." Here, during the week, fifteen yachts lie quietly at their moorings with only occasionally a visitor. On one of them a man lives all the year round.

Then on Saturday afternoons the corner wakes into life. Barefooted, jerseyed men run about the decks, sails are hoisted, moorings released and, one by one, the yachts make for the open sea. Soon they are back again, sails and decks wet from the waves that have been beaten up by a south-easter; the crews wet and tired, but happy. In the quiet waters of the dock basin moorings are picked up and stoves lighted for tea.

But it is the evening time at the docks that is the best, when the moon shines full across still water, and all around lights of big ships are lit. Then it is the gramophones are set going, and the crew sit around on deck, smoking and recalling exciting yachting days in a squall in the Bay or a tough trip in the face of a south-easter from Robben Island. *The Gossip.*

Capetown's New Club.

One of the things that Capetown has lacked is now to be supplied, and we are to have a Country Club. All the details have been published in full in the local Press, and the site, at Newlands, has been chosen.

Few people in Capetown know that there is already a little country club at Lakeside, where amateur yachtsmen spend their week-ends. Ideal yachting nights on the lake end in moonlight dances on the stoep of the local hotel, and there is a real club atmosphere about those who gather there. The same people, a cheery band I have found them, gather every week-end, and the new country club will probably draw them away from this week-end resort.

The Gossip.

KODAK SNAPS ENLARGED AND PAINTED BY JANE PLOTZ, ART STUDIOS, THRUPP'S BUILDINGS.

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Miss Iris Hoey, the famous English actress whose season of "Clothes and the Woman" opens in Johannesburg on February 2nd.

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Dancing and Shoes.

From Capetown comes news of the progress of the arrangements of the Black and White ball in which Princess Alice is keenly interested. Her Royal Highness suggested the inclusion of special lancers on the programme and is dancing in them herself. "Moonlight Revels" sound very intriguing and will start at ten-thirty, and although the organizers are keeping things a great secret I heard tell of Columbine and Harlequin, of a fairy house and other exciting things. I have headed this paragraph, "Dancing and Shoes" I am sure you are wondering where the shoes come in.

It is thus. At a dance a day or two ago there arrived one of our prettiest girls with a pair of very low heeled, tissue shoes on. "I like the low heels" I said to her, "but don't you find them uncomfortable for dancing in?" The young thing smiled and drew a pair of heels out of her bag—click! They were fastened on, and away she swept on her partner's arm! No, it is no use your telephoning me (you can't anyway, we have the automatic) I am looking myself for the shop where she bought them.

Mr. Walter Brodie.

Mr. Walter Brodie, who has arrived in South Africa to assist with the production and stage management of Miss Iris Hoey's productions is well known in character comedy parts. He first appeared under Edmund Lockwood's management in "La Poupée," touring through the whole of England and gaining valuable experience. Since then he has played in opera at Convent Garden, Drury Lane; in light opera at the New Theatre, Criterion, Lyric; was stage director at the Savoy Theatre for five years with Robert Courtneidge, and was the stage director in the original production of "Paddy the Next Best Thing." Mr. Brodie has played in musical comedy and was at the Playhouse with Cyril Maud. Like everyone else, at one period of his life, Mr. Brodie wrote a play, a masterpiece of comedy. "One part," he says, "stood out alone, a glorious comedy part for a young sprightly little comedian . . . but where was he to be found?—who was he?—Ah! a brain wave—my friend Billy, of course, it was Billy to the last button. Seizing the phone, I rang up the Duke of Yorks Theatre—Yes, Billy was there—I explained—the upshot was, half-an-hour later, I was closeted with Billy reading my masterpiece. Billy was dozing—I could almost have sworn it—he emphatically denied the accusation, but half-way through the second act Morpheus had claimed him. I was preparing to steal into the fog of St. Martin's Lane (more in sorrow than in anger), when again a brain wave struck me admidships. I scribbled a note: 'You are forgiven.—Walter,' pinned it on his coat and stole away. The last post that night brought me a letter from Billy containing my note—on the reverse side of which was written: 'You are NOT.—Billy.'"

Miss Margaret Riddick.

Miss Margaret Riddick, who will appear next week with Miss Iris Hoey, in "Clothes and the Woman," is one of the few people who have had their talent recognised at an early age. She was fortunate enough to attract the attention of Mr. Charles S. M. Raikes, who engaged her as principal dancer in "Omar Khayyam" in the West End of London, and, despite her youth (she was only seventeen), she became an immediate success. It was against parental wishes that Miss Riddick adopted the stage as a career. She had always been greatly attracted by the lure of the footlights, but her family was adamant, and only consented, after great pressure had been brought upon them, to allow her to train as an instructor for stage dancing. Despite her success in "Omar Khayyam" she was forced to return home, and it was only after a severe breakdown in health, which convinced her parents of her sincerity, that she was allowed to take up stage work seriously and go to the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art, founded by Sir Herbert Tree. Since then Miss Riddick has played in "Charley's Aunt," taking the part of Ela Delahay; played "Millicent," in "When Knights were Bold"; "Hilda Peppercorn," in "Jill the Giant Killer," in which production Miss Iris Hoey also took part; juvenile lead in "The Gay Young Bride," with Herbert Clifton; and "Angela," the Governor's daughter, in "The Maid of the Mountains."

Miss Iris Hoey Is Here.

A very smart little woman in a fawn Bouclette suit, a small hat and her arms full of roses, alighted from the Cape mail on Tuesday. Friends greeted her to right and left—Miss Iris Hoey, who will open at His Majesty's Theatre on Monday, February 2nd, had arrived. There was such a hurry and hustle, so many introductions to get through, that it was not until we were seated in the Carlton palm court that I could ask her the first question. Now it should have been: "How do you like South Africa?" for that is the way all real interviewers start. Instead, I asked: "How is Baby John?" Miss Hoey immediately beamed on me and told me how much she had hated leaving him behind. Mr. Cyril Raymond pursued a calm silence and refused to be drawn. At last he said: "I have determined not to speak about my son (these last two words very proudly) because I realise what people who rave about their offspring sound like. I met Stanley Drewitt in London once, and he told me all about his child, a remarkable lad. "I took him down to a railway crossing, and as the train steamed past, what do you think the intelligent little chap said?," he asked. "No idea at all," answered Mr. Raymond. "He said 'Puff-puff, dada,'" was the triumphant reply. And then and there I determined never to talk about a child of mine.

Both Miss Hoey and Mr. Raymond are, if I may be forgiven for being so familiar, a pair of exceedingly jolly people who simply radiate happiness. Miss Hoey has the most lovely colouring and delightful tawny-shaded hair. She told me heaps about other people, but was exceedingly modest about herself. It was when she was in management on her own at the Duke of York's Theatre that she first met her husband. She wanted a leading man to play with her in "Priscilla and the Profligate," and Mr. Raymond applied. "I said at once he wouldn't do; he was too young. Then when we went on the stage I decided he would, and then I decided I liked him very much, and then he asked me to marry him—and I did."

Miss Hoey tells a good story of two maids who were discussing "Sacred and Profane Love," in which she was appearing at the Aldwych Theatre. Said the one: "Where did you go on your night out?" Said No. 2: "I went to see Iris 'Oey in 'Scared and Insane Love'!

Miss Hoey spoke with great longing of her baby and told me Captain Harold Marshall Harwood is his godfather. Captain Harwood and his talented wife wrote "The Pelican," one of Miss Hoey's favourite plays, which she will put on in Johannesburg. Miss Fryn Tennyson Jesse also wrote "Secret Bread," and has just published a wonderful book on murders.

Dancing, golf and reading are Miss Hoey's hobbies, and she is very, very superstitious, at which Mr. Raymond scoffed until he had to confess he carried round an amethyst heart she had given him "for luck."

And so two dear, bright people have come to town—and you'll all love them. *C.R.*

France in Capetown.

There is a man in Capetown, searching for an office, who hopes to do big things in South Africa. He is M. Georges Simons, a Frenchman, the first Trade Commissioner that France has ever sent to South Africa. "People imagine that France only provides the world with pretty frocks, exquisite perfumes and cinema films," said M. Simon to me. "My object in coming to South Africa is to reveal the fact that France can supply machinery for the Rand mines and electrical goods of all kinds." This French Trade Commissioner is an interesting personality. He has been all round the world, having, like Pierre Loti, served as a Commander on a French destroyer. He was with Monsieur Viviani and General Joffre when they visited Washington to discuss the famous naval agreement. *Beachcomber.*

FOR A PORTRAIT OF YOURSELF OR YOUR BABY—JANE PLOTZ, ART STUDIOS, THRUPP'S BUILDINGS.

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Racing Notes.

Current Topics.

By "Observer."

Revision of Racing Dates.

There is no lack of reciprocity between the leading racing institutions in the Union. At the same time there has never been any sort of consultation one with the other as to arrangement of dates in the best interest of the sport. Each centre has been content to go its own way and place its fixtures on the Calendar, with appropriate intervals between each, at periods deemed most suitable for its own particular centre. The time has arrived when co-ordination should supersede the present mode of procedure. It cannot be supposed any one centre desires to monopolise all the most favourable times of the year for its racing. The spirit of give-and-take in matters of sport is proverbial, and that spirit, one is sure, permeates the heads of our racing concerns. Some time back this paper ventured to suggest that the leading Capetown club, the South African Turf Club, should launch out to the extent of arranging an annual gathering on the same lines as the Durban July meeting. This idea has been taken up in Capetown. There would seem to be nothing in the way of the carrying out of the project, except the clashing of dates with some important gathering elsewhere; and, as suggested, there need only be a little co-ordination in order to avoid this. Racing fixtures are not like unto the laws of the Medes and Persians—unalterable.

Anent Yearlings.

Dignity, one of the very best turf performers of our colonial-bred stock, has made a great name at stud as the dam of Dignitary. And the mare's paddock fame is likely to be still further enhanced. Dignity has been a somewhat shy breeder, but her yearling filly by Polystome, now on the Rand, is spoken of as super-excellent. Herself somewhat on the leg, it might be expected that Dignity was a very suitable mate for Polystome, a horse of great substance, set close to the ground. Anyway, the racing men who have seen the daughter of the twain, are enthusiastic as to her good looks. The filly has been acquired by a patron of George Weale's stable, and presumably will not be seen among the yearlings at the Show.

It is also doubtful if any of the progeny of the crack sire, Brown Ronald, will be paraded, inasmuch as Mr. Forbes has already parted with all yearling colts by that sire, save the brother to Narrow Gauge, and it is quite on the cards that this one, a much better-looking colt than was the Guineas winner at the age, will change hands before Show time.

The Brown Ronald—War Map yearling, now in W. Pickering's stable, is a particularly fine colt; while the colt from Stanza, the only offspring of that mare, sold at the same time, is also a real good-looker.

Yet, though some of the gems among the yearlings will not be seen at the Show, there will be no lack of quality on hand for buyers to choose from. The big draft from Sir Abe Bailey's Clewer Stud will, by itself, be an attraction. Then, there will be the come-early ones from Dwarsvlei; and it can be confidently stated that Mr. Bland's Cardinal Wolsey youngsters will be sought after.

At the Park.

But for the damper placed on the proceedings by an accident in the second race, whereby four jockeys were more or less seriously injured, the meeting at Auckland Park on Saturday was decidedly a successful one. The field for the race in which the accident occurred numbered no less than 29, which is a larger number than the course can really accommodate, having in view the crude horsemanship of the majority of our apprentice riders. With good horsemanship such an accident could hardly have taken place, but with the riders we now have doing duty as jockeys there is always a fear of an accident such as the one on Saturday, and the bigger the field the bigger the danger.

The chief race at the Park fell to that sterling filly, Princess Alice. No one of our horsemen is anything like the equal to Strydom when it comes to a race over the severe mile and a quarter at the Park, and although Princess Alice won at the end very comfortably, her success can be ascribed as mainly due to Strydom's jockeyship. There is no doubt, however, the filly is endowed with stamina. Dark Brown, who started favourite for the race, did not shape nearly so well as expected, was indeed beaten for the minor place by a stable companion, Jacques, who, on stable estimate, was reckoned far behind Dark Brown over the particular course.

Blacksmith II., who lost his maiden certificate by taking the Juvenile Plate on Saturday, is the first foal of the Marcovil mare, Anvil, a good mare that raced without much luck. Blacksmith II. had had two or three previous essays, and was unfortunate in these, for he was on two occasions badly kicked at the post. He escaped trouble at the Park, and scored in good style, and further successes should await him, for he is a very taking-looking customer.

Second again was the portion of The Woods in his race on Saturday. The Woods can really be coupled as the "always unfortunate" with his stable companion, Dr. Young's Fiction—a pair always so near and yet so far. It was Rugby, the grey in Sproule's stable, showing good form at present, that came between The Woods and victory this last time.

There was an exciting finish in the chief sprint race, in which the favourite, King's Daisy, was just touched off by Magicienne and Spin More, who could not be separated for first award. In the inevitable run-off Spin More was slightly preferred, but class told, and Mr. Browse's Handicap aspirant won in hollow style.

Benoni Races on Saturday.

The week-end racing is at Benoni. The entries are not so numerous as usual, the falling-off being probably due to the fact that the owners have now to find the full fees for jockeys. This does not imply there will be a shortage of runners; indeed, the card will be full enough to provide fields of quite sufficient strength.

Selections.

12.30.—Steward's Plate, 5 furlongs.
Cardinal's Sin 1, Royal Poly 2, Lady Poly 3.
1.10.—Galloway Handicap "B," 6 furlongs.
Desmonia 1, Tamworth 2, Hood 3.
1.50.—Galloway Handicap "A," 1 mile.
Golden Flower 1, Taramis 2, Roman Girl 3.
2.30.—Boksburg Handicap "C," 6 furlongs
Spartacus 1, The Woods 2, On Land 3.
3.10.—Boksburg Handicap "A," 1¼ miles.
Weale's selected 1, Merry Legs 2, Prudens 3.
3.50.—Boksburg Handicap "B," 1 mile.
Tea Fight 1, Spin More 2, Rugby 3.
4.30.—Boksburg Handicap "D," 7 furlongs.
General Hunter 1, Dark Purple 2, Bush Dove 3.
5.10.—Galloway Handicap "C," 7 furlongs.
Great Karroo 1, Sybil M. 2, Carmelita 3.

BENONI RACES

Saturday, January 24,

8 RACES 8

TIP TOP ENTRIES.

Catch the 11.15 Race Special from Park.

First Race at 12.30 p.m. Last Race at 5.10 p.m.

'Phone 135 Benoni.
" 32 Racecourse.

T. HEWITT,
Secretary.

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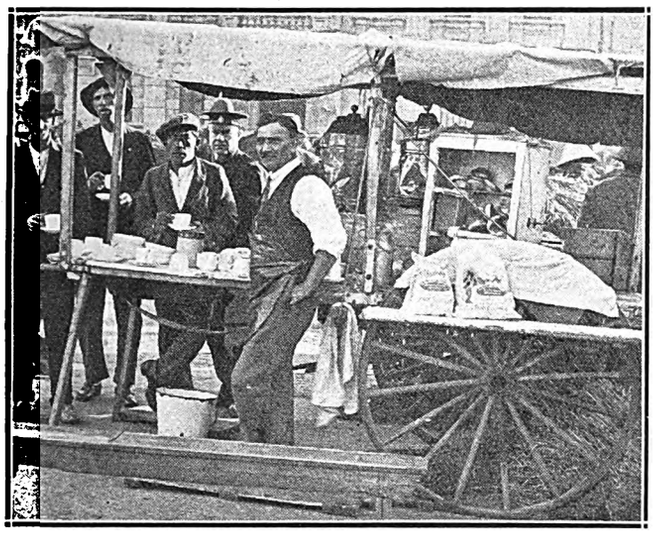
In Port Elizabeth.



The early coffee stall at the Port Elizabeth Markets. A stall has appeared in the same spot every morning for seventy-five years.

A vegetarian's heaven: The Port Elizabeth vegetable market.

Photographs by R. L. Shanagan.

A scene from "Daughters of Pleasure," the film to be screened at the Orpheum for three nights, opening on Monday, January 26.

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Quality with age

John Haig & Co., Ltd.,
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We are also stockists of such world-renowned hats for men as Borsalino, Lincoln Bennett, and Battersby. Popular prices prevail.

WARD & SALMONS

Competition Results.

No less than five hundred entries were received for the Guessing Competition advertised on page 5 of the last issue of the **South African Pictorial.** The photograph of a group of six workmen was reproduced and the public was asked to guess the name of the famous English star at present touring in Africa who was among the people in the photograph. The man in question was a woman—Miss Hetty King—and several hundred people were successful in guessing her name. Some mentioned Ted Marcel and some Miss Doris Hare, but the majority guessed that the rough-looking man second from the end in the group was Miss King disguised.

Miss King, whose season continues to be such a success at the Empire, was so pleased with the result of the competition that she has decided to present two hundred and fifty autographed photographs instead of twelve, as originally arranged. The following are the names of the people who win the first, second and third prizes of two guineas, one guinea and a half, and one guinea:—

First Prize:

A. Robinson,
6, Gordon Terrace,
Yeoville, Johannesburg.

Second Prize:

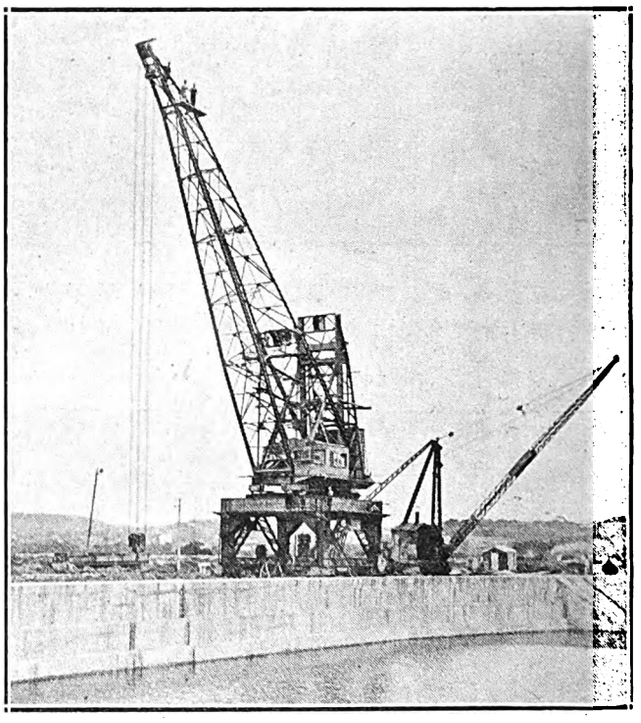
Y. D. van Rensburg,
42, Pritchard Street,
Johannesburg

Third Prize:

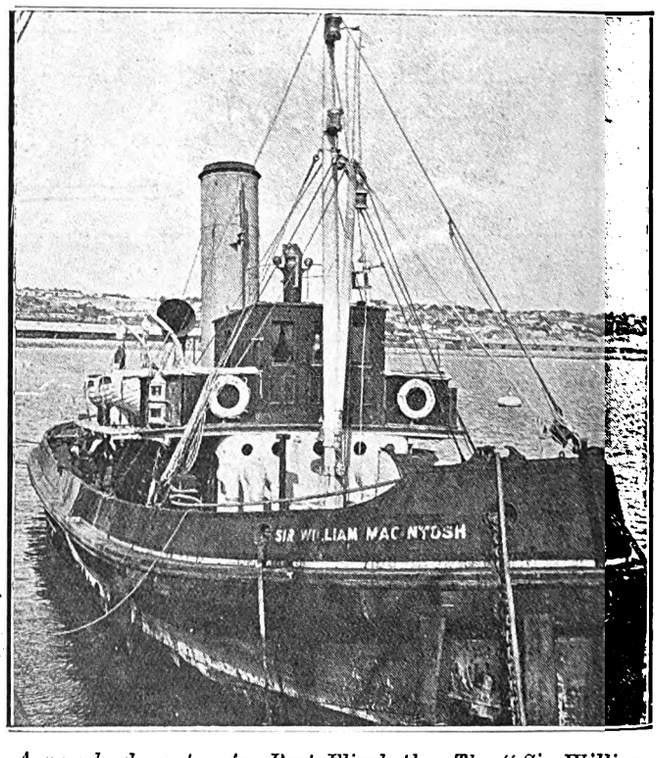
D. H. Wahl,
P.O. Box 1062,
Johannesburg.

The two hundred and fifty photographs are being posted to the other successful competitors whose entries were received after the first three prizes had been awarded.

Special double anniversary number of the "South African Pictorial" second week in February. . . . . Double size—6d.



The new mammoth crane at the Durban docks. It has a straight lift of 100 tons.
W. Bridger photograph.



A new harbour tug for Port Elizabeth. The "Sir William Mackintosh" came out from Southampton in 45 days.
R. L. Shanagan photograph.

NEW YORK STUDIOS FOR EVERY CLASS OF PHOTOGRAPHS. Corner RISSIK and PRESIDENT STS.

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Motor Engineers,
Efficient Service.

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KING'S HOTEL.
A REAL HOME FOR TRAVELLERS.
Entirely re-furnished and beautifully clean. New Hot and Cold Baths. Cuisine second to none. Good motor Accommodation. Close to Railway Station and near centre of Town.
J. J. Buchanan ... Proprietor.
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ARGYLE AND GRANTLEIGH HOTELS.
FISHING. GOLF. TENNIS. BILLIARDS.
You can stay here amid the most delightful scenery. See the Mooi River Fall
Garage. Stabling.
Private and Public Bars. Hot and Cold Baths. Electric Light Throughout
First-Class Accommodation and Cuisine.
J. F. Martyn, Proprietor.
Telephone 16 - - - - - - - - P.O. Box 16

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HOFFMANN'S GARAGE
P.O. Box 98 . . Telephone 28
For Repairs to all makes of Cars
Oil, Petrol and Motor
Accessories Stocked.
The Garage recommended by all Travellers.

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I. Michel - - - Proprietor
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Official Hotel to:
Transvaal Automobile Club and Rand Motor-Cycle Club.
Travellers' Rendezvous.

VOLKSRUST.

VOLKSRUST HOTEL.
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Official Hotel to Transvaal Automobile Club.
Central: Travellers' Rendezvous.
Lockup Garage and Sample Rooms.
Large Airy Bedrooms. Hot and Cold Water. Excellent Table.
Under the Management of:
J. McKenna.

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For Repairs to all makes of Cars.
Oil, Petrol and Motor
Accessories Stocked.

NEWCASTLE, NATAL

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Official Hotel to Transvaal Automobile Club, and Natal Automobile Club. The leading Hotel in the District. Smoking, Billiard and Commercial Rooms.
Motors, Horses and Carts for hire. Laundry on the Premises. Electric Light, etc. Sample Rooms. In centre of the Town.
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The Hupmobile Service Station.
Stockist of Petrol, Oil and Grease.
All Work on every Car guaranteed.

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WHITE HOUSE HOTEL.
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P.O Box 21 . . Telephone 10.
Newly built and renovated throughout. Sample Rooms. Five Minutes from Falls. Billiard Room, Public and Private Bars.
Family and Commercial Hotel.
Lock-up Garages.

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All kinds of Repairs done to Motors, Oil and Steam Engines, Farm Implements, etc., etc.

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For Travellers.
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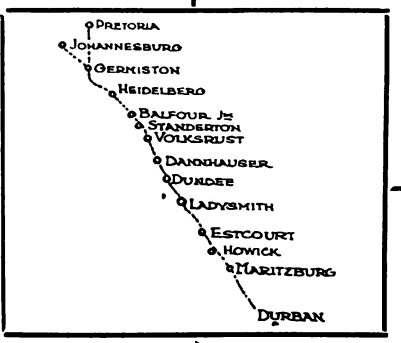

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Furnished and re-built throughout. Porte meets all trains. Comfortable Family and Commercial Hotel. Every attention paid to guests. Best of Liquors.
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CROWN HOTEL.
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P.O. Box 9. Telephone 85.
Tel. Address: "Crown."
Official Hotel to Transvaal Automobile Club. The Hotel Travellers stop at. Centre of Town. Sample Rooms and Garages.

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For The Best Catering.
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For the best table between Johannesburg and Durban.
Hotel overlooks the Falls. 40 Bedrooms.
Large Garage.
Day and Night Phone.
Hot and Cold Baths.
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Next Door to Theatre.
Commercials and Theatricals specially catered for.
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Prompt and reliable repairs to all makes of Travellers' Cars.
Oil, Petrol and Tyres stocked.
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Best Country Hotel to stay on way to Durban

GRANGE HOTEL,

BALFOUR.

Ask any Traveller.

Proprietor - F. H. BURROWS.

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The Cost of Being a Man.

It is not given to many people to see a charming lady transform herself little by little into an immaculate young man before their eyes! But so it happened to me the other evening. The scene? The star dressing-room at the Empire, Johannesburg, where the rose-coloured shaded lights shone down on silver trinkets. And in front of this most unmasculine dressing-table sat Miss Hetty King, the famous male impersonator; a little lady with all the winning ways of woman; all her guile (I saw her wangle, I believe that is the correct word, a new gown from her husband, Captain Lamond). She has grey eyes that decide at once if you are griend or only one of the many ships that pass in the night. It is the contrast in Miss King that strikes one so forcibly. First, as she sat in her pretty dresing gown, we talked as women do—as they do around the teapot on a wet afternoon. Clothes! Babies! Houses! And ever and anon there flashed through my mind the vision of a smart, scarlet-clad soldier, strutting on the stage; the vision of the old sailor cutting up his "baccy." Then, while before me combing her long wavy hair, sat one of the most womanly women I have ever met.

"Shingled? No, I cling to my "crowning glory." It is a wig, of course, that I wear on the stage. I am certainly not against anyone shingling their hair, but I can't understand women with lovely, long tresses willingly sacrificing them. You must study your face too. It may be better to be dead than not fashionable, but Dame Fashion is an erratic old soul who does not cater for the world at one fell swoop. Of course, some women look very nice with their hair bobbed or shingled, and I must tell you how smart I find you women in South Africa. I was truly amazed at them and at your shops; so up-to-date. Clothes? I adore them. Once I thought I'd like a change and be a girl for once. So I got a lovely act, came on as a young man going to a fancy dress dance. To my horror, stage horror is very impressive, I found they had sent the wrong clothes, those of a woman, such a charming Louis period costume. So I took the audience into my confidence and said we'd see what it felt like to be a woman; the stage was blacked out, I made a quick change . . . . and no one knew me. I had to take off my wig at the end to convince them. So I decided to remain a stage boy! But clothes are a hobby of mine, together with riding and fishing. I can sit for hours and fish ("The only time my wife ever keeps quiet," interjected Captain Lamond).

"Houses," she went on, "are a great source of interest to me. I love my house, it's just like me, my friends say. I have two dining rooms; one, old English oak where we go when we feel we are part of the backbone of the British Empire, and we drink beer in tankards; the other very French, suitable to our more frivolous moods. I am always buying for my house."

"Yes," said Captain Lamond, "she bought a dinner set in Christchurch, probably the most southerly point in the Empire, and now we have to carry it everywhere with us and it adds years on my life seeing it's not broken."

"That's so," said Miss King, unabashed, "but it does match my glasses so beautifully."

"It is a very expensive business, this being a man," she went on, "You will notice my suits and uniforms are the real thing, made as if for a man and are no copies to suit a woman. My evening clothes cost me 30 guineas, uniforms, I hardly dare tell you, boots eight guineas a pair and my shirts as much. Of course, a man stops at that, but I have a wardrobe of women's clothes for off the stage, so it is quite as expensive as dressing two people. Of course, I love my work, and I love the audiences in South Africa, both here and Durban they have been very good to me."

Just then the call boy came and I went into the wings and watched. The smart kilted boy took the stage, the guardsman followed with a click of the heels, the young man about town, the sailor . . . . each a perfect gem. Masculine to the core, all the little weaknesses, the idiocyncrasies of the sterner sex portrayed as in a mirror . . . . and the woman who had talked babies and houses with such rapt attention—Hetty King, woman and great artist. *C.R.*

Johannesburg Bioscopes.

The bioscopes this coming week are all presenting good programmes which will greatly appeal to their patrons. For the first three days, commencing on Monday, 26th, the Orpheum Theatre will show "Daughters of Pleasure," in which Marie Prevost and Monte Blue will be featured. It is a modern drama written for the modern picture-goers. On Thursday "Romance Land," a tale of a modern Ivanhoe, will take its place and is sure to be extremely popular as the ever merry Tom Mix is the star. In addition to the pictures, Brennan and Newton, the pantomime dame and his, or should it be "her," partner, and Lola Krasavina will come direct from the Empire, where they have scored such great success.

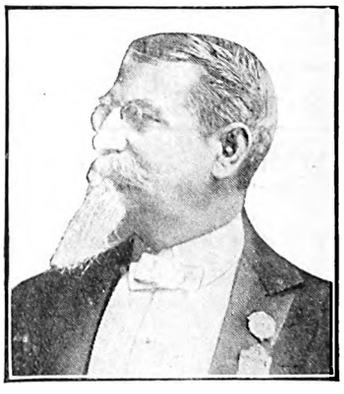
At the New Bijou, where also there will be matinees on Wednesday and Saturday at three o'clock, there will be shown the screen romance "When Knighthood was in Flower." It is a world-famous story "in a million dollar setting of dazzling splendour," as the producer describes it, and it features Marion Davies. Advance bookings can always be made at the theatre during the day, 'phone 3609.

Mrs. Marion Cran, F.R.G.S., is one of the latest arrivals at the Cape. She is a very well-known writer but, as so often happens, is better known in other countries, the old saying of the "prophet" again proving true. Mrs. Cran was born in Queenstown, her father being the Rev. E. H. Dudley, but she left for England with him when she was very small. Mrs. Cran's first book was "The life of Herbert Beerbohm Tree," but she has also published two volumes of poetry and several books on gardening. Her latest book, "The Story of my Ruin," was only reviewed in the South African Press a week ago. Now she has come over to get material for another book which Herbert Jenkins, her publishers, have commissioned. Mrs. Cran is on the staffs of the *Queen* and *Daily Telegraph*. A very bright personality, Mrs. Cran has, let me whisper it, found time in the midst of her journalistic studies to shingle her hair!

C.R.

HE WAS BALD

His Hair Grew



The merchant, Mr. John Hart Brittain, who was almost completely bald for several years, learned the secret of a wonderfully efficacious hair-growing compound. In a very short time the large spot, hitherto bald, was completely covered with luxuriant growth, which Mr. Brittain retained (as shown in the photo above). Think of it—he was bald for years.

The mixture, called Kotalko, is prepared according to the genuine formula, and contains potent ingredients from Three Kingdoms of Nature. Kotalko proved itself a quick and reliable hair-grower. It stops hair from falling out, it eliminates scurf as well. Either sex may use it. Legions of persons report new growth.

A PROOF BOX FOR YOU.

Any reader of this notice who would like a proof box of Kotalko may obtain one post-paid by sending sixpence in stamps or a 6d. postal order to John Hart Brittain, 2, Percy Street (314W), London, W.1. After using the proof box, when you observe that your hair is beginning to grow—even if you have been bald for years—you may obtain a further supply from your chemist.

KOTALKO
TRUE HAIR GROWER

Kotalko for hair growth may be obtained at most busy Chemists, or in wholesale quantities from Gardner & Co., Ltd., Port Elizabeth; Heynes, Mathew, Ltd., and Petersen, Ltd., Cape Town; Fleming's Chemists, Ltd., The Transvaal Drug Co., Ltd., and Macdonald, Adams & Co., Ltd., Johannesburg; Sive Bros., Karnovsky, Johannesburg and Durban; Turner & Co., Pietermaritzburg; Stranack & Williams and S.A. Drug Houses, Durban; or Lennon, Ltd., Cape Town, etc. etc.

RED DAISY TEA IS THE BEST—TRY IT.

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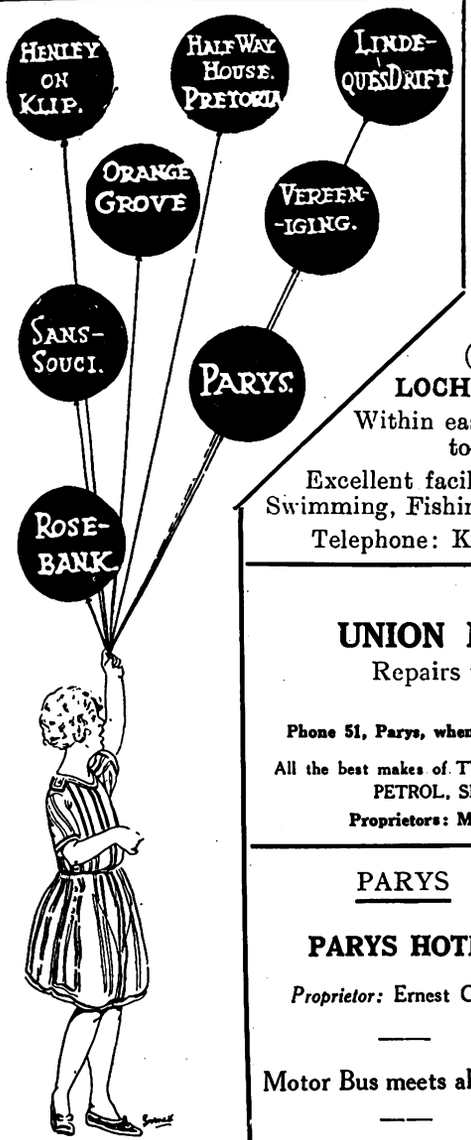
WEEK-END PLEASURE SPOTS.



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Refreshments always available. Only the best of Liquors, Cigars and Cigarettes stocked.

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LOCH VAAL HOTEL.
Within easy walking distance to Barrage.
Excellent facilities for Boating, Swimming, Fishing, Riding, Tennis.
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GLENIFFER PRIVATE HOTEL
An Ideal Spot for a nice holiday
Double-storey Building
Pleasant Balconies, extensive views of surrounding country
Tennis Court and Garage on premises.
Two minutes from Boating, Bathing, Fishing and Golf.
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First-class Accommodation and Cuisine
Hot and Cold Baths.
TERMS MODERATE
Excellent River Bathing, Boating and Fishing. Tennis Courts.
The nearest approach to the Upper Reaches of the Thames that Johannesburg possesses.—*Vide* "Star," 1915.
Conveyance meets all Trains by appointment.
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Repairs to All Makes of Cars.
White Labour:
Phone 51, Parys, when in trouble on the road with your Car.
All the best makes of TYRES in all sizes stocked. OIL, GREASE, PETROL, SPARE PARTS, ACCESSORIES,
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Hot and Cold Water. Special Catering for Picnic Parties.
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APPLY:—MANAGER.

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Bathing in front of entrance, from bed to river.
Boating. Fishing. Homely. Large Rooms, Double and Single.
Our Table will please the most fastidious. Large grounds for Picnic Parties.
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AUCKLAND PARK
(Close to Country Club)
30 Acres of Ground. Tennis Court, Garage. Unrivalled Cuisine.
The Best Wines and Spirits stocked. TERMS MODERATE.
Proprietress: Mrs. D. SPENCE. 'Phone 146 Mayfair.

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GLEN MORGAN
First-class Boarding House
Three minutes from River and Bathing Place
Breakfast, Lunch and Dinner. Comfy, Clean and Moderate Terms. Electric Light
Mrs. Frank Noakes (Soldier's Widow) S.O.E. kindly patronise me (British)
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KNOX'S
Temperance Hotel and Tea Room
Market Avenue,
(near National Bank)
Board and Accommodation 8/6 per day.
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THE ORANGE GROVE HOTEL
Situated in large grounds—View cannot be surpassed.
Large and Spacious Rooms, Bungalows, etc.
Tennis Court, Private Swimming Bath, Golf Club adjoining.
Trams pass the Hotel every 10 minutes.
Best Cuisine. Fully Licensed.
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THE ECHOES
Two minutes from Boating and Bathing.
Near P.O., Golf and Tennis
Electric Light. Hot and Cold Baths.
Excellent Table.
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PARYS
PENDARVES PRIVATE HOTEL
On River Bank. Near Town. Bathing from House. Tennis Court.
TERMS: £2-5-0 PER WEEK.
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Mrs. C. Heather, P.O. Box 61, Parys

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On the Rialto.

By Antonio.

JOHANNESBURG, Tuesday afternoon.

Evidently there were many people who agreed with my view, expressed last week, that it was anomalous for the market to rise when the price of gold had fallen to par. The fact is that the market has shed a florin to half-a-crown as far as the leading stocks are concerned. It certainly rather looked a fortnight ago as if the buying were inspired. City Deeps this morning are 62s., as against a top *ex* dividend marking of 64s. 6d., and the sister mine of the Central Rand, Crown Mines, are 54s., as against 56s. They say if anything is cheap to-day, Crowns are, as they will have a decent margin over the amount required to pay the present 4s. each half-year. Modders this morning were quoted 83s. 3d. to 83s. 6d., as against 85s. 6d. on aggressive London demand one afternoon last week (they were as high as 92s. 6d. "*cum*" in Throgmorton Street). Van Ryn Deeps, which were taken as high as 76s., were 73s. 9d. to 75s. this morning, with subsequent sales at 74s. Government Areas have withstood the easier tendency remarkably well, and there is only eighteen pence a share "change" out of seven pounds ten shillings a share. Brakpans were sold at 72s., against the highest of 73s. 6d., and Geduldes at 61s.

Main Reefs Liked.

I think Main Reefs are the solitary share which has gone up—from about 14s. 6d. to 15s. London has also been buying West Springs round about 24s., but the price is little affected.

Rand's December Profit over £1,100,000.

Seeing that there is now no premium left, the Rand did remarkably well to make a profit of £1,108,000 to wind up the year with, a year in which the Rand was responsible for quite 60 per cent. of the world's yield of the precious metal. The Transvaal's production was well over 9½ million ounces, and the optimists are looking forward to ten millions this year. But whether profits and dividends will be as good depend, of course, on the price of gold. By the way, the entry of the S.A. Reserve Bank into the gold purchasing domain, and its widened range of business, called attention to the stock which improved a pound or so to £128.

Life in the Old Wolhuter Yet.

Shareholders received the annual report of the Wolhuter this morning. There is life in this particular "old dog" yet, as, given normal conditions and adequate labour supply, the present scale of crushing upwards of 400,000 tons can be maintained throughout the year. Owing to the acquisition of 66 claims from the Goch, and also ground from the Spes Bona, the ore reserve was somewhat increased. The value is, however, only 5½ dwt., which affords a very narrow margin of profit.

The quarterly reports will be making their appearance in force next week. First in the field are those of the General Mining (Albu) group. At Van Ryn about half the footage was payable, with a value of 7 dwts.; at the West Rand Consolidated 3,000 ft. out of 7,700 assayed practically 10 dwt. over a stoping width of four feet.

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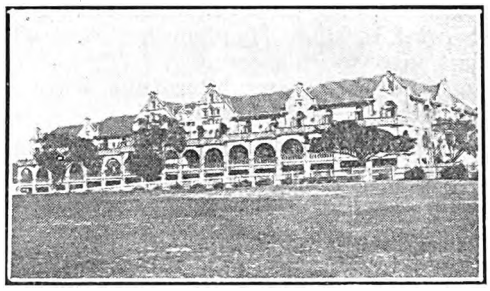

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A Great Critic Comes South.

The forthcoming visit of the Prince of Wales seems to be attracting quite a crowd of personalities to this country. At the same time as the Prince is touring the country, St. John Ervine, the well-known dramatic critic and playwright will be here. Since Mr. Ervine resigned from the *Observer*, he has been touring the world, and South Africa attracts him. I understand that he hopes to give a series of lectures in this country, one of which will be on the leading modern novelists, and at least one on George Bernard Shaw. *Beachcomber.*

When Orpheus Comes South.

An interesting personality who will be in South Africa about April is Mark Hambourg, the pianist. This is not his first visit to this country. When I last met him in London, he had many interesting stories to tell of his African travels, and the chief incident which seemed to remain in his mind was the memory of meeting six burly natives in Beira, staggering under the piano which he was to play that evening. "Ah, my God! The pianos in Africa!" he said, and shuddered at the recollection.

There is also a rumour that Moisewitch is contemplating a tour of South Africa about the same time, so that we may have the spectacle of two famous pianists playing in the same street but at different halls. It appears that since Miss Carrie Tubb's successful tour South Africa has become an interesting speculation in London music circles. *Beachcomber.*

Next Week's Calls.

WEEK COMMENCING MONDAY, JANUARY 26th, 1925.

Tivoli, Capetown.—Donald & Carson, Rosie Lloyd, Bransby Williams, Marie Lawton, Henry de Bray & Partner, Chris. Charlton.

Empire, Johannesburg.—Hetty King, Scott Sanders, Vesta Sisters, Madge Kennedy, Jas Stewart, Ed. La Vine, Alice Lloyd, Frank Fay & Little Dixie Lady.

Orpheum, Johannesburg.—Brennan & Newton, Lola Krasavina.

His Majesty's, Johannesburg. — Last week of Pantomime "Cinderella."

Grand, Pretoria.—Ted Marcel, Two Vagabonds.

Criterion, Benoni.—Jazz & Jessie, Key & Keyworth.

Criterion, Durban.—Addison & Mitrenga, Leo Sterling, Florence Rex.

Apollo, Germiston.—The Mariajanos, Lily Lena (Mon.-Tues.-Wed.).

Vaudette, Krugersdorp.—The Mariajanos, Lily Lena (Thurs.-Fri.-Sat.).

Grand, Port Elizabeth.—"The Veterans of Variety."

Opera House, Capetown.—Leon M. Lion-Renée Kelly Company in "Outward Bound."

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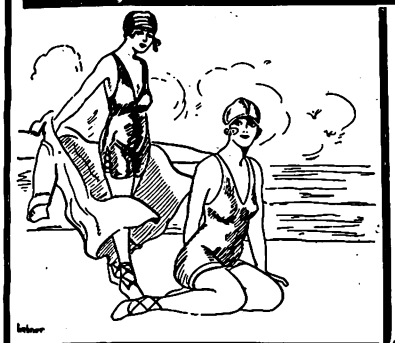

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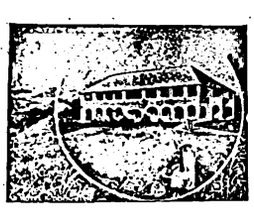

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Mr. Rex O'Malley.

Mr. Rex O'Malley, who is appearing with the Iris Hoey Company at His Majesty's next week, has crammed a lot of experience into his twenty-five years of life. He is a Varsity man and had only just graduated from amateurism when he joined Mr. Courtneidge at the Glasgow King's Theatre and played the part of Baron Henri. Mr. O'Malley played juvenile lead in "Rats"; the part of "Paris" in "Romeo and Juliet" at the Regent Theatre, London; "Amaris," in "Cyrano de Bergerac"; "Bobby," in "The Man from Toronto"; "Lord Boniface," in "The Gypsy Princess"; "Geoffrey Dangerfield," in "Stop Flirting," besides appearing on the Welsh Pearson films, and in cabaret in London and Paris. He relates an amusing incident of his theatrical career. It was apropos of his part in "Romeo and Juliet," which he was called upon to play at very short notice. Not being familiar with it he decided to concentrate his attention solely to learning the verse, leaving the duels and other business of the play to providence. When the time came he was word perfect, and all went well until the tomb scene, in which, as Paris, he has a duel with Romeo. This duel was, perforce, unrehearsed and more or less improvised by the duellists. In his nervous anxiety, Mr. O'Malley attacked Romeo with such ferocity that that gentleman, in his alarm, brought the duel to a premature conclusion, with the result that Mr. O'Malley, instead of being killed in the arranged position, fell with his head towards the footlights and lay in danger of instant decapitation. And the curtain decended while he was in this position. After a period of unspeakable anxiety, Friar Laurence came on the scene and dragged the body into a position of safety but acute discomfort. After a further period of torture for Mr. O'Malley the play finished, and to his great relief he heard the curtain descend. He instantly stood up and took up a position for the curtain call. Hearing agitated whispers in the wings he turned round to find the reason, and beheld Romeo and Juliet still prostrated on the bier, and, to his horror, realised that by coming to life too soon he had ruined a most effective curtain.

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Motoring and Motor-cycling.

By "Wire Wheel."

The G.O.M. Retires.

After fourteen years' active participation as a competition rider, Mr. Percy Flook, South Africa's premier motor cyclist, has announced his intention of retiring from competition riding.

Before 1910, in which year Flook took the mechanical two-wheeler, the cycling track knew him as one of the best racing men of his day.

In April, 1910, Flook gained his first motor cycle prize—third place in a hill climb at Observatory. Then in May he set up a record from Johannesburg to Pretoria on a Triumph in 1 hr 12. mins. 40 secs.

Since then Flook has figured in every conceivable competition, and wherever there was a prospect of achievement, Flook's name was prominent among a galaxy of talent.

Year after year saw Flook steadily climbing up the ladder of fame, until in 1913 he went to the Isle of Man and represented South Africa in the T.T. races of that year, finishing 17th out of a field of 104 starters and 30 finishers.

Flook's trophies number well towards 200, and his name is inscribed on many of the valuable floating trophies throughout the country.

Notable among his performances is the dual win and a third in the Durban-Johannesburg race, and 104 mins. for the 100 miles at Port Elizabeth.

Many records have also been established by Flook, and even to-day he is still a power with a well-tuned machine under him.

He experienced the worst of ill-luck at Port Elizabeth in the recent T.T. races; when leading by streets and winning hands down he had the misfortune to suffer a damaged frame. Had he won this would have been a fitting climax to a career awheel, which will serve as an inspiration to present-day riders.

The sport and pastime is the poorer for Flook's retiral.

Rand Motorist's Union Tour.

I have received a cheery letter from Mr. D. Luke, who is taking a two months' holiday touring the country with his wife and family.

A fortnight ago they left for Durban, and only reached the other side of Balfour on the first day owing to rain-sodden roads. The rain followed them all the way to Durban, and, says friend Luke, the main road to Durban is a perfect—nightmare during wet weather.

They have now reached East London—after a two days' stay at Durban—which place they reached *via* a return to Maritzburg, Ixopo, Umzimkulu, Kokstad, Umtata, Butterworth, East London.

Heavy rains in Pondoland made the prospect of the trip to Port St. John's impossible.

Writing of the hills in the Transkei, Mr. Luke says, to compare them with Mulder's Drift is like comparing Twist Street with Mulder's Drift.

They were due to leave East London on Saturday last, making for Grahamstown and Port Elizabeth, and on through Knysna and Mossel Bay to Capetown.

Although the car Mr. Luke is driving was new and with little mileage under its wheels, yet he states he only filled up with oil after 700 miles, and despite low-gear work never had to add to the water in the radiator. His petrol consumption was 27 m.p.g., which, considering the weight carried, is excellent.

A scene from "Daughters of Pleasure," to be shown at the Orpheum, Johannesburg, on Monday, January 26. Marie Prevost is the star.

An Appeal.

In Easter of 1922, a boy scout named James King injured his back while playing with another scout in his tent. The little chap has been strapped to a stretcher for the last year and is incapable of moving in any way. The people of East London want to send him home to England for surgical treatment but, the old question of money crops up. The idea mooted at a general meeting was that every scout in the country should be asked to make a threepenny rally and although the public's pocket has many calls upon it, there seems no reason in the world why this little chap should not be given a chance. It happens that the little tricks which Fate plays make it impossible for his parents to assist financially in any way, so, perhaps there may be readers of the SOUTH AFRICA. PICTORIAL who should like to see this little man sent home to England and made whole and well again. A member of the paper's staff has seen the little chap lying on his stretcher in East London. He is as cheerful as the photograph nearby shows you.

The position is quite obvious. He was injured in an accident while playing with another scout—the injury proved to be more serious than was at first expected and he has been strapped to his stretcher for over a year now. The crumbs from the rich man's table—if there be enough of them can set him on his feet again. Contributions should be sent to Mr. A. E. Clauson, Honorary Treasurer or to Mrs. W. M. Ogilvie, 4, Oxford Street, East London. Any amount sent to Mrs. Ogilvie will be acknowledged in the SOUTH AFRICAN PICTORIAL in due course.

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S.A. PICTORIAL.

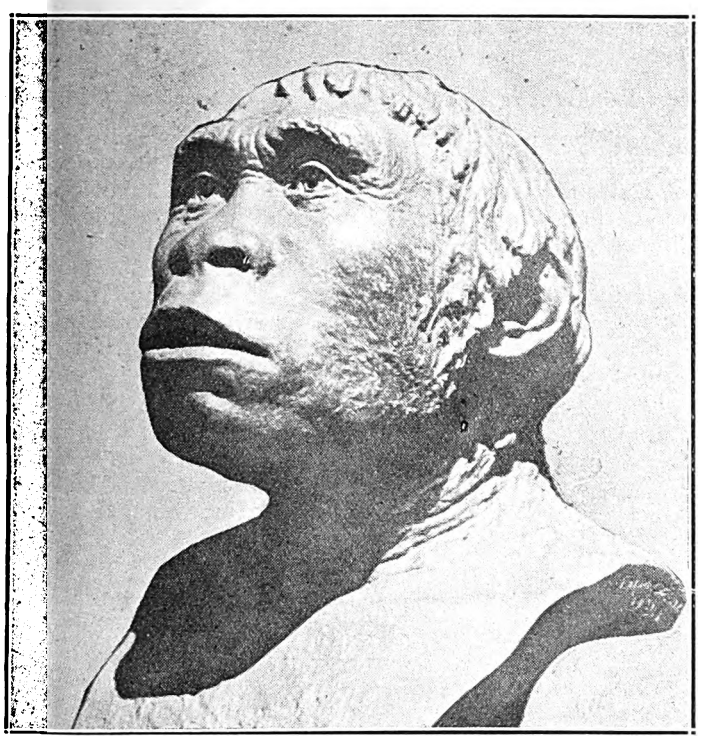
"The Union's National Weekly."

VOL. XX. No. 496.] SATURDAY, JANUARY 31ST, 1925. (Registered at G.P.O. as a Newspaper.) PRICE 6D.

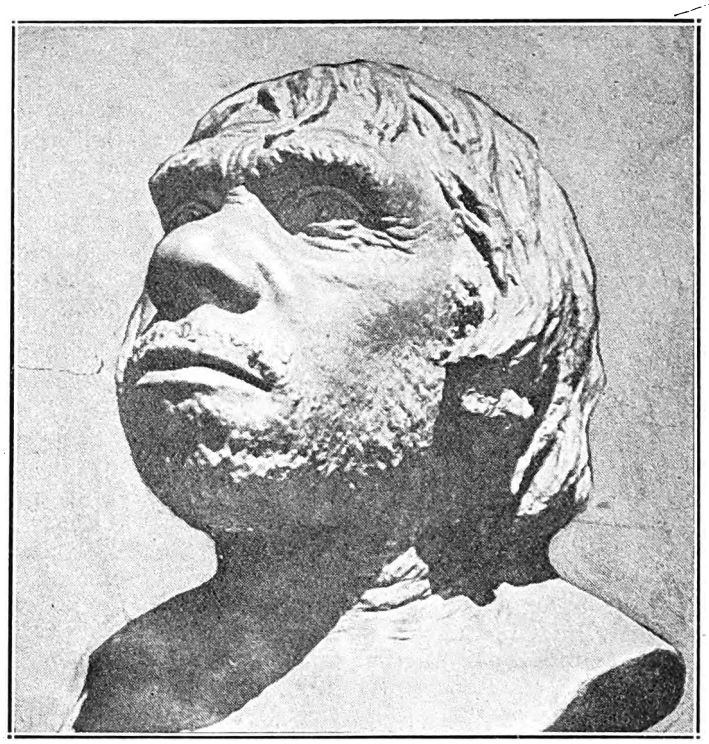
These Three—Your Ancestors.

Trinil—Neanderthal—Cro-Magnon and Bernard Shaw.

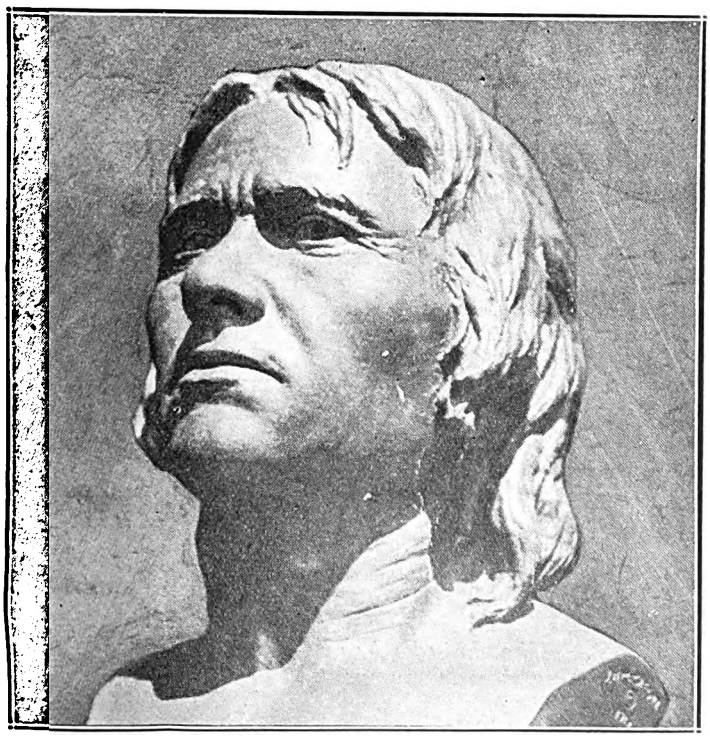
(See Letterpress Page 2.)



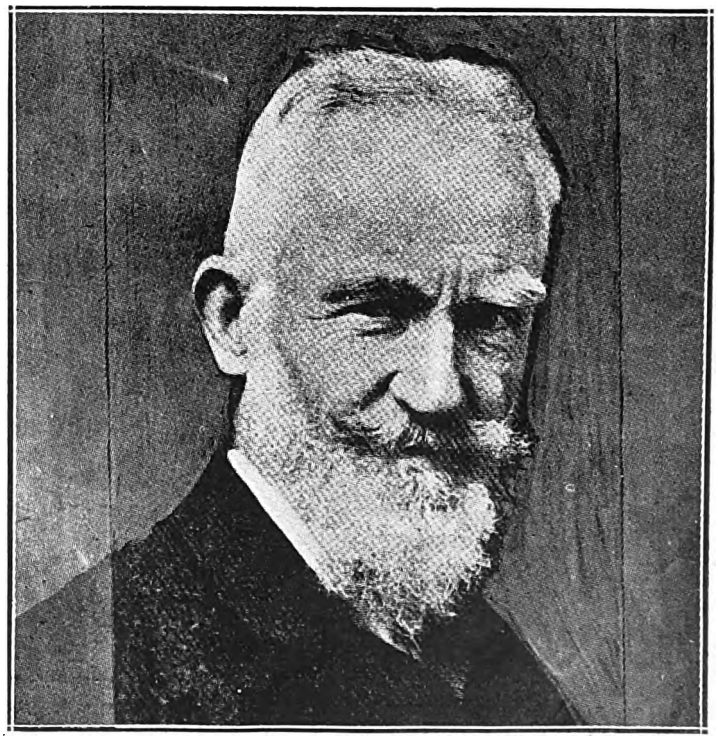
The Trinil Ape-man.



The Neanderthal.



The Cro-Magnon.



Mr. Bernard Shaw.

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The Four Men.

Trinil, Neanderthal, Cro-Magnon and Bernard Shaw.

The discovery of a prehistoric skull at Broken Hill, Rhodesia, and the cabled opinion of Sir Arthur Keith, has aroused interest in the century old question of the ancestry of man. Sir Arthur Keith's references to the relation between the Broken Hill's man skull and a gorilla bring back the old story.

It is interesting to trace the history of the evolution of man with the photographs of the Trinil age man of Java, the Neanderthal (the primitive), the Cro-Magnon man and, let us take Mr. Bernard Shaw as probably the most eminent intellect in the British Empire to-day as an illustration of the final triumph in the development of the human skull.

One trusts that Mr. Shaw will not object to the fact that he is taken as a symbol of the outmost triumph of man's development.

The ape-man Trinil was born in Java so many years ago that it really does not matter. In the words of Mr. Percy Public he is the "missing link." He was more like a man than any ape we know, and he was more like an ape than any man we know. His restored head, as photographed on this page, is based on portions of his skull recovered in Java where he lived ages before Adam and Eve fell to the charms of the russet in the Garden of Eden. Trinil walked, sometimes on all fours, sometimes on his feet in the modern respectable manner. He had no fires, and probably the only flame he knew came out of the craters of volcanoes. He ate fruit and roots, and for a delicacy perhaps he caught a rat or a small bird. It is very unlikely that he spoke and one may safely suppose that he chattered in the best monkey fashion. The next step is illustrated in the photograph of the Neanderthal. Our Neanderthal lived just before the last glacial period. He died at La Chapelle-aux-Saints in France, but the place of his day bore another name—probably G - r - r - r- r -ville. Neanderthal had his knees slightly bent as restoration shows, and he had broad shoulders. His head as restored by Professor J. H. MacGregor and shown in the second photograph is rather interesting. He had a good deal more brain than his predecessor in Java, and he was a flint worker of note. He lived in a cave with Mrs. Neanderthal. I do not know if his morals permitted a harem or whether he stuck to the one-man-one-woman ideal—so popular in theory.

His kinsmen, or at least their remains, have been discovered in Dusseldorf (Germany) Spy (Belgium) and in various parts of France. Actually, although prehistoric and less than a human being according to the accepted order of things, he looks a rather intelligent chap.

Cro-Magnon.

The Cro-Magnon man has evolved a great distance from his predecessors. Cro-Magnon was a warrior, a hunter, a painter in colour and black and white. He was also a sculptor of note and his work has been discovered in the caves of Grimaldi near Mentone. He was one of the earliest Frenchmen. He was an artist of eminence. His paintings in colour, and his etchings on rocks have been discovered and reproduced in American magazines, after lying in their gaunt grotto studios for thousands upon thousands of years. Whether he was paid on space rates for the reproductions I cannot tell. It is a matter for the Journalists' Association to take up.

Cro-Magnon painted a grand procession of mammoths in the cave of Tont-de-Gaume, Dorbogne, France. This magnificent prehistoric work of art is standing to-day. Cro-Magnon painted it with a palette made from a shoulder bone, a sharp flint as a pencil and another bone with which to lay on the colour. These drawings, recently reproduced in journals of the American Society of Enquiry, show that Cro-Magnon was an artist of keen ability. He drew the reindeer, which at that time had its habitat in the South of France, with all the beauty and poise of a modern artist.

This prehistoric artist was one of the race that came to England with the disappearance of the last glacial period.

Mr. Bernard Shaw.

I have taken Mr. Bernard Shaw as a sample of the modern man because I think he has the supreme intellect of England. It is a strange leap from the Trinil ape man to the marvellous intellect and creative interest of Bernard Shaw—still a greater leap it seems from the Rhodesian skull to the grey head of Mr. Bernard Shaw bent over his desk in the Adelphi. I am not clever enough to express an opinion in connection with the discovery of Sir Arthur Keith who says that it is from men of the Broken Hill skull stamp that we are descended.

A tremendous contrast is provided with the photographs with this article. I make my apologies to Mr. Bernard Shaw for mentioning him in this connection, but I have chosen him as the world holds no greater head with which one could illustrate the evolution from this prehistoric type.

Nonsense.

Under the world lives a faery rat,
Hey, hilly-ho.
Don't say, my dear, you didn't know that
Hilly, heigho!
His eyes are emerald mysteries,
His fur is soft grey-blue,
Teeth has he of ivory
And he's wiser far than you,
Heigho, hilly-ho, hey,
Very much wiser than you!

He gnaws the roots of the Happiness Tree,
Hey, hilly-ho,
Which has its depths in the earth, you see,
Hilly, heigho!
But it reaches higher than Heaven's door
To flower the skies with gold
Angels eat of its apples sweet
So they will not grow old,
Heigho, hilly-ho hey,
Angels can never be old!

When the faery rat has gnawed right through
Hey hilly-ho,
Magic will blossom for me and you
Hilly, heigho!
For happiness will come tumbling down,
Laughing from Paradise,
Stars in your hair, my veriest dear,
Stars in my dancing eyes,
Heigho, hilly-ho hey,
Carolling stars in my eyes!

Pamela Travers.

14, Mecklenburgh Square,
W.C.I.

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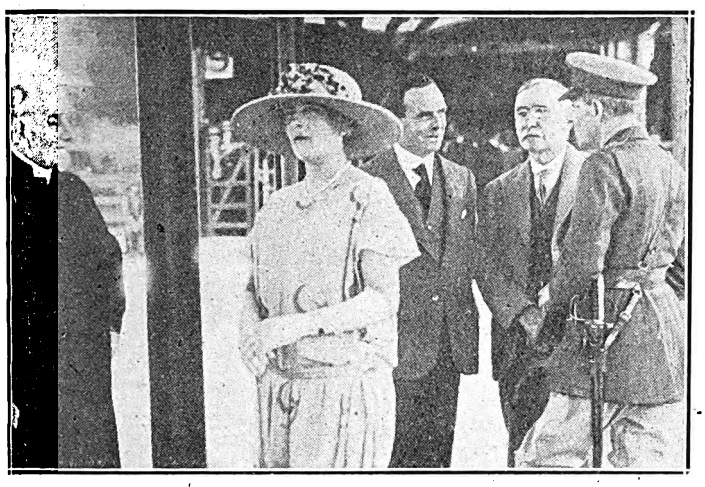
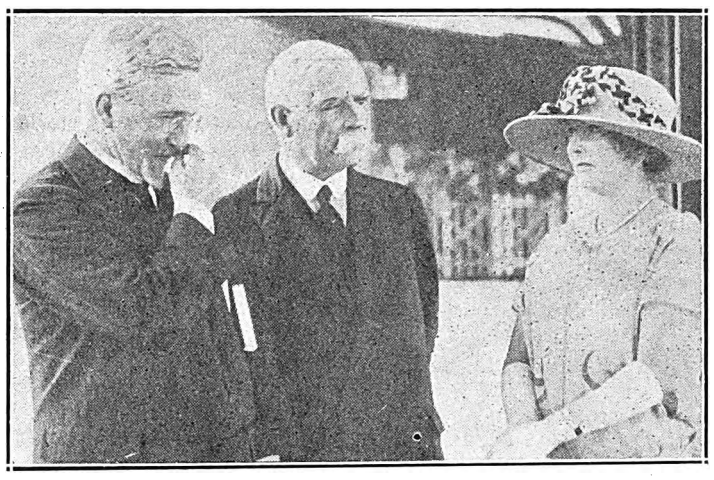
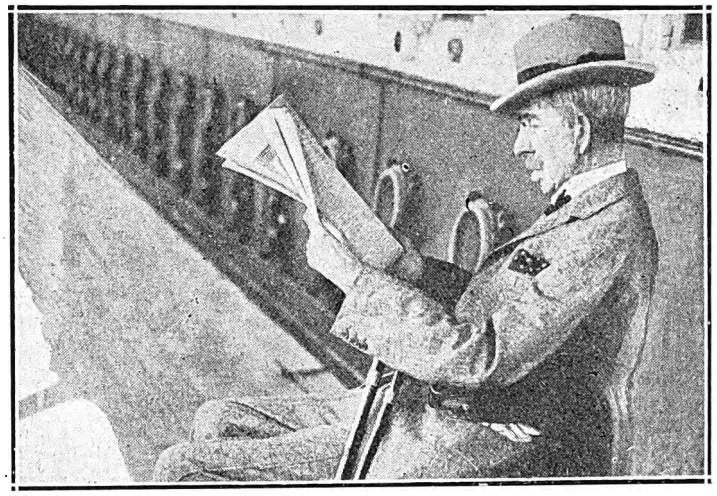
The Week in Capetown.



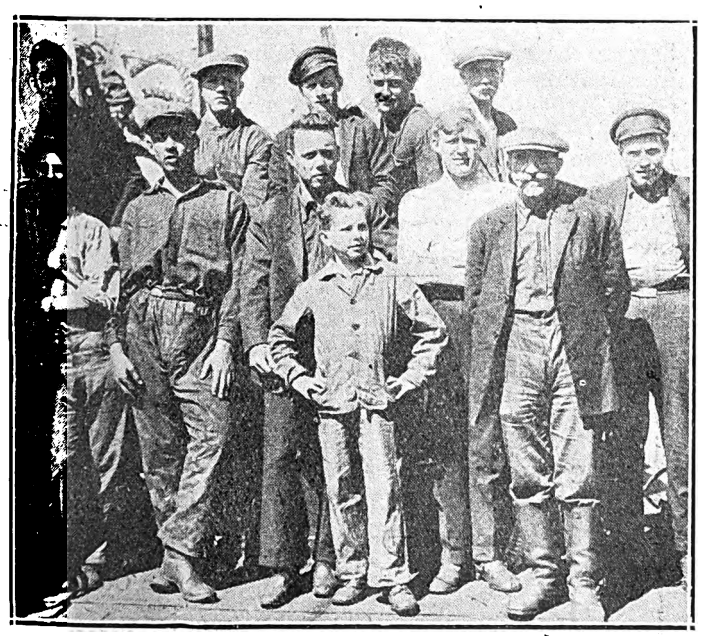


Waiting for the Governor-General, on his return to Capetown. (1) Archbishop Carter, H.R.H. Princess Alice, Mr. S. R. Finch, Town Clerk, Mr. R. J. Verster, Mayor of Capetown, and Captain Hargreaves, A.D.C. (2) Sir R. Carruthers Beattie, Principal of Capetown University, The Mayor and H.R.H. Princess Alice.

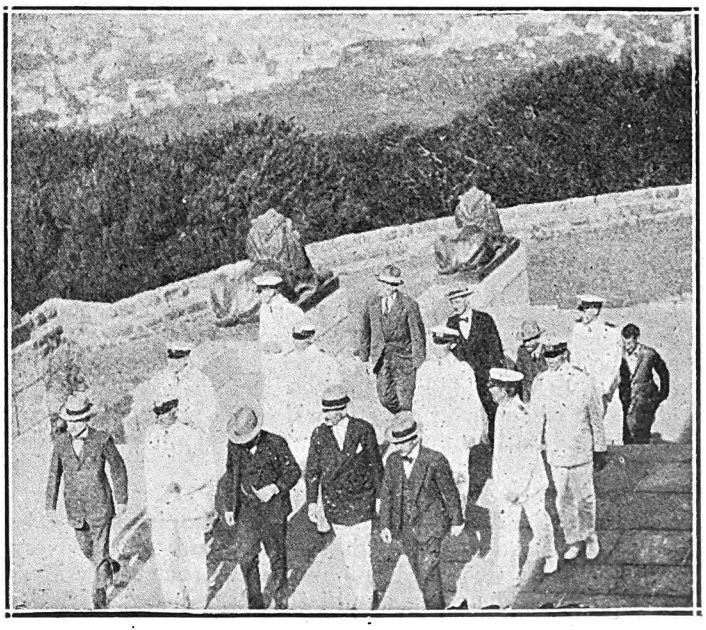
The crew of the ill-fated "Erivan" arrived in Capetown by the "Kilfornia." This lad, aged 15, is Kristoffer Hansen, the youngest of the company.



Lord Woolavington, on the deck of the "Walmer Castle," as she was berthing at Capetown.



Some of the survivors of the ill-fated "Erivan," photographed on the "Kilfornia," by which they arrived in Capetown.



The officers of the Swedish cruiser "Fylgia," at Capetown, visiting the Rhodes Memorial.

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A Social Note Book.

By "Carrie."

I wonder if you would really call ours a climate?

Looking from my window high up in one of the tallest buildings in the city, the market square is at the moment a drab uninteresting place with red mud as its principal feature. The Mayoress' apartments in the Town Hall and the shops around look sad and mournful and the motor cars are going by, through a flood of water, with a melancholy swish. What a lot of weather we do have! Half an hour ago the sun was shining and one noticed the market square as a bright scarlet spot, surrounded by the white walls of the buildings.

Only an hour or so ago I met Miss Iris Hoey, she said: "Oh! so delighted to 'see the sun,'" and now there is hail dancing on the tin roof next door.

At the Corner House.

If you hear one person say to another "Did you have a milk pack at the Corner House?" don't rush to the Stock Exchange and see your broker. They have just come from London, where there is a Corner House almost as important as ours. It is Lyons Corner House, where Phyllis Earle is installed in her new beauty parlour. It is a wonderful place with a dainty lounge and restaurant where you may eat between whiles. And every woman owes that little beauty parlour a debt of gratitude, for it disproves the statement that women talk more than men. By each woman's chair is a small case in which you can lock up your pearl "chocker" and your rings. Behind each man's a TELEPHONE! The men's department is open all night and they can get a shave or hair cut until 8 p.m. No wonder they can't find the "cat" burglar, whiskered the night before, and sauntering light-heartedly past a policeman at eight, clean-shaven and dyed. I wonder do they sell "corpse revivers" too? I should think the man who needs a shave at five a.m. would welcome one.

On Brains.

I do hate to give you a shock, my dears, but do you know that the nicely rounded shingled head that your mirror reveals, is, according to medical men, a sign of unintelligence? Brains are always found in the flat-headed people. What are we going to do about it?

A Flapper Party.

Anyway, shingled hair makes one feel young and I certainly needed all the help that way that I could get on Friday evening, when I was a guest of the Sesame Club, at a very bright, jolly dinner at the Lounge Tea Rooms. From the place of honour I looked down the long tables and must frankly own it was like a breath of fresh air to see so many unspoilt young things. The tables were decorated in blue and yellow, the colours of the club, and their president, Mrs. Burt Andrews, the only "grown up" in the organisation, who pets and mothers them all, took the chair. Mr. Startup, the vice chair, made a very excellent speech welcoming the guests, and Mr. H. H. Saunders replied on behalf of the guests. There are not many people in Johannesburg who realise what these young folks are doing so quietly. They organise dances and social functions in order to help childrens' charities and they have been able already to hand over very considerable amounts to various societies. Rather wonderful of them, don't you think?

At the Empire.

From the Lounge I went to the Empire and watched a packed house enjoy themselves tremendously. Everyone one knew was there and among the audience I saw Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Neame, in one of the stage boxes, Mr. Stuart Martin, who is paying a visit to South Africa, he had his daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence with him. They have, by the way, such a pretty house in the Sachenswald, almost opposite to the quaint residence of Dr. and

VISCOUNTESS CURZON,

In a new Reville gown. She has joined the ranks of Englishwomen who favour the ostrich feather—witness her boa.

Mrs. Orenstein, Mr. and Mrs. Percy Sherwell, Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Mullins, Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Sturrock, Sir Llewellyn and Lady Andersson, and Mr. and Mrs. Percy Leon were among other well-known people in the house, and they all gave Miss Hetty King a tremendous reception.

Not a Wig at All.

When your "young man" is late in calling for you, because he had "only half an hour to tub and dress in," mention Miss Hetty King to him. The other evening I stood in her dressing-room in the wings and watched her change. I think it is one of the most wonderful things I have ever seen. I wonder if you have ever realised how

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quick she is? The conductor plays a few bars and she is back again, the jolly sailor, the Scots Guardsman, the young man about town, all perfect in every detail. And please remember that her clothes are not property pieces. They are real, actual suits and uniforms, and she changes every thing for each number, even collars, ties, shirts and, not by any means least of all, boots. The joke is quite against me in regard to her wig. I told you last week what wavy hair she has, and I said she covered it with a wig. I was amazed to find that she bundles all her hair up quite flat and dresses it to the shape of a man's head. There is no wig at all. I think she is the only male impersonator who does not wear one.

At the Carlton.

From the Empire we went over to the *souper dansant* at the Carlton Hotel, where I learnt several things. Of course, I shall only tell you a few of them. No sensible woman gives herself away altogether! *He*, no, I can not tell you his name, showed me how he manages to make his dinner jacket fit so perfectly without crease or crinkle where cigarette case, pencil, matches and other bits and pieces are carried. Just a loose pleat in the lining of the pocket! So simple and so effective! Then *she*, who also prefers to benefit mankind without her name being revealed, showed me the alarm bracelet watch she had just brought from England. Such endless possibilities in it, my dears. I believe the idea originated in Italy, where some sweet young thing had forgotten what the knot in her dainty lace handkerchief meant, and so—— but I shall save that plot for my novel! There was rather a Cinderella-like touch about this same watch. As the lady was dancing a clear little ring nearly blew her partner off his feet with surprise, and it takes a lot to surprise your average Johannesburg young man, you know. Said she, "It is time for me to go home, I promised I'd leave here at one o'clock." And she did.

On Frocks and Cinderellas.

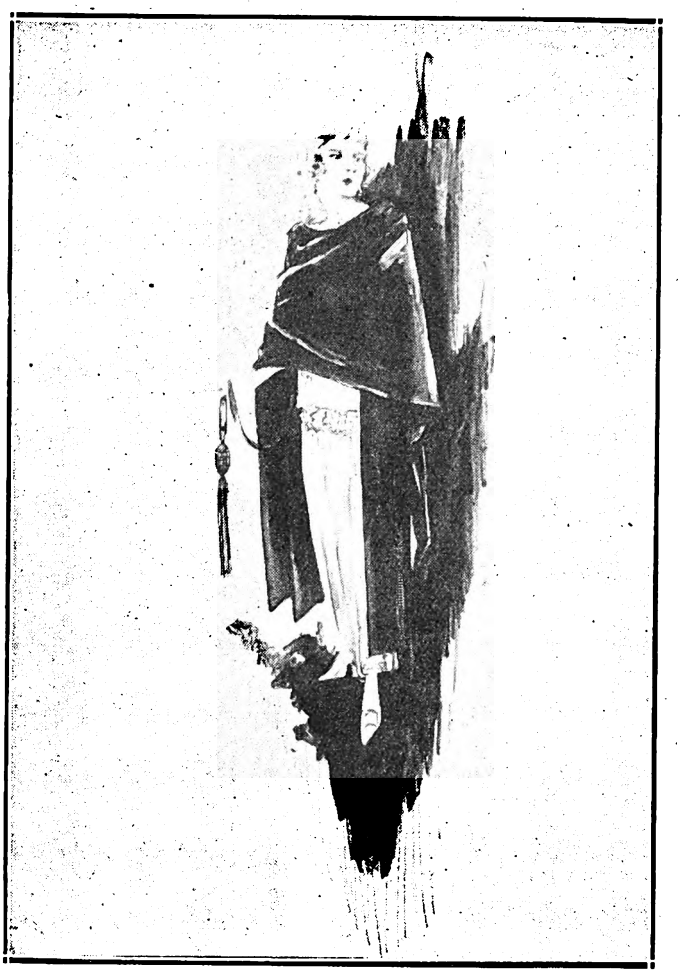
It was a very jolly dance, you know. Mr. Sam Alexander was entertaining Miss Iris Hoey, in such a lovely black gown with large red flowers embroidered on it, the whole swathed to the figure like a Spanish shawl and having a fringed hem, Mr. Cyril Raymond, Miss Hetty King, very smart in black with cascades of jet beads, and Captain Lamond. Miss Bertha Ricardo, our pretty little Cinderella, was there with a party and, pointing her out, I learned that Miss Hoey has played Cinderella with George Robey, Harry Lauder and Harry Weldon. A splendid record, is it not? One smart girl in a black gown, who was with a party among whom I saw Mr. Z. Davidson and Mr. E. L. Bateman, had the cutest stockings! flesh colour with green lizards embroidered on them, the head at the point of the foot and the tail just above the ankle. So there's another new idea for you, my dears. Mr. Abe Scott, of Durban, brought his young daughter in silver tissue with bands of coloured georgette. They are here on holiday bent and are staying at the Carlton. Mr. Sydney Benjamin and his wife, who have just left for their home at the Cape, were with Mr. and Mrs. Alec Goldberg and Mr. Mark Goldberg, Mrs. Benjamin wore a handsome vieux rose gown with fur-edged coatee. There was a merry batchelor party—that is to say, those of them who had wives had carefully mislaid them. But wild horses would not drag their names from me.

Above the Knee Skirts.

We have not quite come to that yet, although there were several very abbreviated skirts there. We must be going back to the days of the cave woman, I think, for I read that silken hose, to give the illusion of painted legs, are the last word. They are made of gold or silver tissue, I belive. May we talk a trifle more of ourselves?

Yes?

Then the newest stocking colours are honeysuckle, rose-mauve, baked custard and faintly striped black and white. It sounds like a good meal, don't you think so? Madame Lola Krasavina, at the Carlton dance, was most exquisitely gowned. Very thick white *crepe de chine*, fitting tight to the figure, with a deep width of embroidered flowers in rust and gold just below the knee. There was a cape to match of white, lined with rust and also beautifully embroidered, and a high collar of fur, completed one of the most striking toilettes I have seen for many a day.



Messrs. Reville, of Hanover Square, created this graceful evening wrap of cerise, decorated with large gold tassels, for Her Majesty Queen Marie of Roumania.

Capetown: In Honour of the "Flygia."

Councillor and Mrs. R. J. Verster, the Mayor and Mayoress of Capetown, gave a delightful reception in the City Hall in honour of the Swedish cruiser, the "Flygia." It's hackneyed, but nevertheless true, that "All the girls love a sailor." The hall was beautifully decorated and, sitting in the bays looking down on the dancers, it was really a brilliant sight. Captain Eklund, the commander of the vessel, Mr. Rosenlund (Consul for Sweeden) and his wife, and the Deputy Mayor and Mrs. Fish in the Mayoral party.

The Officers.

Lieut. Lindshog, who is the doctor, Commander Fahren, Commander Neumuller, Commander Johnsson, the Rev. Pastor Wallman, Lieuts. Forshall and Montelius, Sub-Lieuts. Count Hemelin, Berling, Francke and Paymaster Commander Rehnborg, were some of the officers with whom we danced.

The Gowns.

The Mayoress wore a very lovely brocaded navy gown with silver. Mrs. Fish came in black beautifully beaded, and Mrs. Rosenlund wore silver grey with a short cap embroidered in gold. Lady Chaplin was very well gowned in black jet and wore some magnificent diamonds. Sir Walter and Lady Stanford and most of the Consular corps were also there.

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Music and Musicians.

By "C. A. O. D."

The Late Mr. Saunders.

The musical community of the Rand heard with the deepest regret of the death of Mr. Ferdinand Saunders at Capetown last week. To only a few of his intimate friends was it known that he had been in indifferent health recently, and in consequence was ordered to take a holiday to the coast. Acting on this advice, Mr. Saunders left Johannesburg for Durban, and from Natal he took the sea voyage to Capetown. Unfortunately, on his arrival at Capetown Mr. Saunders was found to be, if anything, somewhat worse than when he left the Rand, and shortly after admission to a local hospital he died.

His death will be a severe blow to the future of the Johannesburg Philharmonic Society, of which he was secretary and assistant secretary since the Society's inception fourteen years ago. Mr. Saunders' interest in local musical activity was always of the most practical kind, and his work in connection with the organisation of choral concerts marked him out as an enthusiast who was not afraid to undertake the most onerous tasks.

Only those who have experienced it can fully realise the immense amount of work that is entailed in the organisation of an important executive body like the Philharmonic Society, but the duties appertaining to the various choral seasons were undertaken by Mr. Saunders with rare ability and efficiency, and also without any thought of thanks or recognition.

The writer well remembers the splendid work done by Mr. Saunders during the 1918 visit of the Capetown Orchestra. He undertook the major share of managerial duties and, through long experience, guided the season to a success that was unequalled in the history of Johannesburg. Despite the strike at the Power Station and the likelihood of a fiasco in regard to lighting arrangements for the opening concert, Mr. Saunders proved himself equal to every kind of obstacle, and, as I have said, the season's success was due as much to his loyal efforts as to anything else. The local choralists had in him an earnest and singularly able official.

Big ventures like that of a few years ago when Johannesburg became the centre of a choral festival, attracting singers from various parts of South Africa, threw much work and responsibility on the secretarial officials of the Philharmonic. A recollection of the perfect arrangements, both choral and social, which were made at that time, fully justified the enthusiastic praise offered to the Society by the visitors. The whole festival was a big idea, and it was carried out in a spirit that created a healthy optimism in choral circles.

Mr. Saunders has for years been a source of strength in local choral singing. In addition, he has done much in the cause of musical progress generally. For his achievements he will long be remembered as a musical enthusiast of untiring energy.

Sir Henry Wood.

A recent statement conveys the news that a tour of the Dominions by Sir Henry Wood and the Queen's Hall Orchestra is contemplated. On the face of it, the proposal seems too good to be true, for the expense entailed in such a tour must be enormous. Yet, given the right kind of organisation and support, there is a possibility that financial obstacles may be overcome. Apart from this consideration, nothing could do as much as such a visit to stimulate Dominion interest in music.

The fame of the conductor and the Queen's Hall Orchestra is such that the combination can compel support wherever it might go. The authoritative nature of its performances will attract everyone, even those only remotely interested in the higher forms of music. But the question arises, can the Union offer sufficient support to such a project to ensure a visit to this country? Doubting opinions have already been expressed, but with proper organisation and enthusiasm, the proposal is not as impracticable as it might at first appear. Canada and Australia are mentioned as the possible objective of the Orchestra. It would be a pity if South Africa cannot command sufficient support to be included in the Orchestra's itinerary.

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John McCormack.

After an absence of ten years, John McCormack's return to the British concert platform proved to be a veritable triumph for his art.

In this country we know him only through the medium of the gramophone, and those who have heard his recorded versions of some Irish folk songs, and of songs by Schubert and Brahms must recognise what an ideal artistic combination he possesses. His incomparably beautiful voice, plus his artistic conscience and imagination, produces a result that is unique. In the nature of things there can be few McCormacks. But if his spirit were sought and his discipline accepted, there would be more singers able to bring the message of art home to the people.

Singers and Luck.

"A lucky chance that oft decides the fate of mighty monarchs" might well be quoted in the case of two prominent singers of to-day. These are Olga Haley, well known as a festival, operatic and lieder singer, and Riccio, a dramatic baritone, who made a London *debut* recently. As a child, Haley was gifted with an exceptional voice, but her parents disliked the idea of their child taking up singing as a profession. But one day fate took a hand in her game of life and decided otherwise. A friend of Sir Thomas Beecham's, hearing her sing, persuaded Sir Thomas to hear her. Olga Haley is an Englishwoman with five linguistic attainments, a big advantage in her profession, as she makes many of her own translations.

Russian musicians are notorious for adopting music as a sideline, many of them regarding it as a pleasant avocation. Chaliapine was a Volga bargeman and Borodine a chemist before they turned to music as their life's work. At nine years of age Riccio was a boy alto and sang for two years in a choir in Siberia. America then became his objective, and to gain the desired end he worked in cigarette factories, sang on trains. Eventually he came to Port Said, where he sold newspapers and lottery tickets. At Alexandria he shipped as a stowaway, and, begrimed in coal dust, he arrived at Naples. Here he met Rosa Raisa, the dramatic soprano, herself a Russian. She introduced him to the Liceo Musicale, where he studied for three years. Recently, Riccio returned from America, singing in England *en route* to Naples, to appear in opera where he landed years before as a stowaway.

A PORTRAIT BY JANE PLOTZ IS GOOD. ART STUDIOS, THRUPP'S BUILDINGS.

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Alice Lloyd—Sister of the Famous Marie.

It is nineteen years since Alice Lloyd last played in Johannesburg. Alice Lloyd was the last great star to appear at the old Empire, and her season of six weeks brought the history of that theatre to a splendid close. Now she is back again in Johannesburg, at the Empire. Alice Lloyd, sister of the wonderful Marie, is a great artist and a great show woman.

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At the Empire.

The Genius of Hetty King.

I always hold that the system of criticising a production or an artist in vaudeville on the first night is unfair to both players and critics. I know that my impression of "St. Joan" which I saw eleven times in London was complete or at least tangible to me only after the eighth or ninth visit. One does not understand a great play or a great artist from one performance. Only the obvious can be hurled across the footlights to you in that manner. Two weeks ago I wrote a little appreciation of Miss Hetty King. I had seen her many times in England, and now, I have seen her five or six times in Johannesburg. Now for the first time I feel confident to say what I think about her. Undoubtedly she is one of the five greatest artists at present associated with the English vaudeville theatre. Ella Shields, Little Tich, Wilkie Bard, Malcolm Scott—all of them have created marvellous characters and transferred them from the street to the stage but, no character I have ever seen on the English Music Halls is as clear cut, as definite as "The Bird-Cage Walk" soldier Miss Hetty King presents at the Empire. This red-coated soldier is a classic. She has caught his walk, his tilt of the head, his movement of the shoulders—everything to perfection. In the above photograph Miss Hetty King appears as she is away from the theatre—a woman of the most womanly order. Her season at the Empire is a tremendous success, and no artist of her kind who has come to Africa has so quickly captured the hearts and the appreciation of its people. H.B.

Fashions in London.

South Africans sailing for England during the next few months will be interested to know that Mr. Reville promises his Spring show will open about March 4th. He has been away to the Continent for some time in connection with Spring creations of which he promises a marvellous show at the great fashion house in Hanover Square.

Gay Sailors.

Wherever on has gone in Capetown, recently, one has seen these men in white drill uniforms. Mixing in the Adderley Street shopping crowds on Saturday morning, they have relieved somewhat, the monotony of the old dark suits, which, even to the waistcoats, Capetown men insist upon wearing from one end of the year to the other.

The wearers of white are the officers and men of the Swedish cruiser "Fylgia," which has been paying a visit to Capetown on a cruise. From the moment the guns boomed out from the Castle in welcome, these men have been entertained and fêted almost without end. No public function has been complete unless the promotors have been able to announce beforehand, "The officers of the 'Fylgia' will be present."

I have seen them dancing, most of them in what, even for Capetown is an old-fashioned style, wherever I have been.

Who would not be a sailor when the ship's in port?

The Gossip.

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Mr. Campbell Gullan.

There are so many interesting men and women in the Iris Hoey Company, who open next Monday night at His Majesty's in "Clothes and the Woman," that it is difficult to know whom to tell you about first.

"You are sure to like Mr. Campbell Gullan very much," Miss Iris Hoey said to me the other day, and, as it was even so, this week I want to tell you about a few of the plays he has acted in. This may sound a very easy task, but Mr. Gullan is considered the hardest working actor in London and is withal one of the most accomplished raconteurs I have ever met. Stories, yes, he would tell them by the score, but it was only after infinite trouble that I could get him to talk about himself.

What is he like? Tall, slim, dark haired, hazel-eyed. It does sound rather like a catalogue, I admit, but he is really the type one turns involuntarily in the street to look at, just because there is something arresting in his expression. Mr. Gullan has a very striking personality, and the fairies at his birth endowed him with that priceless gift—a strong sense of humour. He is a Scotsman, a son of the Manse, and studied for the bar at the Glasgow University. Here he took part in numbers of amateur shows, and always scored a big success. Before eating his dinners in the Middle Temple, he had a difference with an uncle whose heir he was, and threw up all thoughts of the bar and took to the stage proper. He won the George Edwards open scholarship for acting, singing and dancing. And then?

"My first engagement," said Mr. Gullan, "was in the 'Prodigal Son,' and my next with Sir George Alexander; after that, in a sketch by Arnold Bennett. I was two years with the famous Glasgow Repertory Company, playing ninety-seven parts, 75 per cent. of which were leading roles. Splendid experience, of course. I was with Vedrenne and Eadie at the Royalty for five years, went over to America to play Grahame Moffit's part in 'Bunty Pulls the Strings,' then played in London John Reed in 'Milestones,' and lead with Gladys Cooper in 'My Lady's Dress.'"

"The war broke out then, did it not?" I inquired.

"Yes," answered Mr. Gullan, "I began as a private and ended as a captain at the Horse Guards."

"Have the films ever attracted you?" was my next query.

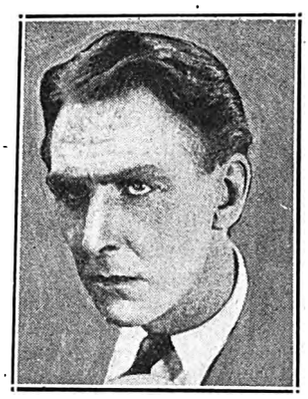
"Indeed, yes; I was one of the first people before the war to go on the films. Hobbies? Well, I think the Sunday Societies are a great hobby of mine. I belong to the famous Repertory Players, who produce a full play each month. I have produced and played lead in the last two ones. These societies are very wonderful, for they give unknown actors and authors a chance. Managers always come to the shows, and we had three plays taken right away. 'Havoc,' in which you saw George Relph, 'The Lure,' and 'If the Four Walls Told.'"

Here Mr. Gullan refused to be drawn any further, but . . . "I'll tell you a story if you like," he said.

"I was playing the part of the comedian in a musical fairy play at the Royalty, Glasgow, a part in which I had to come up traps, sing and dance, and generally try to be funny. Harry Lauder was playing at the Royal. Two Scots, celebrating their birthday, came to our theatre, and lurching up to our producer who was standing by the gallery steps said, speaking of me, 'Aha, we've come to see Harry Lauder, and if yon's him, we don't think much of him.'"

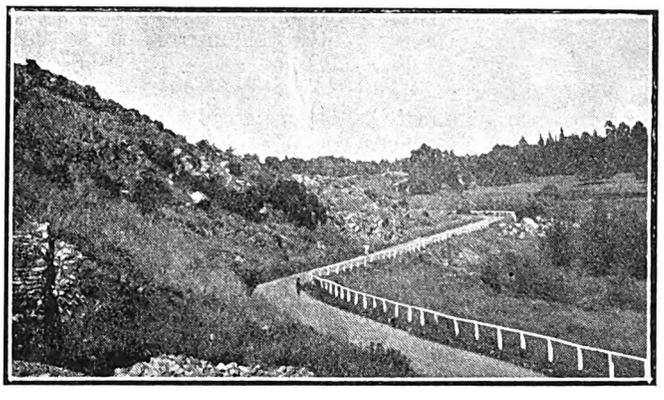
Mr. Gullan is looking forward to "Clothes and the Woman," and to playing with Miss Hoey. Mr. Gullan is married to Miss Vivian Rees, who is also with the company and whom everyone will remember for the wonderful success she made in "Damaged Goods."

So we shall look forward next Monday evening to "Clothes and the Woman" and the good folk in it. *C.R.*

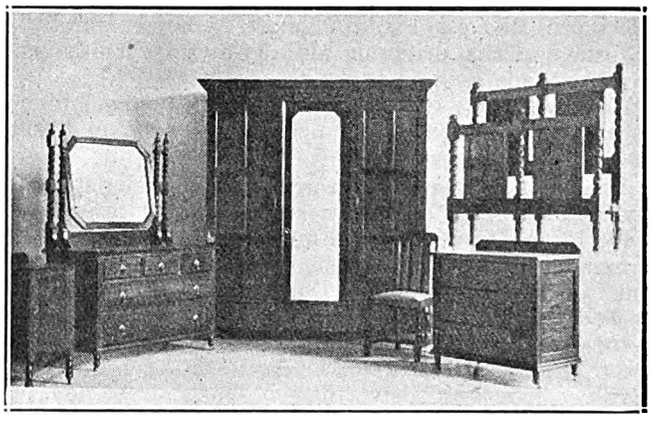


The Mark Sabre of "If Winter Comes"—Percy Marmont, at the Bijou, Johannesburg, on February 2.

Miss Margaret Riddick, in "Clothes and the Woman," at His Majesty's, Johannesburg, on February 2.



The Kloof Road, Houghton Estate, Johannesburg.



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A London Letter.

London, January 6th, 1925.

As I write this I am sending up a prayer that the water will come no higher than the area steps. Oh, yes—it is still raining. In London we have had some dry days, but in the country the New Flood continues. People have been rowing gaily about the streets of villages in cockle boats; even going to church in canoes. Imagine a fat lady dressed in her best black alpaca, trimmed with beads, being rowed in great solemnity to the kirk and alighting on the steeple in a reverent attitude; or a parson in his hassock—or is it cassock?—slipping in through a stained-glass window to perform the ceremonies! The wind in some places has been terrific; stout motor lorries driven by stout yokels have been blown over stout cliffs into the sea; a tram car was blown off the rails, and to add insult to injury, the tricksy sprite who is doing all this tangling of the weather has taken upon himself the task of introducing Blackpool to a sand-storm, as if it were in the heart of the Sahara of the Great Karoo, instead of England.

In one place—Chertsey—the Thames is three miles wide, and like the fat boy who has eaten too many buns at a party, grows incessantly wider. And the song "It aint gonna rain no mor'" has lost its charm for us as a prognosticator of the weather. I now read that a Noah play is to be produced at Chiswick, which is on—or perhaps it is now under—the Thames.

Last week, just after my letter had gone to press—or rather, to post—the New Year's honours came out. By this time you have the information as to how Sir Henry Hesketh Jondon Bell, K.C.M.G., late Governor of Mauritius, had added G.C.M.G. to his initials; how the Honourable Sir Charles Patrick John Coghlan, Kt. Premier of Southern Rhodesia, has been made K.C.M.G.; and Wilberforce John James Arnold, Esq., M.B., Colonial Surgeon of St. Helena, becomes C.M.G.; and Phillip James Macdonell, Esq., B.C.L., Judge of the High Court of Northern Rhodesia; and Thomas Symonds Tomlinson, Esq., Judge of His Britannic Majesty's Court for Zanzibar, have been made knights bachelor.

What intrigues me is their wonderfully regal names; they all go most sonorously upon the tongue and sound most terrifyingly important.

And at last has come the belated honour to Ellen Terry. Some time ago Bernard Shaw was asked if he thought Ellen Terry should be made a Dame of the British Empire; and he replied "Yes, but how much more wonderful it would be if all our Dames were Ellen Terrys!" It is said that but for her modesty the great actress could have received the honour some years ago. Speaking about her new title, she said the other day: "First I am pleased because of my profession; then because of women, who receive far too few honours, I think, and then—well, I'm jolly glad to get it for myself. I shall go to the Palace for investiture, and shall wear—oh, black, as usual, I suppose!"

Despite her reiterated assurance that "I've not been well and look like a clown," it is still a joy to gaze at Ellen Terry and wonder how much the pale serenity of her eyes and the gentle wayward femininity of her profile influenced the critics of her day! She asserts that "Shakespeare is by far the easiest dramatist to memorise and Shaw is next best, because the lines fit in like a puzzle, and one cannot say anything but the right word, but Barrie is hopeless to memorise because one gets him so horribly muddled."

Ellen Terry has two great treasures from which she is never parted—a splendid, regal Persian cat and a weighty black bag filled with letters and feminine paraphernalia which Barrie worked into "Alice-Sit-By-The-Fire," written specially for her. In that play she says to her daughter. "If you don't know what is in that bag, you don't know your mother."

The latest craze in London is that of the cross-word puzzle. My dears, do not ask me to explain it. I believe the idea originated somewhere in the Victorian era, was abandoned for two or three generations, and has now come into use again more ferociously than ever. As far as I can gather, you look for one desired word among a positive haystack of other words, without, it seems to me, any clue whatever. Then you send the result of your adventures to some editor, and if you are lucky, which is seldom, you get a prize—either £5, or one of "our novelty manicure sets" (guaranteed rusty and unusable) valued at 7s. 11d." Of course, if you are not lucky you get one of those bitter little notes which begin "The Editor regrets . . . ." Usually the word you have to guess is something like the name of a certain antelope which lives in South Africa, or else some horribly everyday thing like "pudding." But it is intriguing the jaded minds of society, this cross-word puzzle is, so I suppose we must not cavil at it.

The "Hambone Club"—a club of small dimensions but of large influence on Bohemia (or so the members think)—is to have a rival shortly. London is full of small select cliques which form themselves into small select clubs and forbid anybody who does not think as they do to enter the sacred portals. The latest club-baby is the "Gargoyle," has literary leanings and is run by a younger brother of Lord Glenconner. It is to be found in Dean Street, Soho, and will open its doors only to the Upper Ten or Twenty of the Bohemian world.

The very latest thing in sporting circles has been the boxing match at the National Sports Club, between the Marquis of Townshend and a gentleman who lives at Hampstead. The match was a draw. Each combatant weighed four stone six, and they made up sixteen years between them, being each of them eight years old. Ancient veterans of the sport—heavy-jowled, weighty-fisted, as eager as boys—gathered to watch the exhibition bout. Solemn, tall seconds fanned the heroes with towels and administered orange juice at discreet intervals, and the

Ann Forrest, in "If Winter Comes," at the Bijou, Johannesburg, on Monday next.

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Continued from Page 10.

big referee shouted "Time" as heartily and as pompously as though Jack Johnson was in the ring.

It is good to see that some portions of young England do not still ride about in prams and play with rattles at the age of eight. The fact that so many English children do really ride in prams till avery late age is deplorable. I see streams of large baby-carriages pushed by panting nurses along the roads of Hyde Park every fine afternoon, and nearly always the enclosed child is large enough to run about alone. Great youths of five are wheeled about, and survey the world with as much detachment and hauteur as though they were kings of empires. Ladies of six bow to one another from their carriages propelled by human steeds. Occasionally they are lifted out and allowed to play on the grass, but back they go into the wheeled conveyances at four o'clock when it is time to go home to bread and milk and bed. One wonders that English children ever learn to walk at all. Yet their legs are amazingly sturdy and their complexions are things to make the veriest red rose in the garden turn pale with jealousy.

But there are some of them who learn to walk alone at a very early age. In fact, some of them are doing great favours to art before they are eight. I yesterday saw some works by these same people at the Guildhall Art Gallery when the Royal Drawing Society exhibited some drawings made by children under seven years of age.

The best drawing of all was signed in wayward but sturdy characters with the name of Pat Holmes, aged seven. It represented a ship-filled harbour in detailed water-colours. A minute cargo-boat in one corner enthralled me. It was dark and mystery-laden, with a cargo of romance in its hold—just the sort of cargo-boat one would like to travel round the world in, calling at strange ports, picking up rare cargoes—say, "ivory and apes and peacocks"—braving stormy seas and returning at last to safe harbour of Pat's drawing.

James McCarthy (3¼) of Australia, had a most ambitious collection of drawings, including a group of his father, mother and himself, which put modern grown-up cubism to shame.

And there was a most touching domestic picture—I liked it best of all—sent in by a girl of seven and entitled "Mother Kicking Nurse Downstairs." I loved that picture, it was so intense, so real, so very moving. And anybody who remembers loathing nurse will sympathise with the artist and rejoice in mother's far-sightedness and in the strength of her foot.

Next Thursday—which is to-morrow—the Earl of Buxton will preside at a dinner to Mr. W. Mosenthal, chairman of the London Finance and management committee of the South African section of the British Empire Exhibition. I shall tell you more about it in my next letter.

The "Balmoral Castle" which sails on January 23rd carries to the South, Sir Ernest Oppenheimer, Mr. Henderson Clark, and Lady Stewart-Bam who is setting out to join Sir Pieter.

Miss Lucy Greathead and Miss Eleanor Bonnar and Miss Isaacson of the South African College of Music, have arrived in London where they will continue their studies.

Now a note which is for women only. If some day you can only find one blue stocking, or one of any other colour, it will no longer matter if you wear an odd one on the other foot. In fact, it will be an excellent thing because you will be treading the tip-top heights of fashion. It is quite the latest thing here, and some shops are selling stockings of different colours as pairs. I saw a very effective pair at Ciro's the other night. They were worn by a very well-known actress—one gold leg and one blue one, with a golden shoe on either.

With that I depart and leave you to think it over, while I go out into Bond Street to buy a pair for myself.

Pamela Travers.

14, Mecklenburgh Square,
W.C. 1.

Clothes and the Woman.

Miss Iris Hoey.

On Monday next, one of England's brightest actresses with one of England's brightest comedies will step into His Majesty's Theatre and give us all the thrill of a West End night. Miss Iris Hoey, who is well remembered for her tremendous success in London in "The Man from Toronto," opens her African season on Monday next with the sparkling comedy which is written around the idea of a woman's passion for clothes. It is an old passion—almost as old as the Great Passion. There is no deep plot to bewilder you—just a carnival of laughter from beginning to end of the show.

I have met Miss Iris Hoey several times during this week—over tea, lunch at the Halfway House, and even on the steps of the Union Buildings at Pretoria. In each case her personality has asserted itself, and I have become conscious of the fact that she has a peculiar sense of comedy. Actresses in London now-a-days lack a sense of comedy. They develop along either one of two lines: they become heavy cheerful masters of technique after the manner of Miss Sybil Thorndyke; or they become mere bubbley, light and amusing musical comedy people with nice ankles and pretty frocks and not, I am afraid, many boarders in the top storey. But somehow or other every line of Miss Hoey's comedy has grain behind it. Her acting is the result of natural histrionic ability coupled with her sense of comedy and then backed by a sincere intelligent study of her part.

People here talk a great deal about good acting and good plays. They'll see good acting when Miss Hoey opens her season on Monday: and they'll see a good actress in a good play with a good company supporting her.

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A Racing Personality: F. W. Murray.

Unquestionably the doyen of South African trainers is Mr. F. W. Murray, whose genial personality has attracted many friends. The Murray family were among the pioneers of Natal, and have rarely sought to stray beyond the borders of the Garden Colony and the Transvaal. Mr. F. W. Murray commenced his career among horses shortly after his school days were over. At the outset he was training horses down country, and it was only after making Johannesburg his headquarters that he became widely known as a successful trainer. Mr. Murray's English training experience, gathered when he presided over a racing establishment at Newmarket, was a prime feature in the early and arduous years.

What hosts of winners he turned out from the old, ramshackle stables at Ophirton! Before long it became an article of belief that anything on four legs from the Murray stable was almost sure to win. No trainer has prepared so many winners of big events in this country as Mr. Murray has done, and it is curious to note that the lean times only made their appearance after the giving up of the tumble-down boxes and the transfer to more luxurious premises. Let it be hoped that Mr. Murray will continue on the up-grade movement inaugurated at the last Summer meeting here, when he turned out the winner of the Handicap, and also saddled up in his own colours, the best two-year-old of the season.

Hetty King Down a Gold Mine.

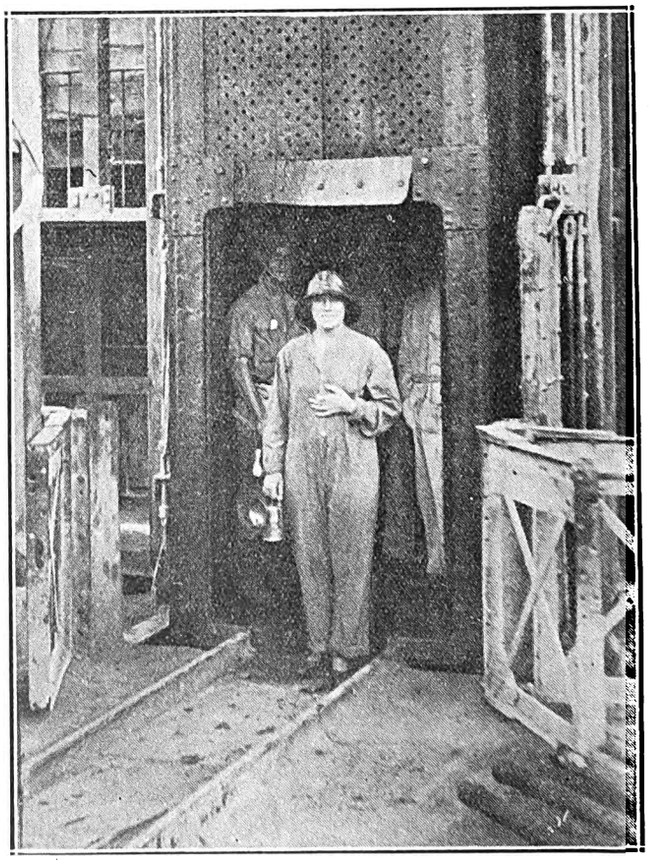
Deep down—3,000 feet.

Vaudeville Notes.

Sweden has given some very brilliant acrobats to the vaudeville theatre, but none more famous than the Calno trio booked to appear in South Africa during February. Many acrobatic trios are clever in the air, but, the Calno's have the reputation of being both clever and amusing, for they had long ago discovered the fact that comedy and cleverness can go hand in hand. They have played in Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Holland, France and England, and in all six countries they have a reputation so strong that it has lived after them as well as going before them. They will make their first appearance in Cape Town on

They say that one should see Naples and die. A wag once said that it would be far better to die before you saw Naples. Both exaggerate a little, for Naples has both its good points and its bad points. One shuts one's eyes and imagines Capri floating out upon the blue bosom of the Bay of Naples—the hills behind the town, the old castles on the waterfront and then, the crowded narrow streets of Naples itself. From some high balcony the tune of a mandolin spills music on the already noisy air. In Naples, they breed the greatest mandolin players in the world. There the mandolin is more than a mere accompaniment for song—it is a beautiful instrument capable of great things in proper hands. Perhaps the greatest mandolinist who has ever come from Naples is Mario de Pietro, who opens at the Criterion Theatre, Durban, on February 2. Mario de Pietro comes here with Joan Revel. He himself was born in Naples and is known there as the Paganini of the mandolin. The *Morning Post*, one of London's most cold papers as far as critisism is concerned, says " In Signor de Pietro's hands the mandolin is a thing of life capable of great variety of tone and makes an irresistible appeal. He is an executant of uncommon skill."

The visit of this famous mandolinist will be an event during his season at the Criterion, Durban, Monday next.



At the skip entrance.

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On the Rialto.

By Antonio.

Johannesburg, Tuesday afternoon.

The general tendency of the market is somewhat easier this morning, London showing an inclination to slacken off yesterday afternoon. Buyers of Government Areas are offering seven guineas, while there are sales of Modders at 83s. 3d. Van Ryn Deeps are unchanged at 75s., but there is a trifling improvement in Langlaagte Estates at 20s. 6d. Sellers are offering Geduldes at 64s. against sales at 64s. 3d. yesterday. Crown Mines at 55s. 3d., and Transvaal Consolidated Lands at 32s. 6d., are also lower.

A Sprint by Kleinfontein.

Kleinfonteins "bobbed up" from 4s. 3d. to 6s., but are back to 5s. 6d. on the announcement regarding the results of the driving into the Apex ground by the Brakpan Company not turning out like as good as the anticipation. Nearly 600 feet sampled has averaged but a couple of dwt. over 51 inches; a borehole from the end of the cross-cut shows 5 dwt. over 30 inches, which is simply no good at all; double the value would be just about payable. Funny thing how Kleinfonteins rise on occasion! This particular advance coincides with rumours as to closing down being imminent within the year. In the December quarter 155,000 tons yielded a profit of less than £4,000, or a humble "tanner" a ton. Then the company owes something like £120,000 to bondholders, and its phthisis liability for so old a mine must be very considerable.

A Liking for "Devels."

Little is doing in platinum, sales of Transvaals at 62s. 6d., Lydenburgs at 17s. 6d., Alluvials at 3s. 6d., and Nylstrooms at 3s. I heard a keen operator expressing a liking for "Devels" at 18s., but they seem quite a gamble to me.

"Modder's" Record Crushing and Profit of Half a Million.

The quarterly reports of the principal mines of the Barnato and "Corner House" Groups have been issued during the week. In most cases there is a decrease in the profit owing to the lower price of gold. A prominent exception to this rule is that of the New Modderfontein, which crushed a record quantity of 373,000 tons and made a working profit of practically half a million. Government Areas did even better than this, its total profit being £568,000. This company announces that the cost of increasing the capacity of the crushing plant will be about £320,000, including the completion of the circular shaft, ventilation equipment, and in additions to hoists, etc. No new extra stamps are to be erected, ten additional tube mills being installed. It will be rather over a year, "towards the end of March, 1926," before this plant is completed and in operation. The City Deep, on the Central Rand, and the New Modderfontein on the far East, are distinguished by the high ratio of payable rock developed, namely, 70 per cent., but the actual value at the latter was 600 inch dwt. compared with 472 at the former. At both Government Areas and Van Ryn Deep only just half the footage sampled gave payable values, but the reef at Government Areas was twice the thickness of that at the Van Ryn Deep. It is pleasing to see an improvement in the payability at New State Areas, which is now 60 per cent. The reef is exactly the same thickness as at the Van Ryn Deep, but its value is a couple of dwt. more.

Two "Lame Ducks."

The Modderfontein East report is extremely disappointing, as though there was an actual working profit, sundry expenditure converted this into a loss of £2,450. Only a trifle more than a quarter of the reef sampling was payable. The East Rand Proprietary increased its development by nearly 5,000 feet, but this was accompanied by a drop in the pay ratio to 40 per cent.

A Bulawayo Rondavel.

The hut once used by Cecil Rhodes, in Bulawayo.
F. H. Yeo, photograph.

"C.M.R's" Good Values.

Shares of the Consolidated Main Reef have recently been in request up to 15s. 6d. on reports of good development which are fully substantiated by the official report, which shows that nearly two-thirds of the development was payable, the reef having a value of nearly three ounces over a width of 7 inches. The actual footage at this mine was as great as that at either the New Modderfontein or the City Deep, which crushed almost double the tonnage.

A Politician's Forecast of Mine Taxes.

The forecast of a member of the legislature for one of the Free State constituencies that the Government had some idea of returning to the old 10 per cent. on profits of gold mines, leaves members and the public somewhat in doubt as to the actual intention. At the prescent time the gold mines pay 7½ per cent. on profits, plus a dividend tax of similar amount. The report had little influence on share prices.

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The Week.

Paragraphed and Photographed

Without offence to friends or foes
I sketch your world exactly as
it goes.

London Shopping.

From London, our correspondent writes:—"This is the time of bargainings—oh, the merry work that can be done across a remnant counter, the bruised elbows that can be achieved in the bargain basements! The beginning of the year finds us neck-deep in sales—and such sales! I have never looked upon the like. I once heard that to a woman the word 'economy' meant going without something she direly needed in order to be able to buy something at a bargain sale which would never be any use to her. Well, I suppose it is right in a way. One buys so much rubbish at sale times thinking that it may come in useful some day, and feeling that one would be guilty of unmentionable conduct if one allowed the woman, whose umbrella is jostling her fifth rib, to get the desired object first. London is regally the woman's place at sale time. But the other day I noticed a man heading a long queue which waited in the early morning outside one of our largest shops. (*N.B.*—I was not in the queue myself.) I knew that the poor wretch had been bidden, on pain of no cigarette money for a month, not to return home without 'that coat and skirt at thirty-five shillings marked down from five guineas' or 'that little brown hat, James, which will look quite nice trimmed with those feathers off my other one.' For the sake of his peace of mind I do hope he effectually brough off the coup. What degree of courage lay in that raincoat-covered heart and under that drooping moustache I could not guess, but I think it must have been colossal when I think of that long queue of rapacious females waiting, waiting until the doors opened." *P.T.*

The Empire's Future.

"I cannot sing, I cannot dance, and I think I am terribly plain." Thus Miss Maidie Scott described herself to a South African journalist who interviewed her in London. Miss Scott, who is one of the highest salaried artists in the old world, is coming here and is due to open some time in March. Her frank admission that she cannot sing or dance and that she is not beautiful makes one wonder why she is a star of such magnitude. But you wonder dies when you see her for then her wonder is born. She is an artist. One should use the word discreetly, because it is overused here, there and everywhere. Miss Maidie Scott brings a batch of delicate amusing songs . . . songs like "The Naughty little bird in Nellie's Hat," "If the wind had only blown the other way" and "I'm glad I took mother's advice." They are all light and amusing numbers and she sings them with a certain something . . . one can hardly define it. Some call it charm. The managers in London, who don't use the word, merely say she gets £250 a week and that she is worth it. Miss Maidie Scott is charming as few women can be. She just woos you into her sparkling mood and keeps you there until the curtain falls and even after the theatre has become dark behind you and you are on the way home.

Melba in London.

Our London corespondent writes:—"Dame Nellie Melba has returned from Australia looking as pink and cherry as a ripe apple on a tree. She crossed in that awful storm during Christmas, and she told me when I saw her for a minute that England should be grateful to see her at all, as there was much alarm aboard the Channel boat and talk of anchoring outside the port. 'I'm going to start a subscription for the tunnel!' she said. Melba is writing her reminiscences, and promises that they shall make excellent reading." *P.T.*

MISS FLORENCE RADCLIFFE,
Of the Iris Hoey Company, opening in Johannesburg on February 2nd.

VIOLA DANA,
In "Crinoline and Romance" at the Carlton Bioscope, Johannesburg, on February 5, 6 and 7.

Shaw Reprints.

It is terribly and sadly true that, although Bernard Shaw is talked about so much in this fair land, he is not widely read. Ask your local bookseller. But the fact that both Mr. Leon M. Lion and Miss Iris Hoey are talking of producing one or two of his plays has made everybody sit up and read Shaw as well as talk him. His novels must not be overlooked in the excitement. Messrs. Constable and Company, Limited, have published reprints of three novels, "The Irrational Knot," "The Unsocial Socialist" and "Love Among The Artists" (English price, 3s. 6d.). Mr. Shaw has always been very humble and apologetic about these novels, which were written in the days before he was publicly recognised as our intellectual giant. There is still another novel which he has never published, because he feels its innaturity would injure his reputation. "The Irrational Knot" is a good, readable story, in which, as in the others, Shaw proves that he has the technique of a novelist as well as that of a playwright. There is a lot of silly nonsense talked about highbrows and intellectuals nowadays, and people are very often frightened away from good books by these meaningless terms. Nothing has done more to frighten people away from Shakespeare than the schools and universities, who imagine that Shakespeare wrote especially for them; whereas he wrote as much for the theatre and the people as any of the popular writers of to-day. Nothing is more annoying than this talk, especially in new countries, of highbrows and intellectuals, because it only isolates writers and books, when they should be read more generally. These three novels by Bernard Shaw are "readable," well-written stories, and not terrifying or "deep." *W.A.C.*

Bert Errol.

One can very well turn to an American critic for an opinion of an English artist, for they are almost always more scathing in denouncing the West End star who crosses the Atlantic and plays for honour in New York. Since Mr. Bert Errol, the famous female impersonator, is on the way to South Africa with his wife and daughter, it is interesting to read what one of the New York dailys said of his recent performance:—

"Bert Errol is the best of all the female impersonators for the reason that he not only can wear stunning frocks and wraps, but he has a really extraordinary voice, a big, brilliant coloratura soprano, and he has a delightful sense of humor. He flits from one marvellous creation to another, warbling brilliant operatic arias the while and now and then dropping into masculine attire and manners. This season Errol comes with a new act, 'Modes and Melodies,' far more pretentious than anything he has ever presented in America. In it he is assisted by his dainty little wife, Ray Hartley, a celebrated dancer in her native England, who quite shares the honors with her husband. It is Mrs. Errol who designs all Bert's costumes and sees that they are kept in the pink of condition."

KODAK SNAPS ENLARGED AND PAINTED BY JANE PLOTZ, ART STUDIOS, THRUPP'S BUILDINGS.

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HENRY VICTOR,
Star of "His Grace Gives Notice," at the Carlton, Johannesburg, on February 2, 3 and 4

MR. AND MRS. STANLEY GROVE-SPIRO,
Who have been staying at the Carlton, and who leave for England very soon.

MISS ELISABETH DRURY,
Of the Iris Hoey Company, opening at His Majesty's, Johannesburg, on February 2.

A New Cult.

Between twelve and one o'clock, on many of these warm summer evenings, lonely pedestrian on the cliff roads that run towards Camps Bay and Chapmans Peak are surprised to see, passing them, motor-cars full of merry crowds of men and women in evening dress, singing and laughing. They are the devotees of a new cult in Capetown —a drive round the mountain after dances.

Nowadays, if one moves in a certain set, it is the thing. When a dance ends at midnight, as most dances do in quiet conservative Capetown, nobody thinks of going straight home. Every man with a car must take his full load and the procession starts. Somebody with a voice or a sense of melody starts the tune and dance songs are sung as the motors swing into the Victoria Road and go smoothly along the sea's edge to Camp's Bay and beyond.

Singing dies soon when the magic of the moon-path across the quiet sea is felt.

Back once more in the town the rule is to finish with coffee and one more dance at somebody's house or flat.

The Gossip.

Notes.

Mrs. James Gilchrist one of the old pioneer crowd has been in Johannesburg for a short visit, and is returning to the Cape this week. She has been staying with Mrs. Kirkwood, the widow of Mr. Jimmy Kirkwood. To all old Johannesburgers these are some of the names that used to be part and parcel of social life and business life, and all the life that mattered.

Mr. and Mrs. Gilchrist left Johannesburg a long time ago, and established a home in Scotland where they had lovely place, but like most true South Africans they could not stay away from the land of bright sunshine (or as a small boy who came from England, described it the shiny land). Mrs. Gilchrist is connected with very many well known people in South Africa, among others Mr. A. H. Krynauw, of the E.R.P.M. *A.A.*

Mrs. Wilson Rowan, who is shortly leaving Johannesburg for East London, is well known as an indefatigable worker in all women's movements.

Many years ago she was art mistress in Stellenbosch at the Bloemhof Girls School. Later in Pretoria she was a prominent member of the Women's Reform Club, but to art lovers her claim to distinction rests mainly upon her reputation as an artist in painting leather and metal work. An exhibition of her work which she intends holding in East London, will be the main object of her visit to that city. *A.A.*

Clothes and the Woman.

Have you seen the very wonderful display of frocks at Messrs. Blinman's in Eloff Street? Passing there the other evening I saw such a crowd that I had perforce to stop, women are always inquisitive, you know. There picked out in red, white and blue electric lights were the words "Clothes and the Woman" and everyone was pressing nearer to see the hundred and one dainty things in the large windows. There were dresses for every moment of the day and when going to have a second look I met Miss Iris Hoey, who was oh, so delighted with it. There are some very nice photographs of her also in the window, and Blinman's are to be heartily congratulated on keeping up to their motto the "centre of fashion" and to their reputation for being absolutely up-to-date. It is really a wonderful idea. *AUSTIN.*

A New Surprise.

One of those happy little ideas that are responsible for many of one's most delightful evenings came to Miss B. Cramer, who is an enthusiastic Capetown dancer, the other day.

She gave a surprise party, but not the ordinary kind of surprise. Instead of the hostess being unaware that her guests were coming, at this surprise party the hostess was the only one who knew.

Gathering an enormous number of friends about her, and even advertising in the newspapers for those whom she could not reach, Miss Cramer assembled a great crowd of people on Thursday evening. Then, when everybody was present, she told them where they were going.

The destination turned out to be the Railway Institute, where tables had been set around the floor and Jacobson's band was in attendance, for a dance that did not eventually finish until the small hours. There was an exhibition by Dave Herman and Miss Jose Karras during the evening, and nobody wanted to leave at the end. *The Gossip.*

A Stage Family.

What a wonderful family are the Lloyds! Headed by the late great artist Marie, there are nine of them, seven girls and two boys, and all on the stage. Two are at this moment in South Africa, Rosie and Alice Lloyd, Rosie in Capetown and Alice in the north.

The week before Miss Rosie Lloyd arrived in Capetown, Miss Lily Lena, who is a cousin of the Lloyds and really a tenth member of the family, was at the Tivoli. Miss Lloyd had come from Australia and the two, who are more like sisters than cousins, thus came from two ends of the world to meet here.

I have seen only a few better Cockney characterisations than Miss Rosie Lloyd's song of 'Arriet,' who, on the eve of her marriage, has a merry time at the Angel with her old companions. She puts an abandon and cheek into the song that is typical of the regular Cockney after a "two o' gin."

The Gossip.

Rosie Lloyd.

There is a little dash of sentiment about us all else we would not be the dear delightful human beings we are. And, talking of sentiment, one is reminded of the Lloyd Sisters, Alice, who scored such a great success, and Rosie who has done likewise at the Tivoli, Capetown. Sentiment, with them, is the keeping of the memory of their sister Marie green, and they never forget her. Rosie always carries on the stage the stick which Marie used in so many of her songs, it is black with a diamond top, and although it is sadly in need of a touch of paint, Rosie refuses to have it done, for she says, "You can still see Marie's finger marks on the wood."

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The Fall of Hell.

A Satirical Fantasy.

By M. M. Stern.

In the silence of midnight I sat reading at my desk. I pushed back my lamp, the shade of which left in semi-darkness the books that rise on tiers on all four walls of my study. The dying fire showed a few sparks still glowing like rubies amid the cinders. The air was heavy with the pungent fumes of tobacco. The shadows of the room were full of mystery. I felt vaguely conscious of the soul of all the slumbering books around me.

Suddenly I was caught away into regions of dumb darkness, amid which appeared vague and mysterious shapes that filled me with terror. Little by little my eyes grew accustomed to the gloom, and I made out the shadowy form of a man of terrifying aspect. Horns protruded from his head. His body was hairy. I recognised his cloven hoofs and knew I had been cast to the infernal regions.

"Welcome to Hell, Professor Broadcast," greeted Lucifer, courteously. "Long have I awaited your coming."

"What! You knew I was coming?" I asked.

"Ever since you commenced experimenting in wireless."

"What has that to do with it?"

"Everything," assured Lucifer, with a sardonic grin. "You have eaten of the forbidden fruit of Knowledge."

"Same old fable," I sneered.

"Not at all," objected Lucifer in a voice of considerable good humour, yet with just a touch of sharpness in it. "You have committed the same sin as Adam. You have pried into God's secrets and have actually stolen one of which he is very jealous, to wit, the secret of the forces of sound and space—Wireless."

"In that case," I protested, "Hell must contain all the philosophers and scientists that ever existed."

"All of them," assented Lucifer, complacently. "That is," he added, "with the exception of those invertebrates who recanted on their death-beds—a trifling number."

"Perhaps, then, you have Plato here?"

"We have here the entire school of philosophy, from Plato to Nietsche," Lucifer stated, proudly, "and Bernard Shaw may arrive at any moment. You will also find every scientist of note, down to yourself—our latest arrival, and I look forward to the pleasure of receiving Einstein when he is tired of being lionised on earth.

"What a magnificent symposium," I cried, enthusiastically, "Tell me, Lucifer, have you no politicians or capitalists here?" I enquired, remembering the predictions of the Labour Party on earth.

"No," answered Lucifer. "You see," he explained, "they have no genius and Hell is no place for mediocrities."

"Where do they go, then?"

"To Heaven."

"Good Heavens!" I ejaculated.

Lucifer looked at me suspiciously and said: "We had better join the Centre Party, and I will make you acquainted with the denizens of the Infernal Regions."

"What is the Centre Party?" I asked, following Lucifer through the gloom.

"That requires a little explanation," said Lucifer. "One of the first difficulties with which I was confronted in controlling my ever-increasing population was the maintenance of my position as Supreme Sovereign in Hell. Containing so many clever dialecticians, I found that my authority was subject to considerable criticism, and many who disagreed therewith deserted my province for Heaven. In order to stop this rot, I formed a Parliament after the style of those on earth, and placed Plato in power of the Centre Party—my Government—philosophers being more amenable to my influence than any other type of thinker."

"I should imagine that a session of your Parliament would be highly entertaining," I said.

"You will find it so," agreed Lucifer. "Socrates can't stand Karl Marx. Cicero and Disraeli are like cats. Indeed, Mendelssohn and Gounod were so despised by Beethoven and Wagner that they went to Heaven, and well rid we are of those sticky sentimentalists. This intolerance, I may add, is reflected among the minor Satellites, too."

"In fact, it is Hell," I suggested, ironically.

"Not in the mundane sense, as you will see," Lucifer demurred.

During this conversation we had been traversing a barren region of shattered rocks. A faint, soft light now appeared, and I made out a river whose turbid waters rolled sluggishly along.

"The Styx," said Lucifer. "On the other side are the Elysian Fields. Charon will ferry us across."

We entered the ferry and were silently rowed across, to the Elysian Fields. Here Lucifer left me, asking me to make myself at home, while Charon returned to his eternal post on the other side.

Directing my steps as well as I could, I set off for a meadow where shone an effulgent light. After a half-hour's walking I came upon a group of shades gathered in a field of Asphodel. A shade detached itself from the group and advanced towards me. I recognised the divine Plato. "Lucifer apprised me of your arrival, Professor Broadcast," he said. "It is timely. I was just discoursing on the partition between Sound and Space in relation to my dualistic theory of...."

"The partition has been broken down by modern science," I interrupted.

Aristotle: We are always hearing of some new thing from Africa.

Nietzsche: How many more times must I tell you, my dear Aristotle, that when I left Earth, Africa was a dark, barbarous continent, second only to Germany.

Frederick the Great: Silence, dog of a philosopher.

Socrates: If you had not spoken, O Frederick, you would have been mistaken for one.

Petrarch: The wild fury of these Germans. They should be expelled to Heaven.

Napoleon: Heaven will not accept them unless the reparations question on Earth is settled. Vive la France!

Tacitus: Faugh! You annoy me unspeakably, Napoleon. Your nation makes war and calls it peace.

Plato: Gentlemen, we are making no serious attempt to consider the subject I have propounded. The partition between Sound and Space in relation....

Pyrrho: What is Sound and what is Space?

Kant: My "Critique of Pure Reason" explains it beautifully.

Schopenhauer: Vague and indefinite. You will find that I have dealt superbly with the subject in my "World as Will and Idea," vol. I., chap. 1.

Euclid: Everything has been learned from my theories, an application of which....

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Pythagoras: School-boy assassin! A fig for your stilted, fallacious theories. I would have you know that my theores of Sound and Space are....

Euclid: Wretched dogmas.

Pythagoras: Vile caricaturist!

Euclid: Sage as far as the beard!

Beethoven: You cannot find more perfect demonstrations of Sound and Space than in my Symphonies.

Wagner: And my operas. Don't forget my operas!

Buddha: Sound and Space are pitiless abstractions of Eternity.

Shakespeare: Splendid! Now why didn't I think of that? I must write it down.

"Gentlemen," I insisted, "the partition has been broken down by modern science."

Pyrrho: What is modern science?

20th Century Poet: The enemy of Art.

Pyrrho: What is Art?

Chorus of Voices: Shut up!

Zeno of Elea: Let us hear something concerning this new theory of Sound and Space. It may be as funny as Newton's.

"It is not funny at all," I protested, indignantly. "It is a fact. Modern science has conquered Sound and Space."

Mediaeval Astrologer: He is mad. Send him to Heaven.

Zeno of Elea: Tell us of this new Zeus.

Zeno's blandness was annoying.

"Wireless is his name," I commenced to explain, when I suddenly remembered that I had arrived in Hell with my receiving set—my Viaticum. Charon must have left it on the banks of the Styx. I turned to make for the Styx. Lucifer confronted me. In his arms he carried my receiving set, which he presented to me with an urbane bow.

I placed it on a convenient ledge and addressed the assembly, who were eyeing the contrivance curiously.

"Gentlemen, I am now about to give you an actual demonstration of my statement that there is no longer any partition between Sound and Space. This instrument was invented by me for the purpose of obtaining messages from Mars. My demise unfortunately prevented that experiment, but I can now make a different one—I can get into touch with Earth, which is barricaded with broadcasting stations. A little electricity, please Lucifer," I commanded.

"Hell contains nothing but electricity," he replied.

"A decided improvement on brimstone," I remarked.

"Pooh! Another of those mundane fables which frighten children and ruin my reputation."

I pressed the lever of my receiving set, and waited. A minute passed. Two! Three! I eyed my invention uneasily. Suddenly, however, came a faint whisper. It became audible, increased in volume and developed into a harsh, jarring concatenation of noises.

"Earth is not so far from Hell after all," remarked Lucifer.

"Gentlemen," I announced, "you are listening to the Southern Syncopated Orchestra playing Jarewski's Magnum Opus, "Down in Alabam'."

The noise reached a frenzied riot and abruptly ended on a strident, crashing crescendo. Silence for a moment, and then a voice was heard. "Ladies and Gents," it said, "this is what we call good music. Wagner and Beethoven's played out. Nobody ever gave a continental damn for 'em. Live music for live people, I say, and that's what Jazz is. The next number is 'Yes, we have no Bananas." I cut off connection with Earth resolutely.

Two figures in the audience were gesticulating wildly.

Beethoven: Wagner, this is intolerable. Did you hear what the barbarians on Earth—the posterity we believed in—said of us? Did you hear the awful, brutish rubbish they call good music? Alas, my mortal life's work.

Wagner: Ecrasez l'infame! Is it for this I suffered on Earth? It it for this I slaved over my wonderful operas?

Beethoven: Let us to Heaven, Wagner, where we can visit Earth with the direst vengeance.

Wagner: Come, Beethoven.

The two shades linked arms and slipped away noiselessly.

Lucifer looked at me strangely.

Newton: This exposition is really most interesting. Pray do not let the loss of those mad musicians interrupt our communication with Earth.

The shades clustered round the receiving set eagerly. Again I pressed the lever. A brief pause, then a voice with a nasal twang was heard declaiming in impassioned accents.

"Gentlemen," I said, "You are now listening to a debate of the Harvard University Debating Society."

"I submit," said the voice, "that the time has come when we must vigorously protest against being saturated with the specious sophistry of the Greek philosophers...."

"Hear! Hear!"

"That's the stuff, old Bean!"

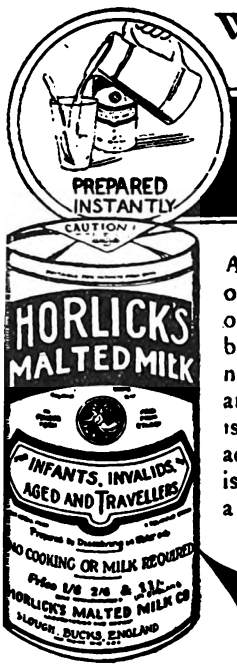
"Give old Socs., socks!"

"....As also of their modern equivalents."

"Bravo!"

"Down with the Modern School!"

"Enough of Kant's cant!"



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"As a representative of the Modern World," continued the voice, "I object to being forced to study any philosophical system."

"Hooray!"

"So do I!"

"And I!"

"And I!"

A medley of voices was heard as of people shouting, above which bellowed a stentorian voice crying: "Order! Order!"

Handclapping and hurrahs ensued, and then a voice said: "After listening to so eloquent a condemnation of the pernicious influences of philosophy, which saps the vitality from men and unfits them for the proper tasks of life, we would be lacking in our duty if we did not pass a vote demanding its expurgation from the curriculum of University education. We must firmly suppress all attempts at philosophizing. Plato was a Poltroon Paramount. He and his disciples ruined his country, no less than our philosophers are ruining ours. Let the history of Ancient Greece be a warning to us. Let us crush philosophy. I move the resolution. All hands for! Against! Carried *nem. con!*"

"Hooray! Hooray!"

"Down with philosophy!"

"Epicharmos of Kos
Was covered with moss."

"Thales and Zeno
Were duffers at Keno."

"Said Aristotle unto Plato,
You're a boiled potato."

"Said Plato unto Aristotle,
You're boozed to the throttle."

"Hooray! Hooray!"

A noise as of a party breaking up, and then—silence.

I turned to address the shades. The school of philosophy was disappearing in the direction taken by Beethoven and Wagner, hurling taunts at the Devil and execrating Earth. A number of scientists were arguing excitedly among themselves. St. Paul was haranguing his party.

The Devil looked at me malevolently. I felt uneasy.

Mythologer: I predicted this 500 years ago.

Copernicus: I anticipated this logically 1,000 years before you were born.

Gallileo: When I decided the Earth was round I gave the impetus to all the blessings science has since brought to Earth.

From Earth suddenly came a series of appalling crashes, followed by a long, muttering thunder.

"Another war on Earth," I cried.

The crashes resounded through Hell and gradually died away, only to recommence with increased fury. In a temporary lull a mournful plaint drifted through from Earth.

"O Science! O Wisdom! Whither hast thou led us?"

Hastily I pressed the lever and communication with Earth ceased. I saw that Hell was empty but for Lucifer and myself.

Lucifer looked at me murderously. "I am Monarch now only over the empty wastes of Hell," he said. "All my subjects have deserted me for Heaven. Hell is no longer safe for them. You have destroyed my Kingdom, and for this you shall suffer terrible torture."

He advanced upon me threateningly, his teeth bared in a bestial grin. I felt his hot breath upon my face and—crash!

I awoke. My fire had gone out. The chilliness of the night was getting into my bones, and I had a racking headache.

"Curse that goose's liver," I muttered, as I picked up "The Triumph of Wireless" which had fallen to the floor.

Round the Bioscopes.

At the Bijou.

There will surely not be a vacant seat at the New Bijou next week when "If Winter Comes," a motion picture version of A. S. Hutchinson's famous novel, is screened.

If anything, the film play surpasses in interest and realism the original material upon which it is built. In a flawless caste the acting of Mr. Percy Marmont as Mark Sabre stands out in brilliant relief. Never before has there been played on the screen a character relying so largely in psychology, the analysis of the human mind, as that of the very loveable Mark Sabre. All the world has learnt to know the "exquisitely delicate susceptibilities" of Mark, and to pity with all their hearts his heroic though pathetic attempts to keep his home sacred from the angels in an inevitable and tragic triangle. But fate, as you will remember, takes a hand and slowly and irresistibly builds the triangle. Percy Marmont is a very fine looking man, six feet tall with blond hair and grey-blue eyes and is sure to appeal to film audiences. Anne Forrest takes the part of Nona, Lady Tybar and Gladys Leslie that of Effie with conspicuous success.

At the Orpheum.

At the Orpheum, the "Fast Mail, featuring Charles Jones, Eileen Percy and Adolph Menjou, is to be the great attraction, with Addison and Mitrenga, the dancers who have scored such a wonderful success all over the Union, and Jas Stewart as the vaudeville acts. Lincoln J. Carter's famous melodramatic picture is a story full of love and thrills. It begins with a steeplechase and ends with an exciting hotel conflagration, which, however, doesn't stop the villian inside from trying his usual dirty work. The Dixieland Steeplechase and the Mississippi Derby Day described in the William Fox screen presentation of the "Fast Mail," are the biggest days of the New Orleans year. Charles Jones, the star, does home wonderful things in the film. He leaps from an automobile to a train, and from a train to a boat in this greatestt of screen thrillers. It is just the thing to see when you are feeling blue.

At the Carlton.

Next week there will be two very fine pictures at the Carlton Theatre, with titles that savour of love and romance. From Monday to Wednesday "His Grace gives Notice" will be shown, followed on Thursday by "Crinoline and Romance." The first is a Stoll Picture Production featuring Henry Victor, who is supported by Nora Swinburne, in Laura Troubridges comedy drama. Gladys Hamer, who plays the part of "Flickers" has been described by many people as a female Alfred Lester, and she is a great help in this laugh picture, which possesses that touch of the romantic which should appeal to the popular taste. "Flickers," the movie "fan," falls in love with George the footman, not, as might be imagined, because the sight or thought of him aroused the tender passion, but because he reminded her of Rodolph Valentino! But George became a duke and "Flickers" fell in love with the valet!

Being just a "wee bit old fashioned" in manner and dress gives Viola Dana a chance to display some pretty crinolines in "Crinoline and Romance," a Metro production. It has, as a film, a quaint charm that stamps it as something different, and if there is one word which can describe the picture it is "charm," the charm of Miss Dana's acting, the charm of her support and the charm of Harry Beaumont's skilful direction. You'll just love it, a glimpse into another world after a hard day at the office.

C.R.

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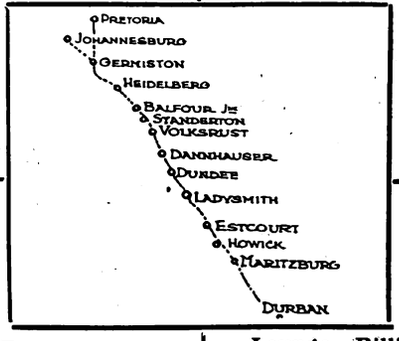

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Motoring and Motor-cycling.

By "Wire Wheel."

Through the Kei Hills to Butterworth.

Last week I wrote of two Johannesburg motorists touring the country and strangely enough both have visited the coast town of East London. One of these owner-drivers has written a glowing account of a delightful trip from East London to Butterworth, a distance of approximately 120 miles.

The road to Toleni Bridge he goes on to say, is very bumpy, the scenery is so attractive that one forgets the jolts. A favourite picnic spot of East Londoners is the harbour river.

The hotel at Kei River Bridge was reached in time for forenoon tea. Afterwards a move was made through the Kei Hills along the winding roadway. The scenery in the valley is hard to describe and must be seen to be appreciated. Butterworth was reached in good time for lunch after which the sights of this picturesque village were inspected.

There is great activity in Butterworth and many motorists were seen passing through. Although only 120 miles from the post it takes nearly 24 hours by train to do the journey with a dreary wait of 5 hours at Amabele Junction. As my friend says, no wonder people down there prefer motors. The drive back was uneventful, and the party arrived in East London in time for dinner at the hotel.

There is no difficulty in keeping to the road, and visiting motorists will be well repaid for the journey of 240 miles amidst such delightful scenery well worth seeing.

A Petrol Test.

Tomorrow from the City Deep Mr. Dave Owen will drive an Indian Prince motocycle on half a gallon of petrol for as far as it will go.

Some phenomenal m.p.g. have been accomplished on this lightweight machine and the agents, Messrs. Williams, Hunt & Co., Ltd., are out to test the capabilities of the machine.

The start will be made at 8.30 a.m., the turn will be made at Balfour, and the whole test should be over by midday in time for motorists to get back into town for lunch.

The Man on the Left Has the Right of Way.

Writing in advance of the Town Council meeting which was down for Tuesday evening last, I notice the works Committee were down to recommend the rule of the "man on the left." It was to effect that

> "The driver or rider of any vehicle, cycle or animal shall, when crossing an intersecting street give the right of way to any vehicle, cycle or animal on or approaching from his left side."

If this rule were more fully understood and observed by motorists, there would not be so many accidents.

It is so simple, and if observed by everyone, makes driving an easy matter. One has only to think then of the "LEFT" and in doing so automatically gives way to "the man on the left." Under present conditions one may observe this excellent rule, but there is always a fear that the man from the right will barge into one, consequently, to steer clear of accident one has to keep a weather eye open on the right also.

If this new traffic by-law and the rule never to take ground in passing another vehicle until the ground in front is clear, and to pass at least a full length of the driven vehicle in front of the other man, traffic conditions will automatically adjust themselves. At present, the moment a traffic policeman leaves his stand in the centre of intersecting streets, immediately one sees cars, motorcycles and other vehicles cutting the corners. The fraction of a second gained in pursuing this practice avails one of little if by so doing a fellow beings life is taken. It is far better to go slow to be safe, than risk life for a few moments of time.

If the spirit of sweet reasonableness were practised more by all users of the road, there would be less chance of accidents occurring. I for one am pleased the Town Council are bringing into effect the rule of the man on the left. The onus, in case of accident will then rest with the driver who strikes another vehicle on the right. This in itself should be a deterent to those who disregard "the rule of the road."

Don't Leave the Car Unattended.

A few evenings ago a friend of mine who left his car standing in the roadway in a northern suburb, found he had been relieved of his battery when he came to start his car up again. On reporting the matter it was found that there is an epidemic of accessory snatching going on at present. Batteries, magnetos and carburetters appear to be the main object of the thief or thieves.

Another friend was just about to leave his car the other evening in a certain street in town, when he was hailed by a brother motorist who advised him not to leave his car in that particular spot, as he had arrived just in time to save his battery which the thieves attempted to take, even lifting the flooring boards of the rear compartment.

It is well to be on guard at the present moment, and cars should not be left unattended if the fitments are to remain safe. I hope this timely hint may save my readers from a like experience as that which befel my friend.

Lord and Lady Milner—A Swedish Tribute.

Lord and Lady Milner at Port Elizabeth, photographed with the Mayor and Mayoress, Mr. and Mrs. A. Linton.

Captain G. L. Ehlund, of the Swedish Cruiser "Flygia," placing a wreath on the Capetown Memorial. With him are Mr. R. J. Verster, the Mayor and Mr. C. M. Rosenlund, Swedish Consul.

RED DAISY TEA IS THE BEST—TRY IT.

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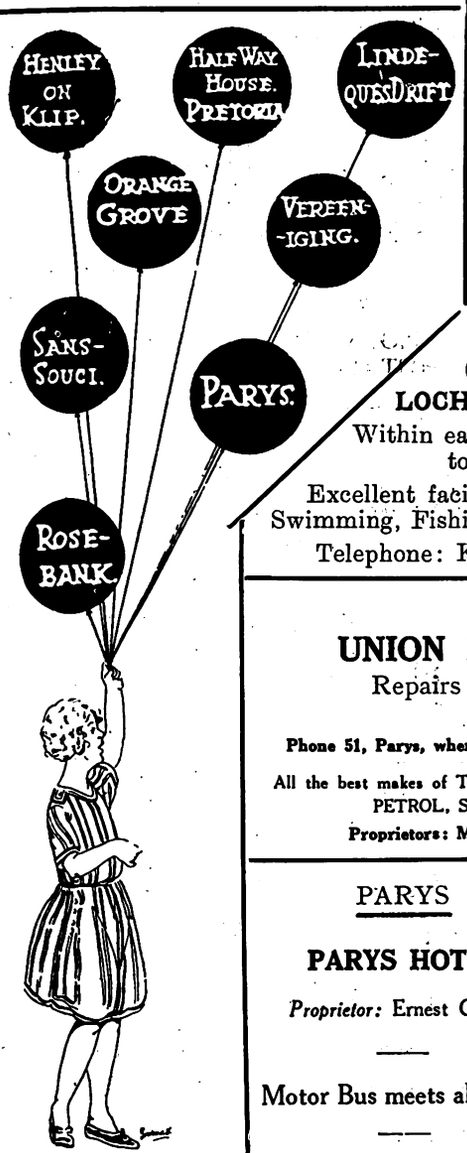
WEEK-END PLEASURE SPOTS.



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A Cat Story.

The most interesting and dramatic story of the sinking of the "Erivan," the Kerguelen oil-tanker, has not, I believe, been told.

When the survivors arrived in Capetown in the "Kilfornia," this week, they were at once besieged by newspapermen. In my stroll over the decks I came across a cat in the arms of a burly Norwegian. I stopped to stroke it and to talk to the sailor about his experience, and asked him the question, "Does the cat belong to the 'Kilfornia'?" "No," he replied, and he told me it was one of two devoted cat-friends on board the "Erivan."

"We had put away in the boats," he said, "and were standing away from the ship, when I saw a little black figure climbing the rigging. The ship was filling quickly and settling down. Just before she went I saw the little black thing again, near the top. It was the cat which was this one's devoted friend. It paused for a minute while the ship sank lower and lower and then, just before the 'Erivan' slid into the depths, I saw the cat jump into the sea. We did not see it again although its companion, who was in the boat with us, is still alive though lonely and mournful." *The Gossip.*

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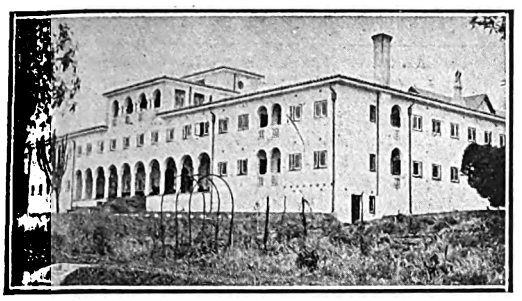

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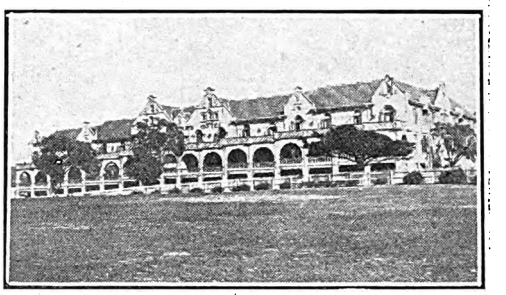

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Empire, Johannesburg.—Hetty King, Madge Kennedy, Ed. La Vine, Alice Lloyd, Leo. Sterling, Florence Rex, Scott Sanders, Jass & Jessie.
His Majesty's, Johannesburg.—Iris Hoey and her London Company in "Clothes and the Woman."
Orpheum, Johannesburg.—Addison & Mitrenga, Jas. Stewert.
Grand, Pretoria.—Vesta Sisters, Beryl Beresford.
Criterion, Benoni.—Brennan and Newton, Lola Krasavina.
Rinko, Maritzburg.—Mariajanos.
Criterion, Durban.—Lily Lena, Mario De Pietro & Joan Revel, Frank Fay & Dixie Lady.
Vaudette, Bloemfontein.—Donald & Carson (Friday and Saturday).
Gaiety, Oudtshoorn.—Veterans of Variety (Monday only).
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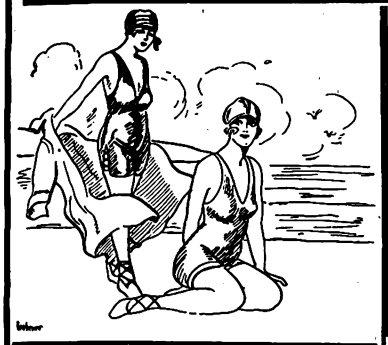

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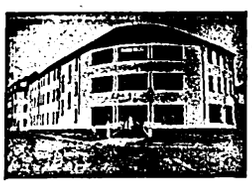

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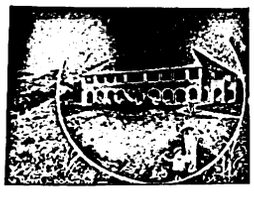

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Racing Notes.

Current Topics.

By "Observer."

wners vs. Clubs.

The seeming interminable struggle twixt the Transvaal wners and Trainers' Association and the racing clubs has dvanced another stage. This time the Association and the ony and Galloway Club are at loggerheads, and it is a owerful body that the owners and trainers are tilting gainst. It appears to me that right away the Association laced itself in a false position, for immediately after otifying the club concerned that the stakes it intended to ve at its February meeting were not satisfactory, the wners and trainers were advised to withhold their support. his was surely somewhat sudden. The Association might ell have given the club an opportunity to discuss any leged grievance; I understand the stewards were quite eady to go into the matter. As it is, the Association has followed up its first letter of demand without giving the other side a chance of coming to terms. It may be taken for granted the rank and file of the Association will not approve of dictatorial methods, and they are not likely to obey instructions to boycott the Pony and Galloway Club's meeting; indeed, they would be cutting off their nose to spite their face in so doing. It would be a calamitous proceeding on the part of the owners and trainers.

The Johannesburg Pony and Galloway Club may or may not be an expensively-run institution; at all events, some of the stewards desire to apply the pruning-knife. But surely this is a question for the club itself to deal with. I fail to see what it has to do with any outside body. The fact of the matter is, we have too many racing concerns in and around Johannesburg, and, naturally, if one or two went out of business, those remaining could then run the full fifteen days allowed by law at no greater expense than at present. The overhead charges saved by dispensing with a club would be so much more for distribution in stakes among the others.

The idea of all the clubs coming together and, by agreement, buying out one, is quite feasible. Here we

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have five Saturday clubs, no one of which can race on the full number of days permitted. The buying out of one club, then, would not lessen the amount of racing. For obvious reasons the change would be welcomed by the racing public, and it would be of direct benefit to owners and trainers. It is generally admitted that certain clubs are over-capitalised, and shareholders could not hope to receive an adequate return for their investments. In any buying-out scheme it would be absurd to suppose that a club would receive an amount sufficient to pay out par value. Such matters, however, could, it may be imagined, be readily adjusted, and an over-capitalised concern would be well content to write down very appreciably its share capital.

The Betting Market.

Already various wagers have been struck in regard to the Durban July Handicap. The well-known adage, "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread," might be applied to those rash punters. The horse most talked of in connection with Durban's big race is Sir Abe Bailey's recent purchase, Bird of Prey. This horse has only been seen in action at the Cape. His form is certainly good, but it is manifestly absurd, on anything the horse has done, to magnify him into a smasher. In any case, he will have something to do in future races, and to take the prices that have been written against his name for the race in question shows to what extent some people are carried away by tall talk.

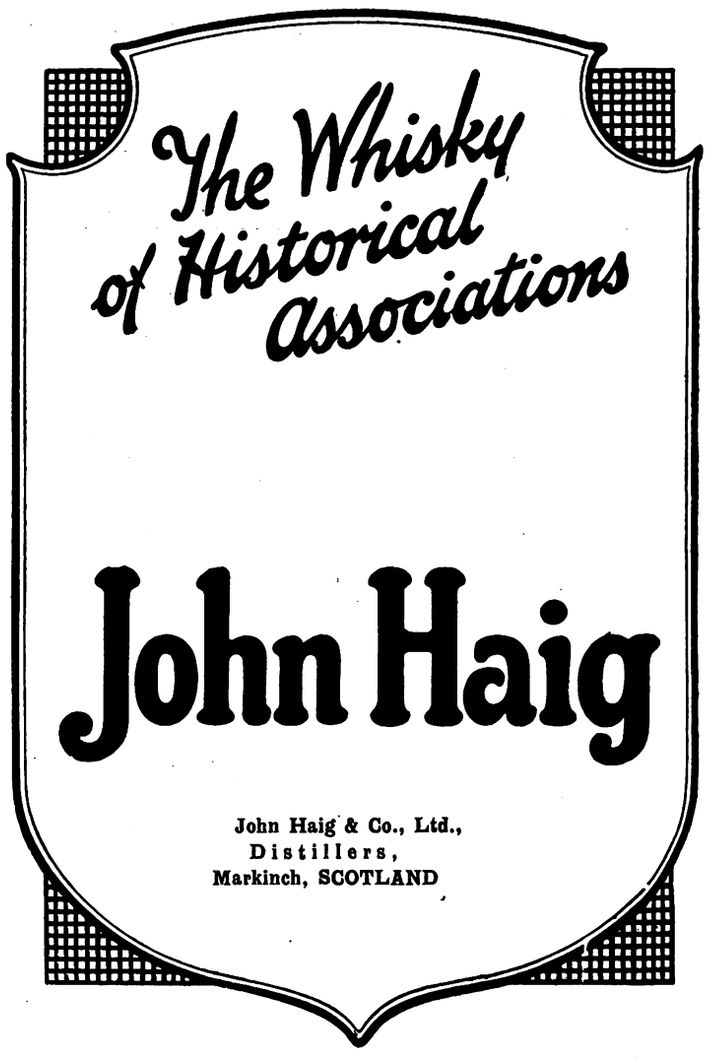
I do not know whether the arrangements connected with the Prince of Wales' visit for last year are to be followed out when the Prince is actually here, but should a race meeting be held at Turffontein while His Royal Highness is in our midst one can be sure that Bird of Prey and all the other cracks would have a cut-in for the prize which will bear the Prince's name, and it would be rather lengthy odds against the winner of such a prize, also taking the Durban July. The early punters would appear to have forgotten this contingency.

At Benoni.

The signs of the times are certainly pointing to there being more money for racing on the Rand than was the case, say, twelve months back. The turnover at the totalisator at recent meetings has been on the up-grade, and close on £12,000 at Benoni on Saturday was decidedly satisfactory.

The racing on the Eastern District course favoured backers, most of the winners being heavily supported. What justification there was for making Mr. Gard's mare, Intervention, favourite for the chief event was not readily discerned. Intervention has, at times, shown she can get a distance and the race at Benoni was ten furlongs, but the mare has not been seen out for a long time and has never been deemed over-courageous. But there it was; many punters looked no further for the winner. Intervention was well up with the field from the outset, but lost a lot of ground by running wide at the home turn. This, however, had no effect on the result, for Battle Cry, after a sharp reminder when in line for home, drew out and won very easily from the top-weight, Father Christmas. The Derby colt, Merry Legs, with only 7st. 3lbs. on his back, got no nearer than fourth. This makes the classic form read very poor indeed.

Another of the Polystome two-year-olds entered the winning list when Royal Poly ran away from the opposition in the youngsters' race at Benoni. The sire was represented by two other winners on the day, for Hood won a race in good style, and Poplin readily enough accounted for the second-class mile event. Westwater, the rider of Poplin, had just previously won on Battle Cry, beating his ex-employers' Father Christmas. In Poplin's race it was also one of Mr. Jos. Simpson's, to wit, Memoria, that finished second. An ungrateful chap, that Westwater!



The Woods at Last.

A winner at Benoni was the hitherto unlucky colt, The Woods, a stable companion to the Champion Stakes winner, Cardinal's Guard. At one time the latter was considered inferior to The Woods. This estimate, however, seems to have been very much astray. All the same, The Woods might have entered the winning list prior to Saturday had he been favoured on occasions with the services of such a jockey as Ray, his pilot at Benoni.

Auckland Park on Saturday.

The Park is the racing venue this week-end. In an eight event card the top-class Brixton Handicap is the only race that, in numbers, is under the usual strength at this course.

Selections.

12.40.—Juvenile Plate, 5 furlongs.
Orchid 1, Polly Peachum 2, Donna Anna 3.

1.20.—Brixton Handicap "D," 5 furlongs.
General Hunter 1, Jovial 2, Dark Purple 3.

2.0.—Brixton Handicap "A," 7 furlongs.
Magicienne 1, King's Daisy 2, Prince Orb 3.

2.40.—Auckland Park Handicap "C," 9 furlongs.
Superstition 1, Polyphonest 2, The Mayoress 3.

3.20.—Auckland Park Handicap "A," 1 mile.
Weale's elect 1, Prudens 2, Crumpet 3.

4.0.—Brixton Handicap "B," 6 furlongs.
Lady Bill 1, Memoria 2, Poplin 3.

4.40.—Auckland Park Handicap "B," 1¼ miles.
Nun Nicer 1, Crafty Charles 2, Antique 3.

5.20.—Brixton Handicap "C," 5 furlongs.
Smithy 1, Paper Cup 2, Spartacus 3.

THOUSANDS OF PASSPORT PHOTOS ARE TAKEN BY NEW YORK STUDIOS. OPPOSITE G.P.O.

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S.A.PICTORIAL.

"The Union's National Weekly."

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Thistledown and Thunder.

A Higgledy-Piggledy Diary.

By Hector Bolitho.

The writer has come to the age when memory is failing him, and he rescues incidents and impressions from the passing torrent before it is too late.

This series of articles, which may continue for far longer than either you or he may wish, is an effort to set down all the things he hadn't the time or the courage to write in the years the locusts have eaten; in New Zealand, Fiji, Samoa, Tonga, Australia, Italy, France, th parent England . . . . and now Africa.

Genesis.

I suppose one's story should open with the very earliest thing one remembers. Mine is merely absurd. I can remember a toy shop in Wellington, New Zealand. The owner was not a very careful man and the pink-faced dolls who pressed their faces up against the glass, very often had dead flies for company. One day, when I was about five, there was a sailor doll with his face almost flattened against the window. A big blowfly, dead and terrible, had fallen until its corpse was pressed between the sailor and the glass. I had always hated dolls, but this seemed too awful . . . I went into the shop and told the man behind the counter.

Whether he removed the fly; what he said, I do not know; but I remembered that my aunt rescued me and took me back to the "select" boarding house where we were staying. I loved my aunt very much in those days . . . so much that at the age of five I asked her to marry me and promised her a solid silver frying-pan for a wedding present.

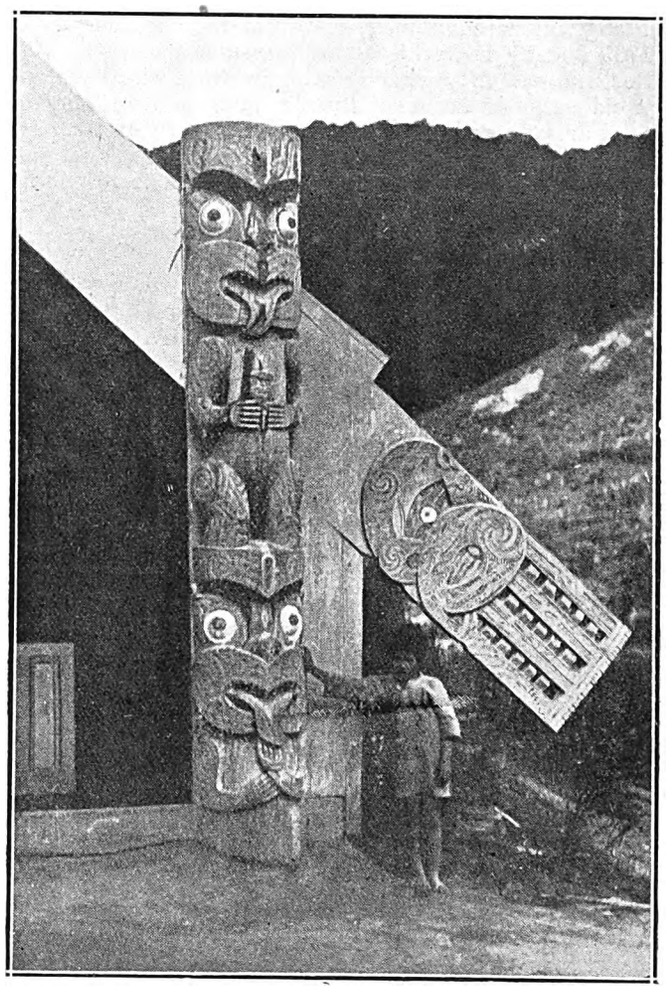
You'll say that is all nonsense and not worth setting down. But, you see, this is all true—this story I have set out to tell.

Of New Zealand, December, 1918.

This poor song that sings of thee,
This fragile song is but a curled
Shell outgathered from the sea,
Murmurous still of its nativity.
—Francis Thompson.

North of New Zealand are the Three Kings, of which, strangely enough, there are seven or eight. It is within sight of these desolate, diminutive islands that New Zealand's last barren headland thrusts its rocky feet into the sea. And here we find an echo of the day when Tasman came in his high-masted ship of Adventure, for the headland is called Cape Maria Van Dieman.

South—far south, almost at the door of the Antarctic silences, is Stewart Island where, so I am told, you will find the southern-most lamp-post in the British Empire. It is of the country and the people between these two places that I wish to tell you—New Zealand with its verdant acres and its million people.



A carved Maori house.

Retrospect.

I have lived amid the beauty of New Zealand's lowlands and I have climbed its cloud swept mountains. I have seen dawn spilling her golden coins over Ruapehu's snows, and I have seen the morning mists rise from the Wanganui River, revealing banks of fern and flowers, drenched with glittering dew.

I have eaten crisp apples in her northern orchards and I've seen the scarlet pohutukawa flowers, in the Christmas season, writing the story of New Zealand's beauty in letters of flame along the coast.

A Lonely Picture Theatre.

I don't know which is the northernmost town in New Zealand. I know there is a lighthouse at Cape Maria Van Dieman and, once upon a time, there were enough people there to support a monthly moving picture show, privately run, for an audience of about ten or fifteen. The films were laboriously carted to the lonely lighthouse and back again.

Russell.

The northernmost place of my knowledge is Russell, whither I went to rest, some years ago after a strenuous lecture tour. Russell is one of the few places contented to stand aside in the epidemic of progress in New Zealand. It was the first town of note in Maoriland and it was the first capital Samuel Marsden preached his first sermon to the Maoris there on Christmas Day, 1814. That was long before the Maori war and long before the signing of the

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Treaty of Waitangi. Nowadays, Russell, the skelton of the former capital, dreams away contentedly and even the village policeman has been seen to sit down on the beach and sift its sand through his fingers. Once he was called to rescue a Maori who fell off the end of the wharf, Otherwise, he has proved morally unnecessary.

Mangonui.

Mangonui and other such coastal towns in this northern peninsula must have been great places in the whaling days. In Mangonui harbour itself, disturbed by Cook as far back as 1769 and by D'Urville about the same time, you would find as many as fifty whaling ships in those wild days when jolly old skippers brough jolly old ships in from the open sea. Now, you wouldn't find anything more exciting than a smoky coastal steamer once a week, an occasional yacht and a shoal of fish. Romance *has* departed from the high seas.

A Link With Dumas.

Even Dumas has a link with this northern coast of New Zealand. It was here, in the wild and wonderful thirties and forties, that the first whalers set their adventurous bows towards the New Zealand Coast. On one of these came Doctor Maynard, who was one of those diligent folk who kept a good diary. When he returned to France, this diary, rich with New Zealand colour, was given to Dumas for revision and then it appeared under the title of "Les Baleinieri." This book, not a story and yet dressed in Dumas' inevitable style, has never been translated, but I secretly believe that my friend Mr. F. W. Reed, of Whangarei, will do the work some day—if his admirers can induce him to. Mr. Reed has achieved several important Dumas translations, and he is probably the greatest Dumas authority and enthusiast south of the line. Anyway, here we have an interesting link with Dumas, who also wrote the preface for Dr. Maynard's "Sebastapool" I admire tremendously. These New Zealand line men have a force as great as any in this part of the world.

Sir George Grey.

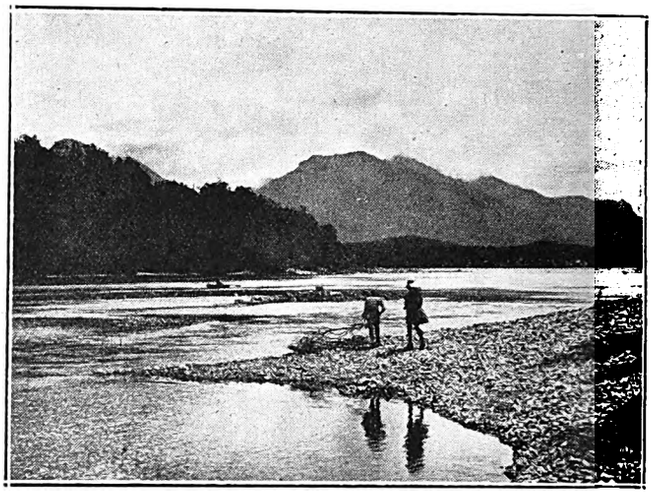
Sir George Grey, perhaps the greatest statesman the Australia of yesterday can boast, left his mark on Auckland, for he bought an island in the Hauraki Gulf and made it his home. This is the Island of Kawau, now given over to boarding-houses and picnic parties. Sir George Grey chose a marvellous island—an island with a marvellous story. It is quite small, and all the steamers coming in from the open sea pass it. First of all, in the very wild days, before the missionaries came with their testaments and tooth-brushes, the island was inhabited by wild Maori marauders, who caught passing canoes, captured the occupants and cooked them for eating. I met a Maori in Rotorua some years ago and he had tasted toasted missionary. He told me that white men made much better eating than his own people. We seem to have a subtle flavour. Well, these Maori marauders at Kawau left their banqueting hall behind them and, up to a few years ago, you could find occasional hip bones or skulls—skeletons of yesterday's feasts.

Copper.

The next event of interest in Kawau's story came when copper was discovered and mined, in the early white man days. It was then that Kawau enjoyed the peculiar distinction of being the only island in the British Empire owned below high water mark by private owners. This special provision was made by the Imperial Government to protect the miner's rights to copper between high and low water mark.

Then Sir George Grey bought the island and planted it with trees from South America, Africa and Japan. He built a typically English house and imported birds and animals. Thus, in the midst of pagan New Zealand, he created his own fauna and flora—his own world. He imported, even in these early years, priceless works of art and books—books as rare as first folios of Shakespeare and these he later gave to the Auckland Art Gallery.

(To be continued.)



"I have lived among the beauty of New Zealand's lowlands."

A NEW AMERICAN GOWN.

A heavy white crepe de chine gown embroidered in gold thread, under a three-quarter coat of tailless ermine edged with white fox and with a deep stand-up collar of the same fur. The hat is small, of deep gold, and has white ospreys in the front.

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Life in Rhodesia.

As the Countess of Cathcart Sees It. *By P.T.*

Of course we talked about Rhodesia. Nobody who talks about South Africa can resist bringing in that name. The very word is lovely. Rhodesia! How trippingly it goes upon the tongue, and what a tune it makes there.

"Of course," said the Countess, seriously, "all South Africans are charming—or at least the great percentage of them. They are all instinct with that social sense which distinguishes a hospitable people. And they *are* hospitable! Their kindliness spreads about one as the sun spreads about the veld. And in no part of the vast continent of Africa is the social sense more keenly developed or more in evidence than in Rhodesia and among Rhodesians.

"Why single out Rhodesia?" I asked.

She laughed. "Oh, I don't know, exactly. Perhaps because I know that part of South Africa best, and yet that's not really why. I can't explain. You know yourself how the very name of Rhodesia stirs one.

She went on—"Whether this keenly developed social sense of Rhodesia is in any way attributable to the small population of a great little country, to the long distances separating its centres of activity, its few towns, scattered mining camps and lonely farm houses—or a heritage from the men and women who made its earliest history, is a debatable point and not one that matters very much. But that the friendly hand of good fellowship is ever extended to settler and visitor alike is a very real fact. With its leisured classes still in the making, the spirit of democracy prevails in Rhodesia and the intelligent visitor cannot fail to realise that the social status of a man is subordinate to the character of the man. That is the most charming thing. Rhodesians do not look to a man's antecedents to find a cachet of respectability for him. He may be a butcher or an earl, but if he is a man, in the broad sense of the word, then he is accorded equal welcome. Perhaps, more than any other colony, South Africa has achieved and will continue to achieve, a true democracy. And that is an excellent thing. Men walk as equals not only in the sight of their Maker, but in the sight of their fellow men. The Colonel's lady, far from being merely the sister of Judy O'Grady, hobnobs with her and stands beside her with perfect equality .

Jack is as good as his master in South Africa. And there is this to be said for the Rhodesian Jack—he is every bit as close an observer of the social verities of social intercourse and as appreciative of the amenities which exist, as is his master. Jack, moreover, never attempts to assert his equality with his master unless that master obviously treats him as an inferior. No Rhodesian can bear to be treated as an inferior. He demands a give and take attitude between man and man and, what is more, he usually gets it.

The innate courtesy and sense of hospitality that characterise the Rhodesian mine or land-owner is reflected in those who serve him; and veld hospitality is no vague, empty phrase but a vivid reality—a matter of honour with the people of the veld. Indeed, it would be difficult to find the man or woman who, having visited Rhodesia (or any other part of South Africa) has left that country without many to-be-treasured memories of the kindly and generous hospitality of a warm-hearted people.

Social life in its general interpretation differs, it seems to me, very little in all English speaking countries. One country may have afternoon tea at four, another at five. One country's customs may command a man to take off his hat when a woman gets into the same lift which conveys himself, another's may insist that he keep his hat on. These are little things. The exigencies of climate alone constitute any real differences that may exist, but of Rhodesia, it cannot be said that climate interferes with the delights of social life. On the contrary, the climate (always excepting the isolated places where the reign of a fierce African sun subdues, all desire for effort of any kind—social or otherwise) stimulates the inclinations of a sports and pleasure-loving people And even in the remote parts of the country where climatic conditions cannot b said to favour the development of friendly relations betwee men and women, the undaunted Rhodesians recognise th demands of old Mother nature and compromise with he with happy results. Thus, though the thermometer ma register 105 degrees (and often more!) in the shade for th best part of the day, there still remain many hours during which it is possible to motor, dance, play bridge, tennis and all games and do any or all the things that sum up the total of social life in any country.

Oh, it is a delicious life! It is marvellous what Rhodesian women, in spite of the heat, can do in a day. Housekeeping, planning meals, entertaining, bridge, dancing, motoring—they keep them all up. There is no house in Rhodesia that is too small to accommodate just another guest. The Rhodesians are wonderful people for making things do. They are, on the whole, an extraordinarily happy, eager set of humans, and one feels at home with them immediately. They take life as it comes, the hard bits and the soft bits all go into the pot of their kindliness and simmer down together. And if the day is hot, why should they worry, when they know it will be followed by a long, blue night with large, close stars in her hair. The nights are worth waiting for through a host of humid days.

Rhodesia! To have lived in Rhodesia is to have been very happy, I think!"

The Countess is, at the moment engaged in the film of her book "The Woman Tempted" and is herself playing the leading part, Louise Harding.

In her book, which is having excellent sales, Rhodesia and its people are visible through the fictionary plot of the story.

Maidie Scott.

Up the Thames—you can go by train or boat—you'll find the island where, in a giddier day than this, they made King John sign the Magna Charta. So they call it Magna Charta Island and tourists are allowed to land there sometimes. The island is rich in associations and still richer in beauty and, among its trees there is a dear mellow stone house where lives the good lady whose permission you need to land. It is about her I wish to talk. She is Maidie Scott, England's famous singer of songs. Her husband bought the historic island many years ago, and, even when she is playing two shows a day in London, she motors back at night, crossing her private bridge to the island. Miss Maidie Scott is to make a brief African tour opening in March.

Miss Maidie Scott was at Magna Charta when I met her first—sitting on the lawn on a quiet English Sunday, with her twins. She has found time to be a wife and a mother as well as time to live on this enchanted island and also rise to the peak of her profession.

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London Theatres.

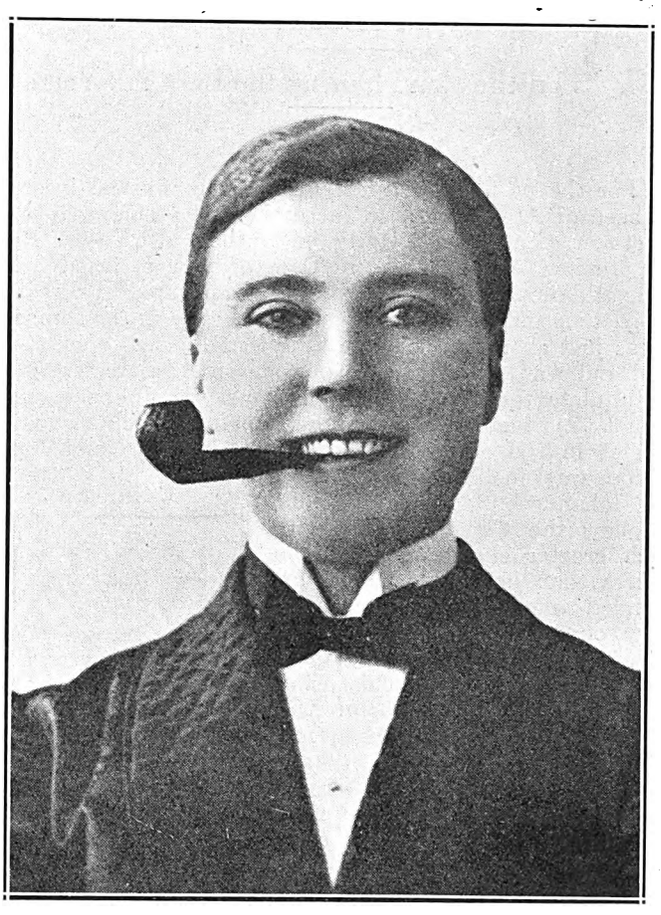
Leicester Square, January 8, 1925.

Except in a few instances the holiday-time boom in theatre-going has failed to come up to expectations, consequently, we see plenty of "last nights" notices plastronned across theatre-bills, and a feverish activity to get new shows ready for immediate production, which is more reminiscent of July and August's autumn-tour-rush than the wonted calm of January. Drury Lane I was pleased to note when I got there one evening last week, has not had any cause to grumble at lack of patronage. Basil Dean's production of "The Dream" is above everything provocative: you may or you may not like his method of lighting, grouping, inscenarising, nor the way he has allotted the parts, but you cannot escape being enthralled by something or other during the course of the play; what particularly got me was the couple of Oberon-Titania scenes—so exquisitely played by Gwen Ffrangcon-Davis and Robert Harris that you could feel a wave of enraptured wonder thrill through the house. As for the cast, when you have a full dozen West-end stars in one programme it is difficult to be brief and at the same time fair. Edith Evans as "Helena" disappointed me, the rôle is not in her range and she is outshone by Athene Seyler's "Hermia," as deliciously airy and impertinent a piece of work as she ever did. Leon Quartermaine's "Lysander" was good—poetic yet masculine—as were also Allan Jeayes' and Brember Wills' "Theseus" and "Egeus" but, together with Hay Petrie's impish and somewhat Caliban-like "Puck," the male honours go to Frank Cellier, Alfred Clark, Clifford Mollison, Miles Malleson, H. O. Nicholson and Wilfrid Walter for their really funny fooling in the scenes allotted to Bottom and his cronies. Their Pyrrams and Thisbé burlesque was the perfection of humour in spite of some rather broad horse-play with the lions tail and the wall. Fokine's ballets are quite negligible as ballets, though they are prettily lighted; any of our own dancing experts could have equalled or bettered this part of the entertainment—the flying-ballet portions are inferior to the effects in "Peter Pan." Mendelssohn's music, augmented by arrangements of his vocal and chamber works, is used most effectively, a fact which caused one critic to head his notice "words and lyrics by Shakespeare; music by Mendelssohn": another touch adding to the musical-comedy atmosphere was the use of coloured silk wigs by the ladies in the last scene.

Another evening I saw a goodly portion of "Charlot's Revue" at the Prince of Wales,' but beyond some oddments by that character-burlesque-genius Maisie Gay and that dancing-butterfly-genius Phyllis Monkman, I was not impressed at all. The entire hotch-potch is really a variant of umpteen other Charlot revues, re-dressed, re-phrased and re-cast, but in essence just "same as before with different sauce." Amongst the "chorus and small part" ladies I noticed the name of Kathleen Coram: this dainty damsel is the flapper-sister of the charming young Helen Coram, now appearing with Renée Kelly over your side. The name of Coram looms large in London just now: papa "Tom" Coram, the ventriloquist, is "topping the bill" at the Coliseum and the Alhambra; his son Ralph is a featured member of the cast of "The Punch Bowl" at the Duke of York's as well as sponsoring a revue which has started its career this week at the old "Bedford" in the town known as Camden, whilst little Kathleen is rapidly garnering experience as aforesaid against the day *she* is called to stardom!

On Saturday night the combined Savoy-Havana, Savoy-Orpheans and Boston Orchestra jazzers presented for our edification "the first concert of Syncopated Music"—and in no less celebrated a temple of Orpheus than the Queens Hall. No doubt these orchestras wireless and gramophonic fame was responsible for a packed "house" (and for the hundreds turned empty away) though there was a sprinkling of the "old guard" there too—rather perturbed at finding the platform draped 60 feet high in a maze of muslin curtains on which coloured lights rippled, crossed and melted; a set of tinted footlights and a house darkened in order to allow the players to be illumined by projection-lamps fixed up in the roof. The programme covered the entire gamut of ragtime, jazz, blues and whatever other styles of syncopated music there may be: some of the items—notably Saint-Saens' "le Cygne" as a saxophone solo, portions of Dvoráks "New World Symphony" with decidedly original orchestration, and dance-numbers such as "Eccentric," "By the Lake" and "Chaliapinata"—were picturesque, interesting and amusing, but it is quite apparent that an hour of this sort of thing is sufficient; the couple of hours on Saturday gave me severe mental indigestion. One outstanding fact that astonished the cognoscenti present was the amazing virtuosity of each and every member of the three orchestras; in their several ways they include syncopated Kreislers, Paderewskis and Pachmann's—and the pleasantly flippant remarks between the items, from an urbane and slick mannered young gentleman, were well in keeping with the iconoclastic proceedings. There is to be a further concert on the 24th. *P.P.*

Still Dominating The Empire.



Miss Hetty King, the great male impersonator, at Johannesburg this week and at Pretoria next week.

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The Orchestral Question in South Africa.

Efforts on the Rand During the Past Six Years.

A Retrospect.

For the past six years South African musical interest has been directed mainly to the orchestral problem, first in Capetown alone, and latterly in Durban also. In 1918 the premier organisation in Capetown was faced with financial difficulties which at one time appeared to threaten the existence of the only symphonic orchestra in the country. It was just about at the same time that musical opinion on the Rand was strongly in favour of some progressive step to stimulate the cause of serious music in Johannesburg. At that time regular visits by the Capetown Orchestra were not yet in the orchestra's annual programme, and Rand opinion was inclined to the view that Johannesburg should be able to follow the Cape example with much greater chances of financial success than had up to that time attended the Cape venture. In this connection a private committee was formed in Johannesburg early in 1917. This committee, known as the Committee for the Betterment of Music, met and discussed the question of Rand music, with particular reference to the advisability of encouraging the establishment of a Rand Orchestra. Among the considerations that entered largely into these discussions was that of securing for the Rand the same cultured and educational advantages which the Capetown Orchestra conferred on its citizens. During that, and also during the preceding years, the Johannesburg Municipality had spent various large sums annually on musical performances that were not regarded as of any particular musical value. The purely popular form of musical entertainment was not considered to be sufficient for the needs of every section of the community, and the Betterment Committee took the responsibility of advising the Municipality that the financial grant for popular music could be spent to much greater and more permanent advantage by considering some form of permanent orchestra to be controlled by the Municipality.

This was to displace the haphazard arrangements then made by which public performances were given in various public places by all kinds of bands, most of them constituted and directed without regard to technical or musical efficiency.

A detailed report was presented to the Council, but it met with practically no sympathy, the municipal musical adviser regarding the whole proposal as impracticable. The Betterment Committee was told that the financial conclusions embodied in the recommendation were unjustifiably optimistic, and that the Council was quite unable to consider any proposal for a permanent orchestra.

The Betterment Committee was thus left to reconsider its future policy, since there appeared to be no hope of gaining municipal assistance of any kind.

It was then somewhere in October of 1917. The Committee decided that it would be wise to arrange for a visit from the Capetown Orchestra, to demonstrate to the Council whether the higher and more serious forms of instrumental performance had in fact any appeal for residents on the Rand. Negotiations were entered into with the Capetown authorities, who were at that time much perturbed by the annual deficits of the orchestra. Some way had to be found of easing the financial strain, and the opportune arrival of the Rand Committee's suggestion was generally welcomed. It is true, also, that at the time there was a section of opinion in Capetown very much opposed to any visit of the orchestra to the Rand. Among the reasons for such opinion was the fact that considerable discussion in Johannesburg regarding a Rand Orchestra had created the suspicion that better offers might be made to members of the orchestra to induce them to come to the Rand. But the suspicion was premature, for as has been shown, the Johannesburg Municipality would have nothing whatever to do with any orchestral venture in any form. As a matter of fact, at a joint meeting of the Betterment Committee with members of the Town Council in November, 1917, the Council again made it plain that it would in no way be associated with the proposal to bring the Cape Orchestra to Johannesburg for a season.

This decision, however, in no way affected the determination of the Betterment Committee to make the suggested experiment. With this end in view, the Committee organised a list of private guarantors for the orchestral visit, and, after some effort in that direction, sufficient support was obtained privately to encourage the Committee to approach Capetown with a definite proposal. This proposal was eventually favourably considered by the Capetown Corporation, who entered into an agreement with the Johannesburg Committee for a four weeks' season of orchestral concerts. Having obtained the co-operation of Capetown, the Committee again approached the Johannesburg Town Council, and then it was that the Council, without accepting any responsibility, agreed to grant the use of the Johannesburg Town Hall for the concerts. This was all that could be got in the way of municipal assistance.

In due course, that is in April, 1918, the Capetown Orchestra arrived on the Rand on its first visit since 1914. The season proved a remarkably successful one, and demonstrated in a definite manner, that there is very considerable support on the Rand for orchestral concerts of the best kind. Financially, the visit resulted in a clear profit to the Betterment Committee of about £1,200, and this sum it was thought desirable to devote to a fund to secure further visits of a similar kind. But the Committee had not reckoned with the opinion of the Municipality. The Council members, by stronger voting power, which included that of the Town Organist, gained the point and the orchestral season's profits went to the funds of the Clinic, after a deduction of about £300 by the Municipality for hire of the Town Hall.

This was the end of the Betterment Committee's efforts in the direction of making practical musical demonstrations.

It must be remembered that the Municipality had long since recognised its obligations in the matter of public music by providing various band performances, and it was now urged, in view of what was seen during the Cape Orchestra's visit, that a Municipal Orchestra would meet the tastes of all sections of the community.

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Boating here is excellent, and the resort is specially noted for fishing and safe surf bathing.

A Golf Course is in course of construction, and guests may be fully assured of every comfort, attention and amusement being provided for them.

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Despite this, however, the Cape Orchestra found that a season on the Rand was becoming essential to its own existence since, by such visits, the financial burden became somewhat eased. In fact, at this time—about 1920-1921,—the writer held the view that the establishment of a permanent orchestra on the Rand would sooner or later clear the way for the establishment of the much-desired National Orchestra. However, the orchestral movement on the Rand continued, until all hopes were dispelled by the announcement of the Lucas Award—this being in connection with wages paid to municipal employees. By this award the Council was committed to so great an increased expenditure that the orchestral vote went by the board and, so far, has not been resuscitated.

The proposed Rand Orchestra is still where the Lucas Award left it. The Durban Orchestra has come, and has already nearly gone. Only the Capetown combination maintains the element of stability, and it still looks to the north for part of its revenue. Many modern scores are far beyond its capacity, and in most instances it is far from presenting a perfect balance as between wind and string tone. But it has for years enjoyed the advantage of fine and sensitive direction under Mr. Theo. Wendt, who last year resigned from the orchestra after he had made it a potent factor in the development of musical culture in South Africa. The new conductor, Mr. Leslie Heward, seems to have filled the vacancy with musicianly distinction, but so far his influence has not yet been felt on the Rand. Whatever place he may occupy in Capetown opinion, it is hoped that he will succeed in keeping the organisation alive to continue its function until the whole Union can unite in the establishment of a body of players that will embody a real national character.

"Some" Bisocope.

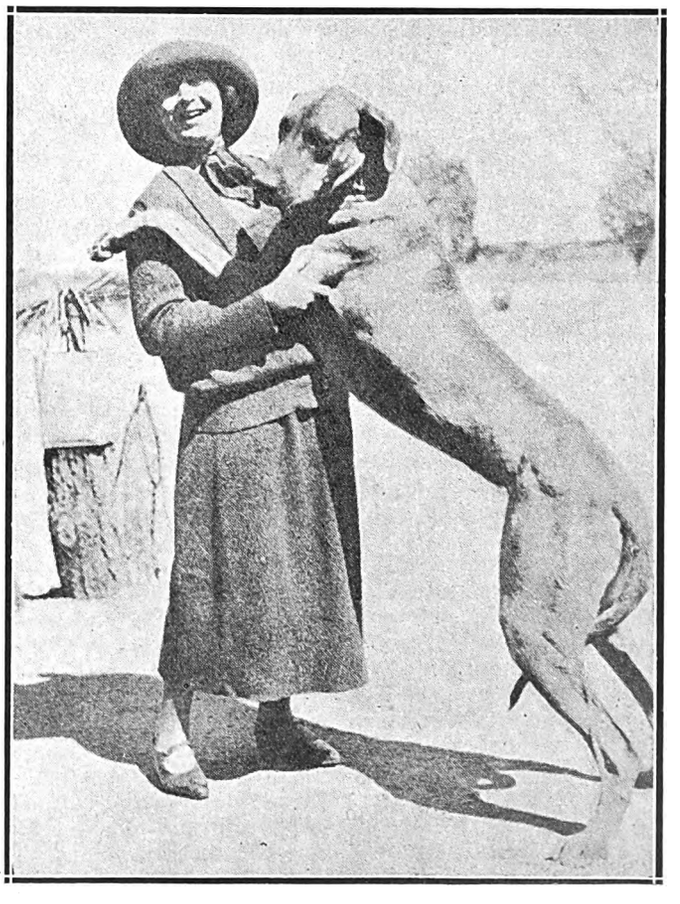
"Let's go to the pictures," has become an everyday expression in almost every household you enter, and in consequence picture palaces are becoming more and more luxurious as the large army of "movie fans" grow with each succeeding year. So it is interesting to hear of a wonderful house that has just been opened in Melbourne, Australia, and which is said to have cost £500,000. The furnishings are something quite out of the ordinary and, in addition, there are one or two novel ideas which we have certainly never seen in this country. There is an organ which cost £17,000, and an orchestra of 30 players. Before the show starts the organ and orchestra rise out of the ground on what is really a hugh lift, play their pieces in full view of the audience, and then, when the show proper begins, sink below the level of the people again. The ceiling is constructed in a most peculiar way, a mass of projecting triangles, and during the interval, by some clever arrangement of concealed limelight, slowly merges from one colour to another. One minute it is, for example, dark purple, the next all the shades of the rainbow. The whole effect of the place is, however, too garish. "The Ten Commandments" was the first picture to be screened.

C.R.

"The Pelican."

The Dramatic Editor of the *Evening Standard*, writing in the issue of December 27th, in which he reviewed the plays of the year, said, "I would name as the best play of the year 'The Pelican.'" His judgment is interesting, in view of the fact that Miss Iris Hoey has promised to produce "The Pelican" during her season in Johannesburg. It is said that the play is written around the famous Russell case, which astounded England for many months. It is a play, well written, well constructed and enriched by bright and entertaining dialogues.

Miss Lyn King, of Elsenham, Kokstad, who has returned from England. Miss King is a granddaughter of the Lady Eva Heathcote, only sister of the late Marquis of Breadalbane.



Mrs. Llewellyn Edwards. junr., of Carisbrooke Cottage, Parktown North, and a magnificent Great Dane, photographed in Francistown, B.P.

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Clothes and Miss Iris Hoey—The Woman.

"Clothes and the Woman," played for the first time at His Majesty's Theatre on Monday last, was a revelation. I have seen Miss Iris Hoey play in England, but never with the distinction, the variety of moods, the general clear-cut, refreshing style with which she appeared in "Clothes and the Woman" on Monday night. To me, the play was a joy from beginning to end, and no success could be too great for this charming actress of farce and comedy who has come here to give the Union a season with three or four plays.

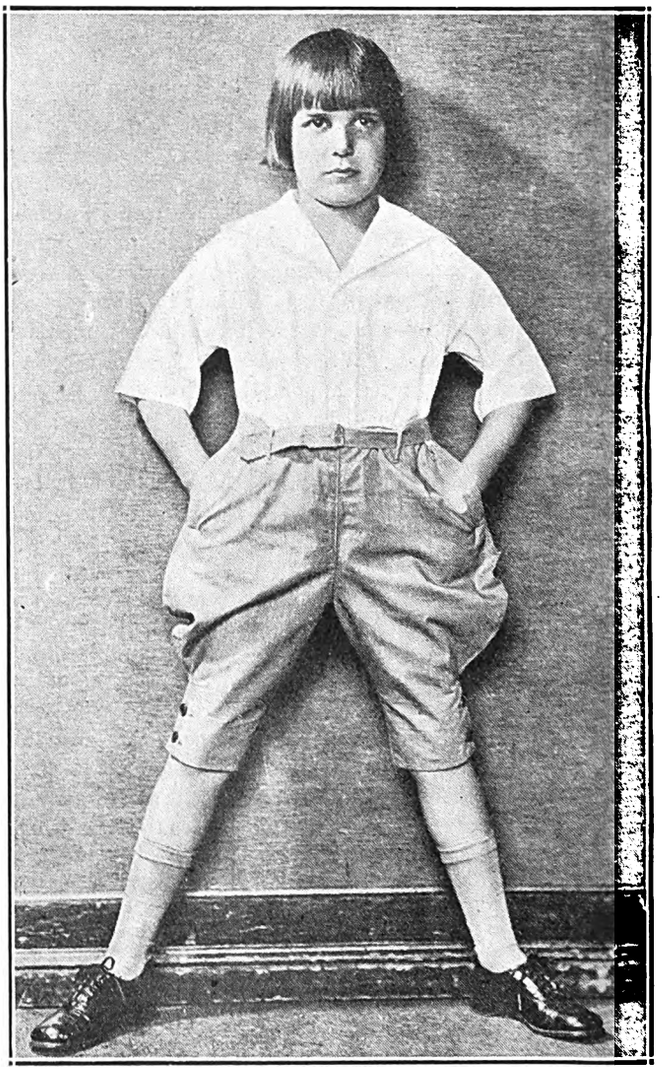
I do not think there was one definitely weak spot in the entire cast. That is rare—and more than you find in the West End. Briefly, the story of the play is written around a hack journalist who is discovered, in the first act, living in a drab Bloomsbury room. Her hair is scraped back, her figure has got the better of her, and her clothes are—well, too terrible for words. Miss Hoey in this first act is plain, dowdy and wholly unattractive. The story demands it. How she achieves it is more than one can understand, for when she appears in the second act she is one of the most deliciously feminine, deliciously clothed creatures you could possibly wish for. This is all part of the story. She changes from the hack journalist into the woman of the world with the aid of three hundred pounds which she has saved. No man has ever made love to her. She imagines that it is a very good thing to have men at your feet, so she invests her three hundred pounds in excellent clothes and throws herself on the marriage market. The men *are* at her feet. But she realises her mistake—she realises that a thoroughly bad cake can have charming icing, so she goes back to her Bloomsbury room, and there she finds that the man whom she loves is the one who loved her first, before she embarked upon her experiments with fine feathers. Miss Hoey has to act two parts in this play. As I have said before, she is as unattractive as she can possibly be in the first act, and in second and the last part of the third act she is the very essence of charm. This proves her to be a jolly fine actress.

It was rather fun to see how quickly the public responded to the success of Monday night. The Carlton booking office was bombarded on Tuesday morning when the good news spread around.

The other people in the play are all excellent. I have seen very few performances as sound as that of Mr. Campbell Gullan as Colonel Brereton. He is the type of actor who cannot go wrong. It is impossible for him to act badly. Running through the cast quickly—far more quickly than is just to them, one notices with pleasure the performance of Miss Elisabeth Drury as Mrs. Desmond. There was a nice sophisticated breadth in her work. Miss Lucy Sibley gave the character performance of the piece. Miss Sibley played one of those landlady parts and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred they are overdone. This one was not. And then one passes with pleasure to the performance of Mr. Cyril Raymond, who is excellent in the part, because of his own personality, which cannot be crushed, whatever character he is interpreting. One thing stood out in the play. Every performance was intensely sincere. I have seldom seen a play in which the players worked together so successfully. Mr. Earle Grey was refreshing and sound in his part. Miss Margaret Riddick and Miss Florence Radcliffe and Miss Joan Vivian-Rees were very good, and one wishes to pay a special tribute to Miss Riddick, who gave us a flapper who was not impossible. Mr. Rex O'Malley was the very young man of the play and, although he is himself very young, he showed himself possessed of the technique of an old player. Mr. Walter Brodie has not got a very big part, but he played it well, and one was always pleased to see him appear in the Bloomsbury scenes. There is little more to be said of the play, for the public has already rushed in, booking seats many nights ahead, all of which proves that the public is a very wise institution when it has a good play to inspire it.

Acting in the English theatres is not encouraging nowa-days as it was in the grand old days. The passion for picking "types" has partly done away with the need for what was once called "technique."

Miss Hoey is an actress and not a type pushed into a part that suits her. She is armed with such technique in an actress that she gives a performance bordering on genius. It is very easy to ask a pretty woman to go on the stage and be a pretty woman. It is very easy to ask a middle-aged man who has grey hair and a gruff voice to go on the stage and be a doctor with grey hair and a gruff voice. In such cases nature is the theatrical producer. But to ask a really pretty woman to go on the stage and be a drab, uninteresting, unattractive Bloomsbury hack journalist is asking a great deal. The play has asked it of Miss Hoey, and she has turned it into a distinguished production. *Hector Bolitho.*



A new photograph of the popular child actor Jackie Coogan.

Hockey Players.

Although there are several good ladies' hockey teams in Johannesburg, and many more spread all over South Africa, they are apt to hide their light under a bushel, and we do not hear so much of them as of our tennis players and golfers. So it is interesting to learn that this year a team of the All England Women's Hockey Association will visit South Africa under the charge of Miss Edith Thompson, C.B.E., the President of the Association, who also accompanied the team to Sweden recently. They are sure of a hearty welcome here and a good game, for the women of our country are real good sports.

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A Social Note Book.

By "Carrie."

Praises be to Allah! Once more we are living in a real world. You have all awakened from your dormouse-like sleep, and are, I must say, looking all the better for it. You've lost that tired look that the strenuous social whirl of the Rand gives you.

Better Weather.

I wonder if the departure of Mr. Victor Crawford and his song, "It ain't gonna to rain no more," is to mean that the rain goes with him? Of course, we don't wish the cheery little comedian any harm, but really, you know, Victor, it's been a bit too much. Good-byes are always sad, and in spite of the simply enormous house at His Majesty's on Saturday to say farewell to the pantomine, and in spite of the coloured streamers, the flowers, "Cinderella" has gone to Pretoria. I went to the last night to say "good-bye." Many well-known people were in the audience, I saw Sir William and Lady Hoy with their daughter and a party of friends had taken two boxes. Lady Hoy only arrived the same afternoon from the Cape. She is going back almost immediately. Miss Iris Hoey and her husband, and Mr. Samuel Alexander were in one of the stage boxes. Miss Hoey wore a wonderful gown of thin cyclamen pink that shaded almost to rose at the hem of the skirt, with a wonderful ruffle of ostrich feathers round it. In her hair was a deep-red dalhia.

A Shoe for Cinderella.

I was her love of flowers and her appreciation of the acting of little Bertha Ricardo, our "Cinderella," that prompted a charming little scene at the end of the performance on Saturday. Miss Hoey handed up on to the stage a silver shoe filled with lovely rose carnations, tied with silver ribbons to our little South African actress. Mr. Levard, at the request of Miss Ricardo, read the card with "From one 'Cinderella' to another." Miss Hoey has, as I told you last week, played "Cinderella" very often. It was when the lit up coach of "Cinderella" was drawn by the ponies round the stage that she clasped her hands round her knees and said, "Oh! I did so love my ride in the coach." And "Cinderella" in the coach smiled down at "Cinderella" in the box.

And Dancing.

The beginning of every year always finds the people who know, who ought to know, or who are paid to know, prophesying all kinds of things. Just now it is dancing. I have "listened-in" to their conversation, we do not eavesdrop nowadays. The wireless has changed all that! I find we are to continue the fox-trot, the waltz, and the one-step. There will be no new dances! The blues, I understand, are only just hanging on by their eyebrows, so to speak. In the programme at the Chelsea Arts Ball there were seven waltzes, and the most popular tune was Irving Berlin's "All Alone."

With splendid indiscrimination every one danced anything that Edgar Adler's band played at the Carlton Hotel on Friday evening, and enjoyed each dance thoroughly. Mrs. Knox Baxter of Capetown, in a smart blue gown, trimmed with bugle beads, was with a party, among whom were Mrs. Sheridan, wife of the popular Doctor, in powder-blue georgette, Mrs. Peter Kaplan, in a chic white beaded gown, and Dr. Erlank, Dr. Blum and Dr. Greenberg. Miss Iris Hoey, in a wonderful black gown, with apron effect, embroidered in magnificent coloured beads and tied at the back with a cute bow, was being entertained with her husband by Mrs. Pattison. I admired her white Molyneaux gown very much. Little Miss Carruthers, just arrived back home from Europe, was with her brother, and looked very sweet in mauve and rose-charmeuse, with a garland of roses. Mr. and Mrs. Hardman, Mr. and Mrs. R. Cannon, Mr. N. O. Currie, Miss Jackson, Mr. Anstey, Dr. and Mrs. Brooks and Miss Nora Galbraith were also among the dancers.

Miss Peggy Marsh, now Mrs. Keld R. G. Fenwick.

Peggy Marsh Weds.

And looking round the Carlton ballroom I thought of Peggy Marsh, and wondered how many of the good people in Johannesburg had associated her with the pretty, bright Mrs. Johnson who was staying there just a few short months ago. Peggy was very popular while she was here, and her clothes were always the cause of much talk and admiration from the weaker sex. Miss Marsh was the widow of the late Albert L. Johnson, a wealthy New York society man, and now she has married Captain Keld R. G. Fenwick, late of the Royal Horse Guards and the Air Force, and now in the Guards Reserve. He has a beautiful country seat at Witham Hall, Bourne, Lincolnshire.

Two New Arrivals.

Two interesting women have just arrived at the Cape, and both of them are, curiously enough, school mistresses. Miss Darke, M.A., who is to take up the position of headmistress of St. Cyprian's School, and Miss E. M. Pike, B.Sc., who becomes headmistress of the Girl's High School at Observatory. Both ladies are welcoming with open arms the sunshine and the warmth of South Africa, and are looking forward to the care of the girls of this country.

The Black and White Ball.

All the Capetown dancers are becoming quite thrilled about the Black and White ball, and the committee, which held a very successful meeting at Government House the other day, with H.R.H. Princess Alice in the chair, are promising all sorts of novelties. The inclusion of the lancers in the programme has become very popular, mainly through the influence of the Princess, whose idea it is, and who is herself arranging a special set. Other well-known ladies who are following suite are Mrs. Gordon Campbell, the wife of the Captain of the Dockyard at Simonstown, Mrs. Rankin, wife of the O.C. of the South African Naval Services, Mrs. Tanner, wife of the General, Miss Verster, the daughter of the Mayor and Mayoress, Mrs. Bairnsfather, Mrs. Lochner de Villiers, and Mrs. C. F. Spilhaus. There is to be a fairy garden on the platform, guarded by Peter Pan, and, oh! lots and lots of things that it would not be fair to tell you about yet because you'll all be there and it will only spoil your pleasure. So be patient, my dears.

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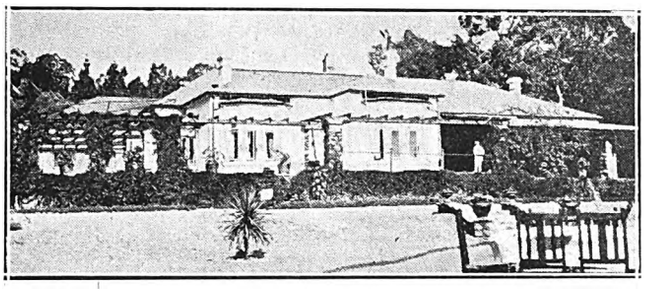
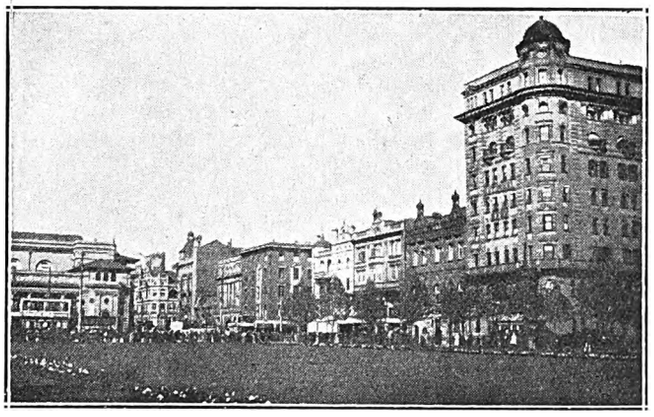
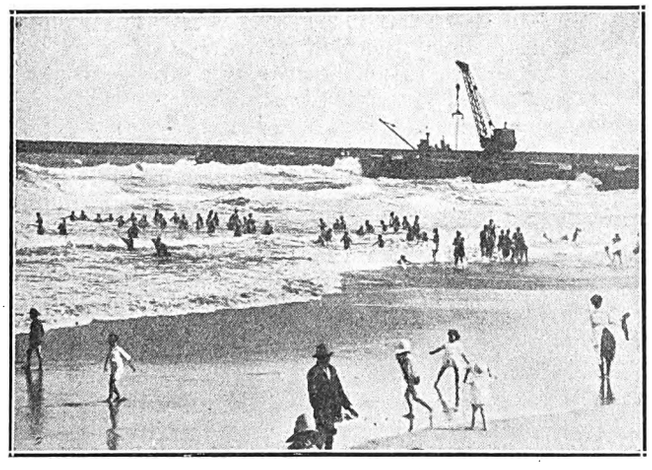
Johannesburg and Port Elizabeth.



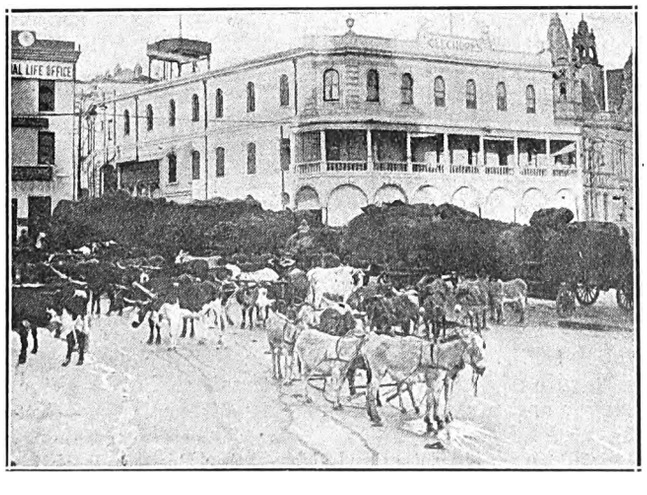
Automobile Club House, Johannesburg.



Market Square, Johannesburg.



Sunday bathing on Orient Beach, East London.
R. L. Shanagan, photograph.



The early morning Forage Market, Port Elizabeth.
R. L. Shanagan, photograph.

Jane Thomas, in "The Town that Forgot God," at the Carlton Theatre, Johannesburg, all next week.

World's Greatest Mandolinist.

O.P. writes: "Several years ago I drifted into Naples, after an idle journey along that string of wonderful towns and cities through which the railway lines run from Paris. I had eaten my breakfast in Genoa and my dinner in Rome. And then, one afternoon I arrived in Naples itself, on the fringe of the marvellous bay above which Vesuvius spits red against the blue sky. The mandolin, which we English play so irreverently, becomes an instrument of magic in the hands of the Neopolitan. That first night in Naples, I went to hear the greatest mandolinist in the world, Mario de Pietro who was giving a recital at one of the big Naples halls. It was a wonderful performance. I mention all this because I see by the newspapers that this famous mandolinist is on the way to South Africa and that he is booked to appear at the Criterion Theatre, Durban, on February 9. I heard him again in England when the *Referee* said that he was 'the great master of the mandolin.' This he truly is and I am setting down the fact that I saw him in Naples so that when he comes as is billed as the world's greatest mandolinist people will know that it is true. In Naples, where every man and woman can play the mandolin wonderfully, his name still stands for the best in mandolin fame. He comes with another clever artist in the person of Joan Revel, who supports him in this act."

You Didn't Believe in Fairies.

You didn't believe in fairies,
And shook a scornful head
To hear me praise the Merry Folk,
"Most foolish one," you said,
You know those dreams of yesterday
Are dead, dead, dead!"

But I gave you elfin laughter
And bade you look and say
Why strange, half-hinted sorceries
Within my wild eyes lay,
Till your mouth swooping to my mouth said
"You fay, fay, fay!"

Pamela Travers.

London.

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Duse of the Beautiful Hands.

Eleanora Duse, who died a little time ago, is the subject of a book in English, by Jeanne Bordeaux, "A Child of the Theatre." Eleanora was born in a third-class railway carriage in which the little company, managed by her father, was travelling in Italy. When she was four she won her first applause. Her parents were frightfully poor.

When she was still in short skirts, together with another member of the company, who afterwards became famous as actor and author, she stole a slice of polenta (a sort of cornmeal bread) in order to have strength to play that evening the lover's tragedy of "Romeo and Juliet."

Juliet was her first success. At twenty she was acclaimed the leading actress in Italy.

But the real grandness, originality, the spiritual development of the woman did not reach its perfection until when, nearly forty years of age, she knew and loved Gabriele d'Annunzio.

"Temperamental" only poorly describes the Duse's treatment of her public.

In Petrograd, the theatre sold out, the Czar present, the actors made up and ready to go on, she called the manager to announce calmly that she was not going on. The wretched man wrung his hands. "What shall I do?" he cried. "Tell them anything you please: that I've broken my leg, or I am dead. Good night."

The King of Württenberg, who attempted to visit her behind the stage was informed, through the maid, that "until he had returned to his box she would not leave the dressing-room." The King of Sweden had better luck. He had tactfully sent a diplomatic letter in advance, in which he assured "La Divina," "It is not the king who asks an audience but the most humble of your subjects." He was immediately received.

To the Duse's manager, who hurried to make his excuses to King Edward for the bad condition of the theatre and stage, at Cannes, the gracious reply was returned: "What difference does all that make? I would gladly go to a stable if necessary to hear the divine Duse. It isn't the frame that gives the painting its value."

There seems no doubt that even the grand Sarah stooped to jealousy of her great rival. "Eleanora Duse," she wrote in her memoirs, "is more a grand actress than an artist; she merely follows in others' footsteps." To this barbed insult the Duse replied in a message:

"Tell Madame Bernhardt that I am not writing my memoirs, nor have I any intention of writing them; but that she had better pray God that I never change my mind."

Perhaps the truest appreciation of Signora Duse was that of a little nun in whose convent-room hung a large photograph of the grand actress. To an astonished visitor the sister explained:

"It is a face that reflects a grand interior beauty, and in looking at her, the living expresion of humanity, I think of our intelligent saints and somehow feel better. What difference is it if Fate made her an actress?"

CARLTON HOTEL

For Dainty After-Theatre Refreshments.

SOUPER DANSANT
EVERY FRIDAY

Phone 3111, Cent. H. Gauthier, Manager

Two Reville Gowns and Jose Collins.

Miss Jose Collins, the well-known actress, in a wonderful Reville cloak composed of ostrich feathers specially selected in South Africa for Mr. Reville.

Miss Jose Collins in an exquisite Reville cloak of apple-green velvet, silver lined, richly embroidered in jewelled bands and collared and flounced with chinchillas.

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Motoring and Motor-cycling.

By "Wire Wheel."

Hetty King Wins.

Congratulations to Miss Hetty King, the famous male impersonator, who shares the first prize of £10 with Mr. T. Daly of Boksburg in the Indian Prince Motocycle Petrol Test last Sunday.

On a measured and certified half gallon of petrol, the Prince did 103 6/10ths miles, equal to 207 2/10ths miles per gallon. Nobody guessed the actual figures, and Miss Hetty King and Mr. Daly were each only one-tenth out. Their estimate was 103 7/10ths miles.

Six consolation prizes were given, the recipients of which estimated the mileage over 100 miles to the half gallon; 5,600 coupons were received.

Attractions of the Cape.

A correspondent writing from George, C.P., says that motorists from Johannesburg have been touring the George and Knysna districts in considerable numbers lately.

Thanks to the present-day efficiency of the motor car, motorists are becoming better acquainted with the country.

A Month's Tour.

Mr. H. D. Luke has just returned after a tour of the country lasting a month. During that time, 2,540 miles were covered in the car, and visits paid to Durban, Maritzburg, East London, Grahamstown, Port Elizabeth, Humansdorp, Knysna, George, Mossel Bay, Capetown, Prince Alfred (Cango Caves), Victoria West, Britstown, Hopetown, Kimberley, Fourteen Streams, Christiana, Bloemhof, Klerksdorp, Potchefstroom, and back to Johannesburg. Of all the roads he travelled over none can equal the Klipdam-Fourteen Streams apology for a road. In all his travelling he has never met with such an atrocious path.

Mr. Luke landed into Johannesburg last Sunday evening clad in his swimming costume. He was caught in the rain at Klip River, alongside Zuurbekom, where the river was in flood and natives were doing good business helping cars to get through the flooded stream.

On the Johannesburg side many cars were stranded, waiting for their "mags" to dry out.

R.M.C.C. Annual General Meeting.

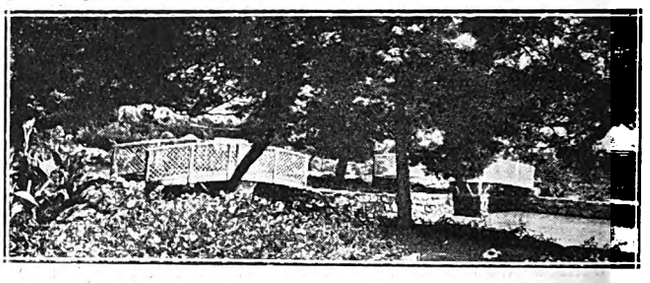
On Wednesday, January 28th, the Rand Motor Cycling Club held their annual general meeting at the Goldfields Hotel. There was a good attendance of members. The outgoing chairman, Mr. A. T. Darke, reviewed the year's work, and, in passing, drew the members' attention to the item of "prizes" in the annual report. Twenty-six events had been run off, and trophies, medals and cash to the value of £1,047 had been presented to the winners.

Mr. Darke moved the adoption of the annual report, which was accepted. He definitely refused to stand for re-election. Fortunately the club will not lose the services of Mr. Darke, who was elected hon. president. Mr. L. Leveson, who has been on the committee for over eleven years, was elected to fill the chair, and a new committee saw five new members elected, with Mr. J. W. Hoffmann still in office as hon. secretary and treasurer. The new committee are getting into harness immediately, a meeting being called for Monday, February 2nd, when it is hoped a year's programme would be mapped out and a start made with the competitions again.

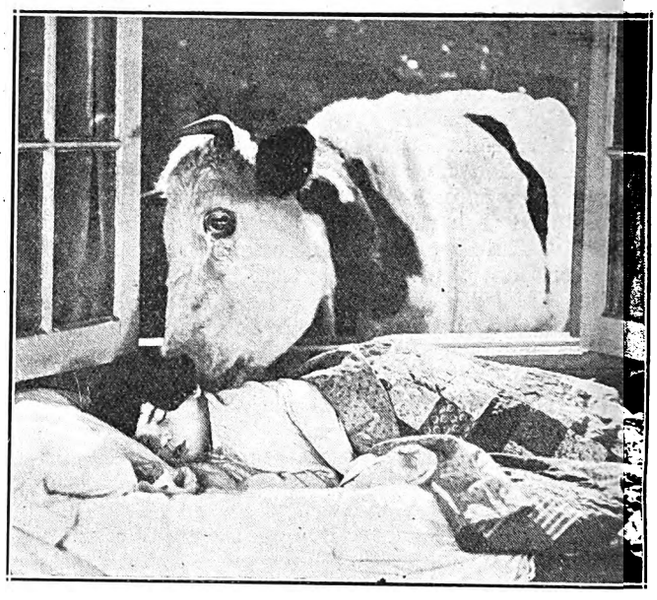
It was reported that the club could expect to receive opposition to the holding of the Durban-Johannesburg race, but those present were unanimous that every endeavour should be made to secure the necessary permission to hold the race. Usually the more restrictions there are placed upon the club, the harder the club fights.

It will be a calamity if the race has to be abandoned, and the pastime will lose considerably thereby.

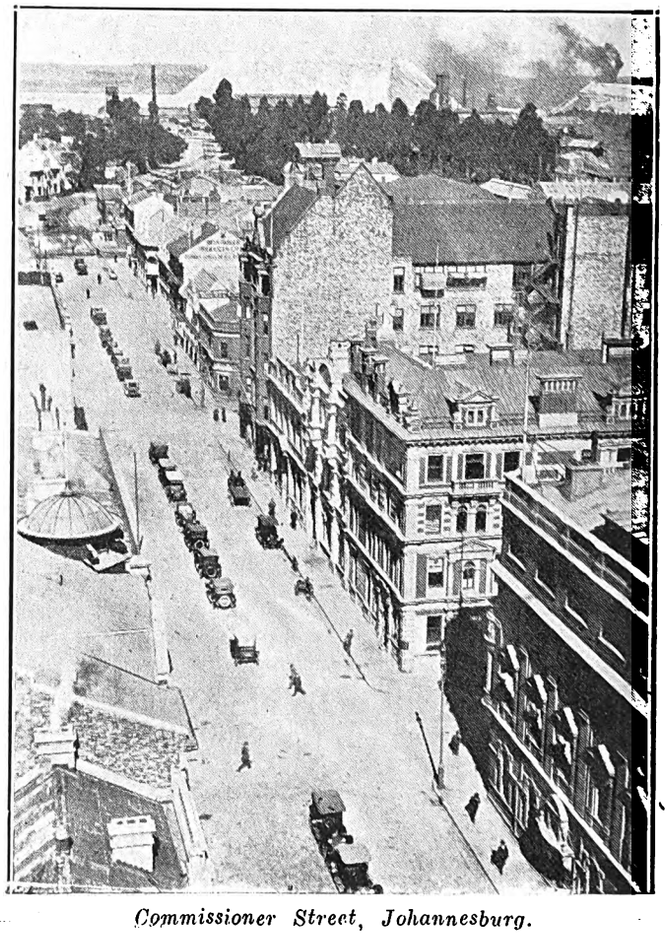
Here, There and Everywhere.



The Garden of the Automobile Club, Johannesburg.



A charming moment in a charming film: Baby Peggy in "Captain January," at the Orpheum Theatre, Johannesburg, on January 9.



Commissioner Street, Johannesburg.

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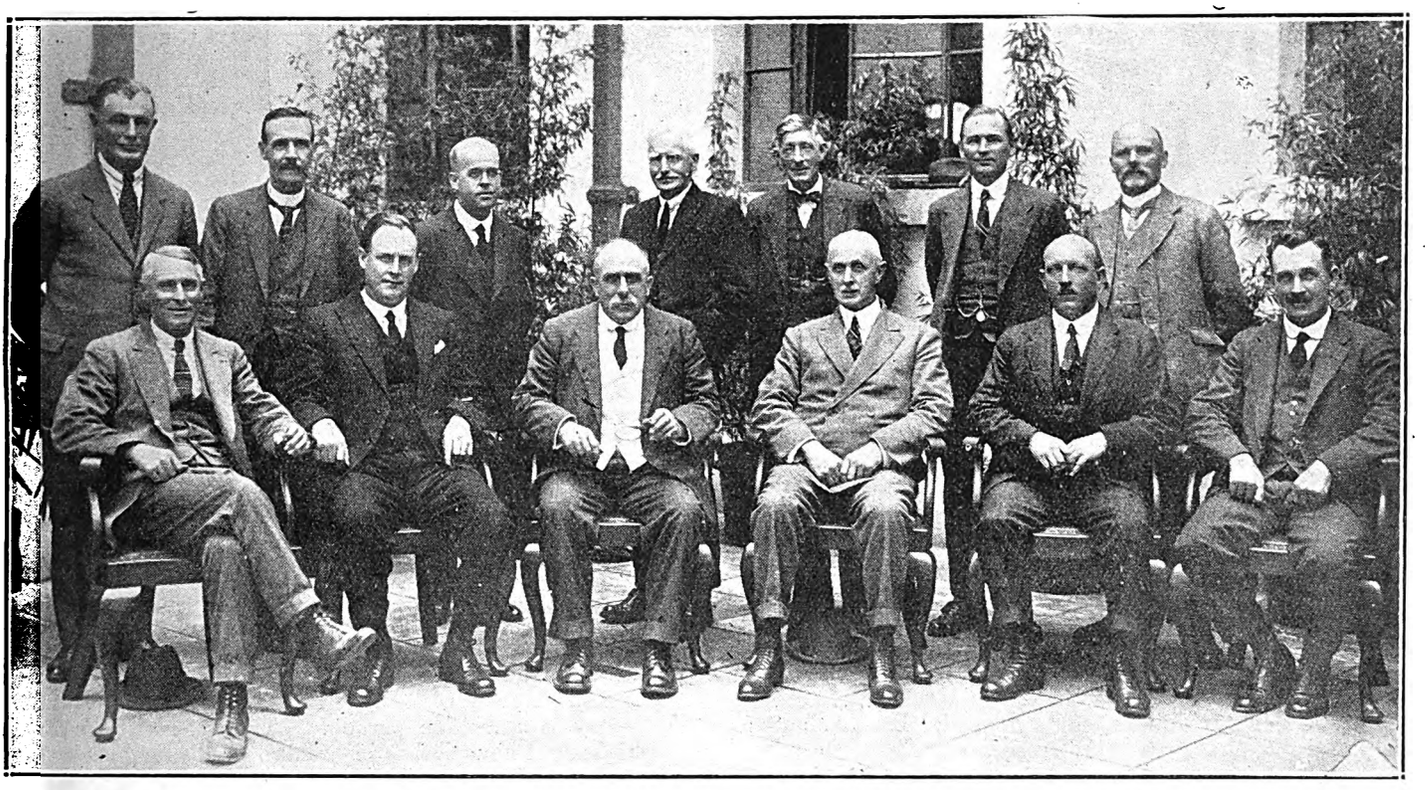
Hosts to the Prince of Wales: The Rand Mayors.



A GROUP OF THE RAND MAYORS WHO ARE MAKING ARRANGEMENTS TO ENTERTAIN H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.

Names reading left to right.—Front row: Mr. E. Murton (Mayor of Boksburg), Mr. M. A. Weallens (Mayor of Germiston), Mr. C. Walters (Mayor of Johannesburg), Mr. H. A. Young (Deputy Mayor of Johannesburg), Mr. C. Rennie (Mayor of Benoni), Mr. J. Tyrrell (Mayor of Springs). Back row: Mr. H. Northmore (Mayor of Vereeniging), Mr. R. V. Acton (Mayor of Brakpan), Mr. R. C. Lynas (Mayor's Secretary, Johannesburg), Mr. Jas. Mackay (Town Councillor, Germiston), Mr. F. J. Millward (Mayor of Roodepoort), Mr. H. J. Bennitt (Town Councillor, Boksburg), Mr. G. Norton (Mayor of Krugersdorp). Brittain, photograph.

Round the Bioscopes.

Don't you think it sounds a lovely title, this film they are showing at the Bijou next week, commencing on the 9th? Just read it slowly, "Broadway after Dark, a nightly drama of lights and shadows in the world's playground." Its portrayal is vivid and unforgettable. It is an honest attempt *via* the screen to reveal the soul of the great city. The Broadway we know, through fiction and fact, glows and passes before us with fiery incandescence. The story shows what happens to two elements of people coming together in a social solution. There is the one leading a moth-like, fluttering life, where pleasure is sought for its heightened stimulation and the morrow, a word not known to these modern disciples of Bacchus. Then the bleak squalor of the poor, where the woman has once "gone wrong" can never find her place in the world again. We see Broadway of the great lights, Broadway of the iron soul that voraciously swallows up its millions of adventurous souls. A wonderful picture, one of the greatest of the year. The acting? An all star cast.

At the Orpheum.

Visitors at the Orpheum will have a special picture this coming week, commencing on the 9th, when Baby Peggy will be starred in "Captain January," supported by a brilliant caste, which includes many of our best known film people. Baby Peggy is only five, and was discovered by Sol Lesser, who also "found" Jackie Coogan. "Captain January" is one of the greatest American stories ever written, and, in book form, 600,000 copies were sold. Some record, even for America. Peggy is just a real kid, a chubby little mite, gifted with intelligence beyond her years but lacking none of the graces of childhood.

I begged her for an interview, as I felt sure you would want to know as much about her as possible. How did I do it? Well, this wireless is a wonderful thing, you know, although you have to get up very early in the mornings to get America. So I asked her:

"Where were you born, Baby Peggy?"—"In the Yosemite Valley," said the little star.

"How long have you been in the pictures?"—"All the time."

"Who is your favourite actor?"—"Jackie Coogan."

"Who is your favourite author?"—"Mother Goose."

"What is your favourite hobby?"—"His tail came off and his foot is broke."

"What sport do you like best?"—"Watering the garden."

"Do you prefer comedy or drama?"—"Movies."

"What do you want to be when you grow up?"—"A lady with long hair.

So you will see Baby Peggy has a mind of her own. Hobart Bosworth, Irene Rich, Lincoln Steadman are some of those who act with her, and Peggy herself is a shipwrecked waif saved by an old lighthouse keeper. Frank Fay and Little Lady from Dixie, and Madge Kennedy are the two vaudeville turns.

At the Carlton.

There will be an excellent picture at the Carlton, from the 9th to the 14th, "The Town that Forgot God."

"The Town that Forgot God" is a William Fox Special Production and is a thrilling story of small town life. A whole town, built especially for the purpose of being destroyed by the current, is washed away. Everything is swept before it, houses, barns, trees, inhabitants of the village and livestock of all kinds, not to mention a half dozen cameramen who were swept from their platforms while the scenes were being made! Bunny Grauer plays the part of David Adams, whose life story is the theme of the play, with "Faith and its Reward" as its motto. Jane Thomas heads a cast of notable screen artists, and the whole play is a masterpiece of realism that must not be missed by "movie fans." *C.R.*

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The Week.

Paragraphed and Photographed

Without offence to friends or foes
I sketch your world exactly as
it goes.

Strange Dancers.

The fact that there are many visitors in Capetown just now was particularly emphasised at the Queen's Hotel the other evening. In the gay crowd that filled the new open air dance floor there, on the occasion of the weekly dinner-dance, were not a few dancing in a way that is entirely foreign to the sober, respectable, conservative Mother City of South Africa.

And they had not come from England, because one does not dance like that in England. Dancing in Capetown, except that it is a little out-of-date, is very much like dancing as it is in England to-day.

These people had steps of their own, strange, jerky steps that somehow did not fit in with the slow steady movement of the rest of the dancers. I found out afterwards that they were visitors from Johannesburg, and, to many people, represented the way Johannesburg danced. Does Johannesburg dance like that? *The Gossip.*

Fur Coats!

The "Saxon" brought to South Africa a very jolly crowd of passengers, 150 of whom were tourists making their first journey to this country. The majority had travelled first-class and were of the kind that were on a holiday and able and willing to spend money.

As I waited on the Capetown quayside for the ship to be cleared by the immigration people, I watched the crowd walking the promenade deck or leaning over the rails and saw—fur coats! They were a sharp reminder of the cold weather that is England's winter, but I wondered who these people were who could wear them when the sun was shining strongly, and everything gave promise of a hot day. Who were they? *H.B.*

Emigrants.

I sometimes walk up Adderley Street and see young men in ready-made clothes and cloth caps staring with open mouths at a native sweeping the street. Or sometimes I see six or seven of them in a lounging group passing ribald comments on a grave and elderly Mohammedan who, in long white robes and embroidered fez. goes unheeding up the street.

We know them well. At intervals of three weeks or so they appear—emigrants to Australia from the P. and O. boats that call at Capetown. With rough, white complexions untouched by the sun, and in suits that one is certain were bought at the village Co-operative Society's store, they explore Capetown very thoroughly. For a day they are here, and everywhere, and then we see them no more for another three weeks.

They are so frankly and ingenuously amazed and interested in everything that one wishes sometimes that someone would show them around properly. *C.A.*

Monday Mornings.

If I were the overworked angel, who is constantly being set down by gossip writers in strange places and recognising them, I should certainly never fail to recognise a Monday in Capetown. Mailboat day is so different from all the others of the week. Usually, in fact so usually that when it is not so the newspapers make facetious comments about it, the day is sunshiny and bright as if to welcome to South Africa our friends and visitors. And usually, too, the boat is docked at seven o'clock or before, so that at nine o'clock, when we are all hurrying regretfully to work after the week-end, taxis and cars come up Adderley Street piled high with luggage newly labelled.

A PORT ELIZABETH ENGAGEMENT.

Miss Harris, daughter of the Managing Director of the "Eastern Province Herald," and Dr. John Pyott, whose engagement has been announced.

But it is at eleven o'clock, in Markham's, when the stranger takes eleven o'clock tea for the first time in South Africa, that one meets old friends returned, or sees the new faces and, more prominent, the new fashions. For the tea-rooms at eleven o'clock and Adderley Street at noon on Monday is a fashion parade. Those South Africans who have bought new clothes in London (and who goes to London without buying new clothes?) put them on for the first day in South Africa, and those who are visitors do the same thing to impress us with the fact that they have just arrived from the fashion centres. And we are always duly impressed.

That is why typists so often wish to be excused for half-an-hour on Monday mornings. *The Gossip.*

A Swimmer.

Small—almost *petite*—fair of hair and typically English, Miss Hilda James, the English girl champion swimmer, surprised me, and many others, too, when I was introduced to her on her arrival by the "Saxon" at Capetown. Many, I believe, expected to find a big muscular woman, or, at any rate, some older than twenty, or bigger and broader than Miss James.

She has already started on a tour of South Africa, but before she left Capetown she managed to find time to tell me, in her slight Lancashire dialect, that she is anticipating one of the happiest tours of her life in this country.

In spite of her age she has already travelled half over the world, and to come to a strange country is nothing new to her. *The Gossip.*

An Outspoken Parson.

Bright, witty sermons, that sparkle with epigram, are the kind that Capetown is now flocking to St. George's Cathedral to hear. The Rev. Frank Bouchier, who, until he sailed on the "Llanstephan Castle, was London's most outspoken parson, is in Capetown on a holiday and health trip. His sermons will be heard every Sunday at the Cathedral.

In a peculiar mannerism that he has he reminded me of the Rev. Studdert-Kennedy, known all through the British Army as "Woodbine Willie." Woodbine Willie, when he addresses a public meeting or preaches, ties himself into amazing knots. He twists his legs and his body until one begins to fear that he will never be normal again. Mr. Bouchier does not do this, but when he warms to his subject and his train of thought goes wandering down strange and intricate pathways he often turns sideways and continues to speak over his shoulder to the congregation. It is only another step to the misshapen anfractuosities of "Woodbine Willie."

Nevertheless, he has a clear, direct delivery, and uses few notes.

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Sir Ernest Oppenheimer, now on the way home from England.

Councillor and Mrs. Norris, of Johannesburg, who are celebrating their silver wedding on February 5.

"Sapper," Lieut.-Col. C. McNeill, the creator of Bulldog Drummond, at present in Johannesburg.

Towards Washington.

A number of women from all parts of South Africa are leaving for Washington early in March to attend the Quinquennial Conference of The International Council of Women.

This conference should be a stupendous affair, for it is designed to carry out a stupendous idea.

Just imagine what a perfectly wonderful place this imperfect old world of ours could become if all the precepts of all the women representing all the affiliated societies could be practised, after they have finished conferring.

South African delegates will be in the almost unique position in which the women are without a vote. Cheers for the backveld!

Briefly, the objects of the International Council are: "To provide a means of communication between women's organisations in all countries, and to provide opportunities for women to meet together from all parts of the world to confer upon questions relating to the welfare of the commonwealth, the family and the individual."

The Golden Rule set forth in the constitution of the Council is: "Do unto others as ye would that they should do unto you. I personally think that a more salutary rule would be that of the Water Babies: "Be done by as you did." It would ensure quite a big reformation—and, I think, a rapid one.

From South Africa we are sending some women whose lives and whose training have fitted them to represent all that is good and charitable, notably the well-known matron of the Johannesburg Hospital, Miss B. G. Alexander, R.R.C.

Her appointment as South African delegate is a particularly happy one, for she had already planned a visit to Washington there to spend her holiday in studying conditions of hospital work and of everything in connection with nursing organisations and the training of nurses

Miss Alexander, as a member of the executive of the South African National Council for Child Welfare will be the representative of that body at the conference. From Washington she will travel to Finland to attend the International Conference of Nurses at Helsingfors as South African delegate of the Trained Nurses' Association.

A fellow-traveller and alternate delegate for South Africa to Washington will be Dr. Mary Gordon, M.B. (Dunelm). She, too, is a well known and popular personality among women workers in Johannesburg, where she has been in general practice for eight years.

While in Washington and later in Finland, Norway and Sweden, Dr. Gordon hopes to have many opportunities to study the conditions of social work, especially that of rescue work, as carried out by Miss Freda Hartley in her recent campaign along these lines in Johannesburg.

Both Dr. Gordon and Miss Alexander will return to Johannesburg in six months' time, and it is to be hoped that they will find time to squeeze in a little relaxation between conferences and research. *A.A.*

Miss Elisabeth Drury.

Don't you love a name that has a pleasant sound about it?

I have found such a one, Elisabeth Drury, who is, of course, one of Iris Hoey's clever company.

The original Elisabeth lived in the time of James I. She was only a yeoman's daughter, but Prince Henry fell in love with her beauty and wove his own little romance about her. Tradition in Miss Drury's family says that the poor princeling died for love of the sweet Elisabeth but the stern historian, with no tender passages in his own life, says shortly, "Prince Henry died of poison." And we, who were not present at the time, dare not argue with him.

The Drurys took their name from the famous theatre many generations ago and so their grey-eyed, wavy-haired descendant had the blood of the theatre in her veins. At first her father would not hear of the stage as a career for his daughter but allowed her to go to Paris, where she studied elocution. Three years at the academy followed. Then the war broke out and Miss Drury married. Eventually her longing for the stage overcame everything else and she went on in her first two parts. Both, curiously enough, were with a French company, one at the Duke of Yorks, where they played classics, and the other at the Lyric, Hampstead, where she was the only Englishwoman in the company. Then Miss Drury went to the Apollo in "Such a Nice Young Man," in which she played a cockney character, and then to the Ambassadors with Robert Courtneidge. Miss Drury has played with Miss Hoey in "Clothes and the Woman" in London, creating her part, and then toured with the famous actress.

"Any funny stories during my tour?" she answered to my query. "No, I don't think so unless you can call it a funny story that Iris and I were burnt out of a theatre in Manchester."

"Have I any hobbies? Yes, dancing, swimming—we all go to the Dornfontein baths every day. Anything else? Do I believe in rejuvenation? Yes. I played with Arthur Bouchier as his leading lady in a monkey gland play, 'Lord Adrien,' so I know all about it. I had a lovely dual part, as a young girl in the first act and a woman of 45 in the second. I take another dual role, in 'The Pelican,' we shall put on later."

"I do love children so, I've got a darling child, a boy. He is so funny. Long ago I was teaching him to say his prayers. So I said, 'Darling, say after me, "Our Father, which art in Heaven, give us this day our daily bread."' Baby replied in a very small voice: 'I tant say it.' 'Why not, darling,' I asked. ''Cause tink of our own poor baker man, was the reply, 'what would he do?' Another time I caught him standing in front of a glass looking earnestly at his hair. 'They telled me the hairs of my head is numbered,' he explained. "I tant find any numbers.'" Here the talk, of course, drifted between us to babies, to clothes, to the hundred and one things women do talk about, and that you all know of, so why tell you? So please leave us while we carry on. *Austin.*

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Racing Notes.

Current Topics.

By "Observer."

Too Many Racing Clubs.

The article on this page in last week's issue has given rise to a good deal of comment, mostly favourable to the scheme I outlined—that, seeing there are too many racing clubs engaged on Saturdays and holidays, an effort should be made to buy out one of the number, thus ensuring for the remainder a full 15 days' racing, with added stakes and better sport. Among the letters on the subject that have come to hand is one from "Shareholder," Benoni, who takes exception to the hint that a club being paid out could not expect to disburse funds equal to par value to its shareholders. Moreover, the writer wants to know who is to do the buying, and how.

In the first place, it may be assumed that the shareholders in the five chief clubs referred to have had their holding for a number of years, and even on the maximum dividend allowed, which is 10 per cent., it would have proved a fairly satisfactory proposition though a final distribution upon a club being bought out might be considerably below par. The Auckland Park Club enjoyed distributions far in excess of 10 per cent., while it raced under its own rules, so if it were minded to sell out, the shareholders would have no cause for complaint over a moderate final distribution.

As to "Shareholder's" query regarding the club which is in a position to buy out another, it is quite clear that such club would be justified in looking to the others for financial assistance in the transaction. To put the matter plainly before "Shareholders" and his friends let me state a hypothetical case. Take two of the town clubs. The Pony and Galloway Club treats with the Auckland Park Club, say, on a basis of £30,000 for the latter's assets, lock, stock, and barrel. On such a deal going through, the remaining clubs would have three to four days added to their racing dates, while, of course, the Johannesburg Turf Club might be content with its present allowance. It would only be fair for the clubs that could then race the full fifteen days provided by law to earmark the profits accruing from the additional meetings to the purchase fund operated upon by the Pony and Galloway Club. I am well aware that profits have dwindled considerably of late, but the most recent returns indicate a healthy revival, and, in fixing the profit per additional meeting at £400, I may be fairly near the mark. At this rate it can be seen that Germiston and Benoni, without any disability whatever, would be in a position to contribute their quota to the purchasing price, which, in a few years' time, should be fully met, provided, of course, that the sport experienced no set-back in the interim. I would like to hear further from readers of this page regarding the scheme set out. If brought to fruition I can see nothing but benefits accruing to all concerned.

Bigger Stakes, Smaller Fields.

In the face of repeated demands for increased prize-money by the Owners and Trainers' Association it is curious to note that where clubs make an attempt to meet the discontented persons and add substantially to the stakes, the response is woefully disappointing. Germiston made a gallant effort to please the Association by spending a big part of the profits, made at the fixture in January, on increased stakes for the forthcoming meeting. The chief event was endowed to the extent of £350, while the top-class sprint figures at £210. Yet, it is just in these two events where the owners' support has been curtailed. This must be very discouraging to the liberal clubs, but they can be sure that the policy of giving big stakes will eventually attract good fields numerically and in quality, for better-class animals can be raced by the small owners when an enhanced stake era has definitely set in. Much as it may be deplored, it is the "small man" who keeps the game alive in the Transvaal to-day.

At Auckland Park.

After being a burning topic during the week, the silent betting system was duly placed on trial at the Park on Saturday. It was at the wish of the owners that the mute ring has been tried, and, from what I heard, the stable commissioners were well satisfied with the experience. Not so the small betting men, who complained bitterly of the absence of indications of "what was what." As might be expected, the proceedings were funereal, the Brixton atmosphere pervading ring, stands, and paddock, and even the pressmen looked apprehensively at any member of the craft who had the temerity to speak above a whisper. I don't think the silent system will enjoy a lengthy life. In the first place, it is entirely opposed to that consideration of the racing public which was such a feature in the club's early days; and secondly, it makes the racecourse worse than dull.

There seemed to be a bigger attendance than usual, and the totalisator turnover showed a satisfactory increase on the previous meeting. Mindful that Classicus had won over the same course, though in a lower grade, the wise-acres reckoned that the light weight would see it out with the best, and accordingly he was backed to favouritism in the principal race of the day. The good thing materialised, although Intervention made a race for it. I was agreeably surprised at the forward running of Mr. Gard's mare, for heretofore she seemed more at home over a longer distance.

King's Daisy and Magicienne had the battle to themselves over the last furlong in the Brixton Handicap, and Mr. Highnam's mare stayed the better. In a field of 18 for the youngsters' race Channel Isle was at a shade of odds on. By Polystome, the winner had a very easy task, and, if not over-raced, should develop into something more than useful.

Germiston Races on Saturday.

An attractive programme will be submitted by the Germiston Sporting Club this week-end.

Selections.

12.30.—Stewards' Plate, 5 furlongs.
Jack in the Green II. 1, Nurse Cardinal 2, Northern Light 3.

1.10.—Flying Handicap, 5 furlongs.
Buckran 1, Plenty 2, Kedgeree 3.

1.50.—Moderate Handicap, 2 furlongs.
Polyphonest 1, Nun Nicer 2, Done Brown 3.

2.30.—Germiston Handicap, 10 furlongs.
Jubilant II. 1, Golden Tip 2, Battle Cry 3.

3.10.—Galloway Handicap, 7 furlongs.
Golden Flower 1, Roman Queen 2, Taramis 3.

3.50.—Park Hill Handicap, "A," 4 furlongs.
King's Daisy 1, Prince Orb 2, Jacques 3.

4.30.—Park Hil Handicap, "C," 5 furlongs.
Oadby 1, Smithy 2, Diplomacy 3.

5.10.—Park Hill Handicap, "B," 6 furlongs.
Poplin 1, Memoria 2, Antique 3.

When Irving Scolded Ellen Terry.

Since Ellen Terry is in the limelight over her recent honour, I clip the following little incident from my note-book. An actor of the time wrote: "I joined the company for 'The Dead Heart'—much the same play as 'The Only Way,' Martin Harvey was in it, and Ellen Terry, Gordon Craig and Squire Bancroft, too.

"In one of the scenes Gordon Craig had to rush up to Ellen Terry and cry, very tragically, 'Mother! Mother!' One day at rehearsal she burst out laughing. Mr. Irving drew himself up, very haughtily, and said, 'This is *not* a burlesque, Miss Terry." *O.P.*

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With Miss Iris Hoey.

MR. REX O'MALLEY.

Rex O'Malley.

Among the interesting people with Miss Iris Hoey in "Clothes and the Woman" is Mr. Rex O'Malley, young but still splendidly aware of what is required of him as an actor. He has even acquired the wonderful piece of knowledge that an actor need not talk about himself to be impressive. So he talked about the London he had left only three weeks before.

"The last show I saw in London," said Mr. O'Malley was the splendid Basil Dean production of "A Mid-summers's Night Dream" at the grand old Drury Lane. And yet, I am tempted to say it was Deanspeare more than Shakespeare for, it was an entirely new and original Mid-summer's Night Dream that he produced. To those who knew the old dream, this new one was a little confusing—just a little bit too near pantomime. "The first morning I arrived here I motored out of town and, was shown Sir George Farrar's wonderful estate. My mind immediately flew back to my friend Miss Gwen Farrar with whom I played in cabarets and also in the production of "Rats" at the Vaudeville theatre. Among artists well-known to you I have met Miss Madge Fabian, who is Mrs. Hadley of Johannesburg. I met her in London with Major and Mrs. Cobb, of the East Coast. I also knew, among South Africans, you remember Lady Bourne who is out here with an exhibition of Arts and Crafts work—I believe it is being given in Capetown at the present time. You no doubt know of Dorothy Hope—known as Dorothy Hope Bailey in Africa, well she is a great success in New York where she is playing in Basil Dean's production of "Peter Pan."

Mr. Rex O'Malley has many important parts to play in the pieces Miss Hoey has brought to this Southern world for production.

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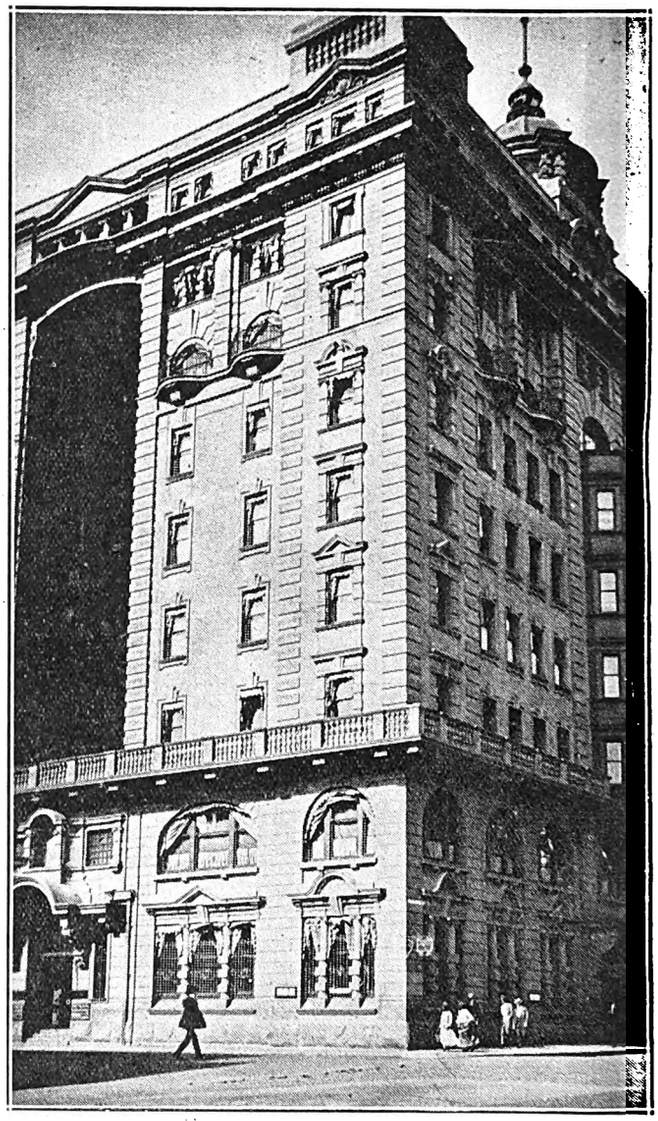

These magnificent buildings, the S.A. Railway Offices and the Corner House, Johannesburg, stand where there was nothing but wilderness 40 years ago.

Evening.

The day died almost an hour ago.

The sun loosened his purse-strings, spilled his crimson coins among the clouds and slid into the petulant water.

The city wears a girdle of lights, and, across the rippling floor between, fairy boats stir the water with a sound like the sobbing of a breeze, wandering among pine trees.

At the foot of the garden, the harbour is whispering its secrets to the sun-flowers that stand, like sentinels in golden helmets along the gaunt sea-wall.

Illuminated advertisements hang banners of light against the sky.

The night has powdered her face with stars.

She wears an amber-comb in her hair.

From the next room comes the sound of your dressing.

I know that soon, here by the window, I'll feel your hand upon my shoulder, your breath upon my cheek . . . . the softness of your hair falling against my face.

And you will say "This is my hour."

It will be your hour . . . . the hour when curtains are drawn and lamps are lit. The hour when you sit with me, smiling, with your wonderful eyes, over glittering dishes, white linen and the friendly smell of food.

And I shall let it be your hour . . . . as I sit, listening to the tale of your day in the house and garden . . . . watching your pale fingers caressing the stem of the frail, glittering glass.

Hector Bolitho.

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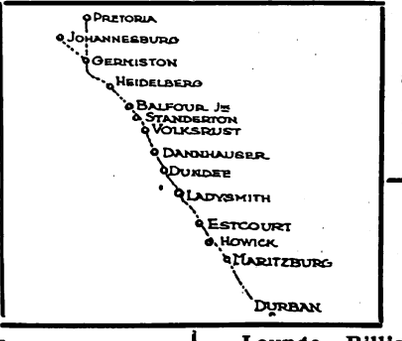

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Mr. Cyril Raymond.

"Dr. Lomax" looked most professional when I came along to interview him, and also, as I demanded the story of his life, a little shy, for he is a modest young man. The very first thing that all real interviewers tell you is what their victims look like, and in this case I will quote the opinion of two young girls whom I heard in a tramcar the other day discussing Miss Iris Hoey and her very attractive young husband. "He looks just like the very nicest amateur cricketer you ever saw," said the flapper, with the greatest enthusiasm, and that is really a very good description, and also topical, with the Jolly Souls here, and topicality (is there such a word?) is just what an Editor wants. Mr. Raymond has fair hair and a really good taste in ties and socks and, well, that is about all you want to know, is it not?

"I always wanted to go on the stage," he told me, "but somehow or other families never see eye to eye with you in this. I used to recite 'Devil-may-care' to my admiring friends, and one day I saw in the *Stage* that they wanted a leading man for a play 'Devil May Care,' so I carefully abstracted my photo from a frame and sent it along. Unfortunately my mother saw the empty frame, and the whole story came out. At last she allowed me to go to Tree's Academy to study, and I won a scholarship for another year. It was difficult to keep the pot boiling, so I got a job, and they promptly chucked me out. I then got my first chance with Violet Vanbrugh in 'The Badger.' We rehearsed for eleven weeks with no salary, and then the play ran for three weeks, and I got 25s. a week. I had eight changes in it, played twice a day, and had to walk up 180 stairs to my dressing room. It was not a very fortunate beginning. Next, I played with Norman McKinnon and Lilian Braithwaite in 'Der Tag,' by J. M. Barrie, and then Tree decided to forgive me and asked me to play Little Billie in 'Trilby.' After that, I was one of fifty juveniles asked to read the part played by Godfrey Tearle in 'Quinneys,' and I was lucky enough to be chosen. Then I went to Vedrenne and Eadie at the Royalty Theatre, and after playing for them a year the war broke out."

Mr. Raymond is very reticent over his war record, so that it was from other sources I learnt that he was in the Flying Corps and was responsible for breaking six machines. After that he was certified permanently unfit for either pilot or observer.

"Are you keen on sport?" I asked. "Dr. Lomax" smiled professionally as one who would say, "How do you expect to keep fit without it?" "Yes," he said, "I played rugger for the Flying Corps; I love swimming and boxing, but being on the stage does not give you much time."

"And after the war?" I queried. "I returned to Vedrenne and Eadie," he replied.

"When did I meet my wife?" Well, Miss Hoey wanted a leading man and I came along, but she would not have me at first, but," with a smile, "I married her in the end, just four years ago," and here the proud papa came out, "we've got a topper of a baby; he talks on the telephone to us when we are away; of course, he's not one-and-a-half yet, so it's very intelligent of him!"

"Once when I was rehearsing 'A Woman of No Importance,'" said Mr. Raymond, "I was playing the part of Lord Illingworth, the part that George Alexander played, and I was supposed to be a devil with the women, and an awfully good-looking man. One day the producer said to me, 'No, no, my lad, you've got it all wrong. You must remember you are supposed to be a devil with the women, a really handsome fellow. Of course, you'll have to put a lot of make-up on when you play it to-morrow.'"

"I should love to see a rugger match in South Africa," said Mr. Raymond, as we parted, "I was in the first fifteen at school, and Pickles, England's full-back, was in the same team; also Chantrell and Corbett."

So a fine actor and a splendid producer has come to town, for Mr. Raymond is responsible for the fine production of "Clothes and the Woman," and has contributed much to its success. *C.R*

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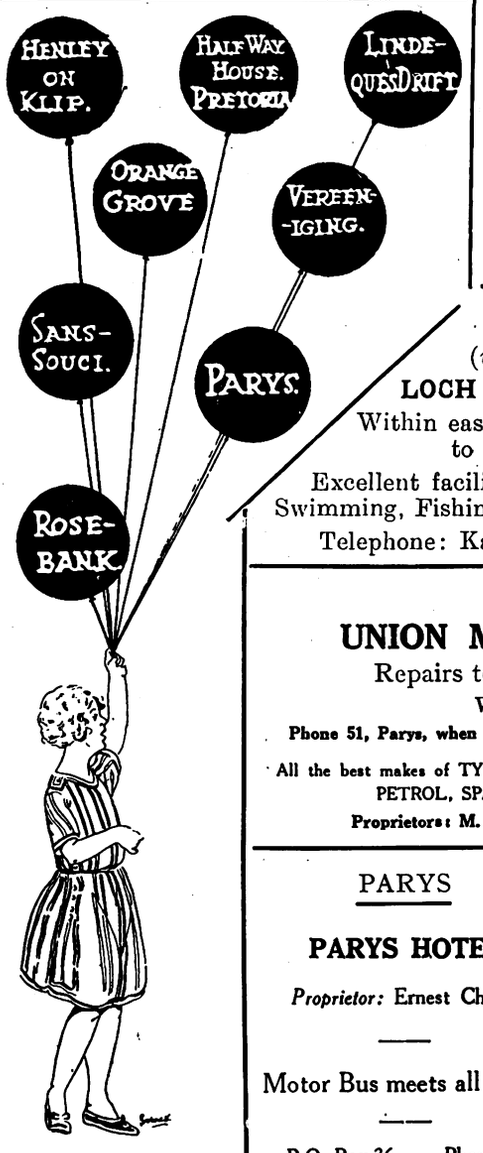

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On the Rialto.

By Antonio.

JOHANNESBURG, Tuesday afternoon.

The activity in platinum shares is certainly "damping down" the gold market; in fact, during the past day or so, there has been a tendency to dispose of gold shares in order to take a hand in the platinum gamble, hence the widening of the daily list. In view of to-morrow's mail, bringing with it thousands and thousands of shares, especially T.C.L.'s and S.A. Townships, prices this morning were below the highest points touched yesterday. On High 'Change, "Lands" were quoted at 36s. 6d. (against 37s. 3d. yesterday), and S.A. Townships 16s. 6d., as compared with 17s. 3d., "Devels" 20s. 6d. against the highest of 22s. 6d.

Gold Have Prices Mostly Maintained.

But, with the exception of City Deep, which at one time during the week dipped below 60s., thus reducing their difference with Crown Mines (the other great "Corner House" stock of the Central Rand) to 5s. as against the 10s. at which it has ruled for some time past, prices were maintained. "Cities" were 60s. 9d. this morning. Government Areas were closely quoted at 149s.--150s., Modders were sold at 83s. 3d., Robinson Deep "B" steady at 39s. 6d.

Gold Valued at Standard Price.

The "Gold Fields" group is the first to issue the monthly output and profit details. Figures for January are especially interesting, as gold is calculated at approximately standard price, less, of course, realisation charges. Robinson Deep starts the year well with a record crushing of 81,000 tons (an improvement of 4,500 for the month), but though working costs are maintained at 16s. 11d. (a figure which has been almost monotonous for the past four months), the profit has come back from £46,500 in October and November to £40,200. It is a great thing to realise that Crown Mines is making a million a year profit, and Robinson Deep, its eastern neighbour, half a million, with gold at par, the only safe basis on which to reckon.

Simmer's Grade Down and Costs Up.

"Simmer's" profit has shed nearly 50 per cent. on the month at £9,300, a figure only half what it was in October. Grade has dropped a fifth of a dwt. and costs have risen 7d. a ton, risks you cannot afford to take with a low-grade proposition like this! Both are expected to be only temporary. The shares are a penny under three shillings apiece.

Geduld's and Modder Deep's Development.

The market still awaits the reports for the quarter of the Anglo-American group of mines, but those of the Union Corporation have made their appearance since I last wrote. Low payability continues the "fly in the ointment" at Geduld, as of 4,170 feet sampled only 1,255 were classed as payable, but the value was good at 17½ dwt. over 30 inches. Exceptionally, ratio was also as low as 40 per cent. at Modder Deep, but the footage was quite small (development is practically complete at this mine). The value was 8½ dwt. over six feet of reef.

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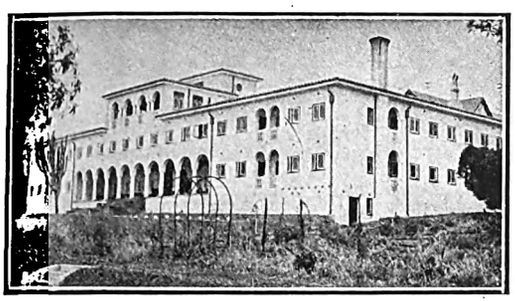

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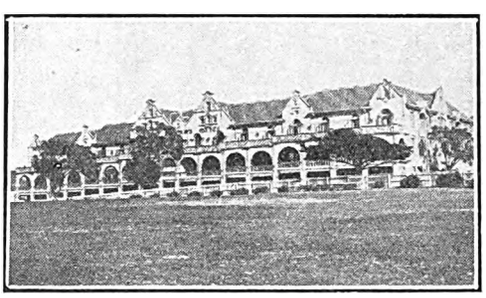

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A Seal of Satisfaction

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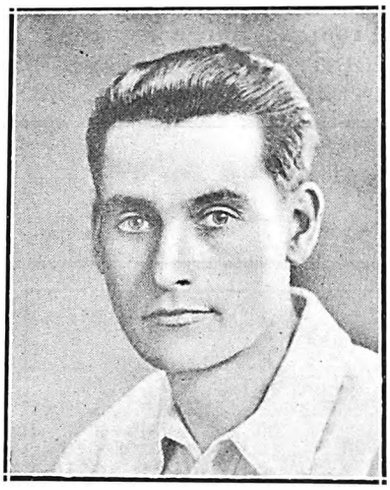
Earle Grey.

Among the players with Miss Iris Hoey is Mr. Earle Grey, whom I remember very well in England, where I saw him several times in the Everyman's Theatre at Hammersmith, and also in the famous Repertory Theatre which Mr. Bernard Fagan has organised at Oxford. Few actors of his age have had the experience that has fallen to Mr. Earle Grey. With me, he has the most profound admiration for Edith Evans, the Empress of the modern English Theatre. Indeed, he has played with her at the Everyman's Theatre in "Getting Married," the Bernard Shaw play which was such a success there. I remember seeing the show myself, on the third or fourth night, with the great gray-bearded Bernard Shaw himself sitting in the stalls.



But Mr. Grey's most recent experience was, as I have said, with Mr. Bernard Fagan in the Repertory Theatre at Oxford. Here they played Congreve comedies, Shaw, light modern comedies, Elizabethan plays—in fact everything except musical shows. But they put on a new play every week, and this almost killed Mr. Earle Grey, so he has come to Africa for what is more or less a rest—and also to give us the pleasure of seeing him play as one of the supporting artists with Miss Iris Hoey at His Majesty's Theatre, Johannesburg.

Next Week's Calls.

WEEK COMMENCING MONDAY FEBRUARY 9, 1925.

Tivoli, Capetown.—Iris and Phyllis, Jay Whidden, James Collins.
Empire, Johannesburg.—Donald and Carson, Lily Lena, Mario De Pietro and Joan Revel, Florence Rex, Scott Sanders, Jass and Jessie, Ed. La Vine, Alice Lloyd.
His Majesty's, Johannesburg.—Iris Hoey and her London Company in "Clothes and the Woman."
Oruheum, Johannesburg.—Madge Kennedy, Frank Fay and Little Lady from Dixie.
Grand, Pretoria.—Hetty King, Vesta Sisters.
Criterion, Benoni.—Beryl Beresford.
Criterion, Durban.—Rosie Lloyd, Keeley and Aldouse, The Mariajanos.
Apollo, Germiston.—Lola Krasavina, Brennan and Newton (Thursday, Friday and Saturday).
Vaudette, Krugersdorp.—Lola Krasavina, Brennan and Newton (Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday).
Grand, Port Elizabeth.—Leon M. Lion—Renée Kelly Company in "Outward Bound," to be followed by "The Mask and the Face."
Opera House, Capetown.—From Wednesday, February 11th, the Pantomime Company in "Cinderella."

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A Memory of Clothes and the Woman.

A small, dainty figure, with red-gold hair, surrounded by large baskets of flowers and bouquets; a rather tired little figure, who clasped a French doll tightly in one arm as she said: "We have all been so anxious to please you, and we do all thank you most tremendously for your appreciation. I do hope you will like us and take us to your hearts."

And then the thunder of applause! Miss Iris Hoey, at the fall of the curtain on the first night of "Clothes and the Woman."

There was all the glamour of a premiere in the West End of London, and seldom, if ever, have I seen such a fashionable audience. Lady Hoy had a party in one of the boxes, in another were Monsieur and Madame Emil Levy with Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Douglas. Dr. and Mrs. R. P. McKenzie were in a second tier box, and in the stalls I saw Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Bateman, Captain and Mrs. M. Howarth, Captain C. Griffiths, Mrs. Harold Philips, Mr. and Mrs. Wartenweiler, Miss Albu, Mr. and Mrs. and Miss Juta, Mr. and Mrs. J. Neilson, Mrs. C. A. Hadley, Mr. T. Clapham, Miss Madge Saunders, Mr. and Mrs. H. Leatherman, Mr. and Mrs. M. Franks, Mrs. C. A. Hadley, Major and Mrs. Henley, Mr. and Mrs. Errol Hay, Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Anderson, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Anderson, Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Sturock, Captain and Mrs. John Coke, and, oh! scores of well-known people. And from start to finish the house simply rocked with laughter.

I took away with me many memories. Memories of the drab khaki-clad figure of the woman journalist, humorous, but, oh! such a pathetic figure, so true to life. One of the hundreds who starve for the love of life, and who have not, like Robina Fleming, a fairy godmother in the shape of Mrs. Desmond, to help; of the drab uninteresting "digs," with the characteristic landlady; of the sunlight that filled the room in the bungalow on the river; of that same river, cool and peaceful in its fringe of green trees; of a dainty woman in almond-green; and above all, a memory of a charming voice, tuneful and capable of expressing the utmost emotions; yes, just the cadence of a voice.

The clothes? Well, it all hangs on the tale of a gown. Such a naughty gown. Almond-green, if you please, cut to the shape of a coat and worn open over a tube gown of the same shade, edged with narrow rows of rose and blue beads. The coat is beaded most wonderfully in rose and gold and purple, and the long silken stems of the flowers stretch tender leaves up to almost the shoulder. Long tight sleeves edged with fur and a collar to match. In front of a buckle of rose and blue clasped, a green tulle hat, layer upon layer of the soft material, and a tall stick of rose, inlaid with deep blue, the flash of a large amethyst ring. Yes, indeed, "Clothes and the Woman." And no woman ever afforded a better lesson to her sisters than did Robina, when with a few deft touches, she showed us what can be done, and surely we can do it, too. And a deep blue gown of stockinette, with Irish lace cuffs and collar, turned her into the "nice little woman" Dr. Lomax had been looking forward to so much.

There is, by the way, an interesting little story about Miss Hoey first put "Clothes and the Woman" on at a matinee in aid of the Serbian Fund, at which the Queen of Serbia was present. It was an all star caste, and it was an enormous success. It was not, however, till some considerable time after that Miss Hoey decided to present it to the general public, and, of course, did splendidly. The French doll that Miss Hoey clasped so tightly—"something to hang on to"—was a tribute from one great artist to another—from Hetty King to Iris Hoey. It is thoughts like these that make the world a happier place. *C.R.*

Miss Elisabeth Drury, with Miss Iris Hoey's Company at His Majesty's Theatre, Johannesburg.

Miss Betty Pocock, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. W. A. Pocock, who, with little Miss Margaret Whiteley, gave a garden fête and entertainment at her home on Wednesday in aid of the Junior Tree of Mercy.

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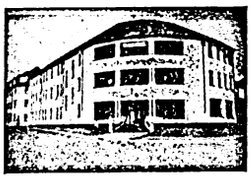

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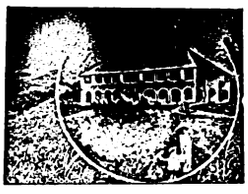

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The finest view of the Indian Ocean on the South Coast.
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STAY AT
THE
RAND HOTEL
UMKOMAAS

Sapper.

I lunched the other day in Capetown with the well-known fiction writer, "Sapper," or Lieut.-Colonel Cyril McNeile, as he prefers to be called. He is the typical ex-army officer, young and genial, and his wife is a typical, charming English lady, with a great fondness for her husband. After touring South Africa, I want to settle down to write for some time at Hermanus," he told me. "I want to bring in some South African atmosphere in my next novel." Mrs. McNeile tells me that she and her husband rarely visit London nowadays. "We quite enjoy living in a little Swiss village," she said. "We meet plenty of other English people there, and can always arrange a dance among ourselves. Perhaps we visit London twice a year, and then only for a few days. Once you have lived away from London for any length of time, it is difficult to reconcile yourself to long trip I have ever undertaken, and I am looking forward living there again. This journey to South Africa is the first to seeing Johannesburg, ever so much.

"Sapper" is an excellent conversationalist at the table, besides being a clever writer. Once the talk begins about the war, one finds him full of anecdotes and exciting experiences. It is obvious that he is one of those lucky men who still find a glamour and romance in those days among the French mud heaps. He confesses that it was Lord Northcliffe who first brought him into the public limelight, and he afterwards became one of Northcliffe's personal friends. He told me that circumstances are forcing him to write about "Bulldog Drummond" again, although he wishes to try a new vein in fiction. "But my friends won't have it," he said. "They insist on reading more about the old Bulldog. I suppose I must go on with him." Once he is settled in the little fishing village of Hermanus, he hopes to get down to his literary work and satisfy the clamour for stories from his pen *Beachcomber.*

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S.A. PICTORIAL.

"The Union's National Weekly."

VOL. XX. No. 498.] SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 14TH, 1925. (Registered at G.P.O. as a Newspaper.) PRICE 6D.

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Head Office: EMPIRE BUILDINGS, JOHANNESBURG.
Agents for Great Britain: Argus South African Newspapers, Ltd., Byron House, 82-85, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

The Sixth Anniversary.

Six years ago, when this journal was already well known as *Stage and Cinema*, it was rechristened *The South African Pictorial*. That was early in February of 1919.

I have written the first leading article for several papers in my day. When I was younger, I used to start weekly papers and periodicals at the slightest provocation. But I have never come in for a birthday leader before. It is all very difficult!

Although my association with the paper is measured in weeks, people have been very charming about this birthday and a deluge of letters has helped to brighten the past week. In recent months, the circulation of this paper has leapt ahead. One man in Port Elizabeth, who sold none at all two months ago, sold 84 copies last week. Some of the theatres in Johannesburg have increased their sales by 100 per cent. in two months. I am vain enough, therefore, to suppose that the policy of the *South African Pictorial* is more or less along the right lines. With up-to-date London news, topical photographs and short stories, good paragraph news and humour, a paper such as this has every right to expect support from the public. *The South African Pictorial* has no wish to foist high-brow articles upon its public. Nor will it under any circumstances introduce a vulgar note to catch the man who seeks papers of that ilk. I have no wish to gain circulation in either gaming houses or high-brow places where they talk Shaw so much they don't understand him. This is a paper for people who are normal in mentality and sane in their manner of living. It sets out to talk of what people do as well as what they think.

With that serious little passage disposed of, perhaps one might take advantage of the sixth birthday of the paper to thank people who have supported the *South African Pictorial*, whether the *régimé* of the present editor or that of those who have gone before him. The fact that business men have faith in the paper as an advertising medium is proved in the following pages. The response to our requests for advertisements was so immense that the paper is exactly double its usual size. This is in spite of the fact that we have been obliged to increase our advertising rates because of the enormous increase in circulation.

South Africa is young in journalism. It has not yet learned to appreciate the ability within its borders. This is proved by the fact that Mrs. Sarah Gertrude Millin, of Johannesburg, is as much talked about here as any of the first rate novelists in England. But it is in England that she is talked about. Here you may go into book-shop after book-shop and find a pleasant but totally incompetent bookseller who hasn't heard of her. It also happens that South Africa has produced the most brilliant of the contemporary young poets . . . I refer to Mr. Roy Campbell of Durban. He can move the most sober and cold English critics to columns of eulogy. But I guarantee he can't sell as many copies of his books in Capetown as he can in Glasgow. There is nobody to be blamed about all this.

Australia and New Zealand are exactly the same. Katherine Mansfield was famous in England before she was known in New Zealand where she was born. The fact that she wrote stories to be compared with those of Tchekov and de Maupassant didn't worry New Zealand. I am very proud of the fact that I wrote the first appreciation of her work to appear in a New Zealand paper. Miss Ettie Rout, whose name is sacred to colonial soldiers, wrote a book on sex—a serious and wonderful book. Great students in England hailed the book as marvellous. New Zealand, where Miss Rout was born, banned it as indecent.

New countries do that sort of thing. It is all part of the fact that they are grand, crude, healthy, strange children evolving from the pioneer crysalis.

Mrs. Millin is the one distinguished writer of prose South Africa has produced. But you can't buy her novels in half the bookshops of the country.

The *South African Pictorial*, in its humble way, wants to encourage writers in this land. It wants to do that more than anything. The editor is a colonial himself. He went through the mill of journalism and more or less creative writing in New Zealand and Australia, and he knows what a desperately hard mill it can be. No contribution to this paper will receive a printed note "The editor regrets" because there are no such forms in use in its office. Editors are, in a sense, the fathers of writing. Whether their skill or criticial ability be great or small, it is to them that young writers turn for advice and help. The merest story, poorly written, sadly inadequate must, be considered seriously by an editor because he has, in becoming an editor taken it upon himself to bring writers out of the hurley burley, and, when they deserve it, give them a place in his paper.

The *South African Pictorial* dearly wishes to do that. The business side of a paper is an essential consideration, but, apart from that, this paper would dearly love to find some youngster—many youngsters in South Africa whose pens have what, in the Victorian days, was known as the Divine spark. In those days, when life was less real than now, the Divine spark was very often merely a flash in the pan. Now-a-days it is different. The colonies and overseas dominions are not here merely to produce mealies and gold and mutton and wool. Free from the artificiality of the old world, free from its almost unhealthy culture and its pandering to vague and hollow traditions, we stand gloriously alive, gloriously alert and gloriously intimate with God. I don't mean the god

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of marble thrones and golden harps. I mean the god of open veld, the god of hills, of green cool grass, running water and strong arms that dig deep into the earth with shining spades. Out of this energy and reality, something great is coming. We in Australia, New Zealand and Africa, are shaking off the strange, unheeding cloak of the pioneer days. Katherine Mansfield, Roy Campbell, Sarah Gertrude Millin and a few others are the vanguard of the tremendous era of truth that will be born of the new soil, the new world.

The editor of this paper wants to find those young people who may be encouraged by the success, the achievements of Mrs. Millin and Mr. Campbell. They are both too tenderly aware of their birthplace to wish to be alone in this representation. The *South African Pictorial* is too tenderly aware of the place it might take in South African life not to wish to encourage the slightest pen, the slightest imagination, the slightest manuscript, for out of the deluge might come one faultless thing. If that happened once in ten years, the mills of the gods would be showing a good profit. *The Editor.*

Street Corners of Johannesburg.

By Ivan Abercrombie.

The personality of a street is decided by its corners in the same way as a woman's personality is decided by her hats.

There are Methodist hats—they are usually plain and flat, with a geyser of feathers or flowers spurting up on the left-hand side. Then there are respectable women's hats, worn so horizontally that you would think they were put on with a spirit level. There are hats that have never been paid for. They have an extravagant note that would make any husband wait until he got a "final notice" pinned on to the monthly statement. There are very good little girls' hats, and the hats of little girls who mightn't be very good for very long. In the milder stages, these ladies affect fruit, like the inevitable Eve. But the fruit on the hat of the modern Eve is made of satin or velvet sometimes covered with gold tissue. Thus the milliner, the black-gowned divinity who shapes their ends, trims them according to their kind.

In the same way a street corner indicates what you may expect after you have passed into the street itself. The people who wait for trams at the Town Hall always suggest offices, banks, dentists and insurance offices. If you stop to think, you will find that almost every street corner in Johannesburg—at least in the city itself—has an air of its own, and certain little features that distinguish it from any other corner you may know. At Green & Greaves corner, you instinctively look for the time, for jewellers have a generous habit of displaying a fully grown-up clock for nothing. And at Green & Greaves you always arrange to meet people who live in Yeoville and Observatory or, if you live in those directions yourself, there you pick up the friends you are taking home to dinner. And while you are waiting, you look in the window and decide that, with your next spare pound, you must buy one of those new patent match boxes—But you never do.

The Central News Agency corner is one of the city's feature. It is so splendidly suggestive of promptness and punctuality that you arrange to meet your business friend there. And there are certain people you always see at certain corners. You might see reliable legal lights at the Central News Agency corner but you wouldn't see any theatrical stars, because they always arrange to meet outside the Carlton or the Empire.

The corner of President Street is the melting pot of Johannesburg. I can never be quite sure what section of the world it represents. You see Mrs. O'Grady, with her stockings hanging, concertina fashion, about her ankles, standing with that peculiar waist angle that leaves the belt higher in the front than at the back. But you also see the Colonel's Lady waiting anxiously for her less fortunate sister who is forced to live at Jeppestown (for the children's sake, you know—near the school and all that). Then you see that dear old man with the rusty frock coat who is waiting for his married daughter who has a small place of her own at Norwood. At the Lounge you always arrange your afternoon tea appointment if you are not in a "palm court mood," and there you rub shoulders with every man and every woman—every man going to tea with every other man's wife and *vice versa*. But no!

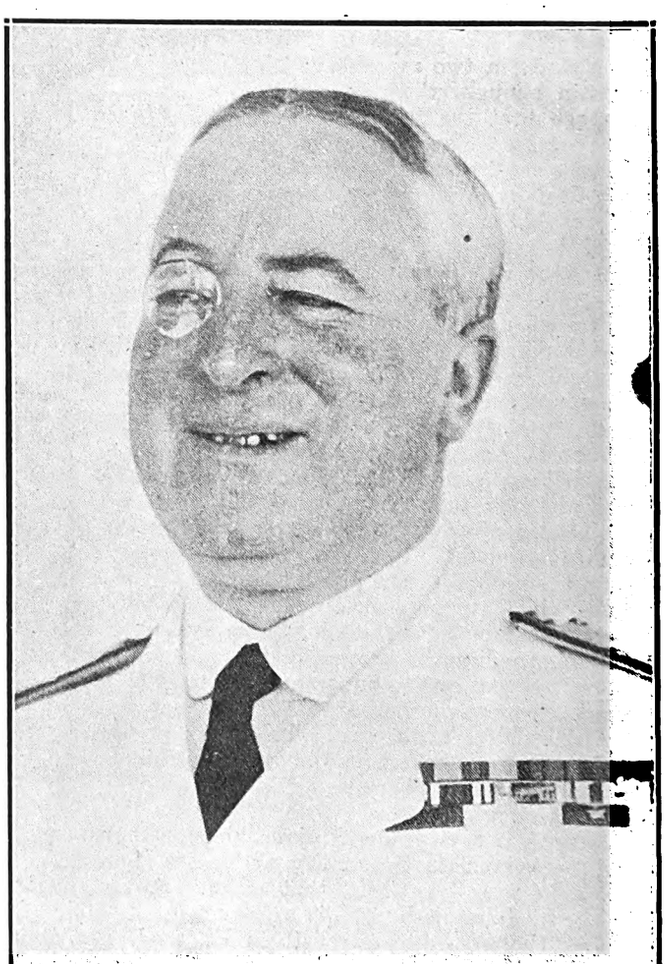
I believe *they* meet at odd places, like the arcade in front of the Standard Theatre. And sometimes they arrange to meet—one going in after the other—in some little known tea room. You can always know them—the woman is spruced up with that air of a woman embarking on a post-marriage flirtation—there is always something grim about her methods. She is aggressively feminine and young, and she tries to look secretive, and is only coy. And the man—he has left the office, after brushing his coat and looking in the typist's mirror, and he, too, is very secretive about it all—wondering if he shouldn't affect some disguise—a moustache or smoked spectacles. But the idea vanishes when he sees her, so delicately unconscious is he of the fact that she has rocked the cradle three times and accepted a salad bowl from hubby to mark the tenth anniversary of their marriage. But they are very human—these two—and very harmless.

Could any corner be more suggestive of doctors, respectability and cleanliness than the Rand Club corner with those well-bred looking windows frowning at the street, like aunts at a children's party. And here, the doctors meet their wives going home in the afternoon, and the husband always fiddles with his tie (if Mrs. Doctor's friend is with her) and says "Well, did you have a good day in town?"

These things are inevitable.

And it is always at Chudleigh's corner that you arrange to meet your friend after you have been to the dentist and you always say "so nerve-racking," and your friend says "Yes, isn't it?" and you both go and drink tea because a cup of tea "does pick you up so." Oh, I know you women alright!

Oh, it's a funny old world, and these street corners, if you'll only stop to look, yield plenty of material for thought, just as the hats of women yield you plenty of room for speculation.



Rear Admiral M. S. Fitzmaurice, who has arrived in Capetown.

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Stellenbosch Agricultural Show.

Judging the cattle under the famous old oaks.

Clothes and the Woman.

I have been to see Miss Iris Hoey's charming and lightsome comedy three times now. A good dinner or a modd may make you like any play the first time you see it. But the second and third time put the severest test upon you, and, honestly, I want to go and see "Clothes and the Woman" again. There is a strange freshness about Miss Hoey . . . she has a crispness, a spontaniety in her work, and that is partly why her Robina Flemming is a real person. Never is she an artificiality strutting the boards. Nine actresses out of ten would have made of her a monstrosity.

You would be foolish to miss Miss Hoey's play, because the second one, "The Pelican," shows her in a very different mood. "The Pelican" is more or less founded on a sex problem, but it is not blatant or crude. Again, Miss Hoey comes out as a great actress. . . . I have seen rehearsals when she was shorn of stage clothes . . . working very hard in her street frock; when the stage was shorn of scenery, and even then her performance thrilled me. I have standards, and hard standards, in connection with the theatre. I am not gulled by artificial performances. I consider that there are not ten great actresses in the whole of England. Edith Evans is one of them; perhaps the greatest. Sybil Thorndike is far down the list, because she is a great mathematician of the stage; it is technique and faultless publicity that has placed her where she is. Athene Seyler has given good performances, and Constance Collier has the stuff of which greatness is made. In musical comedy, I think Josie Collins to be beyond criticism, but in the wrong direction. A critic shuns libel, and thus shuns the truth. There are many, many inferior actresses—inferior to Miss Hoey—whose names are dazzling the night in electric lights in the West End at the present moment. So South Africa should sit up and realise that, at Her Majesty's Theatre, there is a play, a star and a company for whom support is almost a duty; that is, if we have any duty towards art at all.

Mr. Campbell Gullan; one can only say of him, "Here is a man who knows every trick of his art and who is not a trickster. Here is an actor who never lets you down; who is incapable of cheap acting or illegitimate success. He would sooner walk off the stage without "a hand" than lessen the standard of his art. One likes performances and one likes his, but one also respects it. "B."

Rotary.

Mr. James Carmichael, of the Council of the Leicester Rotary Club, who also represents Great Britain on the Extension Committee of the Rotary International, is in Capetown with his wife. He intends visiting the Rotary Clubs in the different centres of the Union. In case you may not know, the objects of the Rotary are:—

To encourage and foster:

(*a*) The ideal of *service* as the bais of all worthy enterprise.
(*b*) High ethical standards in business and professions.
(*c*) The application of the ideal of serving by every Rotarian to his personal business and community life.
(*d*) The development of acquaintances as an opportunity for service.
(*e*) The recognition of the worthiness of all useful occupations and the dignifying by each Rotarian of his occupation as an opportunity to serve society.
(*f*) The advancement of understanding, good-will, and international peace through a world fellowship of business and professional men united in the Rotary ideal of service.

All this is very idealistic and uplifting, and Rotary no doubt serves a certain section of the community very successfully.

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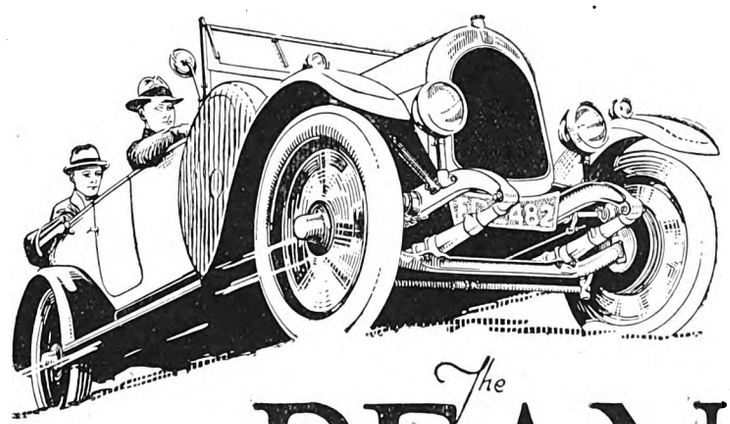

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Thistledown and Thunder.

A Higgledy-Piggledy Diary.

By Hector Bolitho.

The writer has come to the age when memory is failing him, and he rescues incidents and impressions from the passing torrent before it is too late.

This series of articles, which may continue for far longer than either you or he may wish, is an effort to set down all the things he hadn't the time or the courage to write in the years the locusts have eaten; in New Zealand, Fiji, Samoa, Tonga, Australia, Italy, France, the parent England . . . and now Africa.

Chapter II.

January 5, 1919.

To-day I foolishly wrote about love:—

My first love was a damask rose,
The sweetest I could find;
One morn I found the petals dead
And scattered by the wind.

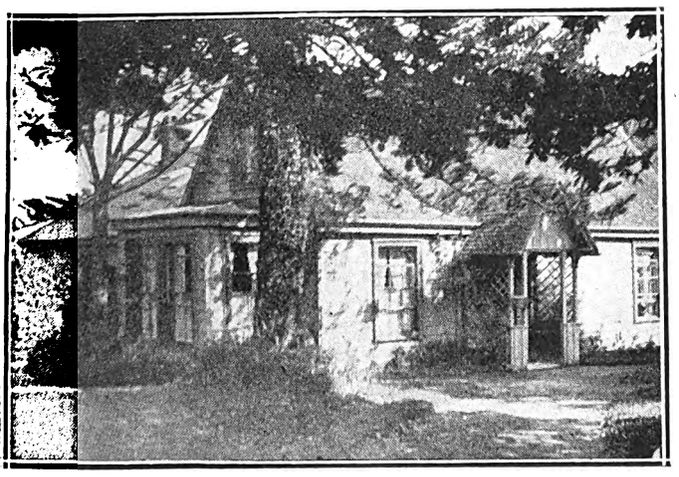
My last love was a poppy red,
Its petals were of flame;
Poison filled the poppy's heart,
And Passion was its name.

January 6, 1919—Hugh Walpole.

I was reading an old file of the *Auckland Star* to-night and came upon an interesting birth notice.

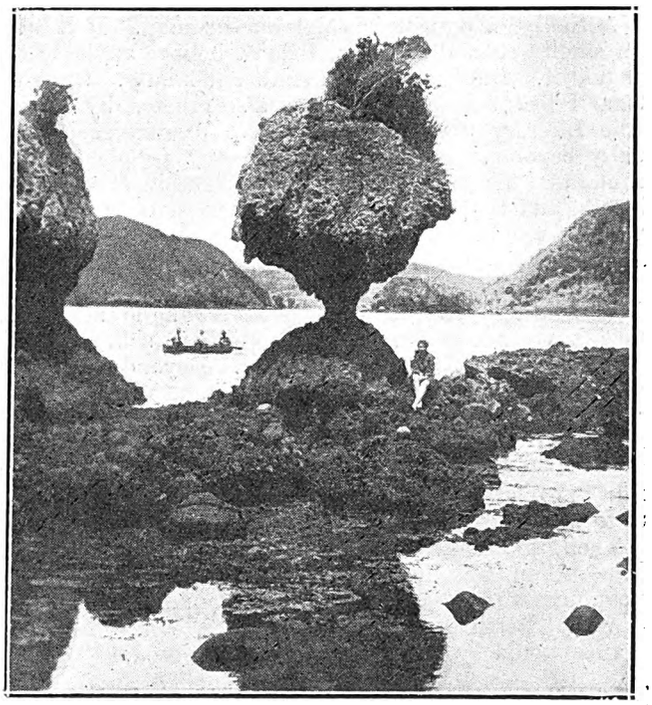
"Walpole, on March 13th, at St. Mary's Parsonage, the wife of Rev. G. H. S. Walpole, of a son."

That was Hugh Walpole, the now famous novelist, who was kind enough to be born in New Zealand, when his father was vicar of St. Mary's Cathedral, the mellow old wooden church in Parnell. The house where he was born is a quiet, pleasant little cottage, nestling against the great walls of St. Mary's. Here the writer of "The Duchess of Wrexe" learned to write his first pot hooks. His nurse is still living in Auckland, and she remembers the days when the little boy of four or five used to sit in the family pew while father taught his flock how to retain their hold of the straight and narrow path.



Where Hugh Walpole was born in Auckland, New Zealand.

Hugh Walpole left New Zealand when he was very ung, and the fact that he was born there has not ected his work to any great extent, although he passes a ance tribute to his birthplace in "The Wooden Horse," ere part of the action takes place against a New Zealand ckground.



A Mushroom Rock on the New Zealand Coast.

January 7—Of Picnics.

To-day I went for a picnic to Rangitoto. Rangitoto is a strange conical island in the Auckland Harbour. It has a crater, and stinted vegetation. Rangitoto means "Bloody sky," an echo of the days when it was an active volcano, colouring the sky with its fire.

But I hate picnics . . . . when you cannot find a flat place for the cloth, when it blows about and you have to anchor it with four bottles, one at each corner; when the bottles fall over, when there is sand in all the food and the billy won't boil; when ants crawl up the leg of your trousers. It's a messy business.

January 8—Brothers of the Mighty.

New Zealand has attracted many noted people to its shores. From the earliest days of the coming of Charles Armitage Brown, Samuel Butler, Froude, Domett, and others, it has been able to claim worthy associations with the literary lights of England.

It has also proved to be a harbour for the brothers of the great, and, to-day, you'll find several folk whose big brothers have placed England or America at their feet.

On many a windy day I've seen Captain Bone, Superintendent of the New Zealand Shipping Company, braving the gusts and dust of Wellington . . . Wellington with its grimy face and clockless Town Hall tower, its narrow streets and narrow people.

Captain Bone is a brother of Mr. David Bone, author of "The Brass Bounder" and a host of other books. Mr. Muirhead Bone, the well-known Scottish artist, is another brother. I have their history of the mercantile marine somewhere on my shelves this very minute. So, while his brilliant brothers write and paint the glory of the mercantile marine, Captain Bone commands the going and coming of the shipping company's fleet in Wellington. It must be a year since I tramped along Lambton Quay, but I think that Captain Bone still belongs to the blusterous capital.

Then, somewhere near Auckland, the brother of Sir Phillip Gibbs, and Mr. Cosmo Hamilton, is growing turnips or wheat—I'm not sure which. This brother, who wrote something or other in his less wise days, has "found himself" in the plough and paddock, and has deserted the craft that has made Sir Phillip Gibbs and Mr. Cosmo Hamilton as well known as—well, as the late Charles Garvice, whose nephew is farming somewhere in New Zealand's cold, Presbyterian South."

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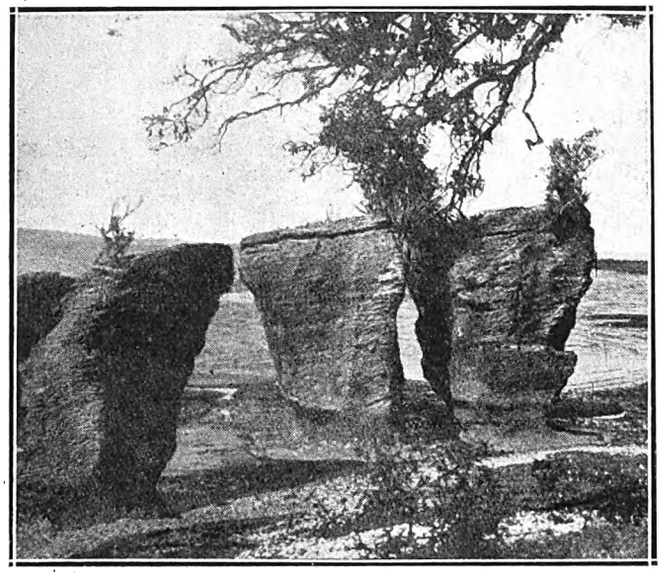
January 9—Whangarei.

Actually, Whangarei is not on the map. If it wasn't for a smelly coastal steamer, I don't believe anybody could ever find it. But I always remember it kindly. Once upon a time I lectured there and was also greeted by members of the Literary Society. Small-town literary societies are usually beyond recall, but these worthy people had great stimulants. They were thoroughly bright in choosing their subjects, and the two "writers" to whom the evening was devoted were Shakespeare and Steele Rudd. Why they dragged Shakespeare in, I cannot tell.

But, seriously, Whangarei has many things for which to be thankful. First, it produced Miss Jane Mander, whose novels have two recommendations—they sell, and they bear the imprint of the Bodley Head. Beyond this, I could never discover any virtue in them. Then, Whangerei owns Mr. F. W. Reed, who is a wild Dumas student, and the only New Zealand bookseller with an original soul. He has translated several of the Frenchman's "hitherto untranslated" novels, and is a strangely enthusiastic and happy soul to meet in this byway.

Then, sometimes, Whangarei contains the magnificent Colonel Allan Bell, who is said to have boasted that his appearance was worth a thousand pounds a year to his "Develop North Auckland Scheme." What his disappearance would be worth was never disclosed.



Curious Limestone Rocks in the Whangarei Harbour

January 14—Maurice Baring.

When Maurice Baring came to New Zealand, he stayed but one moment, and truth suffered in his reminiscences which followed. I found a second-hand copy of his book in a shadowy shop a few days ago, and smiled quietly at the howlers that pepper the pages of his impressions. He tells us that:

There are no poor people,

and that:

New Zealand is a tropical island, cooled and made temperate by the neighbourhood of the South Pole.

One can imagine the pole floating in and out of Dunedin's harbour or sailing gaily up the coast to cool the people of Gisborne.

He mixes New Zealand with Australia by saying that the outstanding feature of New Zealand landscape is the gumtree. But he has moments of modesty. He says:

I have not seen the Hot Geysers at Rotaroa. I have not seen the great spectacle of Milbank Sound.

As his Rotaroa should be Rotorua, and Milbank Sound should be Milford Sound, one must conclude that he didn't have even a guide book from which to write his story. His crowning statement comes when he declares that in New Zealand:

The railway carriages are teetotal.

He says nothing of the carriage platforms.

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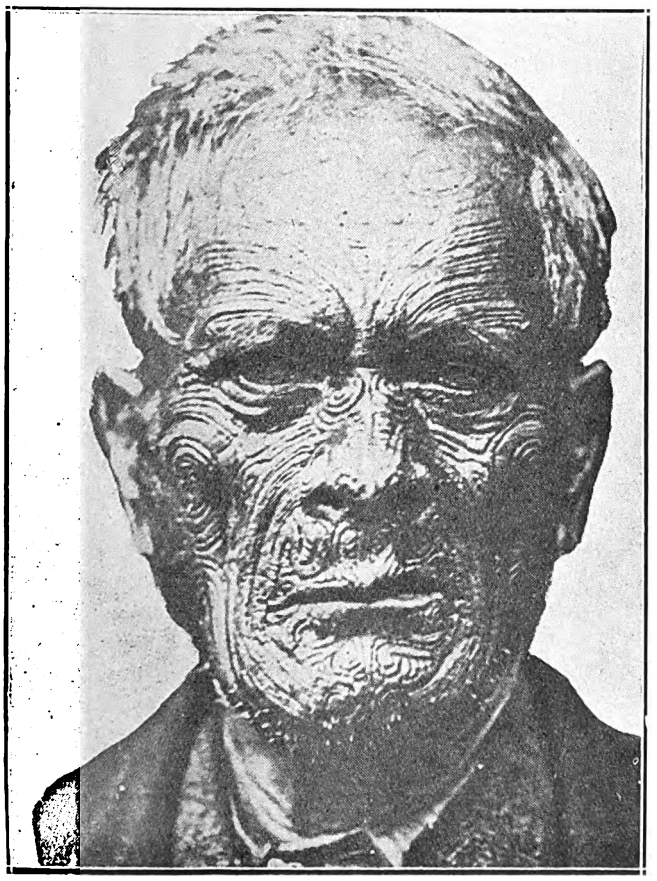
The Tiki.

Perhaps the most interesting symbol used by the Maori people is that of the Tiki, which they carve in jade or green stone. The photograph illustrating this paragraph shows one of the famous tikis carved, it is said, to represent an unborn child. These fantastic little figures, with the circular eyes in brilliant red, are worn by the old time Maoris. Genuine hand-carved tikis are very valuable. It will be seen that the figure has only three fingers. Some authorities suggest that this has some association with the Trinity, for most figures carved by Maoris, especially in the panels of their great meeting houses, have only three fingers on each hand. The old carved tikis, in deep green jade, with red eyes, are strangely beautiful.

The Maori Adorned.

The natives of New Zealand are not contented with carving the precious stones of the earth but they adorn themselves very extensively with tattoo. In women, it is a sign of marriage, and among the men it is more or less a sign of standing in the tribe. Many of the old chiefs, in the days when the first missionaries landed in New Zealand, had their faces almost entirely covered with tattoo, and the photograph which supports this article will give you some idea of how these designs were carried out. Tattooing was a very painful process—in fact it still is, for some of the Maoris keep to the old traditions and still have their faces tattooed. This tattoo is nothing like the decorative little figures we see on the arms of seamen. It goes much deeper and is usually a design carried out in thick black lines, sometimes enlivened with green pigment. The Maoris are very different from the natives of other countries. They are able to go through the schools and, even to the universities, and many of them have become lawyers, doctors, teachers and preachers. It is a significant fact that one of the out standing statesmen in New Zealand history was a half-caste Maori—Sir James Carroll who was titled for his political services.



A Maori with his face almost covered by tattoo.

(To be continued.)

At the Empire.

The London *Morning Post*, which remains very conservative and aloof in these democratic days, is very seldom urged to enthusiasm over a music hall act. But it came out of its conservative shell when Donald and Carson staged their sketch at the London Coliseum not so very long ago. Donald and Carson, now at the Empire, Johannsburg, are Scottish comedians. That may not convey very much, for one immediately thinks of Sir Harry Lauder. But the work of Donald and Carson is different—they have somehow caught the more human side of the Scottish character, and Mr. Peter Donald himself is a veritable pulse of humour, and yet he is able to sing a straight song with a tender beauty which stamps him as an artist. Donald and Carson are not geniuses—they are exceptionally good entertainers. Their work is too near humanity itself to be classed as genius, and many a human being will see his mirror in the character sketches which they present. Their work has charm, and only a few artists have that. Lily Lena, the fashion-plate of vaudeville, is also at the Empire. She has the inevitable ability of the Lloyd family—it seems impossible that any one of them should escape it. Alice Lloyd, Rosie Lloyd, and now Lily Lena, their cousin, all seem to succeed along a certain line—with the songs that have a fire about them, songs reminiscent of the great Marie Lloyd. Alice Lloyd has her place in the programme as last week, and she fills it with complete success. Scott Sanders, with new jokes and a new act, is in his last week, sad to tell. His patter is truly remarkable, for you never hear an old joke, and you never hear a weak joke. He is like a year's subscription to *Punch*, concentrated into fifteen minutes.

A CARICATURE OF SCOTT SANDERS.

Kiss.

Yesterday morning I kissed my wife.
Her kiss was cold . . . . like the peck of a bird.

Last night I kissed a frail and painted girl.
Her laugh had a flaw in it, like the sound of cracking walnuts.

To-day I kissed my little son.
His fat, podgy fist punched my cheek, and my own image swam in the wonder of his baby eyes.

H.H.B.

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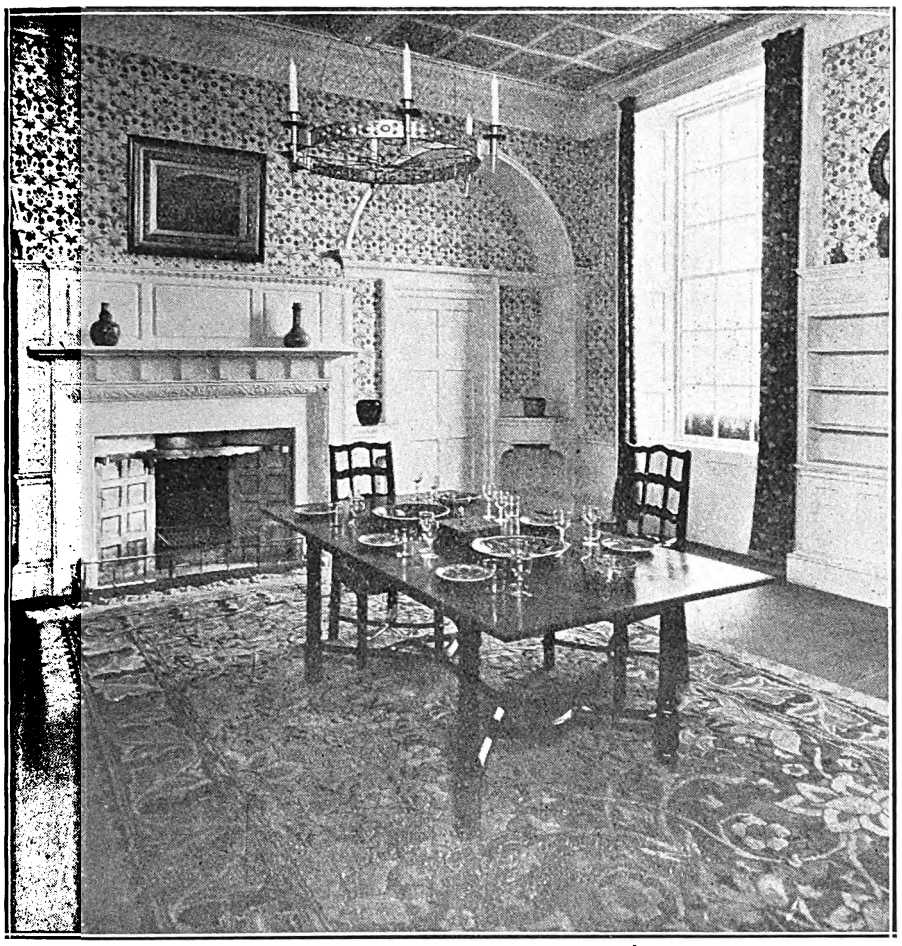
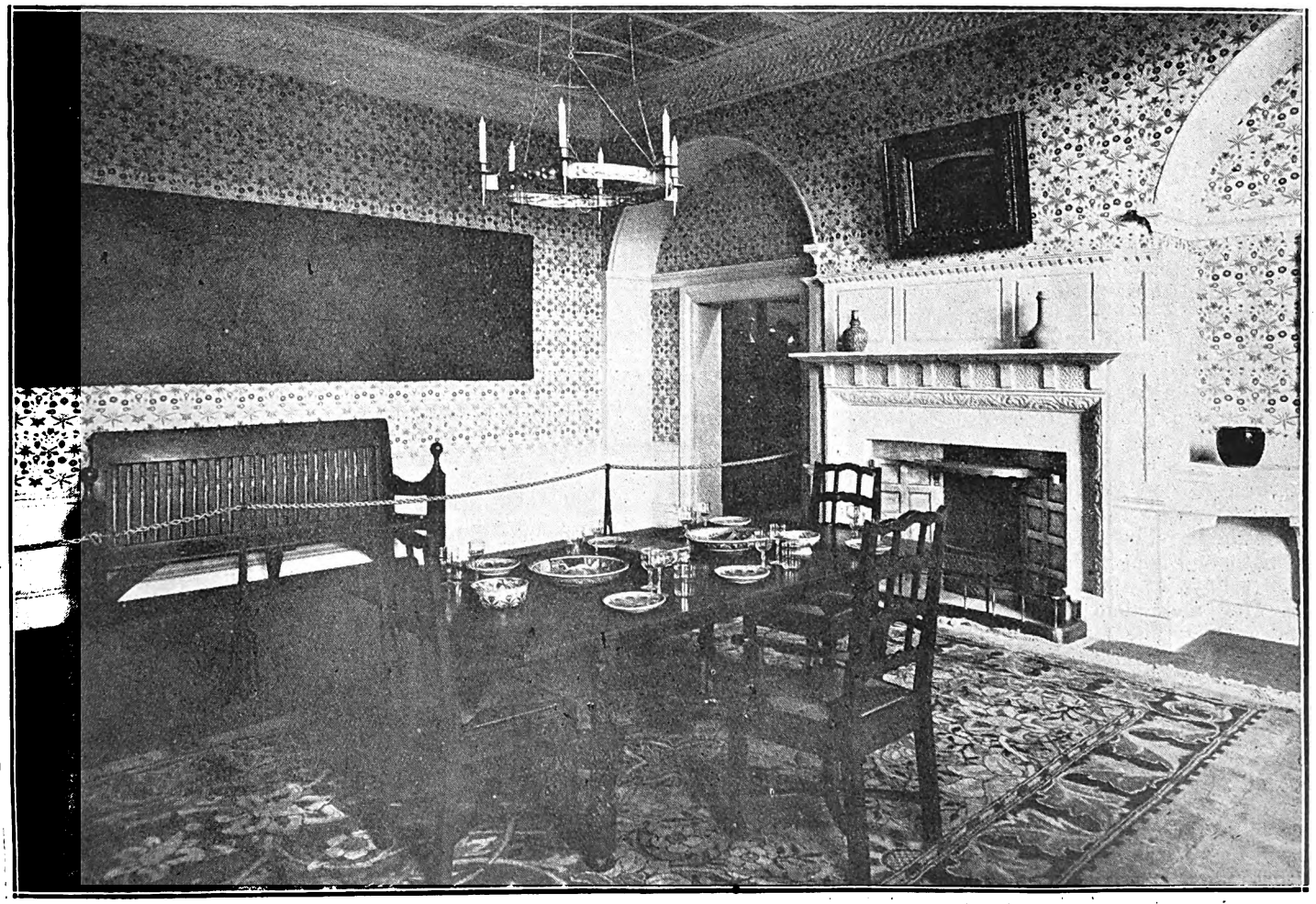


A Morris Room.

This room was one of a series designed for the recent Exhibition in London. It is a perfect reproduction of a room from the Red House to which William Morris took his bride. Its simplicity and open spaces should appeal to South African house decorators. Although this room was designed as long ago as 1888, *it will be seen that many of its features have survived in modern decoration. The grain of the table and chairs, the simple addition of one Morris tapestry to the wall, the arch over the doorway, and, most beautiful of all, the carpet, are all possible now-a-days providing one takes the trouble to realise that furniture should be more than useful. In the next issue of the* South African Pictorial *essentially modern rooms: a dining room and bedroom will be illustrated. These rooms were features of the same exhibition.*



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The Four Ages of Woman.

By Maidie Scott.

The famous English Music Hall Star, who is making a brief tour of South Africa early in March.

Shakespeare gives man seven ages. I am meaner than Shakespeare and give woman only four ages. There is the kid who likes to be the age she is, the School Girl who looks forward to the age she will be, Miss Twenty-one who tells her age frankly, and the fourth, Madam Experience, whose age is anything but what it is.

Indeed, I am so definite about the four ages into which a woman's life is divided, that I have based my most popular sketch on the idea . . . . a woman's life told in four songs.

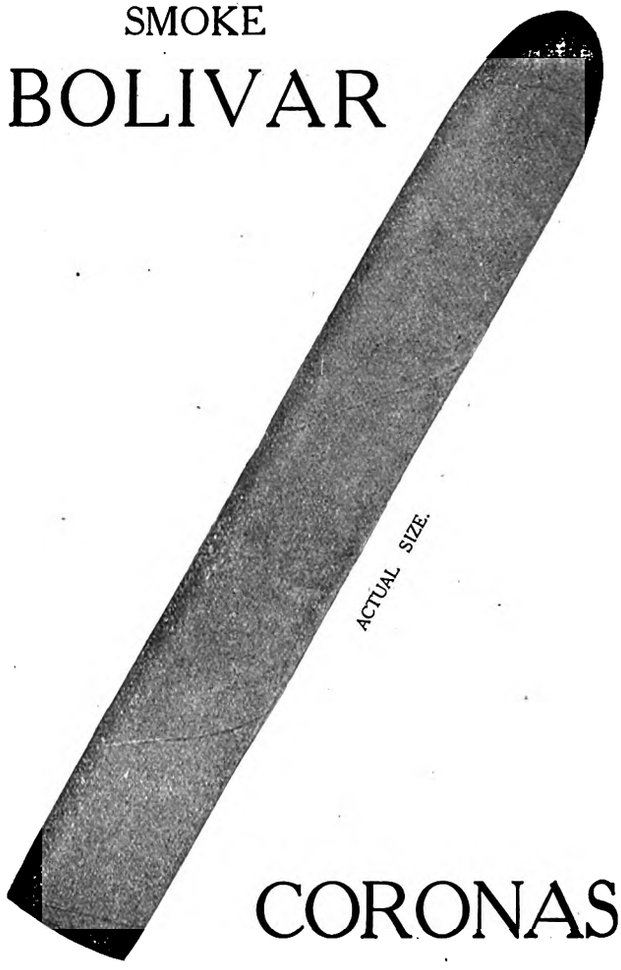
Suddenly there comes to my mind . . . . which section am I in? I shudder. I cannot, in all sincerity, with my dear twins prattling within a few feet of me, say I am a kid or a school girl. I am not honest enough to say how old I am, but I am too honest to say I am Twenty-one. And I hate admitting that I am Madam Experience, because, even if I have been on the stage for many years, I really don't know very much. Let us talk as if I really were Madam Experience!

Even if I am not very old . . . . I mean terribly old myself, I live in one of the oldest and most enchanting spots in England, for my husband owns Magna Charta island, where the Great Charta was signed in . . . . (what year was it?)

It is a marvellous place, and always I have had to tear my heart between my two worlds . . . . the theatre which claims me and holds me . . . . the theatre and the people who have been so wonderful. Then there has been Runymede . . . . Magna Charta, holding me with the old house and the associations and beauty. It seems strange that I should be making a journey out to the new world. I have always lived among old things and in old places. Our island, which is not very far from Windsor, is a quiet, restful place, and even the tourists who land to see the place where King John scratched his pen, seem to be silenced and quietened by its atmosphere. Then I think of the new world . . . . Africa and Australia, and I wonder if I am not really all wrong . . . . in sitting back in the past. It is very interesting to me to make this journey. I am told that I must expect everything different . . . . I must expect great open spaces instead of our own miniature meadows. I must expect gaunt and wonderful mountains, long roads and giant rivers. These things will seem so powerful after the intimate things of England. And I greet the change!

I suppose one can steal this courage from a country of vast mountains and great spaces. I know I should feel tremendous in spirit myself . . . . in fact I have done when I have seen a great mountain. Don't you think there is something in that idea . . . . that people are influenced in temperament by the character of the country which surrounds them. The Russians seem to be like the mournful, monotonous land which surrounds them. The sunny, laughing valleys of Italy are of the people that live in them. The meticulous, carefully fenced meadows of England are very like the carefully produced, self-controlled Anglo-Saxons themselves. Perhaps the southerners, in Africa and Australia, have caught their breadth of judgment and character and their pioneer courage from the great country which surrounds them.

I am looking forward to the south . . . . I feel like a great adventurer who has been sitting at home in his house, full of spoils, too long. And I've got the sudden courage to go out and see the world. I hope the Southern world will be kind to me. I promise to sing my best songs in my best way, and it's only fair that you should do your part . . . . we must *both* be on our best behaviour.

SMOKE
BOLIVAR


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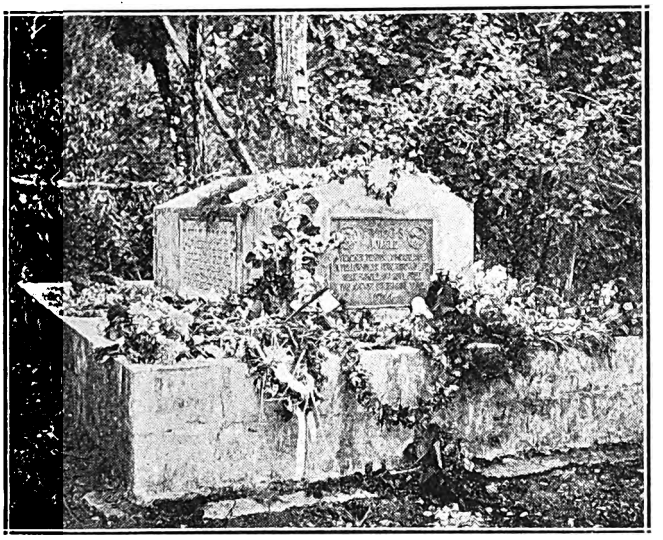
Mountain Graves.

By Pantin.

Robert Louis Stevenson and many other great people are buried high above the world they enriched. But the habit is not confined to civilised races, for pagans—if the word has any meaning—in the South Seas and many other out of the way places, choose mountains upon which to bury their dead. Perhaps it is that the loneliness, the dignity and the beauty we find about the hills and great peaks, appeal alike to Christian and barbarian when they face the problem of burying their great men.

High upon the fragrant peak of Mount Vaea, in Samoa, Stevenson lies, within hearing of the great Pacific that moans and surges about the coral reefs.



ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON'S GRAVE IN SAMOA.

Here again the Samoan natives, seeking to bury their "Tusitala" with the reverence with which they lived with him, chose the nearest hill and forced a road to the summit, breaking through the undergrowth and finally, after hours of unswerving fortitude, carried the body of Stevenson high above the tropical island where he made his home. And now the simple stone tomb, which I have seen in a hot vivid noon, with gulls sweeping overhead, rests among the tropical trees which are drunk with blossoms in the given season.

New Zealand, with its network of rivers and pattern of hills, has many peaks which are sacred because of some departed pioneer who was buried high above the land he helped and enriched with his labour.

On One Tree Hill, in Auckland, you will find the grave of Sir Robert Logan Campbell, the father of Auckland. Curiously enough, One Tree Hill derives its name from a clump of four or five trees that shake their branches within a few yards of the lonely grave of the great Campbell, I know another hill, Marshall Hill, in New Plymouth, where they buried the great friend of Keats—Charles Amitage Brown—who went there some years after the poet died in Rome. This historic hill was in the thick of the Maori War, and when it was barricaded in one campaign, the grave of Brown was lost. But a few months ago they found it again, and now it looks out over the sea that Brown had crossed in that distant day when New Zealand was in its swaddling clothes.

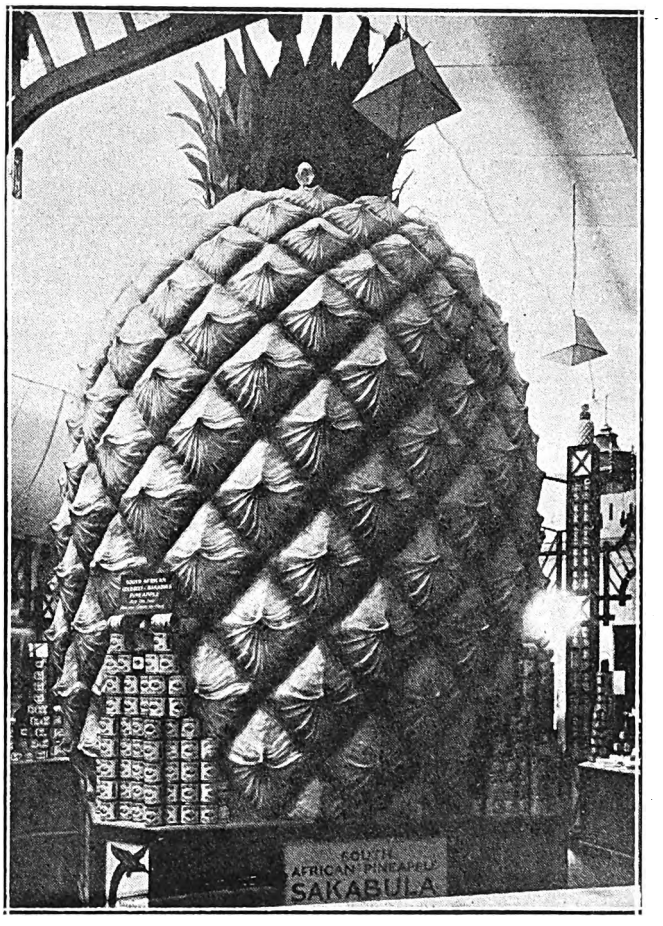
On the highest point in the Northern Island of New Zealand—nine thousand feet above the sea—is a boiling lake. This steaming water is on the summit of Mount Ruapehu, set in the midst of everlasting snow, above the clouds, beyond sight or hearing of the world that whirls and whines below.

Here, in the shadowy yesterdays, before the white men came, the Maoris buried their chieftains, carrying their bodies up the gaunt, icebound mountain side and lowering them into the mysterious lake that steams and boils with the snow about its edge. Mount Ruapehu stands in the centre of the island, and the quiet, undisturbed country from which it rises is flooded with romance. Ngauruhoe, a fiery volcano, stains the midnight skies within a few miles of Ruapehu. Great rivers trickle into being against Ruapehu's snowy bosom. And there, high above the world, on the sky-sweeping peak, the natives chose the burial-place of their chieftains in the long ago, when the moa strutted majectically across the plains of Aotearoa.

It is interesting—the common instinct among the civilised and uncivilised to bury their dead on the tops of mountains, high among the stars.

A Wembley Wonder.

In spite of the fact that Wembley was packed with strange and wonderful things, the giant pineapple in the South African section was not overlooked. It was the centre of interest on many days, especially on one special day when Their Majesties paused in passing through the S.A. Pavilion to eat chunks of tinned pineapple, brought all the way from the Gold Reef concern, run by the African Canning and Packing Corporation, Limited.



The Giant Pineapple at Wembley.

The giant pineapple which is the centre of the above photograph dominated the South African Pavilion. Of course, it wasn't grown in Africa or any other land . . . it was a product of the tinsmith and the artist's crafts. But it was very realistic. It is interesting to note that South African preserves and fruits have sold in enormous quantities ever since this magnificent representation at Wembley. In England, where one has to compete against the greatest preserve and jam manufacturers of the world, this South African firm has established itself, and nowadays, especially since Wembley, "Gold Reef" products have achieved a permanent place in the leading homes and restaurants and hotels of the old country.

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A summer costume in fawn, by Revilles.

Miss Jose Collins (Lady Robert Innes-Ker), in a Reville gown of pomegranate-red crepe with flounced tunic embroidered in corals and diamonds. Miss Collins is holding a beautiful black fan of ostrich feathers.

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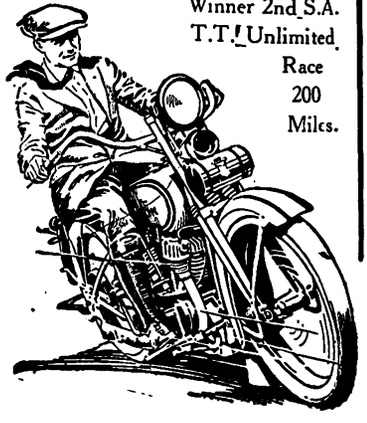

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The Blue Jug.

By Pamela Travers.

Always and always, ever since he could think, Sandy could remember the blue jug. It was the very first thing he ever saw. Round it was, until it came to the neck, and then it was very thin and narrow, with a thing like a tongue to pour out the milk, and a twisty handle on its back. Little wavering white lines ran all over it like white paths that wandered everywhere because it didn't matter where they went. They were like the roads of Fairyland, which have no beginning and no ending. They just are.

The blue jug was put on the table for every meal, and though he didn't know it for a long time, it was the most important thing in Sandy's life. It was the last thing he saw before the lights were put out at night, because the nursery opened into the schoolroom where he and Ann and Elizabeth had their meals, and the breakfast table was already set over night. In the morning he would peep through the bars of his bed to see the blue jug squatting next to the cups. The sunshine always seemed brighter when it fell slantwise across the blue jug.

Sandy believed that a fairy lived inside it, but Ann and Elizabeth said he was silly; and there were no fairies except in books. They did not like the blue jug because it was chipped in several places, and began to show evidence of a much harried existence. But then, they were girls, and girls never like things unless they are very new. Once even, they threatened to hide it, and Sandy was so afraid they really would that he carried it about with him, his fingers knotted thightly round the handle. He could not have told you why, but he was terrified of losing the blue jug. He decided to consult Geraldine.

Now Geraldine, you must know, was a middle-aged Praying-Mantis, who lived in the choko-vine that grew on the back verandah. She and Sandy were friendly. She was most religious; her hands were always folded in prayer like his mother's in church on Sundays; but unlike Sandy's mother, Geraldine had a wicked sportive eye, which occasionally gave the lie to her demure hands. Geraldine knew everything, or at least told Sandy she did. She wore a very old-fashioned green coat, which fitted tightly to her slim waist. It flared at the back, still, you couldn't have called her dowdy. She was most trim, and the round green cap on her head matched the coat exactly. Her green arms had notches along the edge like a saw. Sandy supposed the notches represented the number of prayers she had said since she was born.

Sandy peered among the leaves of the vine, and found Geraldine devoutly praying as she sat on a young choko. He waited politely until she had finished. One should not speak to people while they are saying their prayers.

Geraldine's hands lost their imploring attitude. She crawled on to a lower leaf.

"Well?" she demanded.

Geraldine always tried to be snappy, because she heard the man next door talking that way to his children, and she thought it sounded important. But she could never make Sandy believe that she was really angry, because her eyes were so tender and dancey.

"Well."

Sandy put up his small brown finger, and Geraldine crawled gracefully along his hand, and sat on the edge of his blue cuff.

"Now, what's the matter? I can't stay long, because I've thought out several new prayers, and I want to hear how they sound."

So he told her about Ann and Elizabeth wanting to hide the beloved blue jug, and how 'normously he would hate them if they did. He put the blue jug down in front of her, and she peered over his wrist and looked into it.

"That's a magic jug," Geraldine declared, folding her hands in her lap, and looking more than usually important.

There! Hadn't he always known it? Of course it wasn't an ordinary jug. Ann and Elizabeth were sillies. Just girls.

"Is there a fairy in it?" demanded Sandy, breathlessly, gazing wide-eyed at the solemn Geraldine.

"No!" said Geraldine, "But it was made by fairies. Sandy, shall I tell you all about it?"

"Yes, Geraldine."

For a few minutes she gazed silently and intently into the dark depths of the blue jug. Her hands clasped and unclasped as if she were praying. But she was really only pretending to be wiser than she really was.

And, of course, Sandy thought she was quite wonderful.

"Well," began Geraldine, in a loud thrilling whisper, "the fairies gave you this blue jug when you were very little because they loved you. They have a gift for every child that is born. But children may only keep these fairy gifts until they begin to grow up. As soon as they show they are only ordinary mortals the Good People take their gifts back again. When you grow up you will lose your blue jug. You must give it back to them."

"I shan't give it back. I'm going to keep it. I'll hold it in my hands all the time. I won't give it up."

"Oh, yes, you will," said Geraldine, snappily. "Peter Pan was the only child who never grew up, and you can't expect to be like him. Why, some day you won't even be able to understand what I say, you'll be so grown up and superior. You'll say, 'Huh, that old Praying-Mantis!'"

"I shan't," wailed Sandy.

"Don't spill tears on my good green coat," said Geraldine, more snappily than ever. "I only had it cleaned yesterday. That old Brown Bee charged me three caraway seeds for doing it. Skinflint!" She crawled along his hand.

"Take me home, please, I want to pray."

Sandy put her back on to the vine, and she crept under a leaf. All he could see of her was her head nodding to him under the absurd green cap.

"Take care of your jug, Sandy," she mocked, but her eyes were tender mists of sweetness.

He picked up the blue jug and walked slowly and thoughtfully away to the wood-heap, where he made a solemn vow to himself. He would never, never grow up, and he would keep the blue

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jug for always and always and always. Then he licked his finger, and drew it slowly under his chin as a sign that he spoke the truth.

He carried upstairs again the precious thing that held his childhood in its blueness. He put it on the schoolroom table where the sunbeams danced round it in a golden ring, so glad were they to have it back . . . .

So for a long time Sandy remained a very little boy, and the blue jug kept its honoured place in his life.

Until one day Richard Green from next door came to play with him. Richard was a wonderful person, who went to school and wore knickerbockers, and called Sandy "You kid."

Sandy had his first experience of hero-worship.

"What shall we play," he asked the god, shyly. Let's kill flies. Got a towel?"

Yes, Sandy had a towel. There were plenty in the linen cupboard if they could sneak down the passage without nurse hearing. But surely, killing flies wasn't a game. However, the god wished to kill flies, therefore must the insignificant flies submit to slaughter.

They had an excellent catch—twenty-three "rippers," as Richard called them. Afterwards they pulled off all the wings, and Sandy, for the first time, felt a strange, unpleasant delight as his fingers separated the silver-silken webs from the little dark, dead bodies.

Richard went home across the dividing fence, and shouted to Sandy from his own garden that he would come again.

Wonderful Richard!

But Sandy's footsteps dragged as he plodded upstairs. Something inside him felt sad, but he did not know what it was. He opened the door of the schoolroom. What was the matter? Something was different. Then suddenly he knew, and his heart that after all had not been able to help growing up, stood still. . . .

There, on the floor, lay the blue jug, broken into a thousand shining pieces.

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A New Shaw Play.

Mr. Bernard Shaw has translated an Austrian play, in which Miss Violet Vanbrugh will appear. This is "Jitta's Atonement" the original of which "Frau Gitta's Suhne," is by Siegfried Trebitsch, a well-known Austrian novelist, poet, and dramatist. He had also presented a number of Shaw plays in Austria and Germany, and himself translated "Saint Joan."

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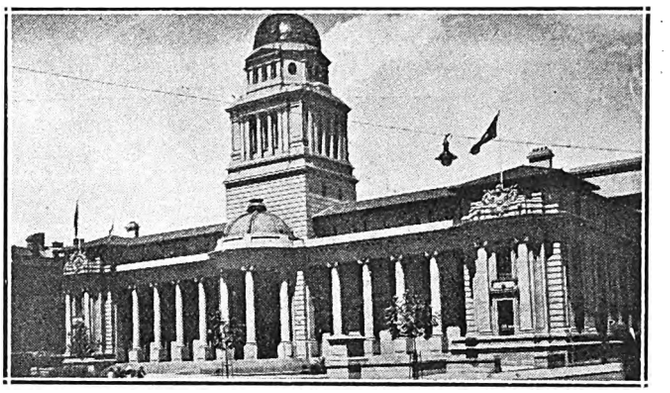
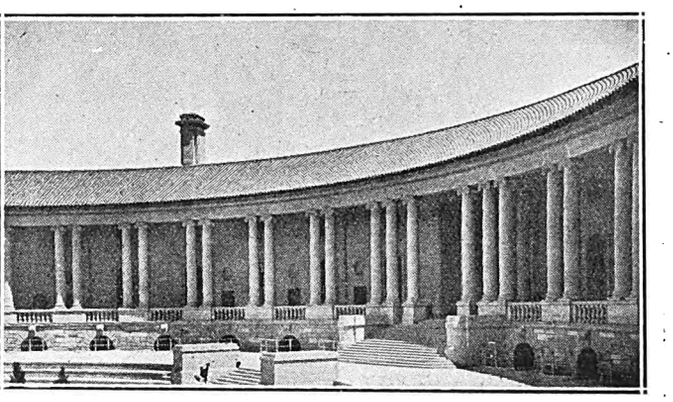
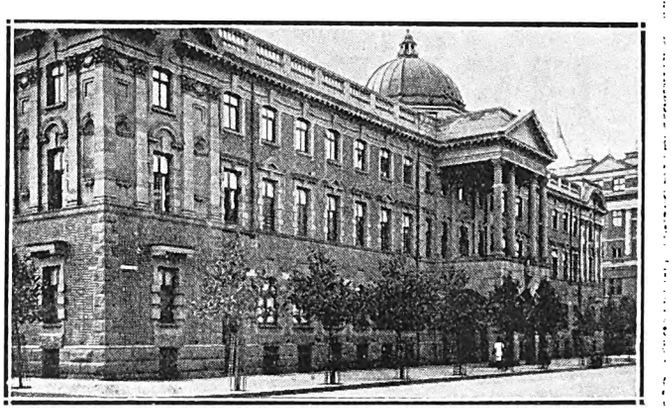


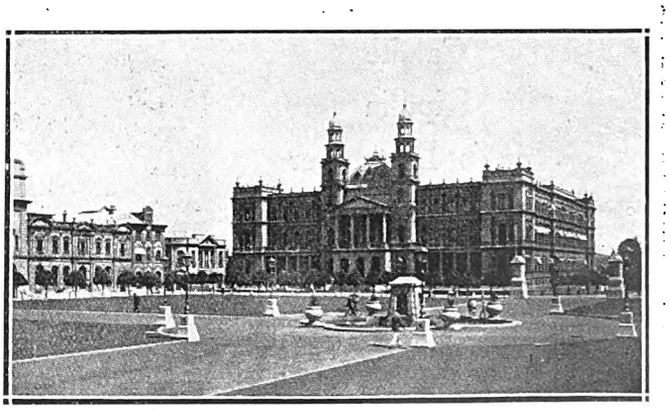
In 30 years or more, the cities of Johannesburg and Pretoria have sprung out of the lonely veld. Above is a photograph of the Johannesburg Town Hall.



Where the Union is governed: The Colonnade of the Union Buildings, Pretoria.



The Stock Exchange, which faces Commissioner Street, Johannesburg.



The Palace of Justice in the magnificent Square, which is the centre of Pretoria.

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Set Down by Scott Sanders.

A Comedian's Note-book.

[*Mr. Scott Sanders, now touring the Union, has proved himself to be a comedian of the spoken word. Here he takes up his pen and provides us with a notebook.*—Ed., *S.A.P.*]

I should like to mention that what I have written here has been done free, gratis and for nothing, and I'm sure that when you've finished reading you'll agree that it's honestly worth it.

There's one thing I like about Vereeniging, and that's the fishing. The fish there have evidently been crossed with mosquitos—you get a bite every minute.

It might interest you to know that when at home in England my wife and I do all our journeys from town to town per motor car. The first one we had was a . . . . well, you've *heard* them. We had started out at 7 a.m. on Sunday morning from Liverpool to Newcastle, and on slowly rounding a dangerous bend a couple of hefty, unwashed sons of the road heaved themselves out of their bed in the hedge. On seeing us approaching, one of them said, "Blimey, Bill, another . . . . Ford."

I well remember this incident, because the English summer came on this particular Sunday and lasted till tea time.

Four kittens were born in Aberdeen, but they left for England as soon as their eyes were opened.

A party of "pros." went out to entertain the influential friends of a certain theatre manager one afternoon. One of them, wishing to smarten up his appearance, asked one of the guests where he could do so. The guest said, "Just take the third door on the left—it says 'Gentlemen' on it, but don't take any notice of that, just walk in."

I've not been able to use my fountain pen this week. Will they *never* fill those inkpots in the Johannesburg Post Office.

You've heard of Malcolm Scott, of course. Malcolm is perhaps one of the wittiest men on the music hall stage, and two incidents verifying this occur to my mind. Scott was once appearing in a large town in the "Potteries" in Staffordshire. This particular town is noted among the actors as being a "hard" town. Some artists are less complimentary than myself and ascribe their failure to secure laughs and applause to the sad lack of intelligence in the people to whom they perform. Scott one day passed a fish shop and on the marble slab were several *cods'* heads; seeing these, Scott remarked, "Oh, look! that reminds me I've got a matinee."

The other incident occurred when he was appearing on the same programme with a world famous illusionist at the Victoria Palace, London. No one was allowed on the stage while the show was in progress. Scott came through the door that leads from the stage to the stalls, and the illusionist, seeing him, said, "Meester, you no stop here vile I do my act. Dere are the notices, no one allowed on the stage, because I vant to keep de treeks a secret." Scott replied, "Keep your tricks a secret? If I want to see how they are done, I shall go and sit in the gallery."

There's an old saying that once a Scotman leaves Scotland he never looks back. This is incorrect. He does—and shudders.

Mr. and Mrs. Scott Sanders.

This brings to my mind—Greenock. A comedian from Glasgow opened on the Monday at the Hippodrome there and candidly "got it." I'm certain that no father or mother would dream of christening their son with the nasty names the audience called him. At last, when something like order was obtained, he made a speech and told them that after all he was only trying to earn a living, and said, "If the management cancel my engagement through your behaviour, my wife and children will have to go without bread." The following night, when these words occurred in his song, "*Give me, give me what I sigh for*," the whole audience showered loaves of bread, vegetables and every kind of foodstuff on to the stage, shouting, "Gie that tae yer missis and kids."

If you haven't heard this one, it's good. A Scotsman went to heaven. St. Peter opened the gates and asked him what he wanted. He said, "I want to come to heaven." Peter said, "What nationality are you?" Man replied, "*Scotch.*" St. Peter said, "You can't come in here; I can't be bothered making porridge for *one*."

This story is an apt illustration of how Scotsmen progress—once they leave Scotland—in the world of commerce. A Scots commercial traveller had just returned from a three months' business trip in England, and he was telling his pals back in Glasgow that he had only visited the really *best firms*. One of his friends asked him how he got on with the English people. He said, "I never met any."

When speaking of Lancashire, I must mention that this is the land of tripe—juicy, succulent tripe, and in no other part of the world is this delicacy thought so much of. A Lancashire man, instead of going to his favourite town for his summer holiday—namely, Blackpool—went to Paris, and on his return he was asked by his pals what Paris was like. He said, "Wat! Parisss—ee, I reckon nowt to it—there were no *thripe*."

A policeman on point duty in Wigan was run over by a hearse. He was so badly injured they threw him away. They couldn't use him any more.

By the way, my favourite overture is "Pork and Pheasant."

In conclusion, I should like to say that I have had the honour of staying at one of England's most historic hotels, and have also slept there in the Prince of Wales's bed. I know it was the Prince of Wales's bed , 'cos there were only three feathers in it.

Just two Press reports on my act. The *Ecclefechan Trumpeter*: "Scott Sanders has left Scotland; the decrease in crime is remarkable."

Report in England on my performance:—"As far as we are concerned, we shall be pleased if Scott Sanders stays in Leeds for ever."—*Bradford Argus*.

Here's tae us—whaes like us? De'il a yin.

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People in London.

The Hon. H. C. Hull and Mrs. Hull, Major and Mrs. K. J. Young are all over here holidaying for some months. But the poor dears have not struck it rich in the matter of weather. Looking out of the window I see the ghosts of a new fog in the air.

Sir William Morris Carter, however (you know him—the Chief Justice for the Tanganyika territory) has escaped all this dimness and has been spending a riotous holiday at Cannes where they have the sun always and where they wear short-sleeved frocks. Lucky people!

The great cartoonist, Sir F. C. Gould, is dead. His caricatures of the leading politicians at the time of the Boer War will be remembered by South Africans, Paul Kruger and Joe Chamberlain being daily featured in the old *Westminster Gazette*. *P.T.*

Gwen Farrar.

Our London correspondent writes:—"Gwen Farrar, who is famous for many things, notably her ragtime 'cello playing at the Duke of York's Theatre, is a South African. Some months ago she had her motor licence taken from her for fierce driving in London. She has a lovely old house in King's Row, Chelsea, where her parties are phenomenal successes. At the moment she and her partner, Norah Blaney, who assists at the piano, are getting the top applause at the Duke of York's. They always head whatever bill they are on. Their success has been immense, and has come to them very quickly. Superstition about the curse of King Tutankamen has brought about the withdrawal of a revue skit at the same theatre on Queen Nefret-iti, Tut's so-called mother-in-law. Gwen Farrar, who was to have taken the leading role—that of the Queen herself—was on the point of choosing her costume when difficulties began to arise. First the comedian fell ill, then the musician engaged for the music of the song fell out with the management, until finally someone suggested that the curse was working again, and it was decided to omit the skit.

"'I have been singing a Tutankamen song for years, and I intend to go on singing it,' said Miss Farrar yesterday; '"Tut" curses have no terrors for me.' So you see that unlike most theatricals, Gwen Farrar is at least free from superstition. I expect she even whistles in the dressing-room—a thing that years ago no actress who valued her good luck would dream of doing." *P.T.*

Dorothy Clarke.

Our London correspondent writes:—"A South African whom I met accidentally at the R.W. Station is Dorothy Clarke, contralto, who was just returning from a broadcasting tour, during which she sang from the Newcastle, Aberdeen, Glasgow, Manchester, Birmingham and Cardiff stations. In Glasgow she also sang at two concerts. Looking the picture of health, she was brimming over with the great news that she is sailing for "home" on Friday next, and will give a big concert in Durban on February 21st. At first she assured me that she would return to London, but when I reminded her of the fact that she was engaged to be married to a South African she admitted that the matter of her returning or not was 'in the lap of the gods. I think there is a fair chance of her adding her name to the list of first-class 'local' artists in South Africa. The country would benefit by it, no doubt.

"To-morrow night, Dorothy Clarke is singing at Queen's Hall, London, and then she is booked to broadcast from London and Bournemouth. The remainder of her time before sailing will be given entirely to milliners and dressmakers, for she is going to show South Africa what the 'latest' from Paris and London is. . . . I hardly knew whether to wish Dorothy Clarke a speedy return to London (for London's sake) or a lasting success 'down there.' So I said 'the best of luck,' and left it at that. South African music lovers might well petition her fiancée to persuade her to stay—never mind what London will lose." *Allegro.*

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Pedro Comes Back.

By Hector Bolitho.

Three days a week, Pedro climbed up to the convent on San Geronimo, with baskets of grapes picked from his father's vines.

And although Pedro was a humble lad, as far as his folk were concerned, he was almost a hero in Barcelona. And it was said that distinguished ladies would invent a reason for interviewing the lad who came with the grapes as rich with the bloom of freshness as were his cheeks.

Pedro excited many thoughts among the pageant of girls walking on the new alameda. His dark eyes, the fire which smouldered in them like the fire of dark opals, his rippling muscles and the arrogant swing of his body as he walked, made many a good daughter of Barcelona cross herself to protect her from her own thoughts.

Yet Pedro was unmoved. He worked in the early morning. The bunches of grapes, hanging like purple lanterns, would lie in his strong hand for a second and then be carefully packed with leaves into the gaping baskets.

But Maria upset all the quiet rustic grape picking which made Pedro's life like a monotonous chant.

Pedro often walked along the sea wall or about the piers, watching the tall masted ships. One day he saw Maria with her little decorated shoes peeping from beneath her basquina. First he noticed her feet . . . they were so neat, and her ankles so frail. Pedro looked up to find a fragile girl talking to . . . perhaps her father. He was an old man, obviously a sailor since he spoke to her from the side of a smart little boat.

"And that is all my message, father," she said.

She picked up a small basket from the wharf and walked along the pier.

Pedro followed.

He could see her perfect neck, slumbering like a mangolia petal, behind her mantilla. Her shoes, embroidered with silk, flashed back and forth obeying her feet and making the faintest noise as they carried Maria from the wharves.

A sailor completed the triangle, which made it possible for Pedro to speak to Maria.

"Mi Bella Princessa," he called to her, "you walk in the wrong direction. It is to me you should walk."

He approached her and stood, feet apart, arms crossed and smiling, in her way.

Maria turned to the left but the sailor turned also, and would have touched her had not Pedro hurried forward. But Pedro had spent too much time in picking grapes and not enough in breeding a brave heart. So he did not lay hands on the sailor. But he took Maria by the arm and hurried her past the barrier, where the crowd of workmen made it difficult for her sailor to follow . . . even if he had chosen to pursue Maria and punish the stripling lad who had taken her away.

"I am sorry . . . so sorry," she whispered.

"I am so glad," Pedro replied, "because I have been able to speak to you."

They crossed the road, left the wharves and turned into a narrow street, with its tall buildings, gladdened by their paintings in fresco, and the sounds of laughter coming down from the perilous balconies.

"And can I thank you or reward you or even tell you how sorry and yet how thankful I am for your goodness?" he asked him.

And Pedro told her that if, in the cool hour of to-morrow she would see him, perhaps at six o'clock, outside a certain place in the Plaza del Rey, he would consider himself thanked a hundred times more than his help deserved.

Because Pedro had a soft cheek and Maria a quick heart, she consented, and then, when a fountain and surrounding square marked their parting place, he bowed extravagantly; she smiled and took advantage of the coquettish possibilities of her fan. So they went their different ways.

In the warm summer evenings, when Barcelona was enjoying the carnival that follows Holy Week, Maria and Pedro laughed and loved with the throng. Their laughter faded into silence on the warm perfumed night. But their love burned and grew until, in those holy moments, when he drew her close to him . . . when he felt her warm breath on his cheek and her fragile little fingers passing over his hair and around his throat, he thought that nobody in all the length and breadth of Spain, in all the ages, had ever loved as they loved. He would kiss her delicate finger tips and breathe whispered vows into the fragrant coils of her hair. And he would hold her close to him gazing in rapture at the exquisite curve of her throat and the paleness of her tiny ears.

II.

One night, when he waited for Maria, she did not come. But the grizzled old sailor with whom he'd seen her on the quay was there, and before Pedro could walk away, the old man, mad with temper, struck Pedro in the face and cursed him for a thief and a rogue.

Underneath the whispering trees, the excited old man told his story, and Pedro, because the old man was old, and because he was Maria's father, was gentle with him, even although his face was smarting and his honour hurt by the insults the old man had thrown at him.

And gradually, from the chaos of abuse and cruel taunts, Pedro realised that the old man demanded that he should marry Maria the very next day, or she would be turned out of her father's house, to face whatever the streets offered her.

Pedro promised to see a priest in the morning, and the sailor, his temper passed now that he was sure that his daughter's honour would not be jeopardised, was so calm that he placed his hand on Pedro's shoulder and mumbled some phrase of thankfulness.

Then the old man became part of the night as he stumbled out of the pool of light. Pedro walked about for some minutes, and turned towards the sea, passing down the narrow streets until he faced the open water and the wharves in between.

So Maria had told her father!

The worst had happened, and they would try to force him to marry her. Any real love he'd had for the girl was faded already, for Pedro loved with his lips more than with his heart, and, like many a lad of his kind, he ceased to want a thing when he possessed it.

And while Maria tossed and turned in a little bed, with the sympathetic hand of an old nurse cooling her forehead, Pedro walked from pier to pier, seeking for a boat that would carry him to England or France.

When the splendid sun, rich and new with the morning, shone over Barcelona, Pedro was six miles out to sea, on a ship whose bows were turned towards England.

On the same day that Pedro landed in England, Maria lay sleeping on a high balcony in her father's home. Against her side, with his little olive hands curled about a silken tassel and his eyes open to the wonder of the day, her baby breathed quietly, wondering what those great golden oranges on the overhanging trees could possibly mean by swaying backwards and forwards among the gossiping leaves.

Two years later Pedro drifted back to Barcelona. His father had died . . . he had strained himself on one of those golden mornings when, as Pedro had done when he was a boy, the old man had set out with his basket to pick the grapes that had become of age over night.

The fact of his father's death and a strange inexplainable desire to see Maria's child . . . his child . . . drew him away from the adventures of England; the seeking for work on those romantic ships that rubbed noses with London and then sailed for the open sea again.

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He worked his way back to Barcelona and landed one morning when light rain was falling and the piers were dotted with little puddles of water.

For two or three days Pedro went from place to place, quietly seeking Maria. He had paid a fruit-seller some money to find out if she had left her home and he learned that she went on to a music hall and then worked as a dancing girl in a wine shop. That was two years ago!

So he went from wine shop to wine shop, drinking with the sparkling girls, until he would go home muddled in the head, stumbling along the street and muttering Maria's name as he stared vacantly before him.

One day, when he had stayed at home to relieve the vines of their already rotting fruit, Pedro saw an old woman walking up the path that led to the house.

He walked towards her, and she called out to him.

"Your fortune, sir, in the lines of your hand. Cross the palms with silver, sir, and I'll tell you the fortune that lies in the lines of your hand."

Pedro was full of the superstitions of his country and he led the old woman to a place near the house, where they sat—one on either side of a heavy table, on which the great baskets of grapes were stacked while they waited for the rattling carts that carried them into town.

Pedro put his hands on the table—"I want to know about a girl . . . a girl I knew in Barcelona once upon a time."

"Tell me about her and, perhaps, I may help you," the woman answered. Pedro told her the story as truthfully as he wished.

The old fortune-teller . . . she had possibly listened to a hundred such stories . . . listened quietly, her filthy mantilla nodding as her head rose and fell over the hands which Pedro extended.

As he spoke he could see the dark-lined face of the fortune-teller. She must have been sixty years old. Yet she had pinned flowers in her hair, and her face was covered with some sort of powder that clogged the lines and made the woman's skin look as if it were dead.

"And you went away and left her here," she said to him.

"Yes . . . I . . . did," Pedro answered, "but I want to find her now. Look—look, and see if you can tell me where she is . . . is she in Barcelona?"

"I know the girl of whom you speak," the fortune-teller answered, "she is Maria the dancing girl. You have done her a great evil. The little baby that she nurses was the cause of her being thrust from her father's door. He was an old man with strange ideas about a woman's honour."

"Then you can tell me where she is . . .quickly . . . tell me! Pedro said.

"Yes . . . I can tell you where she is. She is coming to you now, with your child in her arms. She came with me along the road."

"And who are you?" asked Pedro.

"I am your fortune-teller. Cross your hands with silver, and perhaps I'll tell you."

Pedro did as he was told.

"And make the sign of the cross with your hands upon the table for you have brought two years of unhappiness to Maria and her unhappy father."

Pedro crossed his hands upon the table. Then he asked, "But who are you . . . how is it that you knew this . . . how is it that Maria followed you?" The old woman put her hand against her heart.

Pedro thought she was going to faint. But she was taking something from her saya. She placed one hand tenderly on the wrists of his crossed hands.

"I am the mother of Maria, she whispered. She whipped a knife from her saya. For a second it gleamed in the air, and then it pinned Pedro's hands to the table.

It held him so firmly that he could not draw himself away. He felt faint with the pain . . . the shock. And, as he fell back, he heard somebody walking near him. He saw Maria with a child in her arms, and her mother leading her back again towards the gate and the open road.

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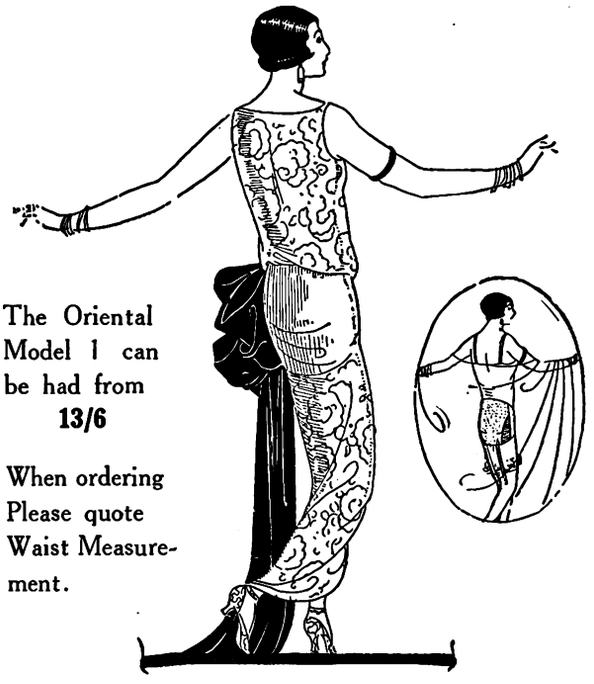

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"Woman" by a Man, "Man" by a Woman.

The articles printed below must not be taken too seriously, as "The Bitter Half" was written merely as a challenge to Miss Pamela Travers. It was sent to her, and her reply is given in the opposite column.

The Bitter Half.

By Hector Bolitho.

Women are the link between man and the devil. In nost cases the link is ornate, jewelled and good to look upon. he link often has the appearance of gold, but it is usually nade of lead, pliable, and gilded for exhibition purposes.

All women are cats.

They look at life over a saucer of milk. But there are xquisite, affectionate cats that purr and lounge lazily in the unshine.

But, of all living creatures, women are the most wonder- il. The only unpardonable women are those who are reasily fat or very reasonable. To introduce reason to woman is like taking ham into a synagogue.

There are some things of which the feminine mind is ıcapable. Women cannot calculate with actual numerals, et they are the most calculating of all God's creatures. hey become hopelessly muddled over figures; in point of ıct, the only figure most of them are able to manage is ıeir own. Even here I have seen some shockingly poor ıanagement.

Women should be contented to adorn life . . . . not to evelop it. Many a promising profile has been spoilt by ıought. Women should not bother to think . . . . minine thought is a form of chip-carving on poker-work.

Love elevates a man and makes him noble. Love evelops meanness and intrigue in a woman. In men, love eds honour. In women, it frustrates it. Sometimes I ıubt if women are capable of loving. I think they are erely content to be loved.

Woman will countenance sin with a man because she ves him. Man countenances love with a woman because e sins with him. There is a vast difference.

Women love man as an individual . . . . her love for r him is personal. It is different with men . . . . They ve women collectively, as represented in the nearest avail- le specimen.

Woman loves man, not men. Man loves women, not ıman. There is a difference.

Woman loves man for his ability to say No and mean . Man loves woman for her ability to say No and mean s.

Women are always self-deceived. They imagine them- ves to be pioneers, leading the world out of the groove, ereas they are merely wearing their shoes back to front.

Miss Margaret Riddick of Miss Iris Hoey's Company, Photographed in the Country Club Baths.

A Woman Hits Back.

By Pamela Travers.

Nothing annoys a man so much as to imply that he is not absolutely perfect, or that his newly-sprung epigram is a crib.

Men have religion and very little faith. Women have great faith, but no religion save love.

When a woman loves, she flings all her gold into the pool. A man tosses in one half of his and pockets the other for future use

Women lie to comfort their own hearts, men to comfort women's.

If men would give up their continual dissection of the feminine mind, the poor, dear women, freed from the arduous task of living up to their reputation for incomprehensibility, would be so relieved to become simple again! But what would the men have to argue about at the clubs then? Better let it go!

Woman's sole duty in life is to be unreasonable, says man.

Men are never interested in women. They are only interested in showing women how interesting they themselves are.

Strange the women men marry! . . . .Stranger still the men women marry!

Women love one man always. Men are always just about to love one woman only. But in the meantime there are many plums on the tree.

Give a man Russian tea and a dimly-lit room and let him tell you of his latest illness and his new magneto, and you have his heart. Give a woman a glimpse of your desperate need of her, and you have her soul.

A man always tries to explain. A woman knows that no explanation is possible.

A woman loves a man first, and then his face. A man loves her ankles, and then the woman.

Women are never sure of men; that is their joy. Men are always sure of women; that is their tragedy.

The feminine mind leaps to the swift perception of the effect, while the masculine is still snuffing round the cause, but neither has a whole view of both cause and effect.

Women are more ruthless than men, and more forgiving.

There is only one thing more annoying to a woman than the man who doesn't understand, and that is the man who does.

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On the Rialto.

By Antonio.

JOHANNESBURG, Tuesday afternoon.

This Week's Nasty Knock to City and Robinson Deeps.

Shares of two important mines of the Central Rand have had a very nasty "smack" this week. City Deeps have dropped 4s. 6d. to 56s. this morning, and Robinson Deep B, which were being fairly bought a few pence under 40s., are now no better than 34s. 9d. City Deep's poor profit of £45,000 for January started the selling ball rolling, and "pencillers" were busy in the endeavour to show that the dividend would have to be cut from 10s. to 8s., or even 7s., especially if the cost of a necessary additional shaft on the east end of the property has to be defrayed out of profits. Another rumour was to the effect that the value of the ore reserve was down half a weight. A report of the encountering of a dyke and lower development values is the cause of the drop on "Rob Bees." Randfonteins, on the poor profit of £25,000, are down to 17s. 7d..

"Townships" Active.

"Lands," which were up to 37s. 6d., have re-acted to 35s. 9d., more activity has been seen in S.A. Townships at 17s. 3d. . "T.G.Ms." have put on a couple of shillings at 15s. 6d. Prices of the big shares are fairly maintained, though Van Ryn Deeps are distinctly easier at 71s. 6d., the same price as Brakpans.

Anglo-American Mines, Tonnages and Values.

The quarterly reports of the three mines of the Anglo-American group make up for their somewhat tardy appearance by affording particulars of the ore reserves as recalculated at the end of the year. Brakpan increased its stock of developed ore by nearly 300,000 tons, but the value of its 2,850,000 tons has declined from 8 to 7.55 dwt. Little alteration is shown in the bulk tonnage at Springs Mines, but the value is down a quarter of a dwt. This mine has over 3¼ million tons developed. West Springs ore reserve is 100,000 tons to the good, and the value is up nearly three-quarters of a dwt. It has 2,200,000 tons developed valued at close upon eight and a quarter dwt. per ton.

West Springs Excellent Pay Percentage.

In pay percentage for the quarter West Springs did best at over 60 per cent., while Brakpan and Springs "tied" at about 45. Actual reef value was twice as high at Springs as at Brakpan, but its thickness, only half-inch, levels up things. This compensating law often applies in mining, the "thinner the richer."

Poorer Mines Feeling the Draught.

The poorer mines are feeling the loss of the currency premium on gold. Geldenhuis and Kleinfontein between them sustained a loss of £5,000, after crushing 120,000 tons and spending almost as many sovereigns in doing so! Nourse, Robinson and Wolhuter made only about a thousand pounds profit each, but collectively crushed 95,000 tons. Modder East came out with a nominal profit of a hundred "sovs," and E.R.P.M. spent £140,000 to secure a profit of £5,000. Thus we are getting an augmented crop of "workmen's mines," and the position of some is becoming very "rocky" indeed.

Two Mines With Eleven Million Tons Ore Reserves.

Notification is made by the two mines of the Union Corporation of their ore reserves. Geduld now has a cool six millions tons going exactly 7 dwt., an increase of a quarter of a million tons, but a decrease of a tenth of a dwt. in value. Modder Deep shows a slight increase at 4,830,000 tons, with a similar small drop in value to 9.2 dwt.

At lunch time there were sales of Modders at 82s. 9d., and of Crown Mines at 54s. 6d.

Municipality of Germiston.

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Germiston, February, 1925. *JAMES MACKAY, Town Clerk.*

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Round the Bioscopes.

At the Bijou.

There is a very well-known film called the "Ten Commandments," a film which has scored a great success everywhere it has been shown. There is a delightful story told of it being offered when it was first released to a rich but rather uneducated bioscope proprietor, who said he would be glad to take it if they'd send him along one of the commandments for the first night, and he'd see how it went. If he liked the first, he'd order the others! The Bijou Theatre has gone one better, for they are going to show that marvellous film, "The Eleventh Commandment," all next week, beginning on the 16th. The claim to special attention of "The Eleventh Commandment" is individuality. Brandon Fleming's play, which was, you will remember, originally produced at the Royalty Theatre, London, is the story of a household dominated by the influence of a family tradition and stern, uncompromising respectability represented by a "die hard" parent of the old school, who pays the penalty of bigotry in seeing his daughters break the bonds of an outworn creed. One of them goes on the stage, and the other, by living the life of lies and transgressing the commandment, "Thou shalt not be found out," upsets all the parent's ideals. This is a story in which the producer might well have proceeded upon stereotyped film melodrama, but instead, George Cooper has achieved the greatest dramatic effect by the building of character and the power of acting. To-day the cinema going public are eagerly waiting screen dramas which are true plays, in that plot, characterisation, acting and individuality are all important. Fay Compton, as delightful and bewitching as ever, is the star, with Stewart Rome playing opposite her, and they are supported by an all-round splendid cast.

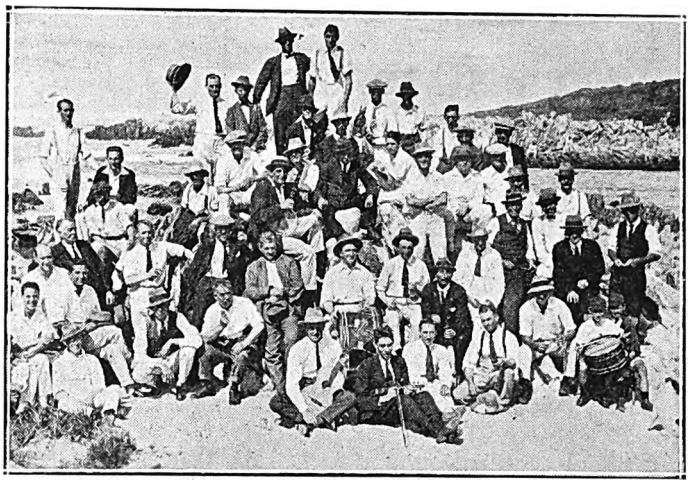
At the Orpheum.

The "Three Ages" will be the feature picture at the Orpheum, with Scott Sanders, who has made such a big hit at the Empire in his songs and sketches, and Zena Zampa in her trapeze act. Our old and valued friend, Buster Keaton, has never been more seriously funny than in this picture. It is the first time that a Keaton comedy has been produced in feature length of six reels, and it is safe to say there is not an incident in the whole of it that does not keep the audience in a good humour. It is just long stretches of splendid fun, and what more can one desire? "The Three Ages" is built on a monumental scale, with scenes that show the life of prehistoric man, the grandeur of Rome in the time of Julius Caesar and the luxury of the modern world. There has never been produced such a stupendous and spectacular comedy. Take, for instance, the Roman Coliseum built at Hollywood. It is the largest interior ever built, and that is a lot to say. We are all taking such an intelligent interest in dancing at present that the dance prologue in the film, showing dances representative of prehistoric times, of the Roman era and of modern times, should be intensely entertaining. There shouldn't be a vacant seat all the week, it is such a thoroughly enjoyable film.

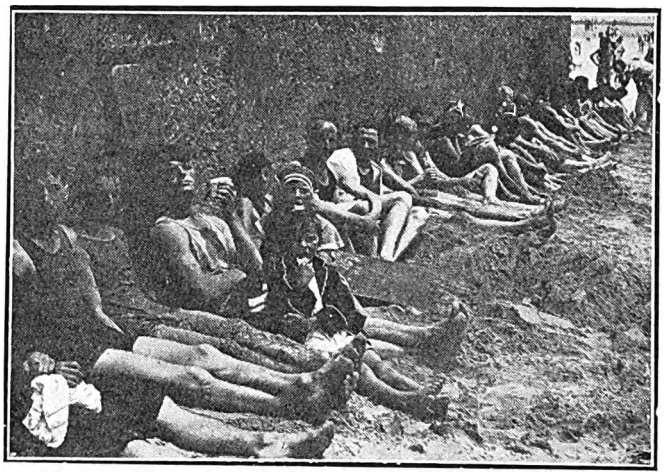
At the Carlton.

On the 16th and following days a "Gentleman of Leisure" will be shown, to be followed on the 19th by "While Justice Waits." The former is a fast moving comedy-drama, the scenes of which are laid in England, and it mixes American pep and ginger with amazing, exciting and laughable results. It afford Jack Holt a role of that peculiar type of comedy which has made his name. There are no tears in this production, but there are numerous scenes that thrill. The scene between Mr. Holt and a burglar at night, when they stage a good fight, is one of the best the camera has taken. The burglar, a comedy character, and Sir John Blount, a pompous Englishman who is constantly searching for his monocle, provide many laughs. Sigrid Holmquist is Holt's leading lady, and there is an excellent supporting cast.

At Port Elizabeth.



A Bachelor Picnic: Members of the Cork Club at Port Elizabeth.
R. L. Shanagan, photographer.



The Beach—Port Elizabeth.

"While Justice Waits," which shows that a woman's love is more precious than gold, is a stirring story of love and duty. Dustin Farnum is the star, with Irene Rich playing opposite him. It is a William Fox production and was directed by Bernard J. Durning. In addition to the superb photography you will find exceptional acting combined with thrilling situations in this fine picture, in which fortunes are found and hearts shattered as the Justice triumphantly overcomes the lawlessness of the West, and slowly but surely the wheels of Justice grinds on. *C.R.*

Sonnet to A.W.

I would it had been mine: that quick caress
You gave the snow-white flower upon your cape
That white camellia! You bruised its tender shape
When low you bent your lips its form to press.
Did you not understand its ivoryness
Was but my love, held fast against your drape?
You crushed it ere its message could escape
To find your crimson lips were passionless.

It was my love, shrunk dead beneath your scorn,
And stifled by the wonder of your voice
You quickly spoiled it; left it bruised . . . forlorn
And flung it far, before it could rejoice
That it had lain, if but for one brief morn,
Upon the olive bosom of its choice.

—O.P.

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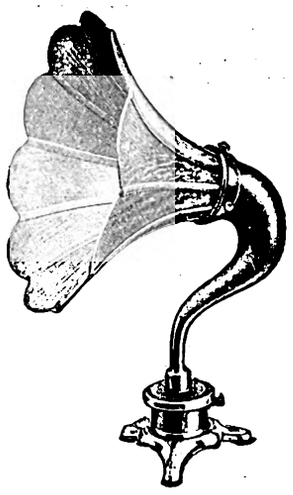

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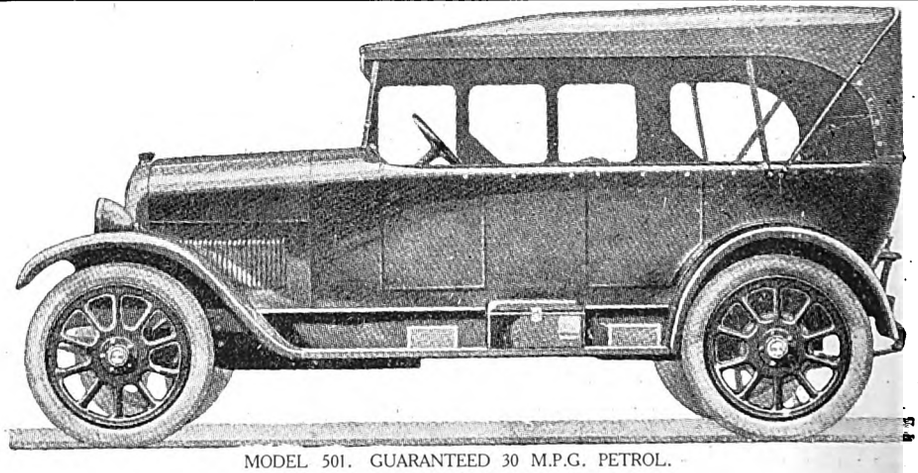

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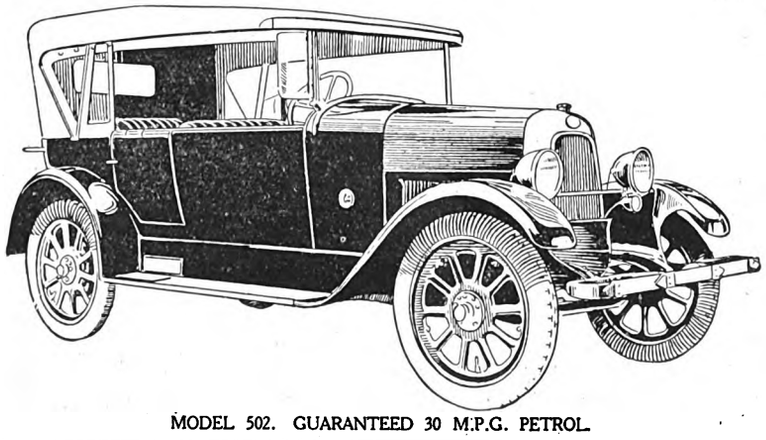

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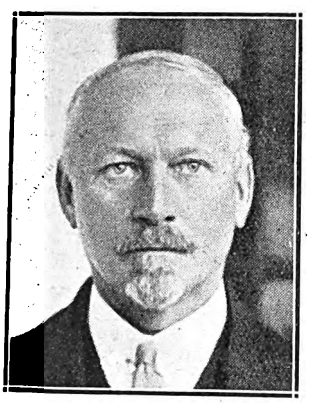
Without Malice.

Intimate Glimpses of South African Politicians.

By Beachcomber.

He was a famous statesman and I saw him, not in the political arena swaying a multitude of white staring faces with his glorious platitudes, but in a little concert hall where a violinist and a pianist struggled through the emotions of the *Kreutzer Sonata*. The statesman was certainly in the wrong atmosphere. The face which I had seen photographed a hundred times, and admired for its exquisitely moulded lines, its deep penetrating eyes, and the fine leonine head, was changed, horribly changed in this atmosphere of chamber music. The mouth drooped, the chin sagged, and the eyes were half closed in sheer weariness. The head had fallen forwards, and one saw merely a worn out man with traces of senility in his features. For once he was off the platform, out of the limelight, and one saw the man changed. The emotional music of Beethoven's famous sonata left him listless. He could not rouse himself to applaud, as the violinist and the pianist bowed in the jerky haphazard fashion that concert platform people cannot avoid.

So it is that famous people are always most interesting as a study to the psychologist when they are out of their limelight, and forgetful of the posturings they have to affect before the public. There are few of our fashionable portrait painters who would have the courage to paint our celebrities as they really are. Even the photographer has to doctor the result of the camera, by smoothing out lines and idealising his sitter. We are all romantics and see our heroes and heroines through roseate glamour. If I have not painted any portraits of celebrities in South Africa, I have written several. And just as men and women will pose in the studio, so they inevitably pose when an interviewer approaches them with notebook and pencil. They stand unnaturally; they talk unnaturally. Better, far better, to forget the notebook and ignore the pencil. By talking easily with them the time comes when they forget their pose. For one brief moment they step down from their pedestal and you find them human.



GENERAL J. C. SMUTS.

It is rare one finds General Smuts out of the limelight. There is, nevertheless no man who is more ready to escape from the official atmosphere of secretaries and secretarial offices and go for a long and lonely walk to think in the open air. When he was Prime Minister I tried several times to see him at Groot Schuur. Time and time again I was told that Mrs. Smuts had prepared him a small packet of sandwiches, and that he had gone for a day's tramp along the beach in the direction of Muizenberg. I often wondered whether he really sat down to eat those sandwiches or munched them walking. He is a tireless man, and certainly no loafing companion for a country walk.

But at seven o'clock one morning I did discover him at Groote Schuur. He had been working for over an hour then, although overnight he had faced a growling, nagging bunch of Opposition speakers.

"Why shouldn't I be up early?" he said with a smile, as he handed me a large cup of delicious Boer coffee. "There's plenty of work, and it has to be done." He glanced at a pile of papers on his desk, as if anxious to begin on them. "There is a virtue in rising early," he continued. "An old Kafir Chief once told me that the British were sure to be defeated in the Boer War, because they never got up early enough to catch the Boers. 'When the sun begins to glow behind the Kopje,' the old Kafir Chief told me, 'the Britisher in his tent blinks his eyes and yells for his boy. He asks him what the time is, and the boy tells him that the sun is just coming up. At this the Britisher grunts, turns over, and goes to sleep again. About an hour later he again wakes up and yells for his boy, and asks him the time. The boy tells him the sun is over the kopje. The Britisher yawns, asks for his shaving brush and some water, and goes to sleep again. An hour after that he wakes up, slowly dresses himself, and finds the sun above his head. By that time the Boer whom he is chasing has ridden miles away.' There's a good deal in what that old Kafir Chief told me."

I grinned over my coffee cup at the story, but there was no answering grin on the face of General Smuts. True, he has a sense of humor, but he is not the sort of man to chuckle at his own jokes. One rarely sees the straight mouth, half hidden by the tuft of beard, relax into a smile. The eyes are hard and penetrating, and assure you that life is a very serious business indeed.

In fact, this tremendous seriousness is the dominant characteristic of most of the politicians I have met in South Africa. Whereas in the British House of Commons you will see the members of all parties mixing socially, and generally grinning over some club yarn, experience of South African politicians gives one the impression that a joke would be received by them in the same cold silence that one would expect in a Methodist Chapel when someone has read out loudly the latest from the *Winning Post*.

I cannot recollect to have seen the present Prime Minister, General Hertzog, smile. I have seen him often enough with the right forefinger raised, positively seething with indignation. There is a tremendous righteousness about the man, which chills any attempt at flippancy. When I met him in the blatant atmosphere of a Cape Town tea room, I positively shuddered when the little orchestra blasted the silence with a jazz tune. But General Hertzog

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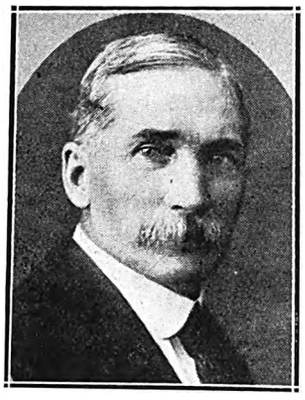
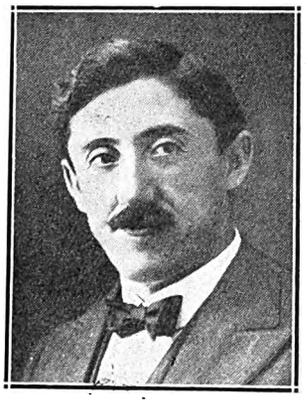


GENERAL HERTZOG.

is too much the ascetic in the desert to be troubled by such trifles. He continued to talk to me about the need for seriousness in politics, in life, and, I suppose, in tea rooms, for I forgot to listen to him when a bobbed haired girl, with provocative eyes, and an entrancing green frock, walked into the tea room.

But the politician without pretentions is really Tommy Boydell, the present Minister of Posts and Telegraphs. I suppose there are clerks and civil servants who refer to him as Mister Thomas Boydell, M.L.A., although I am prepared to be convinced that his geniality has really infected these sedate people. It was a famous South African doctor who said to me, some months ago: "Can the state of the country be worse when a man like Boydell is made a Cabinet Minister?" I do not know the doctor's politics. They are still as mysterious to me as the hieroglyphics of his prescriptions. Still, I like to think of a man like Tommy Boydell in the Cabinet. It assures me that my readings as a boy of Smile's "Self Help" and "From Log Cabin to White House" were not entirely romantic trash.

When I first saw Boydell he inspired me to write my first article for a South African newspaper. I was fresh from England, and had wandered into the House of Assembly. It was then that I saw the staggering sight of a man rising to address the Speaker, without a waistcoat. I was appalled. That blatant shirt unhidden by anything—even the coat was not buttoned—would have caused a riot in the French Chamber of Deputies, and maybe five duels. It outraged no sense of decency in the House of Assembly, however. Mr. Boydell rose to speak with singular calmness. I feel sure that he would have had the same calmness even if he had chosen to remove his coat. But the shocking sight caused me to stumble out into the street and write an article on the fact that waistcoats were evidently not *de rigueur* in South African political circles.



HON. T. BOYDELL.

I have met Tommy Boydell many times since that day, and have even learned to walk calmly into Parliament myself without wearing a waistcoat. You may admire or detest his politics, but you cannot help liking the man. Only a miserable sense of your own superiority can make you sneer at his occasional vulgarisms in speech. But I am one of those who love honest vulgarity, and when I discovered myself chuckling at the broad, beerlike humor of a comedian at the Tivoli Theatre the other evening I was not surprised to find Tommy Boydell grinning a few seats away.

There is no ministerial hauteur about him. I have talked to him in his palatial Government office of the days when he was a worker on the railway, and he spoke of his old job with all the enthusiasm of a man "talking shop." "This is an easy job in comparison," he said, waiving his hand at the office. A moment later and Colonel Creswell had entered the room. There is a grimness or sourness about Colonel Creswell which makes one hesitate before even saying "good morning" to him. You feel that he is likely to answer: "Good morning, and be damned to you."

On this occasion Colonel Creswell was in one of his brief two-minute moods. He spoke quickly and sharply. . . ." And don't let yourself be interviewed," was his final remark as he slammed the door and went out. Tommy Boydell went on talking as genially as before. He is the one politician to whom you tell can tell a joke, and who is likely to cap it with a better one. He is also one of the few politicians who welcomes friendship and the intimacy of conversation. Although I hate politics, and usually find most politicians distinctly dull, I find that I can be enthusiastic about the Minister of Posts and Telegraphs.

COLONEL CRESWELL.

One endures politics for the melodrama of general elections. After having spent many days, and nights, in the House of Assembly listening to these fervid heroes of the hustings, droning forth on the subject of sheep scab and jackal fencing, I am convinced that there are better, and more exciting, ways of achieving fame than that of ruining one's health and digestion in the soporific atmosphere of Parliament by representing a community. Truly, a people has the Government it deserves. Only occasionally is the dull silence of Parliament disturbed by the unguarded snore of a back bencher. It is he rather than the limelight politicians whom I would fain study.

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"Ring up the Curtain."

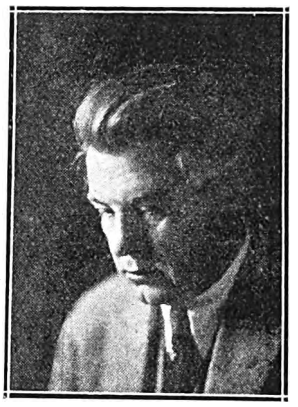
Six Years of Theatres in Africa.

By Carrie Rothkugel.

MISS WISH WYNNE.

MR. LYNN COWAN.

MISS RUBY MILLER.



MR. MAURICE MOSCOVITCH.

The red road turned and ran up the hill. The dark green rees and the far sweeping veld of Bedford Farm lay in ront of us. I was acting as a sort of Cook's guide to my riends, and I pointed out over the green and said, "That's here Sir George Farrar lived. You know he was the ther of Gwen Farrar."

My friends turned to me and replied, "I suppose she the greatest theatrical artist you have produced in this ountry." So it all set me thinking, and I thought of wen Farrar, the Kellaways, Madame Kate Opperman, d other clever people who have forsaken this vast, sunny ountry to aim at the standards of London. And then, inking of the theatres, I thought of the great artists who ve come here in the past few years. I have talked and lked with most of them. In little corners of my home eir photographs smile pleasantly to remind me of teas d talks in hotels, in flats and sometimes out in the untry, when these great people of the stage had forsaken e footlights to be in God's good sunshine for a moment.

The whole idea of this special anniversary issue of the *uth African Pictorial* is to mark the sixth year since it ok upon itself a new name. Before that its scope was ited to the stage and cinema. In the first issue of the *uth African Pictorial*, published in February of 1919, umns of printed tributes are paid to Miss Madge Fabian l Miss Ada Reeve, for they were the stars at that moment. ss Madge Fabian is still here, for she has married and tled in Johannesburg. Ada Reeve is back in London—h have travelled far and seen much in the six years that between. I remember Ada Reeve as a happy, joyous man—happier and more joyous than most. I remeber on the day she sailed from South Africa, looking down at from the side of a ship—looking down on a lake of upturned es, all shouting out their farewells. The great liner swung , thick ropes flopped into the water, and the great Ada ve sang "Just a Tiny Seed of Love." It was all very timental, but coming to us across the green gulf of er, we were all very deeply moved. At that time, six rs ago, Madge Fabian was playing in "Romance." The ic of the time said, that after seeing her performance, ad no wish to see Doris Keane, who created the part in don. There are times when I wish the stage could woo s Fabian back again, even if it were for a momentary luction. Flying back to Ada Reeve, it is interesting to ember that her first appearance in England was in a pping-rope dance when she was quite a tiny child. She skipped far since then.

Then came Billie Browne, who is now Miss Adrianne ne, in London, playing the name part in "The Merry ow." She has married Mr. Arthur Pucey, who came to Africa to play in "The Blue Lagoon." Miss Billie Browne is Australian born, and she took Miss Nancy Benyon's place here in the pantomime "Aladdin" in March of 1919. Miss Madge Fabian was then playing "Within the Law" at His Majesty's, Johannesburg.

Whenever the history of the South African stage comes to be written, certain dates will be emblazoned on its pages in golden letters, and one of these will be April 22nd, 1919. It was on that night that Miss Marie Tempest made her very first appearance in drama, playing the part of Miriam in "Outcast." One's pen trembles—hesitates in seeking adjectives for her. Her Dresden china delicacy, her charm which is more than beauty, her faultless acting have kept her for ever at the top—she has had no rival—she still has no rival.

Turning over the leaves of the past in my mind, I see and picture Miss Madge Saunders, now Mrs. Leslie Henson, who was at that time leaving for Home to take part in a revue produced in Paris by Sir Alfred Butt. Now as I write Miss Saunders is back again in South Africa for a holiday. But she sails for England again next month.

Allen Doone, an Irish American actor, with Miss Edna Keeley as leading lady, arrived from Australia and New Zealand, and at once created a huge success, Mr. Doone playing in the half romantic, half pathetic plays that are so much to the taste of the public. Outside the theatre he was well liked, and was often to be seen in his car, hare shooting at dusk, on the Pretoria road.

Among the members of a revue company, which played among other things "Bubbly," was Miss Adele Stellar, who is now Mrs. M. Benjamin, wife of the manager of the African Theatres, Limited, Pretoria. Miss Stellar was always billed as the "little star with the big voice," and was deservedly popular. Miss Billie Browne played lead in this company, of whom Alec Kellaway was also a member. South Africa should be just proud of the Kellaways. They have all done well overseas.

Baby Ricardo, in very abbreviated skirts and socks, was also a member of the cast. Baby Ricardo—Miss Bertha Ricardo is the "Cinderella" of our this year's pantomime. And, curiously enough, Jesse Sweet, who is her "ugly sister," played in "The Boy" with the New Musical Comedy Company about the same time. Mr. J. R. Cunningham, who was recently in South Africa with Mr. Thurston Hall, played "Colonel Bagot."

Mention of South African favourites would not be complete without the name of Miss Freda Godfrey, who has built up a great reputation right through the years. She was South Africa's first Peter Pan and has really "never grown up."

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Our Guest of To-morrow.

With the return of the Empire to vaudeville after a long run of revues came Miss Beth Tate, of whom it was always said "she has personality, poise, point and profile." One remembers her as a small, perfectly dressed girl standing very still in the middle of the large stage and getting her numbers—some of them rather naughty numbers I am afraid—over by the sheer weight of her personality. Mr. Gordon Stamford had then arrived from India and was musical director in the place of Mr. Dave Foote, who was away touring. To even talk of vaudeville without Mr. Foote would be vandalism, and one cannot conceive what the Empire orchestra would be like without him in the chair. Artists prize his sudden smile, as they know that his approbation is a sort of hall-mark of their success.

Standing out in the list af stars is Sir Harry Lauder, who paid his first visit to South Africa in 1920. Sir Harry always wore his national costume in the streets, to the edification of the natives.

With vaudeville at the Empire, there was a splendid Gilbert and Sullivan season at His Majesty's, opening with "The Mikado," in which the late Alexander Haviland played the title part. Memory takes me next to his mother, Miss Amy Coleridge, who is still in Johannesburg.

Mr. J. W. Rickaby paid his first visit to South Africa in 1921, and was an immediate success. He starred life as an engineer ,and years after he left this work for the stage; when he had climbed to the top of the profession, he visited one of his old clubs where his old engineer workmates were gathered. One of them said to him, "You were a fool to leave here. You would have been getting seven and six a day now!"

Miss Wish Wynne, one of the most lovable of women, was in South Africa at the same time. She talked always of her adorable babies, the smallest a wee, chubby mite. Her season at the Empire finishd the day before the General Election, so on election night we went to the show and sat in one of the highest boxes. I remember that Wish and I received no less than fourteen boxes of chocolates from triumphant politicians.

Just after this, Bailey and Cowan and "Red" paid a visit to the Empire and were a riot from the start. Since then they have returned, and are at present in America on long contracts. Bailey has a wonderful 'cello, the polished wood of which is covered with the names of all the celebrities one can think of. Bud Fisher has drawn "Mutt and Jeff," Geraldine Farrar and Charlie Chaplin had signed their names side by side, and I was thrilled when I was invited to write my name there also. Mrs. Bailey had a passion for birds, and they always travelled with a cage full. "Red," in private Mrs. Cowan, was the most wonderfully dressed woman. She always made her own clothes. She had her own methods, and many a time I have seen her sitting on the floor of her room busily cutting out a frock, the material spread all over the place in what looked like a hopeless mess. But the gown was always perfect and "Red" was one of the most fascinating of women.

To revert to the theatre, Lady Forbes Robertson (Gertrude Elliott) came over with her own company, and immediately established herself. She was immensely popular with everyone. While she was playing here the Ruby Miller Company were in Pretoria, and the younger male members motored over one Friday evening to take little Miss Jean McEwan (Miss Forbes Robertson) and the other girls of the company to a dance. Lady Forbes Robertson asked me to take her place as chaperone, and I think it was the first time in my life that it was forcibly brought home that anything over thirty is elderly in the eyes of twenty-one. They did everything to make me comfortable, even to a footstool.

Ruby Miller was very gay and always wonderfully dressed. I remember her showing me boxes of clothes she could never hope to wear in a normal life span. She never wore stockings, and in the streets she often wore high Hessian boots. Ruby Miller could always be relied on to create a sensation with her clothes whenever she appeared.

Wilkie Bard was the next big star of the vaudeville, and then came Graham Moffat with his original London company in 1921, composed mainly of members of his own family. They had an excellent reception.

Miss Billie Bell made her first appearance in musical comedy in South Africa in "Baby Bunting" at the Theatre Royal, Durban, and thereafter played in numerous revues and plays. She stayed in South Africa to marry Mr. Theodore Marks (of Lewis and Marks), of Johannesburg. Miss Bell has a very fine voice.

"Chu Chin Chow" had a wonderful run and was very gorgeously dressed. J. C. Aubrey played the part of Abu Hassan, his acting being acclaimed by the critics as practically indistinguishable from that of Mr. Oscar Asche. Miss Marjorie Burnside and Mr. Frank Foster were excellent, and Miss Billie Bell got an ovation nightly as Marjanah.

Mr. Horace Hodges, the London actor-author, brought a company out to play "Grumpy" and "Skittles," and among them was Miss Margaret Damer, who is now touring with Mr. Leon M. Lion. Her husband, Mr. Jackson Wilcox, was Mr. Hodges' producer. He is also with Mr. Lion. R. A. Roberts was on the Empire bill at the time and gave a remarkable rendering of his old-time favourite "Ringing the Changes." Sir Frank Benson and his company were the next to arrive. Sir Frank was a great dancer, and I remember him solemnly fox trotting at the Town Hall at a fancy dress ball clad in the robes he had worn as "The Wandering Jew."

George Graves, who is an all-round athlete, defines a sportsman as "an antidote for Pussyfootism." He had the misfortune to lose the tip of his finger when travelling to Rhodesia, and much swearing-in of lawyers and affidavits resulted. I forget who won. George Graves was described by all the critics as "The King of Comics" and got columns of wonderful notices—which he deserved. He was in South Africa in 1902, before he made his London reputation. He is still playing the part of Popoff in "The Merry

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The Prince of Wales.

Widow" in England. Mr. William Cavanagh, who is at present in Johannesburg on holiday from England, played with George Graves in the recent revival of "The Widow" in the West End.

Bert Coote was the next drawing card at the Empire. His study of a dude stockbroker can only be described as "perfectly priceless." Mr. W. V. Robinson and the "Dream Stars" were on the same bill.

Julian Rose, the famous Hebrew comedian, has made several visits to South Africa. The first was in 1912. He came again in 1922, and the ten years' interval showed that he had lost nothing of his personality.

Jack Pleasants will be remembered with love and affection by many theatregoers. He was a quiet soul off the boards, but none the less popular for that.

Miss Irene Vanbrugh and Mr. Dion Bouccicault loom large in my memory for the the very fine shows they gave us. I was privileged to carry away with me a memorable little cameo from Irene Vanbrugh. It was when I first went to interview her. Came a knock at her dressing room door. A man entered and told of his child being dangerously ill in the hospital. She had been very anxious to see Miss Vanbrugh, and now it was unlikely that she should ever see her. Would Miss Vanbrugh please sign her name on the piece of paper he proffered, that he might take it to his girl? Miss Vanbrugh took the paper and wrote a loving message to the suffering child.

Miss Sybil Carlisle, who came out with Miss Vanbrugh, was born in South Africa.

Maurice Moscovitch, who visited us with his company, always believes in an actor being somewhat of a "mystery man," and he hated publicity. He lived his life quite apart from the theatre and took his work very seriously.

Joseph Kessler played Yiddish plays round the country about the same time, and did extremely well.

Percy Hutchinson is probably one of the "most written up" actors, and is the very spirit of energy—never too tired to do anything. As this is written "Sapper," Lieutenant-Colonel McNeile, the creator of "Bulldog Drummond," with which Mr. Hutchinson scored such a success, is at present in South Africa. Mr. Hutchinson, in producing "The Luck of the Navy," made some excellent speeches for the Navy League, and was presented with the Special Service Decoration on his return to England.

Whit Cunliffe was probably one of the most popular music in Australia, and who, on the evening of his departure, gave him a wonderful chafing dish supper.

Dollie and Billie were a great success in their sister act and were extremely popular with patrons of the Empire. Rene Riano, in London at present, wore some wonderful gowns, and always carried French mascot dolls, made to her likeness and dressed in miniature copies of her clothes. She always accentuated her ugliness, but even this could not disguise her smartness and chic. She is commonly supposed to have the most perfect legs in the world. Jennie Hartley, of the vivacious manner, is another little lady with perfect limbs, and won a competition for them in Australia.

When Malcolm Scott and Harry Claff were here, the amusing situation arose of "Henry the Eighth" being in the same bill as his "widow, Catherine of Aragon." Claff always carried a long stick in his kingly character. It had a wonderful enamelled top and was presented to him by the Duchess of Sutherland.

Herschel Henlere, who will be out again this year, is a pianist who enjoys his performance as much as his audience. It was no unusual thing to find him playing for an hour or more, at the end of a long show. He showed his appreciation of South Africa and Johannesburg by dedicating a song to the city, a song which was sung with great effect by Billy Kumming, Eddie Morris and other artists from different parts of the house at the Empire.

Mr. George Relph and his London company came soon after these events . Mr. Relph is to marry Miss Mercia Swinbourne very soon. She was his leading lady here.

Mr. Thurston Hall brought out his Anglo-American Dramatic Company and opened in a colourful comedy of modern Mexico. Mr. Hall is in Australia at present and is doing extremely well.

Marie Burke and Arthur Klein are also in Australia now, but they have dissolved the double act they were doing, and Miss Burke is starring in "The Cousin from Nowhere," while Mr. Klein is winning fresh laurels with a new partner.

Du Calion, the loquacious laddie on the laddie who was at the Empire about the same time as Arthur Klein, is also in Australia.

Vernon Watson is another headliner who won great appreciation in South Africa last year.

The year 1925 opened splendidly with Mr. Leon M. Lion and Miss Renée Kelly, Miss Iris Hoey and Mr. Cyril Raymond, Miss Hetty King and Miss Alice Lloyd, all winning favour in different parts of the country.

In between all these people I have talked about there has been revue after revue. Captain Maxwell Stewart and Mr. Philip Levard have catered well for the public. And that brings us up to the moment!

The African Theatres have always tried to bring West End standards to this land. In neither of the present companies touring the Union have they succumbed to the "star" system, which is having the effect of white ants on the modern theatre. They bring out stars like Mr. Lion, Miss Kelly and Miss Hoey, but they also bring out entire supporting companies, in which actors like Mr. Campbell Gully and Mr. Frank Freeman present performances almost faultless in technique.

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(Further illustrations on page 30.)

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"Ring up the Curtain" ; See Letterpress, Pages 27, 28, 29.

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MR. WHIT CUNLIFFE.

MR. MALCOLM SCOTT.

MR. GEORGE RELPH.

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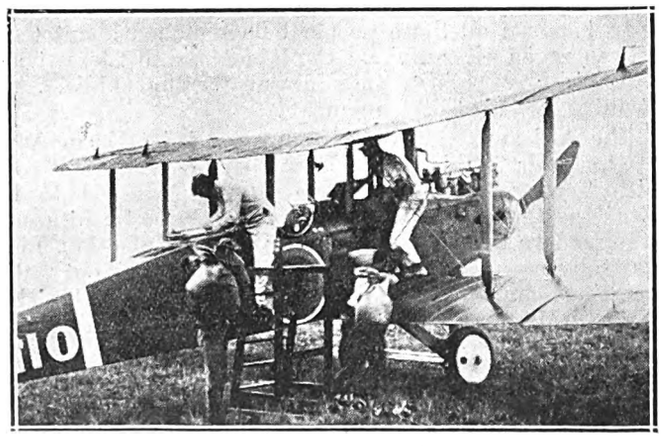

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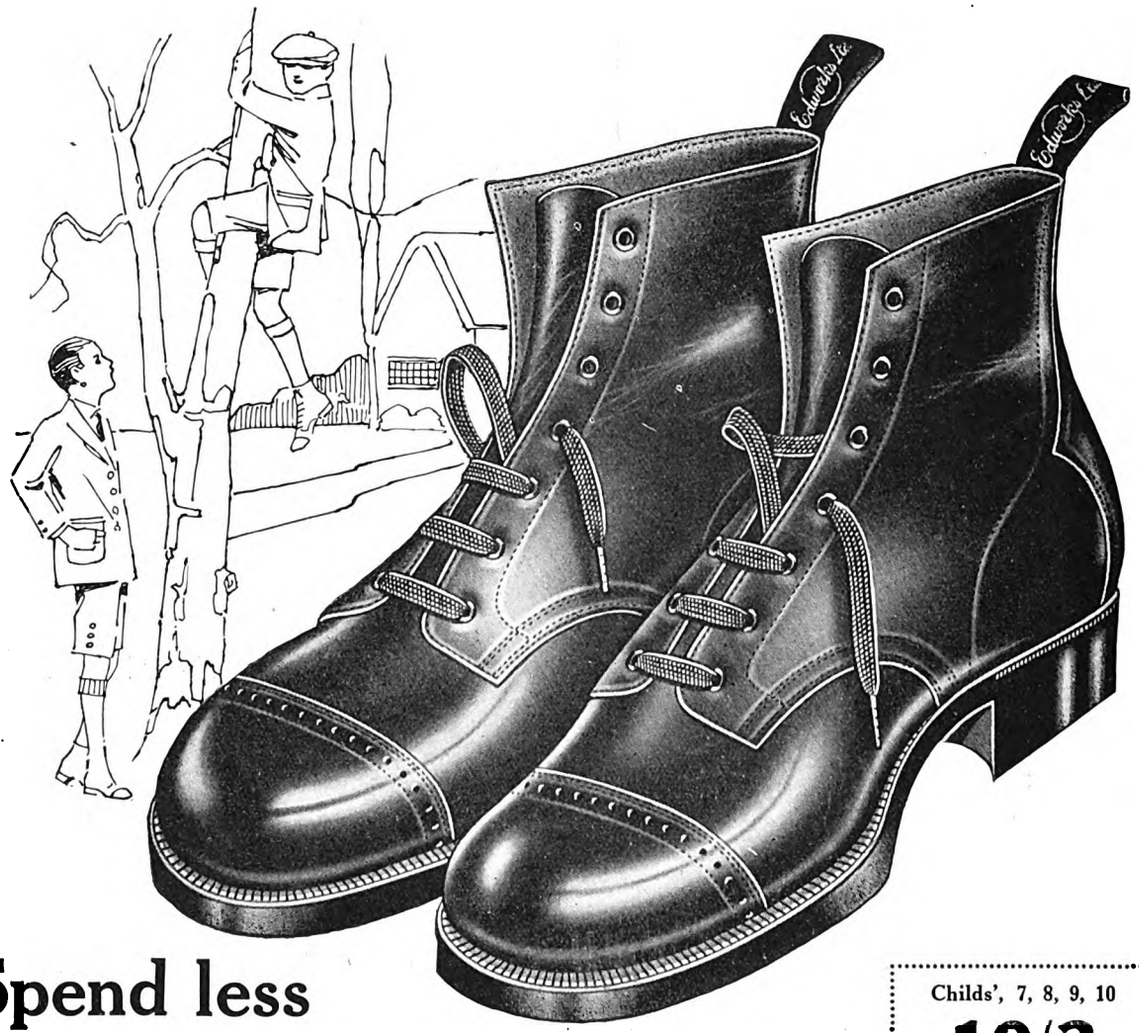

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London Theatres.

Leicester Square, 22nd January, 1925.

The broadcasting breeze referred to last week has been an "awfully big advertisement" for those revues whose one or two scenes were transmitted. "Yoicks" is drawing bigger crowds than when it was all shiny and new, months and months ago, and instead of being taken off, as has been threatened, has been reprieved for an indefinite period. "Charlot's Revue" went one better than the rest; Phyllis Monkman and Henry Kendall's duet, "Specially for you," was filmed on Saturday morning, prints were hurriedly prepared and sent off to the various cinemas for the evening show, and projected at the same time as the words and music came through on the loud speaker. The experiment was not altogether successful, however; towards the end the film seemed to slacken and lingered on for some moments after the wireless had reproduced the finale and the subsequent applause. For next month Harry Welchman promises that almost half of his new musical play, "Love's Prisoner," shall be broadcast on the first night. That is breaking new ground with a vengeance—it will, of course, be the first occasion on which we can attend a west-end *première* per wireless!

With the exception of a revue and a musical comedy, all this and next week's new plays are of foreign origin. "G.B.S.'s" version of Siegfried Trebitsch's (Shaw's German translator) Viennese drama, "Jitta's Attonement," is to be done at the Fulham Grand on Monday, with Violet Vanbrugh in the title role; two Hungarian plays opened this week—"Home Affairs," by Ladislas Fodor, at the Everyman on Tuesday, and "Grounds for Divorce," by the now famous Ernest Vadja, author of "Fata Morgana," at the St. James' last night. The former has not survived the process of Anglicisation any too well, and suffers, too, from what appears to have been a lack of decision on the producer's part as to whether it should be treated as a farce or satirical comedy. "Grounds for Divorce," on the other hand, has met with acclamation on every side, so much so that there is every likelihood of it running a couple of seasons or more. Madge Titheradge has as much "meat" in it as she got in "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife," and Owen Nares and Lawrence Grossmith (too long absent from his home town) are most excellently well suited. Sir George Alexander's old success, "The Thief" (by Henri Bernstein) is to be revived on Saturday by Arthur Bouchier; Kyrle Bellew (Mrs. B.) essaying Irene Vanbrugh's difficult part. Frank Bacon's phenominally successful "Lightnin'," after reaping rich harvests in most English-speaking lands, is at last to be tried in London—at the Shaftesbury next week. For the leading part Horace Hodges has been specially engaged, mainly owing to the wonderful reports of his performance in South Africa. Goodness knows how much the management have had to expend to obtain his release from "White Cargo," in which he played a vitally important part. Godfrey Tearle makes his *re-entrée* next week in "Silence," the American melodrama his wife secured for him in New York. Perchance as a graceful compliment, and perhaps to help balance matters a bit, our first important non-British actor-guest of the year—John Barrymore, to wit—has chosen an English play for his opening bill, "Hamlet," with Fay Compton as a titian Ophelia, and the statuesque Constance Collier as the Queen-Mother.

Harold Scott and Elsa Lanchester gave a rollickingly amusing and unconventional "private" performance of their "Cave of Harmony" cabaret show at the Court on Sunday night. Just fourteen excerpts from the programmes of their merry little improvised entertainments in the cellar they have made such a popular rendezvous for artists and professionals, a few yards from Tottenham Court Road. Excepting for some over-long "waits," which dragged out the programme to 11.45 p.m., it was about the nearest approach to an English "Chauve-Souris" we are ever likely to get. Bits of Arne's "Love in a Village," alternated with the Victorian classic "Box and Cox" and Sam Bowell's "Ratcatcher's Darter," whilst sandwiched between

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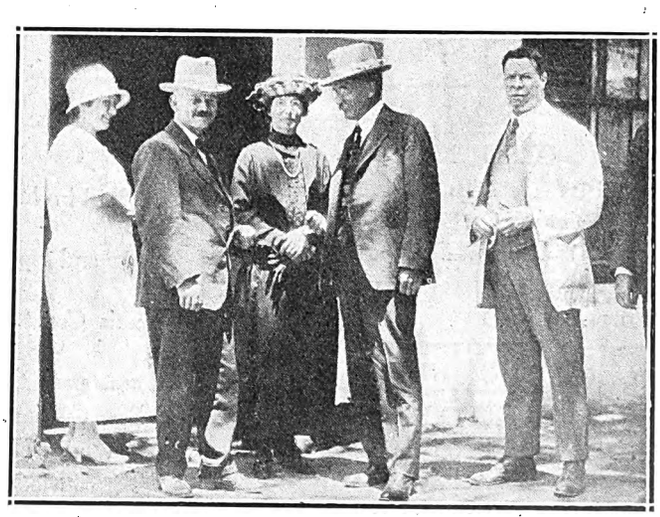
a Pirandello playette, "The Man with a Flower in his Mouth," and Aldous Huxley's psychological parable, "Happy Families," we had a reconstruction of the old-time music hall show of a quarter of a century ago, as well as a recital (by Nigel Playfair) of one of those quaint charade-like poem-sketches by Vachell Lindsay. Sounds like a medley pie of high-brow, low-brow and no-brow, but in practice it worked out as a delightful novelty—the sort of thing amateurs could spend many a happy week in improvising and rehearsing, though it is only fair to add that this particular occasion was given noteworthy brilliance by the co-operation of such artists as Margaret Yarde, Reginald Bach, Charles Carson, Moyna McGill, and notably Ernest Milton, who was really brilliant as the lunatic in the Pirandello work. *Paul Pry.*



Mr. Chapman, General Hertzog, Mrs. Yeethling and Mr. C. M. Yeethling, Mayor of Stellenbosch, at the Stellenbosch Show.

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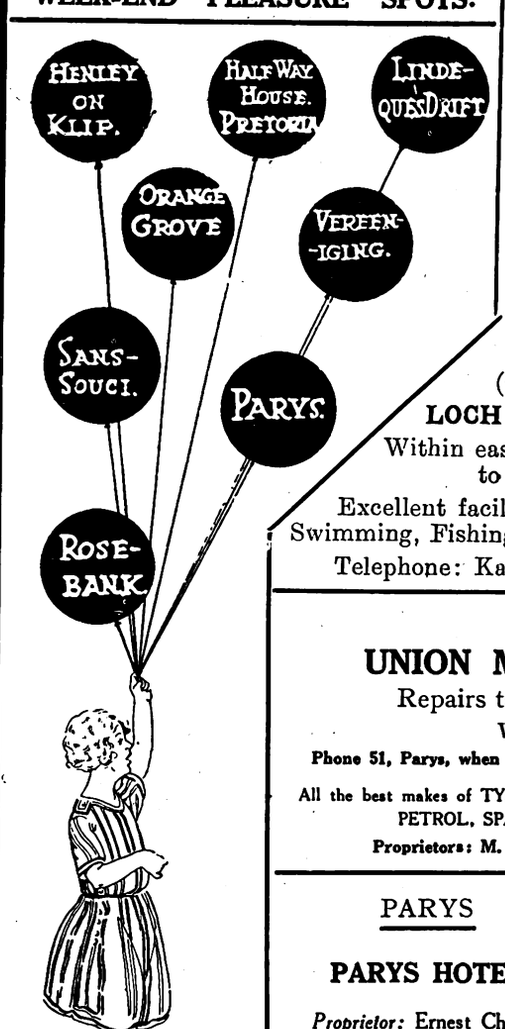
WEEK-END PLEASURE SPOTS.



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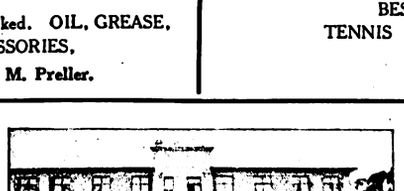

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Rand Musicians and European Study.

Some of the Results.

The recent arrival in Johannesburg of Miss Ivy Nankervis, who went to London to continue her music studies, calls attention to the work of the number of students from the Transvaal who have during the past few years benefited by oversea study. Unfortunately, Miss Nankervis did not remain long in London, owing to the adverse climatic conditions. She found that in London, while it afforded every possible attraction and facility for advancement, her health was not what it might be, and she wisely decided that it would be advisable for her to return to South Africa. While the writer has not yet heard her since her return, it is felt that there was much in her vocal equipment to justify the further study which she pursued in London.

Mr. Archie Higgo.

Among those who in the past few years have developed strongly as a result of study in England, is Mr. Archie Higgo. He was the recipient of a special scholarship, I believe, granted by the Witwatersrand Council of Education, and I can remember distinctly his first performances on the Rand after completing the term of his scholarship. Mr. Higgo was first heard by me in a selection of music which included a Sonato by Glagounow, the Prelude by Swinstead, and the big second movement from Beethoven's "Hammer Klavier" Sonata. The latter I thought, at the time, to be a particularly courageous selection, but the performance of it by Mr. Higgo justified the selection. Technically adequate and musically sound and scholarly, Mr. Higgo did not have to wait long for due recognition, for he received an appointment at the Training College, Grahamstown, where he has since given much practical evidence of a serious musical mind.

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Boating here is excellent, and the resort is specially noted for fishing and safe surf bathing.

A Golf Course is in course of construction, and guests may be fully assured of every comfort, attention and amusement being provided for them.

Miss Minnie Freeman.

About the same time, the Rand welcomed back to its musical circle Miss Minnie Freeman, who left London when war conditions tended to interfere with her work. On her arrival Miss Freeman made several public appearances, playing works like the Saint Saens Toccato, the Chopin C sharp minor Scherzo, and the Liszt D flat study. The result was that she received for herself a distinctive place in the ranks of local lady pianists, and on several subsequent occasions impressed upon the attention of all her special ability as an accompanist and chamber music performer.

Miss Isobel McLaren.

In 1917, the University of South Africa granted one of the Oversea Scholarships to Miss Isobel McLaren, a vocalist who had by that time established herself in the esteem of Rand audiences. She combined a fine voice with an outstanding charm of personality, and the combination was bound to prove of incalculable value to her in her subsequent career. One of the features of her departure for London was the benefit concert organised on her behalf by a number of local musicans. The big Johannesburg Town Hall was filled from back door to front—a remarkable testimony to the young lady's personality and musical ability.

Miss McLaren has since paid a return visit to the Rand, to demonstrate once again how marked can be the cultural and educational power of European study when it is undertaken in serious and earnest mood, and when it is supported by real artistic gifts. Her recent successes in England were noted with a real sense of gratification by numerous admirers in this country.

Mr. Karl Hosken.

In the same year—1917—the University of South Africa granted an additional scholarship to Mr. Karl Hosken, a young pianist in his early teens, who had at that time quite a number of notable musical achievements to his credit. I can readily recall one of his last performances before he left to continue his studies in London. It was an astonishing version of Chopin's "Winter Wind" study. Apart from its musical demands, the nature of the study is exacting in a purely physical sense, and it was in this respect that Karl Hosken's playing impressed itself upon my memory, for the player, despite his instrumental vitality, was by no means physically robust. I could understand men like Hambourg indulging in tours-de-force of this nature, but it came as a surprise from a mere boy like Karl Hosken was at that time. He is still in England, where, I understand, he has gained the recognition that his outstanding ability deserves.

Miss Hilda Neale.

Another Rand vocalist who has long enjoyed the esteem of local concert goers is Miss Hilda Neale. Her numerous public appearances before she left for study in England served to reveal not only a fine vocal gift, but also a degree of inborn artistry that seemed to most of us to justify the further study that she eventually undertook. Miss Neale studied in London for some time, a benefit concert preceding her departure for London. This concert, like in the case of Miss Isobel McLaren, was a spontaneous expression of goodwill on the part of a large audience. The popularity of the singer that was revealed on that occasion has been consolidated since her return.

Miss Audrey Goldstein.

From an artistic point of view, one of the most successful of the overseas students is Miss Audrey Goldstein. Even in her early student days, before the visit to England, Miss Goldstein displayed very marked pianistic gifts. There will be many who can remember her farewell concert in the Orpheum Theatre, where she played a MacDowell Polonaise and Mendelssohn's Capriccio in B, the latter with an orchestral accompaniment supplied by Mr. Dave Foote. That Miss Goldstein developed rapidly in England was shown by the nature of her playing when she returned to the Rand. Among distinctive performances I could mention, her playing of Chopin's B flat minor Sonata and, later, some fine pianistic efforts, including the E flat major Sonata of Beethoven, from Op. 31, and the Bach Busoni Chaconne. Among the characteristic qualities of her playing are strength, vitality, a clear finger technique, and a tone quality that is always attractive. In the latter respect her key treatment is often a fine example.

Miss Phyllis Wall.

Among local players who have decided natural aptituede for the difficult art of accompanying, must be numbered Miss Phyllis Wall. This young lady, who also benefitted

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much by her overseas training, can point to much that is singularly notable in her equipment. She was a capable performer before she went to England. She returned with a widened mental outlook and with a fine estimation of the principles of superior pianism. As a soloist she can always command attention,—I base the assertion on her handling of works like the Op. 110 Sonata of Beethoven, and the Glazounow Variations. While admitting her solo-playing capacity, she has always embodied in her work those qualities which, in combination, make the ideal accompanist and chamber music performer.

Miss Sair Rosen.

Very little has been heard in Johannesburg in recent times concerning the musical doings of Miss Sair Rosen, a Rand vocalist now in London. Miss Rosen possesses a truly remarkable contralto voice—quality, power and range, all were equally notable. I was among those who held the opinion that further training—especially musical training—would serve to develop a concert singer of exceptional ability. Should she return to this country, there will be many interested to hear what she has made of a voice that suggested great possibilities.

Miss Thelma Tuson.

Of all the clever and gifted students that have been sent to England in recent years, Miss Thelma Tuson must be regarded as the most richly endowed among the vocalists. Her popularity on the Rand was no empty thing. It was gained by real merit, or rather by the extraordinary beauty and power of her voice. I do not think that this country had anywhere a voice that could well be compared with Miss Tuson's As a girl of fifteen, her singing was remarkable in practically every vocal respect. She sang famous coloratura numbers with a purity of tone, and a degree of flexibility—all with such apparent ease that the decision to have her singing developed in Europe was generally regarded as a wise one. Her voacl gifts were certainly unique, and those who predicted for her a highly successful career had ample justification for doing so.

Faul and Butow.

Outstanding among the male singers sent from the Rand to study oversea were Mr. Egbert Faul and Mr. Butow. The former possessed a fine tènor voice, fairly big and with an engaging lyrical quality. He went to Italy to continue his studies, a course that was followed also by Mr. Butow. This singer promised to develop into an operatic artist of rare attainment. He had personality, allied to a voice of much power and fine tenor quality. Both these artists are still overseas, but local interest in their work is still as keen as it was when they left for Europe.

Miss Noel Burchmore, who gives a vocal recital in Maritzburg Town Hall on February 18th.

Miss Mary Lipschitz.

Entering the Royal Academy in London, in February, and being a successful candidate for the Licentiate Diploma in April, is a record established by Miss Mary Lipschitz, a Rand pianist who has been studying in London for the past two years. A player with a masculine finger power, and a leaning towards m usic of the virtuoso order were distinguishing characteristics of Miss Lipschitz's performances before she left for England. Recent reports tend to confirm the favourable opinions formed locally of her musical ability.

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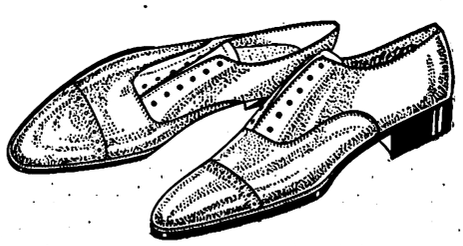

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THE COMPLETE NEWSPAPER

JOHANNESBURG.

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The Interloper.

By William J. Makin.

I.

She drifted so easily into his life that the affair was swinging towards a tremendous climax before James Molteno fully realised it.

That it should also happen in Capetown was in itself surprising, for when James Molteno found himself transferred there as a Government Secretary, he had looked for a very placid time and much dull, uninteresting routine. Politics in South Africa, although discussed with unfailing frequency, are also unfailingly dull.

His bureaucratic mind had a singular capacity for detaching itself. He congratulated himself on being an observer of life, a looker-on rather than a huckstering human bathed in crowds. He avoided entagling himself in life with a singular felicity, and having early decided that entanglements and women were synonymous, he avoided women carefully. It was in his loneliness that he found a serene enjoyment. He remembered the philosopher who had said that to those who think life is a comedy; to those who feel, a tragedy. And life so far has been a comedy to him.

Perhaps the reason why Teresa interested him was because she was the exception. To meet the exception among women is the very devil. So thought James Molteno when he was struggling vainly for his disappearing philosophy of detachment after meeting Teresa.

A pale, drooping flower among pink, healthy, perennials. That is how he always remembered her after the first glimpse. He was strolling down the main thoroughfare, a street of sun-dusted buildings and shaded verandahs, where Capetown chattered over its afternoon tea and cakes. The aimless South African throng was about him. Coloured women hawked flowers in the gutter and shrilled volubly to each other. Tall young men lounged along piloting tall young girls in summer frocks through the crowd. A blue, cloudless sky overhead, and, at the end of the street, an equally blue sea shimmering in the afternoon sunshine. An ideal day.

Yet James Molteno felt unsympathetic towards it all. His glance roved from the towering Table Mountain, glowing with colour in the sunshine, to the crowd laughing and chattering in the street. A sunshine day, an ideal day, and yet he could not enter into the spirit of it. What was the reason? He lounged at a corner, trying to analyse himself.

These young South Africans who strolled about, disdainful of hats, showing streaks of sunlight in their hair, and their faces bronzed—they were all handsomely healthy. Their women, tall and pink complexioned, pretty in their summery frocks, they also were decidedly healthy. The climate, the sea, the mountains—everything blared forth a blatant healthiness. Living in South Africa was like living in a sanatorium—everything and everybody was disgustingly healthy. The girls had pink complexions and pink frocks; the men pink faces and pink ties. And James Molteno hated pink.

He found himself wishing for a pale face, the face of a city dweller and not a face suggesting a promenade crowd at Bournemouth. Probably the real reason was that he was not yet acclimatised. He had been less than six months in Capetown, and was still regretting his leaving London at the whim of wanderlust. He looked at the crowd about him, and then—then Teresa came.

A pale, drooping flower among pink, healthy perennials. He saw her pale face swim out of the crowd before him. There was a tired look about the face that interested him. The brown eyes stared for a moment into his, and then swept away. He turned to glimpse a disappearing figure in a green cloak, grey silk stockings, and a tantalising hat that was swallowed in the wash of the crowd. Just a glimpse and she was gone. James Molteno stared, reflectively, for a moment, pulled himself together, and then resumed his stroll.

It was characteristic of him that he did not think any more about her. He thought again of an exquisite piece of blue chinaware that he had seen displayed in a curio shop that day, but of the figure in green cloak and grey silk stockings he forgot at once after that momentary glimpse. Yet he did not forget her entirely, for three days later he saw her at a neighbouring table in the restaurant where he lunched. He recalled the glimpse in the street. Having ordered an excellent bottle of wine with the care that such a procedure necessitated, he condescended to regard her again.

Yes, that pale face with the thin red lips was decidedly interesting. He liked the way the black hair swept her forehead and escaped, with artful pretence, from beneath the hat. Tired though the face was, the brown eyes sparkled and brimmed with life. And she chattered away with perfect ease to the three youths who were seated at her table. The youths were the ordinary youths who find life a "jolly affair," and cultivate the pretty girl with the instinct of their kind. James Molteno did not look at them twice. The girl with the pale face managed them with consumate ease. She had the air of one who knows the idiosyncracies of youth as a rider knows the whims of a horse. Obviously she had not long escaped from the flapper age, when youths were almost as interesting as hair-ribbons.

It was just a coincidence that, half an hour later, after an excellent lunch, James Molteno should be making his way back to the office and saw the green cloak and grey silk stockings disappearing into a doorway in a side street. As he passed the doorway he stopped. A notice on the wall announced that Rowlands' Dancing Academy was to be found therein. The waltz, fox-trot and tango could be acquired easily in a few lessons. "To learn to dance is to learn to live," asserted the notice. "Come and be taught."

James Molteno smiled, and passed on.

II.

Of course, he had not intended to go. He could never satisfactorily explain the impulse that caused him to pass through that doorway two days later, and climb the stairs leading to Rowlands' Dancing Academy, where, "to learn to dance was to learn to live." Pure impulse. But are not all our actions in life governed by impulse which the mere mind attempts to justify? And there he was, standing in a curtained doorway, peering hesitatingly and somewhat shyly into the dancing academy itself.

A long, low room with a highly polished floor met his gaze, as also several youths with highly polished hair. A pianola in the room tinkled out some inane fox-trot music, and, leaning wearily against it, was a little podgy man, between whose stumpy fingers a cigarette smouldered. Some of the youths with highly polished hair clasped girls in their arms, and circled the highly polished floor in fox-trot gyrations. Cigarette smoke drifted lazily about the ceiling, bringing an atmosphere of staleness into the room.

James Molteno was aware of these things, but in the same indifferent manner that one is aware of the surrounding audience when seated in a theatre. His gaze really rested upon the girl in the green cloak and grey silk stockings—a pale drooping flower among healthy perennials. She was seated on a chair against the wall, her pale face leaning back wearily and surrounded by some ridiculous Kirchner prints that had been pasted haphazardly against the wall. Her brown eyes regarded him indifferently as he entered.

A foolish figure he felt, standing there in the curtained doorway, with that confounded pianola churning out its inane music while youths and girls swirled before him. And the brown eyes of the girl that regarded him so indifferently—they also made him feel foolish. An absurd impulse. He turned on his heel.

"Can I do anything for you?"

The podgy man had waddled his way across the highly polished floor from his lounging position at the pianola,

Continued on page 41.

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The Interloper: *Continued from page 39.*

and now stood before James Molteno. He dropped the stump of his cigarette carelessly on the floor and flattened it with a heavy foot.

"Well—er—yes," began James Molteno.

"You wish to learn to dance?" asked the podgy man, with an attempt to bring a brisk, business-like attitude into his lounging carelessness. "We can teach you all the latest dances here as danced in London—the fox-trot, the waltz, the tango—any dance you desire. Have you danced at all?"

James Molteno who had not troubled to listen to much of this conversation, being still engrossed in the fascination of that white face with the tired brown eyes, answered vaguely.

"Er—yes—that is, no."

"I understand perfectly," said the podgy man, with a smirk. "Perhaps you would like to take a few lessons, beginning this afternoon. Now what shall we say? Everybody dances the fox-trot these days and everybody dances it badly. For three guineas we guarantee to teach you a perfect style. Shall we say the fox-trot?"

He bent his face forward, expectantly.

"By all means let it be the fox-trot," replied James Molteno.

"Good—good. And you would like to begin now? Of course—permit me."

He beckoned to the girl in the green cloak and grey silk stockings, who still leaned back wearily against the wall. She rose slowly and came towards them. Her brown eyes never lost that look of indifference.

"This is my daughter, Miss Teresa Rowlands, who will teach you, Mr. er——?"

"Molteno."

"Ah, quite so. Mr. Molteno—Teresa,—everybody calls her Teresa here; she's such a favourite among the boys—Teresa, you will teach Mr. Molteno the fox-trot."

The brown eyes regarded James Molteno as if he had been an uninteresting piece of furniture.

"I shall be delighted," she murmured, wearily. "Shall we begin now?"

James Molteno nodded. The podgy figure of Mr. Rowlands had waddled its way back to the pianola and resumed its lounging attitude. Teresa stretched out her arms.

"We'll take the walk in the fox-trot to begin with. You lead off with the left foot——"

James Molteno felt her arms curl about his shoulders and glide him forward, irresistibly, over the highly polished floor among the swirling dancers.

III.

"I have held you in my arms and kissed you outrageously. I think I have had everything of you but the last joys. And these you still withold—I wonder why?"

James Molteno looked down upon her as she lay on a couch amidst cushions. They were in her room, and Teresa's pale face stared reflectively at the ceiling. Slowly she turned her brown eyes towards him.

"Need you ask?" she said. "I do not know myself. A woman gives often out of sheer pity. Men are like children, crying for the moon. I have not given all because I have not yet learned to pity you."

"Perhaps you have not learned to love," said Molteno, quietly.

Her eyes never wavered.

"If I have not learned to love, it is because I fear love. It steals the senses away, it fools you. There are moments when your kisses weaken me, lose me in a world wherein I fear to stay. And I have kissed you in return. I have kissed you as I have never kissed any man. Why—oh, why?"

"It is because you have met love and life."

She laughed, quietly.

"And all in a fortnight! A fortnight ago I did not know you. Then you were a dance pupil—an ordinary man like the others. You invited me out to tea one day. I made myself exasperating; even criticised the hat you wore—and you do wear a dreadfully old hat, don't you? But you seemed serenely indifferent. You even invited me

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to the theatre. Out of sheer weariness I accepted. You saw me home. Then—Oh, why, why, why? Is it because men like to make love to a pretty girl, to capture her, to boast a new conquest?"

He looked down upon her. The eyes flickered in her face. He saw nothing but her beauty, a serene childlike beauty of quiet eyes and wide, pointed mouth. He spoke slowly.

"If I say that you interest me, it may mean nothing to you. But it is everything to me. If I say I love you, I may be wrong. For I do not know. I am not certain of myself. Is this love? I ask myself the question a hundred times a day. Were I ten years younger I should answer unhestitatingly, 'Yes.' But as a man grows out of youth he learns to analyse his emotions. He begins to doubt. If I love you I ought to be prepared to marry you. But I fear marriage as you fear love."

"Love can break hearts," she murmured.

"But at least the soul remains," he replied. "Marriage breaks the very soul. I want you, I desire you. There is in you something that thrills me and which, although I would resist, inevitably conquers me. I come to your room, your arms close about me and I am lost, lost in a world of emotion which defies thought. What is there about you that attracts me? Is it because you are beautiful? Your brown eyes enthral me, and the pale, childlike face lingers in my mind when I am away from you. I like your frocks, the filmy intangible stuff that seems to cling to you in some ethereal fashion. You smile. Believe me, a pretty frock can capture a man much easier than a pretty face. I like the moments when you are bright and vivacious, the moments when you seem to desire to drink life to the full—your intense moments. It is then you make me feel a helpless clod whose mind stumbles hesitatingly behind your own nimble, sprightly wit. But best of all do I like you in your moments of intimacy, the quiet whisper of my name on your lips, the silent shake of your head in the darkness. All these things I like, and all these things attract me to you. And yet—"

"Yes, and yet—?" she wispered.

She had arisen from the couch, and now stood looking into his dark eyes as his low voice trailed reflectively about the room.

"And yet I feel that you care no more than does your dog there, sniffing contentedly on the mat because he has been well fed and dreams of the glorious bones to come."

She laughed, a provocative laugh that stirred James Molteno strangely.

Then she bent down and caressed the dog lying in the corner.

"Poor old Socs! The dearest, most delightful, best doggy that ever lived. We don't only dream of bones to come, do we?"

The dog yawned vigorously, put out a red tongue and licked her face. Then it closed its eyes and went to sleep again with a contented grunt.

"Enough of philosophising," she said, with a sudden laugh. "I don't know whether I love you or not. I just like you. That is all that matters for the moment. Are you going to take me to the theatre to-morrow night?"

"I'm sorry, but—"

"Yes?"

"I'm going away."

"Going away! Where?"

Her eyes looked up in alarm.

"I'm going up country to Delagoa Bay. My chief has given me orders. I have to leave in the morning. I expect to be away about two months."

"Oh!"

It was more a sob than an exclamation. James Molteno put out his arms and drew her to him. He crushed the slim form against his breast with a fierce joy, and bent down to kiss the upturned white face. Then he stroked her hair and spoke quietly.

"—There is a reason for my going, as you can guess. The chief has heard things, rumours, you understand. 'Molteno has got himself mixed up with a dancing girl,'

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some one has said. 'Making a fool of himself.' These are the sort of things that came to the ears of the chief. He called me into his office this morning. 'Molteno, there's some difficult business to negotiate in Delagoa Bay,' he said. 'I think you had better go there to-morrow. It will take you at least two months.' Well, I—I understood."

He stopped, and looking down at the brown eyes staring into his.

"Of course, I could have told him to go to hell," he said, "but, as I have told you to-night, my own mind is a chaos of contradictions. It will be best for both of us to get away from each other for a time, and then—"

He stopped, feeling that all these explanations must seem miserably inadequate. Slowly the girl was disentangling herself from his embrace.

"It all seems quite—quite ordinary," she said, haltingly. "But somehow I feel disappointed. Perhaps you had better go, after all."

She was raising her head in a defiant fashion, and the old look of indifference was stealing across her face.

James Molteno saw the change. Ruthlessly he pulled her towards him, kissed her lips once—twice, and then, with a hoarse "Au revoir," he strode from the room.

She stood there, alone, her eyes closed, and a tear trickling down her cheek.

The door slammed.

IV.

"A bad place in which to brood."

Such was James Molteno's opinion of Lourenço Marques. It is a city where a man with anything on his mind can quickly and with remarkable facility go to the devil, snatching a kiss from a languorous Portuguese girl on the way.

During the hot, tropical days that James Molteno spent in Lourenço Marques, he had Teresa very much on his mind. There was, of course, little or no work to be done. It is always an amazing revelation to the newcomer in the tropics that something seems to be accomplished, something done without any of the white men appearing to work in the slightest degree. It was a city sunk in the torpor of afternoon sunshine. One sat in the kiosques drinking little deadly Portuguese liqueurs and watching with an approving eye the Kaffir workmen shuffling along in the dust of the road.

James Molteno slipped into the life easily. He was by nature an observer, and the kiosque habit came naturally to him. The sunshine winking in a yellow Chartreuse was a much more agreeable sight to him than watching the same sunshine trailing across dustry files in an equally dusty office.

Still, he chafed, as all men do chafe when something they want is not to be had by reaching out a hand. He chafed because he missed Teresa, and he chafed all the more because he realised that he missed her. The pale face, with its brown eyes, the slight figure in the green cloak and grey silk stockings—It haunted him in every dusty bye-way of Lourenço Marques so that he constantly found himself turning round, imagining that the figure had just passed him.

He tried to relieve this brooding by flinging himself savagely into the work, but, alas, there was no work to be done. So he took to loafing in the kiosques, talking on the bewildering ramifications of local politics with excessivly polite Portuguese loungers, and, incidentally, acquiring a painful experience of the worthlessness of escudos, the local currency. In the evening he would find some mild excitement by proceeding to the casino, playing roulette, and winning a little or losing a little. But even this resort grew unendurable because of the tourist crowd that flocked there every time a liner dropped its anchor in Delagoa Bay.

So he waited, day after day, for the curt message that would recall him to Capetown and Teresa. He waited until his mind was dulled with waiting. After two months it was only the little yellow Chartreuse that really mattered. The cursed sunshine seemed to have sucked all his senses dry. He tried to interest himself in a languorous, dark-eyed Portuguese girl, but soon tired of the game. His very soul was sick with waiting.

Continued on page 45.

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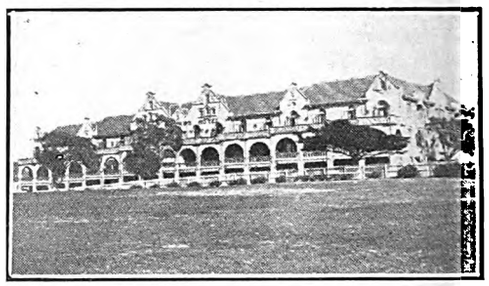

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The Interloper : Continued from page 43.

Of course, the message came. And when it came James Molteno was transformed. He found himself humming, actually humming a melody from Puccini to himself as he packed his bags. The very sentimentality of the music appealed to him at the moment. He felt a joyous zest in the fact that he was leaving Lourenço Marques. An excellent city to leave. He had an irresistible desire to go out and buy drinks for all the white worn individuals condemned to remain in Lourenço Marques. Thank God, he was leaving. Lourenço Marques was now an incident of the past. He determined to take the quickest route, by train.

He reached Capetown some days later. A taxi-cab rushed him and his bags to the hotel where he lived. It was good to be back in Capetown again, good to feel the cool winds of the Cape against his cheek. He splashed vigorously in his bath and dressed himself for dinner. The whole evening was before him. He would dine, and then, perhaps, visit Teresa. He knew, however, in his heart that he was determined to see Teresa that night.

"Hello, Molteno, didn't expect you back so soon!"

Molteno turned at the sound of the voice. Gilleman, a colleague, was smiling a welcome to him.

"I came back by rail. Didn't you know I had been recalled?"

"Er—yes. The chief expected you would return by boat—. But—well, it's good to see you back again. What about a sherry and bitters before dinner?"

"Thanks."

Gilleman led the way to the lounge, and began to talk "shop" to Molteno with the air of a man who had but little work to do but judged that little to be of supreme importance. Molteno listened in silence, a slight boredom expressed on his face. Gilleman, however, had much to talk about, and he was still talking as they sat down to dinner.

"And how did you like Lourenço Marques?" enquired Gilleman, as the dinner proceeded.

"Damned hot and damned dull," replied Molteno, shortly.

"Glad to get away, eh?"

"Very glad."

Conversation languished for a time, and then, lighting a cigarette with a studied carelessness, Gilleman said:

"Rather awkward you coming back so soon—to-night of all nights."

James Molteno stared enquiringly at him.

"And why?"

"Well—er—don't you know?"

"Know ! Know what?"

"About her—Teresa, I mean."

Molteno drew in his breath sharply. He waited in suspense, his hands clutching the chair so that his white knuckles stood out.

"I know nothing," he said, quietly. "What the devil do you mean?"

Gilleman was genuinely astonished. His eyes opened wide and his hand holding the cigarette poised itself in the air.

"You—haven't—heard?"

"I said I knew nothing."

"Phew!"

It was too much for James Molteno. He rose from his chair and looked down, a menacing angry figure upon the still astonished Gilleman.

"Look here! What the devil have you heard?"

Gilleman looked at him, and then answered sulkily.

"My dear Molteno, sit down. I have heard nothing except that which all Capetown knows. Teresa Rowlands is to marry that rich swine Levy, to-morrow, you know, the Jew who made his pile out of the maize pool. There's some suggestion that her father is rushing her into the marriage. Old Rowlands could do with a little money. Why. They're having a special celebration in old Rowlands' place to-night. Teresa and all the dancing crowd are to be there, and— Look here, Molteno, where are you going?"

But there was no reply. Gilleman sank back in his seat in pained surprise, staring at the door through which James Molteno had disappeared.

"Well, I'm damned," he said, and reached out for an orange.

V.

Molteno walked straight out of the hotel. A taxi-cab was crawling past. He hailed it.

"Rowlands' Dancing Academy," he said to the driver, and flung himself back into the darkness of the cab.

Impossible to disentangle his chaotic thoughts as he raced along to his destination. He had given way to a dominant impulse to possess Teresa at all costs. It was a mere primitive impulse, of which a few moments' logic would have shown the absurdity. But Molteno was beyond logic. The observer of life had now become the participator. Gone was his philosophy of detachment, gone his mask of cynicism, gone everything except a crying desire for Teresa.

He cursed and talked to himself like an idiot in the darkness of the lurching taxi. "Hopeless mess—hopeless—what a fool—and Teresa—" Such were the exclamations that he flung about in the darkness.

The taxi suddenly stopped with a jarring of brakes.

"Wait here—I shall need you," he called to the driver, and rushed quickly up the stairs.

Arrived at the top, he pulled himself together wtih an effort. What was he going to do? Ridiculous to think of fighting his way through a mob and carrying her off by force. What to do? What to do?

He stood there on the landing, a perplexed figure. A lazy waltz tune came floating down the passage and jarred his ears like the savage plucking of a string. Then, it suddenly ended, and with the end of the music came a loud burst of laughter, the clapping of many hands, the stamping of feet.

He writhed in the darkness, a man in torment. Slowly he made his way towards the curtained doorway. A man and a girl kissing furtively in the darkness smiled foolishly at him. He did not notice them, but inserted himself behind the curtain and looked into the dancing room.

The scene imprinted itself on his mind like the click of a camera. The room was crowded. There came to him with sudden nausea a wave of cheap scent, powder, perspiring flesh and stale cigarette smoke. The wave rushed at him, overwhelming, almost sickening. He saw Rowlands first.

The podgy man was bending over an equally podgy woman. They were both smirking at each other, and Rowlands' fat hand toyed against her powdered neck. She allowed her glance to drift shyly to the floor, and self consciously smoothed her frock over her knees. It was a picture of beatific bathos.

Then, from out the chattering crowd, stepped Teresa. Molteno drew in his breath sharply. Beautiful she looked to-night in a simple mauve-coloured frock, but—it was beauty in desperation. There was the look of the hunted in her eyes, the desperate fear of the cornered animal. And hunted she was, by a black oily moustache, a curved nose, and a pair of black, beady eyes. The "rich swine, Levy," followed her with a ponderous, self-satisfied, after-dinner air that swelled importantly beneath a theatrical silk shirt-front.

Teresa came from out the crowd with a quick nervous step, and her tired white face staring dully before her. Without turning, without looking at any one, she walked towards the curtained doorway where Molteno had hidden himself.

He waited. Her hand almost touched his face as she carelessly flung the curtain aside, and passed by. Still staring before her she walked into the passage. Slowly and quietly Molteno followed.

She stopped. In the darkness he could just see the glimmer of her frock. A deep silence seemed to enfold everything. For a moment he thought that this was some dim dream that a waking hour would disperse. There was something ethereal in her appearance in that passage of deep shadows.

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Then the sound of a sob came to him from out the darkness, the sob of a girl suddenly faced with tragedy. It moved him to instant action. He stepped forward, his arms enfolded her, and her white face and gleaming brown eyes were staring into his. He kissed her passionately and, as she allowed her tired head to droop on his shoulder he heard her whisper:

"I—I hoped you would come. I know now that I love you."

With a swift movement he had gathered her in his arms and was carrying her downstairs to the taxi. Her arms encircled his neck, and he was speaking to her in quick, passionate tones.

"—love and life. Impossible to avoid them—To live is to love and suffer—that is everything."

Gently he placed her in the taxi, and in a few seconds they were being driven rapidly away.

Then, out of the darkness came her whispering voice, a tremor of happiness in its tone that thrilled him. It was the voice of a girl who had found love.

"—And where are we going?" she asked, her eyes gleaming like pools swimming with moonlight.

"We are going to England—now," he said determindly.

"England!"

"—and Home."

James Molteno laughed. Life had defeated him, but he laughed.

. . . . . .

Three months later she died. "Phthisis," the doctor had murmured, and scrawled some incomprehensible medical jargon on a slip of paper and handed it to James Molteno.

He had watched the doctor depart, and then sat in the little room twisting the slip of paper between his fingers. A faint smell of rotting lilies came from the other room. How futile it had all been. He smiled sadly, went to the window and drew aside the curtain. Looking down into a courtyard, he saw a few geraniums in dirty brown pots struggling vainly to bring colour into the dingy surroundings.

A girl in a red frock was crossing the courtyard, and for a moment she raised her head. She saw him looking down from the window. A provocative smile came over her face.

"I wonder who she is?" said James Molteno, half aloud, and smiled down upon her in reply.

[THE END.]

Two exquisite Reville afternoon gowns for summer wear, just created by the famous English firm. On the left is a gown of pink mousseline-de-soie, trimmed lace embroidery. The gown on the right is of palest mauve mousseline-de-soie with satin scalloped flounces.

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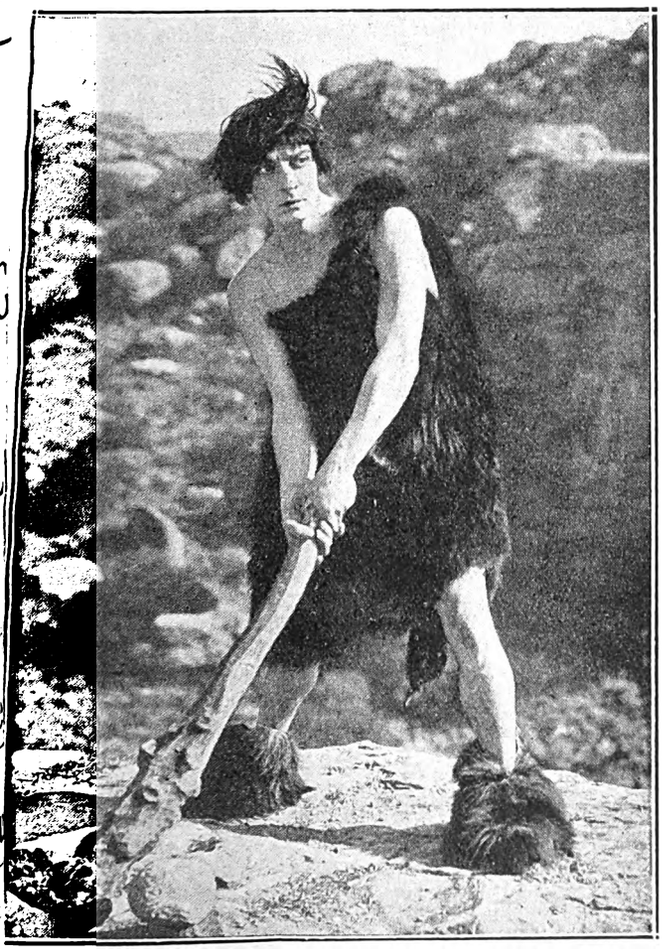
Mr. Phillip Levard, producer for the African Theatres.
Jane Plotz, photographer.



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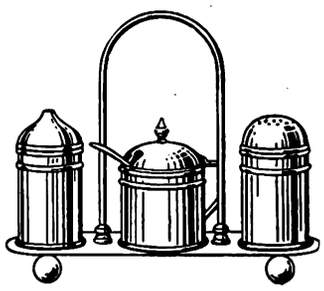

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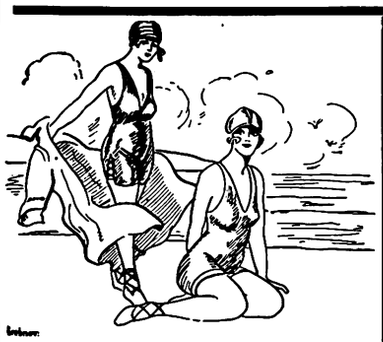

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Six Years on Wheels.

Motoring and Motors.

By "Wire Wheel."

Since 1919 vast strides have been made in the motoring world of South Africa, and the internal combustion engine has literally dug itself in durinf the period to date—dug itself into our civil and economic life to an extent hardly dreamed of six years ago.

The year 1919 saw commerce and civil occupation striving to regain its place after years of "frightfulness."

Owing to the necessities of the great war, England was in a bad way for producing motor vehicles, and other countries not so placed were in a position to commence production of motor vehicles to supply a demand which began to show itself towards the middle of the year. Steadily imports increased and the demand for cars and motor cycles began to get beyond the capacity of the importers. It was a common occurrence in late '19 and early '20 for the trader to have a lengthy "waiting list."

The demand reached the apex towards the end of 1920, when reaction set in, and owing to the demand exceeding the supply, many of the traders found themselves in 1921 overstocked, or rather, with more stocks in bond than they could get rid of.

During 1921, owing to expectation of reduced prices, buyers of motor vehicles dropped off very considerably. The slump came, and the industry passed through a "serious" time.

Still, there was no panic, and it is interesting to review how those of a young industry fought their battles for existence. I say "existence," because it required a brave heart and a pile of opitimism to stick to the business.

There came a reduction period and sales showed signs of revival, but it was only a temporary flash in the pan. Back again went the pendulum, and at the end of '21 things were as black as black could be.

New Year's Day, 1922, will be remembered by South Africa for many reasons. On that day a general strike was declared, which had an ill effect on the motor trade. Then in March came the revolution, and it was not until the end of the year that the motor industry felt safe to go ahead.

What the Transvaal experienced had a disastrous effect upon the whole of South Africa, added to poor farming prospects.

Steadily the trade crept back to stabilisation in 1923, and supplies became more regular. But a price-cutting war set in, and manufacturers made a bold bid to secure the South African market. Gradually prices dropped, whilst at the same time values in motor vehicles of every description increased. Consequently a demand was created, and South Africa at the end of 1923 had created a record by importing *and selling* over 10,000 motor vehicles.

Values in 1924 increased out of all recognition. The construction of motor vehicles showed vast improvement, and the efficiency and reliability of the internal combustion engine increased by leaps and bounds.

(Continued on page 51.)

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Motoring and Motors continued from page 49.

Hereabouts the British manufacturer began to make a bid for the South African market. But their competitors had got in—right up to the neck—and then began a bold policy of offering superlative value, value far in excess of anything ever dreamt of in 1914. Prices dropped, and scarcely a month passed but that some make or other had some tempting bait for the chary buyers.

The result was that 1924 finished up with the industry well established on its feet, the slump passed, forgotten, and confined to oblivion, and another record established, firmly placing the motor vehicle in the forefront in South Africa.

And what does it all mean ? It means that you and I of moderate means can enjoy the ownership of a car or motor cycle and not be looked upon as indulging in an article which was a few years back the luxury of the rich. That bogey has been killed long ago. To-day a motor vehicle, whether it be a car, motor cycle, farm tractor or commercial tractor, has become a vital necessity to the life of the average person in South Africa, and is no longer a luxury.

The Utility of the Motor.

During the past six years many competitions have been held, chiefly in the motor cycle classes. However, in regard to cars it is interesting to see how the economy m.p.g. has steadily mounted up.

In the Transvaal Automobile Club's T.A.C. Cup Competition for cars, the Chevrolet won with a consumption of 33.11 m.p.g., whilst the Potchefstroom (the last trial held 33.11 m.p.g., whilst the Potchefstroom Reliability Trial was won by the Durant Rugby with 48.59 m.p.g.

In 1922 the figure jumped to 42.55 m.p.g. in the Transvaal, and 46.00 m.p.g. in the Cape. In 1923 the Cape again returned increased mileage of 6.45 m.p.g. over the 1922 figure; this in turn was defeated by the figures in the T.A.C. Potchefstroom competition above referred to.

Records.

Since 1917 the record from Durban to Johannesburg for sidecars has never been bettered, and stands at 13 hours 40 mins., and was made by Messrs. H. Rosenthal and E. Reynolds.

In 1919 Percy Flook won the Durban-Johannesburg race in 12 hours 45 mins. 47 secs., repeating the performance again in 1923 in 10 hours 9 mins. 55 secs. This rider also gained second place in the memorable snowstorm race of 1920.

The Car Marathon Trial.

It was not until 1920 that competitions began to draw big fields. In that year much progress was made, and the Transvaal Automobile Club inaugurated a Marathon Car Trial to Durban, twenty-four cars competing, Mr. A. Williams winning the T.A.C. Marathon with a Buick car.

The " Schlesinger " Trophy was won by Dr. Bensusan out of an entry of five cars, whilst two entries were received for the Commercial Vehicle Trial over the same course, a Reo Speedwagon (1½ tons) by Messrs. D. H. Saker & Co., Ltd., and a G.M.C. Truck by Messrs. Connock's (S.A.), Motors, Ltd. The Reo ran at a speed of 18.25 m.p.h. and 14.95 m.p.g., at a cost of 3.91 pence per ton mile.

At that time petrol was based on the scale of 5s. per gallon, oil 12s. per gallon, and a man's time at 2s. 6d. per hour.

Chevrolet Record.

In this trial a Chevrolet was entered, gaining fourth award with a mileage of 40.3 miles to the gallon.

This car immediately turned in Durban and made a straight-through run of 15 hours 31 mins., a record at the time, and a very fine performance.

This set all eyes on the Durban road, and it was not to be wondered that others should make attempts to lower the Chevrolet's time.

The Snowstorm Derby.

Early in May, the Rand Motor Cycling Club held their annual Durban race. When the start was made it was raining heavily, and competitors were faced with a gruelling task. When the border was reached conditions had changed from rain to snow. Three riders pluckily stuck to their task, and F. A. R. Zurcher was first to reach Durban in the time of 23 hours 18 mins. 20 secs., with Percy Flook second, and the late Fletcher Owen thord. The last rider, eighth, was L. H. Impey, and his total time was 50 hours 42 mins. 10 secs. Never in the history of the country has such a competition been held under such atrocious conditions, and it speaks volumes for the pluck of the eight who finished, and the sturdy construction and reliability of the machines of those days.

In 1922 the air was full of rumours of attempts on record, and many notable names were on everyone's tongue: Paddy Adair, Dave Owen, H. P. Rose, Harry Rosenthal, Tommy Nichol, Loader, Young, etc. The late Bobby Blackburne won the Durban-Johannesburg race on a Harley-Davidson in 1921 in 10 hours 12 mins. 19 secs., and in 1922 Charlie Young won on a Triumph in 10 hours 1 min. 32 secs.

H. P. Rose's Record.

Early on the car record was attacked by Mr. H. P. Rose on the Hupp, and he succeeded in lowering the record to 14 hours 1 min. to Johannesburg. Previous to this, Dr. Vercuil had done the double journey, Pretoria to Durban and back, in 32½ hours. Tommy Nichol, on a motor cycle, also has covered the distance in 11 hours 32 mins.

Paddy Adair's Wonderful Time.

On September 9th, 1922, Mr. T. B. (Paddy) Adair set out from Durban on a 30/98 racing Vauxhall car, intent on beating both car and motor cycle records. This he succeeded in accomplishing, beating the Hupp record by 3 hours 8 mins. and the Indian solo record by 39 mins.

Nicholl regains the honours.

On the 26th October, Tommy Nicholl set out again to lower his time between the two towns, and succeeded in beating the Vauxhall record by 22 mins., making Johannesburg in 10 hours 31 mins., and Pretoria in 11 hours 25 mins.

Vauxhall does Pretoria under 11 hours.

A month later, Mr. Adair set out again to lower the time, and so well did he succeed that he covered the 420 miles to Johannesburg in 10 hours 11 mins., beating the solo motor cycle figure by 20 mins. Continuing on to Pretoria, the 455 miles were covered four minutes under 11 hours. In this record, Adair beat his previous time by 42 mins. to Johannesburg and 48 mins. to Pretoria.

Long Distance Driving.

Dr. Vercuil of Pretoria has to his credit the most meritorious drive of the year. Setting out from Capetown, this intrepid driver drove a Nash car from Capetown to Pretoria in 57 hours 24 mins. It was a wonderful performance, both of driver-stamina and car-reliability.

However, this record did not stand for long, although the doctor's personal record still stands—the Chevrolet was out for records.

Beating the Mail Train.

In June, a Chevrolet, driven by three relays of drivers, set out from Capetown and succeeded in reaching Pretoria in 42 hours 32 mins., time which beat the Nash's record by 14 hours 52 mins., and the S.A. Railways' mail train by 3 hours 48 mins. The Chevrolet drivers were: Capetown to Victoria West, H. Rosenthal; Victoria West to Kimberley, P. E. Hunt; and Kimberley to Pretoria, Dave Owen.

T.A.C. Efficiency Trials.

The Potchefstroom Trials, organised by the T.A.C. last year, were run off in June. Mr. H. G. E. Halberstadt, on a Buick Six, won the Motor Traders' Cup outright, and Mr. C. G. Saker's Talbot won the T.A.C. Cup, and Mr. H. Hunt's Chevrolet increasing the m.p.g. to 42.55 miles.

(To be continued.)

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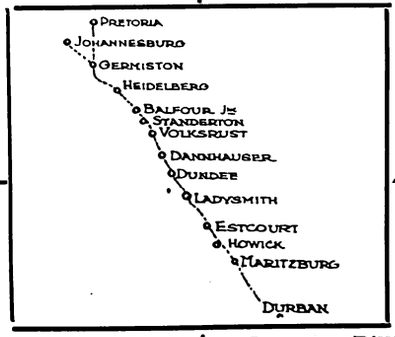

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Pioneer Motor Journey.

A well-known figure of the Antipodean motor world, Mr. Donald S. Fraser, of Perth, Western Australia, was a visitor to Johannesburg last week. Mr. Fraser, originally a journalist, has of recent years undertaken the production of several periodicals of particular interest to motorists, and he has just completed a pioneering motor run from Western Australia across the vast inland deserts of the great continent, completing his journey at Cairns, in North Queensland. The tremendous difficulties of such a journey are picturesquely described by Mr. Fraser. Naturally, there were very few fuel service stations *en route*, and our visitor's account of his preparations antecedent to commencing the journey would be exceedingly interesting to touring motorists visiting the great hinterland of Australia, or even South Africa. Mr. Fraser is on his way to England and America, and he hopes next year to undertake an even greater pioneering motor trip, circling the continent of Australia, following as closely as possible the coast line. Mr. Fraser, who used a Jewett car on his recent trip, spoke very appreciatively of Africa, and expressed a desire to one day motor from Cape to Cairo.

Amateurs at Vogelfontein.

"A Country Girl," ever a popular production among amateurs, was staged by the Boksburg and District Operatic Society, at the Palace Theatre, Vogelfontein, on February 5th, 6th, and 7th. The whole production was a great success, and Mr. E. Windridge, who produced the entertainment, deserved every compliment that was extended to him. Mr. P. L. Chapman played the part of the immortal Rajah of Bhong and Mr. P. B. Salmon was Geoffrey Challoner. Miss Edith Sherry was "Nan," and the other parts were taken by Messrs. G. Godwin, Len Nicholson, J. B. Robertson, J. Hoy, F. A. Allen, Wm. Turton and T. Carrick. Misses Rita Turton, Wingfred J. Doney, Mrs. G. Morgan, Misses Vera Steventon and Daphne Turton, Mrs. E. M. Miller, and Misses A. Budewitz and Edith Sherry.

Next Week's Calls.

WEEK COMMENCING MONDAY, FEBRUARY 16TH, 1925.

Tivoli, Capetown.—The Pall Malls, Gould & Gordon, Iris & Phyllis.
Empire, Johannesburg.—Donald & Carson, The Mariajanos, Florence Rex, Lily Lena, Mario de Pietro and Joan Revel, Beryl Beresford, Rosie Lloyd, Ed. La Vine.
His Majesty's, Johannesburg.—Iris Hoey and her London Company in "Clothes and The Woman."
Orpheum, Johannesburg.—Scott Sanders and Zena Zampa.
Grand, Pretoria.—Lola Krasavina and Jass & Jessie.
Criterion, Benoni.—Alice Lloyd, Madge Kennedy.
Rinko, Pietermaritzburg.—Frank Fay and the Little Lady from Dixie.
Criterion, Durban.—Marie Lawton, Fred Russell, Keeley & Aldous.
Grand, Port Elizabeth.—February, 17-21, Hetty King, Vesta Sisters.
Theatre Royal, Durban.—Leon M. Lion-Renee Kelly Company in "Chinese Puzzle," Mask and The Face," and "Outward Bound."
Opera House, Capetown.—Pantomine Company in "Cinderella."

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"CIRCUS DAYS," featuring Jackie Coogan.
Episode Ten, "THUNDERBOLT JACK."
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"DANGEROUS BUSINESS," featuring Constance Talmadge.
Also Larry Semon in "DULL CARE," and Third Episode of "THE SANTA FE TRAIL."

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Journalists From Maoriland.

The call to Africa reaches to many lands, and among the latest interesting arrivals who have responded to its enticing voice are Messrs. H. J. Constable and A. M. Williams, two of the best known journalists of New Zealand. They have left that particularly charming country and its equally charming people to join the staff of the *Rand Daily Mail*, thus to gain some insight into the conditions and problems of South Africa. The newspaper press of New Zealand ranks as high as any in the world from the point of view of being well informed as to current events, the high literary tone of the newspapers, and their general appearance and display. In that Dominion there are more newspapers in proportion to the population than in any other country, surely a comment on the progress of the people and their desire for full acquaintance with the rest of the world. Messrs. Constable and Williams should prove an acquisition to the ranks of journalists in this country.

MR. H. J. CONSTABLE.

Indeed, Mr. Constable is a widely-travelled author and journalist, and has visited all Dominions of the Empire, as well as a number of countries in the Old World. He has contributed to Empire literature, and has written some valuable history and text books dealing with New Zealand, and his name is to be found on the title page of a number of other important publications, including the first complete biography of the Prime Minister of New Zealand, the Hon. W. F. Massey, who, by the way, is the only Prime Minister of all the countries that were lined up in the Great War who continues to hold office. South Africa, and particularly the Transvaal, is likely to receive much notice at the pen of Mr. Constable, who has important literary commissions to carry out.

Mr. Williams is particularly well known in the sporting world of New Zealand, where his critical comment has attracted much attention and been highly regarded in the sporting realm. He has been identified with the visits to our sister Dominion of the Springbok Rugby footballers and athletes. Life can occasionally be somewhat exciting in New Zealand, and in the course of Mr. Williams' journalistic career there he has been called upon to undertake some hazardous assignments in relation to thermal activity and volcanic eruption. He is in every sense a "live" and capable journalist. Both visitors express their appreciation of the progressive spirit of Johannesburg as it may, perhaps, be gauged from the ornate nature of the public buildings and business establishments, and the strong evidences of the prosperity of the people of Africa's largest city. They have been agreeably surprised to find that much of the country resembles that in New Zealand, particularly on the run through the Garden State of Natal, and the land lying between Johannesburg and Pretoria. Of the Union buildings in the latter place, they speak enthusiastically, and exclaim in Biblical language, slightly altered to suit the case, "Beautiful is thy situation, O Pretoria."

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A Black Saturday.

No Racing.

By "Observer."

A Black Saturday.

The dispute between the Johannesburg Pony and Galloway Club and the Owners' and Trainers' Association has led to the cancellation of the race meeting arranged for this week-end. This is the first occasion that trouble of this sort has occurred between the two bodies mentioned, although certain of the other clubs have been in conflict with the O's and T's. It was generally understood, after the friction between the West Rand Club and the owners, that the various racing clubs would come to some mutual agreement whereby a united front would be shown to the enemy in the event of further attacks. Whatever was the reason, this combination of clubs got no further than talk; hence the Pony and Galloway Club is waging a lone war against the owners and trainers.

I understand the club in question is going exhaustively into the matter of overhead charges, and, as combating the suggestion of the other side, that substantial profits were made during the past year, the club claims a long sequence of losses. The balances sheet will clear the air, however, and enable the owners and trainers to locate the section of club control which may be termed top-heavy. I have held all along that, while it may be quite permissible, and even helpful, to criticise what is considered unnecessary expenditure on a club's upkeep, it is manifestly absurd on the part of the Owners' and Trainers' Association to base its claim for additional stakes on what *it* may consider unwise finance in administration charges—but that is exactly what the Association is doing to-day. The other side might assert, with equal justice, that the Association's upkeep should be curtailed advantageously, that it should get its own house in order before attacking others on the score of economy. Had less of the "stand and deliver" policy been adopted by the owners and trainers, and had they submitted a comparative table of running costs of the various clubs, showing where the P. and G. Club exceeded the expenditure of the others, I have no doubt that the result would have been satisfactory to the claimants at all future racing fixtures.

I wish to be scrupulously fair to the Owners' and Trainers' Association, and on one point they have an unassailable case. It is this: The stakes should be fixed at a reasonable proportion of the totalisator turnover at the previous meeting; or a stated amount, laid down by the Jockey Club, should be given at every meeting. Taking the former method as best suited to Rand conditions, it is perfectly clear that with totalisator receipts amounting approximately to £17,000 per day, the Pony and Galloway Club should be in a position to give stakes on the basis of £100 for every £1,000 handled at the machine, which, I believe, is considered by the other clubs to be a fair return to winning owners. On this basis it will be seen that the prize-money allotted by the Pony and Galloway Club for the February meeting should have been in the region of £1,700, instead of £1,275, which has been turned down by the owners and trainers.

The continual bickering between the clubs and the Association cannot be allowed to go on indefinitely without dragging the sport considerably lower, and, worse still, running the risk of the control of racing passing, to a certain extent any way, out of the hands of the clubs. This would, indeed, be a calamity, but with the limited knowledge of racing possessed by some members of the Provincial Council, they might deem themselves equal to settling disputes which even the clubs find difficult to handle. Therefore, I would urge upon the contending parties to come together as speedily as possible—the Pony and Galloway Club to curtail the overhead expenses, and thus swell the prize-money; and the Owners' and Trainers' Association to adopt less militant measures, and so make sure of retaining the sympathy of a large number of the racing public.

The "Capetown Handicap."

Readers of this page will remember that frequent reference was made to the disability which Capetown laboured under when compared with Johannesburg and Durban, as regards "big race meetings." Apparently the executive of the South African Turf Club have taken the matter to heart, for at a recent meeting it was decided to hold a gala season, with a race on the card which would equal Johannesburg's Summer Handicap and the "Durban July."

The fillip given to racing by this decision is most welcome. With three important meetings, spread over a reasonable period, owners will be encouraged to invest in better class animals, particularly if the Capetown authorities are wise enough to include a well-endowed weight-for-age race in their programme. I take it the gala season at the shank-end will be in November, which fits in admirably with the big meetings at Johannesburg and Durban.

(Continued on page 56.)

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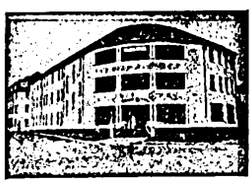

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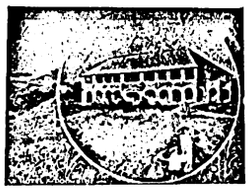

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Racing Notes continued from Page 55.

A Prosperous Club.

While the majority of the Wednesday clubs have a hard struggle for existence, the Rand Sporting Club goes on from strength to strength. Right from the initial meeting under the present management, this club was accepted by the mid-week race-going public as providing an afternoon's sport, on a near-by venue, and at little cost —just the conditions which appeal to our shopkeeping friends. As is invariably noticed among the lay fraternity as distinguished from the professional punters, the bulk of their investments finds its way to the totalisator, the result being a substantial turnover for the club, which means good stakes and no bother whatsoever.

At Germiston.

The despised Culmstock proved too good for his more generously supported opponents in the principal race of the day. Battle Cry, on recent form, looked to have an undeniable chance and was backed to favouritism. Perhaps the grey mare is not stout-hearted and the leeway was too great to make up, although she won at Benoni under similar conditions. Here, however, she curled up badly when pressure was applied, and finished in the ruck. The supporters of Culmstock on the tote collected a dividend at the rate of over 40 to 1.

In the Park Hill Handicap tops, the first three to finish were carrying only a few pounds over the minimum, the weight appearing to anchor the heavier assessed brigade. Ridden a vigorous race by young Nicol, Jacques overhauled the leaders at the close and won by a neck. The best finish of the day, however, was in the "C" sprint event. Sulby, an imported mare and confidently "expected," failed by a head to concede 32 lbs. to Nature's Beauty, who shaped badly when well backed at the Park the previous week. Kedgeree won the top-class sprint with something to spare, although the performance of Noble Polly was full of merit, seeing that Mr. Simpson's filly is now well up in the weights.

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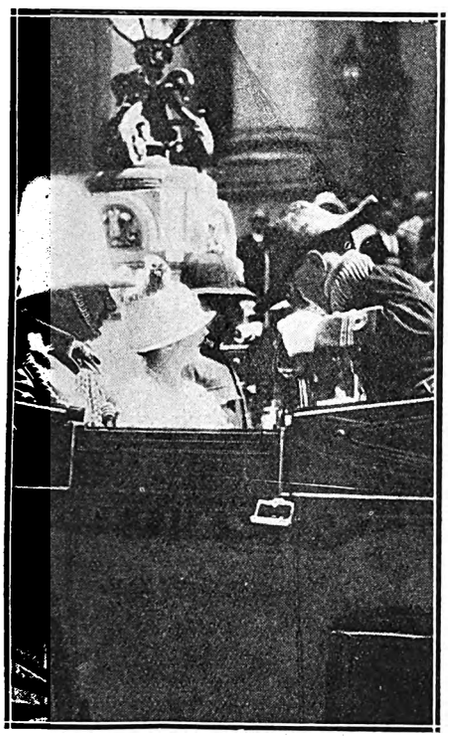
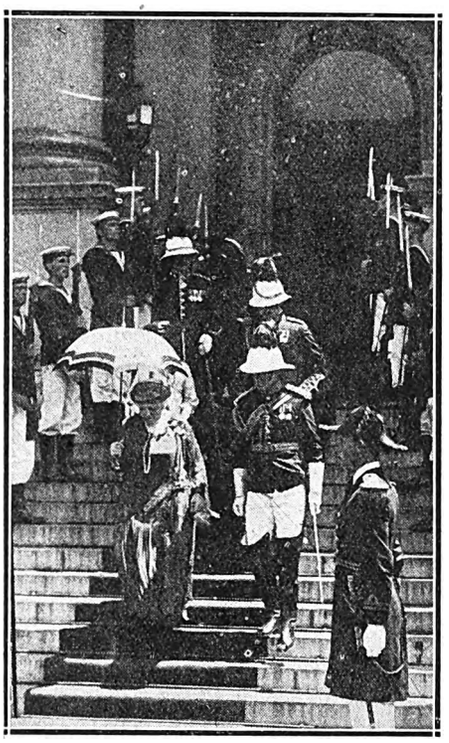
S.A. PICTORIAL.

"The Union's National Weekly."

VOL. XX. No. 499.] SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 21ST, 1925. (Registered at G.P.O. as a Newspaper.) PRICE 6D.

Parliament Opens.





(1) *Their Excellencies the Governor-General and Princess Alice arriving at the House of Parliament.* (2) *Her Royal Highness Princess Beatrice leaving after the ceremony.* (3) *The Gentleman of the Black Rod: Morris Green, Esquire.* (4) *Sir Pieter Stewart Bam arriving at the House.* (5) *Colonel Sir Percival Marling, Bart. and Lady Marling pause for a moment.* (6) *Sir Lionel Phillips arriving for the ceremony.*

Professor Dart: An Impression.

By G. A. K. Kachelhoffer.

The man who pictures a professor as a skull-capped greybeard would receive a very agreeable shock on meeting Dr. Raymond Dart, the Rand professor who became world-famous by discovering the skull of the "missing link" at Taungs.

For Professor Dart is only thirty-two and of our own barbarous colonial kind. He was born in Australia, and, to outward observation, is the same as any other well-bred Australian, save that his language does not bristle so much with the scintillant adjective, and that only a very minute proportion of his voice reaches the world through the nasal channel.

Over the tea-cups on the broad stoep of his house yesterday afternoon, Dr. Dart told me something of his career.

"My first hours," he said, "were rather stormy, because I was born at Brisbane, when the great flood of 1893, which nearly swept the whole of the city away, was at its height. At a later date I learnt that the flood, among other things, had shifted a battleship from the river into the Botanical Gardens of Brisbane."

Receiving his early education at Toowong and Indooroopilly, two suburbs of Brisbane, he went to the Ipswich Grammar School, and then took a science course at the Queensland University.

In 1917, just after he had taken a medical degree at the Sydney University, Professor Dart crossed over to France to take a hand in certain gun-play proceeding there at the time.

When the shooting-gallery was adjourned, he became senior demonstrator in anatomy under Professor Elliot Grafton Smith at the University College, London. Professor Smith is world-famous for his work in anthropology, neurology and ethnology, and under him Professor Dart carried out anatomical researches for two and a half years, with a break of a year spent in America.

On the advice of Professor Smith, who has great faith in South Africa, Dr. Dart accepted the chair of anatomy in the Witwatersrand University about three years ago.

"It was lack of cash more than anything else that turned my mind to anthropology," Professor Dart told me yesterday with a reminiscent smile. "When I came here my idea was to carry out research in neurology and embryology, but both are expensive studies, requiring technical assistants and costly apparatus. But as South Africa offers such an unrivalled field for anthropological research, which is also less expensive, I speedily became

Professor Dart and his "Missing Link."
Photograph by T. Brittain.

The Taungs find being compared with other skulls.
Photograph by T. Brittain.

interested in it, and started lecturing my students on the subject. The students also became interested, and one of them finally brought me a fossilised monkey skull, which led directly to the discovery of our friend Australopithecus Africanus at Taungs."

"Isn't it rather unhygienic to strain the world's vocal chords with a name of such unholy length?" I asked.

Professor Dart's face assumed an air of mock perplexity. "It's a problem, I admit," he said. "But I must give him a Latin name. I can't call the little beggar 'Weenie Willie' or 'Prehistoric Piet,' can I?"

"That's what South Africa will call him, anyway. Where's he now?"

"Oh, grinning cheerfully from a shelf in my lab.," replied the Professor. "People have offered me their safes, but I haven't much fear of ever finding my missing link missing from the shelf."

The conversation turned to the money-value of the battered little skull.

"That's a nice problem for the mathematical faculty," said Professor Dart. "A litle while ago an American expedition found several dozen fossilised Dinosaur eggs in Asia It was thought such a great find that, though there were several dozen eggs, and most of them were cracked, the minimum value of each egg was fixed at £500. Now marshal your equations and find the value of 'Weenie Willie,' the first missing link discovered."

Professor Dart intends to pursue his anthropological researches still further, but as he has to finance everything himself, his scope is rather restricted.

In further conversation, Professor Dart drew attention to the manner in which anthropological research is neglected in South Africa.

No country in the world is so rich in the relics of primitive man as South Africa, yet its chief city, Johannesburg, has no museum in which the Taungs skull can be stored. Durban has a wonderful exhibit of primitive men, and places such as Pretoria and Bloemfontein have their own museums, but the Rand is museumless.

When the ten lions were recently poisoned at the Zoo, they had to be buried, because there were no facilities here for preserving them as exhibits. Any English museum would have been glad of the chance.

South Africa is literally strewn with primitive implements, the workmanship of which is higher than that of any other relics in the world. Yet there is not a decent exhibit of primitive implements in the country, outside Capetown, and even the latter is not as good as it could be.

The truth of the matter seems to be that South Africans do not appreciate the scientific wealth that lies about them. It is only when a discovery like that of the Taungs skull comes along that they wake up for a short while. We allow our treasures to be taken away to enrich the museums of other lands. The American Museum of Natural Hsitory has a splendid fossil collection of the reptiles that were the ancestors of the mammals. The collection came from South Africa. The museum at South Kensington has the Broken Hill skull and many other priceless relics. They also came from South Africa.

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My Missing Link.

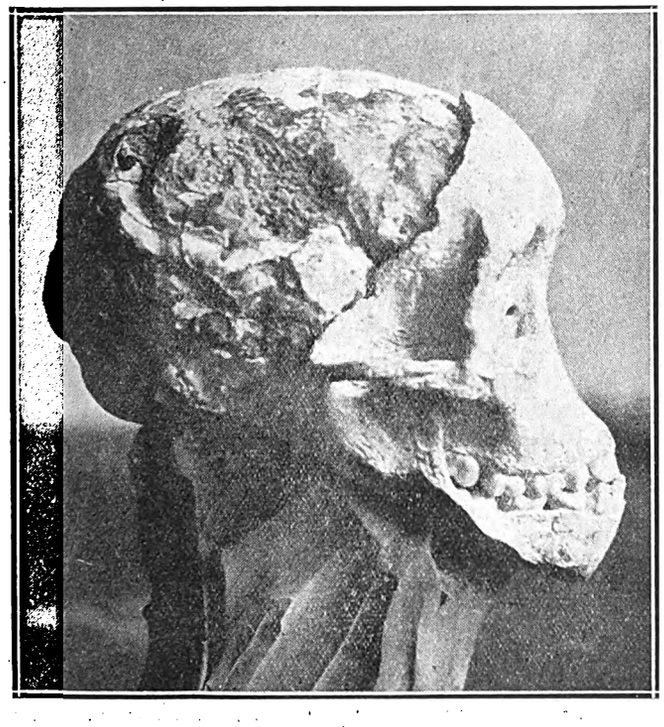
By Dr. Raymond Dart, Professor of Anatomy, Witwatersrand University.

Since the appearance of Darwin's classical publications upon the subject of man's ancestry, the attention of a vast body of scientists has been turned towards the elucidation of the past history of mankind. By the study of the living human races, their customs and their varied modes of life, by the unearthing of the buried civilisations of Mesopotamia, Egypt, Crete, Athens, Rome and other centres of ancient culture, and more especially by the study of the fossil records of the rocks, an insight has been gained into human history and pre-history such as has not been available hitherto to the sons of men.

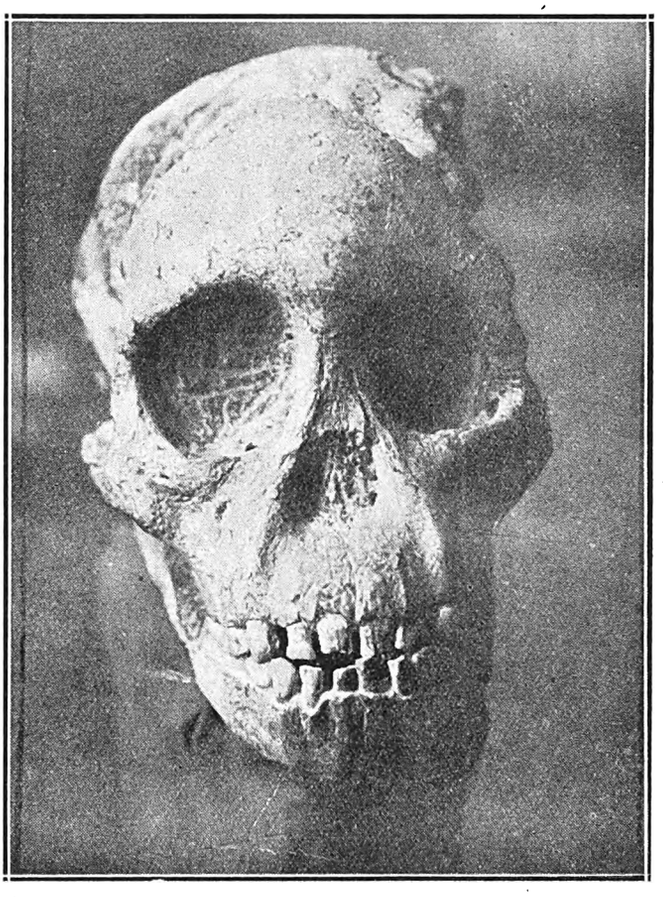
It is to this last type of record that the Taungs skull belongs. Embedded in the limestone rock at a vertical depth of fifty feet and two hundred feet or more inwards from the original face of the lime cliff at the Nolan Lime-works, Buxton, now being operated by the Northern Lime Company, it was blasted out in November, 1924. Numerous fossil remains of monkeys have been discovered at this limeworks, but none of them quite so fascinating as this one because it represented the skull of a creature which was neither a human being nor an ape, but a creature intermediate in its characters between these two.

We know that the skull is that of a little child, for the apes, like mankind, have two sets of teeth during their life. In mankind the first permanent tooth (*i.e.*, the first tooth of the second set) appears during the sixth year of childhood, and it was at this tender age that the little man-like ape of South Africa (*Australopithecus Africanus*, as he has been called) lost his life and became buried under the sand and lime of the cave shelter at Taungs. We do not know precisely how long ago that was but it must have been a considerable time; perhaps hundreds of thousands of years passed by before the dynamite exposed the scene of this childhood tragedy.

What we feel that we know from the study of this little one's head is that, in that dim and distant past, before man had as yet appeared on the earth, South Africa was peopled by races of beings who were vastly superior in intelligence to modern chimpanzees and gorillas, which are restricted to a tropical life amongst the trees. These superior beings were more erect—that is, they relied more upon their feet for walking—than modern apes, and were more adept in the use of their hands. They were superior apes who had acclimatised themselves to a life in temperate and sunny South Africa and who were not afraid to contest life with the fierce animal inhabitants of this country. All the living anthropoid apes, on the other hand, are confined to the shelter of the tropical forests and are incapable of an unprotected existence outside of them.



The Taungs Skull, side view.
Photograph by T. Brittain.



The Taungs Skull, front view.
Photograph by T. Brittain.

As can be seen by examining the photographs which accompany this article, the form of the whole face of the fossil is remarkably human, and this likeness to a human skull is borne out in numberless technical details of the architecture of the forehead, eye sockets, nose cavity, jaws and teeth. Despite all these human characters the size and nature of the brain brand it is a creature which was still an ape, although it was more highly developed in all its characters of skull and brain than any living ape is.

Many fossil forms of mankind have been discovered within recent years, such as Cro-magnon man, Neanderthal man, Piltdown man, Heidelberg man, Rhodesian man, and the Java ape-man, and some of these races of mankind are very primitive (*i.e.*, very ape-like indeed. Piltdown man is so primitive that he has been called the "dawn man," but Heidelberg man and Rhodesian man are each of them as primitive or more primitive than Piltdown man in their own way. Of all the forms of man hitherto discovered, undoubtedly the most primitive is the Java ape-man *Pithecanthropus*. When he was discovered in 1893 by Eugene Dubois, a Dutch surgeon, there was a great excitement everywhere because it was believed that the true link between man and the apes had been recovered. There is no doubt that *Pithecanthropus* is a most valuable and interesting link between modern mankind and the primitive ape-stock, but we have known for a long time now that he is a link on the human side of the chain—that although ape-like he is nevertheless a human being.

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The great quest of modern times therefore has been to find somewhere a representative of that phase in human evolution midway between the most primitive human being type known (such as *Pithecanthropus*) and the most advanced ape type known (for example, the Gorilla). It is such a family of intermediate beings that *Australopithecus Africanus* represents and because the family to which it belongs is intermediate between the Hominidae (or races of men) and the Simiadae (or races of apes) we have called them Homo-simiadae (or man-like apes).

One of the most interesting facts to the palaeontologist about the discovery of a member of this transitional group between the ape and human stocks is that this member has been discovered at such a remote southern point in Africa. It was suggested originally, by Darwin, that Africa might prove to be the cradle of mankind and it has long been realised by anthropologists that there must have been an important, plains-living transitional stage between the semi-quadrapedal ancestral arboreal stock, which lived in the tropical forests, and the almost erect primitive human stock that ranged from the equator to the Arctic or the Antarctic indifferently. But curiously enough, the search for this intermediate stock has narrowed itself down mainly to the tropics or sub-tropics and more particularly those of Asia, which has held most of the popular favour as the ancestral home since the discovery of *Pithecanthropus* in Java. It has, therefore, come as a surprise to a great number of scientists, that neglected and remote Southern Africa, and apparently the most unpromising part of South Africa (the eastern fringe of the Kalahari desert) at that, should come to deliver up so significant a document of human pre-history. In view of the fact that this, the most primitive of the intermediate stock has been found in South Africa, and that Southern Africa has provided in Rhodesian man and in Boskop man two species of very primitive mankind, it takes little imagination to appreciate the fact that Africa, in her caves and rocks of the South, contains a more or less complete record of mankind from his earliest past—a record which, in its sublimity and grandeur, far transcends the glorious story of her buried civilisations of the North.

Miss Lucy Sibley.

I met Miss Sibley in Pritchard Street, the rain was pouring down (such is sunny South Africa) but she was not taking the slightest notice of it as she carefully retrieved a horse shoe from the ground and carried it triumphantly back to the hotel.

The aristocratic landlady of Robina Fleming's lodgings owned immediately to being very superstitious.

"The luck was turned towards me," she explained, "so, of course, I had to pick the horseshoe up. Mascots? Yes, I have one that my mother gave me, an agate pendant."

Miss Sibley is in private life Mrs. Edgar Smart, her late husband being the son of Henry Smart, the organist to Queen Victoria, at the Chapel Royal at St. James. He was a very fine actor.

"Sport," said Miss Sibley, in answer to my query, "I am afraid a stage life does not leave one much time, but I am very interested in things theatrical. I have been on the Council of the Actors' Association for 15 years, and have just heard that they have re-elected me. I am a member of the Actors' Church Union, the Royal General Theatrical Fund, the League of Freedom and Reform, this against Prohibition," with a smile, "I belong to the Actors' Club, and I am a keen member of the Actresses' Suffrage League. All this gives me plenty to do. I made my first appearance in the old Princess' Theatre in Shakespearian plays. I have done five seasons at Drury Lane with an all-star cast. I played there in the "Sins of Society," and went over to America to play my part there, that of an English Duchess. I was the only woman engaged to go, and we had splendid seasons in Chicago and New York. Then I went back to the revival at the 'Lane'."

Miss Sibley has, at some time or other, played before every member of the royal family and very many foreign royalties. It is difficult to give, in a small space, any idea of the numbers of parts she has created and played. One can only take a few of them, such as the part of Mrs. Grundy in "My Ladye Fair"; with Robert Courtneidge, at the Strand Theatre with "The Chaperone"; in "Scandal," her favourite part that of "Aunt Honoria." This Miss Sibley played under five different managements, and it is this play that Miss Hoey intends putting on in South Africa. Then one must mention the part of "Mrs. Clevedon Banks" in "Outward Bound," a part Miss Damer is taking now with Mr. Leon Lion, and with Miss Hoey in "Jill, the Giant Killer." Miss Sibley has played lead in every line of part ranging from farcical comedy to strong melodrama and has played under every well known manager.

"Character acting?" she said, "I consider every part should be character acting, and I certainly consider Miss Iris Hoey one of the finest character actresses you can find anywhere. Those of you who have seen her in only the one play will realise that. As for myself, as soon as I am dressed for the part, I become it. I just try to hypnotise myself into thinking I am the person, and there you are, very simple. Character acting is a thing every leading lady should take up once her days for playing the pretty pretty parts are over, and it is very interesting work. In playing you must submerge your own personality. I was doing "Grand Guignol" with Jose Levy; first I was a superannuated flapper and then an alderman's wife from Lancashire. It was great fun."

Miss Sibley was born in the Isle of Wight, her father having been in Ryde for more than 50 years and her mother coming of Hampshire stock. They own as their proudest possession a genealogical tree that dates back to Canute.

C.R.

Lady Wallers who has returned to Johannesburg from England.

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Eisteddfod Test Rulings.

Musical Notes.

By C.A.O.D.

In connection with the forthcoming Eisteddfod competitions, the Committee has received several queries on various musical points, and among them may be mentioned the following:—"Whether the winning competitor in the Dramatic Soprano of last year can compete in the Soprano solo this year?" The Committee advises that on this point, it was decided last year to make the experiment of subdividing the Soprano and Tenor competitions. The experiment did not prove successful, however, and it was since decided to revert to one straight competition for each class mentioned. This amounts to a ruling that the winner in either the light or dramatic soprano solo, or in the tenor solo, last year, is not eligible to compete in the soprano or tenor solo sections in the National Eisteddfod this year. On examining the question, it seems that the Musical Committee had no alternative, for the reverse decision might easily mean the admission of last year's winners to the other section of the same class. But since only one straight test will be provided for this year, the decision must stand as the only just manner of dealing with the point.

Another question that has arisen is that concerning the key of the Bass Solo. It is given in the syllabus as in E, but it has been pointed out that for a pure basso the key is somewhat high. The Committee decided that, despite this consideration, it sees no ground for departure from the key of E. Here the reasons for the ruling seem to be somewhat obscure, for it has been suggested that the song be accepted when sung in a lower key, making it thereby more characteristically basso than it now is. I do not see how the competition can be affected by allowing the bass singers to sing in a lower key, say E flat or D. The case is different had the request been for permission to use a higher key. Anyway, competitors will have to sing in E, and the low bass voices must make the required effort.

The Brahms Trio.

Writing on the subject of the Trio Test Solo for the Eisteddfod, one correspondent queries the information contained in the syllabus that the whole work will be required. He points out that the Trio is long and difficult, and doubts whether the adjudicators will have time to hear the various combinations play right through the several movements. The point was bound to come up for decision, and this is that the whole work must be prepared. The Committee states that it realised the length of the test piece, but add that it was felt that in Johannesburg and in other parts of South Africa there is amateur talent capable of mastering the whole of it in the time available. Also, it was thought that competitors might easily give false interpretations to detached passages were it decided to select either one or two movements. The decision, therefore, is that in order to get over the proper atmosphere the whole composition must be prepared, although it is advised that adjudicators will select movements to be played at the competitions.

The National Orchestra.

The much discussed question of a National Orchestra, which has recently been brought up again on the Rand, does not seem to appeal to Durban folk. One writer at the Natal port says: "The controversy in Durban on the musical position has given rise once more to the campaign in certain newspapers for a National Orchestra. Any scheme of the kind must include Durban, and the chances of acceptance here are probably less to-day than ever they were. The idea does not seen attractive on paper, and it may be taken for granted that if it came to the working out there would be many difficulties that cannot be anticipated at the moment. The one objection that is outstandingly obvious is that there would be divided control, which adumbrates disagreement and dissatisfaction, before such a combination had a fair chance of proving itself. If in a music-loving country like Australia, a State Orchestra could not be made to justify its burden on the Exchequer, it is the earth to an orange that a National Orchestra in South Africa would be a perpetual source of inter-provincial trouble from the time it was inaugurated, while the Government, which proverbially has little or no artistic sympathy, would quickly impose such restrictions in connection with any subsidy as would make the whole scheme inoperative. I do not think there is a single individual in Durban who would seriously support the National Orchestra idea as a way out of the difficulties at present facing the town. Indeed, those who would be inclined to favour an orchestra in certain circumstances, have been quite converted to the opinion that the most serviceable band for all-round use in a town with a climate like that of Durban, is one of the military type, which can be adapted, with the addition of a few strings, for inside work."

The writer seems to me to be needlessly pessimistic. The National Orchestra proposal has not so far been based on the strength of any Government subsidy, and therefore the objection to State control does not enter into the position. Admittedly Durban's climate is a severe handicap to its musical progress as far as orchestral music is concerned, but there are other centres which are desirous of seeing the inauguration of some scheme by which high-class performances will be ensured for as wide and as big a public as possible. If Durban does not need the influence of fine music, such as only an orchestra can give, it does not necessarily set the musical standard for the whole country.

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This delightful, select and altogether restful resort is situated at the mouth of the Karridene River, 23 miles from Durban by rail, and within 70 minutes by car.

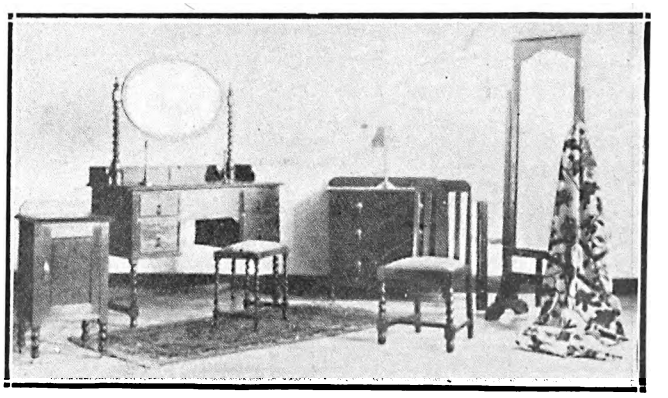
It occupies a unique position, almost abutting the Ocean Front in such a manner as strongly to suggest to the visitor when promenading the fine and extensive balconies the pleasant hours spent aboard a well-appointed steamship.

The Karridene Hotel is an extensive Brick Building, equipped with the most modern conveniences: Hot and Cold Baths, Electric Light, Bells to each of the forty-five Bedrooms, Dance Hall, Billiard Room, Lounges, Open-air Gardens, etc.

The grounds, 35 acres in extent, take the form of a lovely natural park, and lend themselves to all the usual outdoor amusements: Tennis, Croquet, Shooting, etc.

Boating here is excellent, and the resort is specially noted for fishing and safe surf bathing.

A Golf Course is in course of construction, and guests may be fully assured of every comfort, attention and amusement being provided for them.



A bedroom suite at Messrs. Geen and Richards, Johannesburg.

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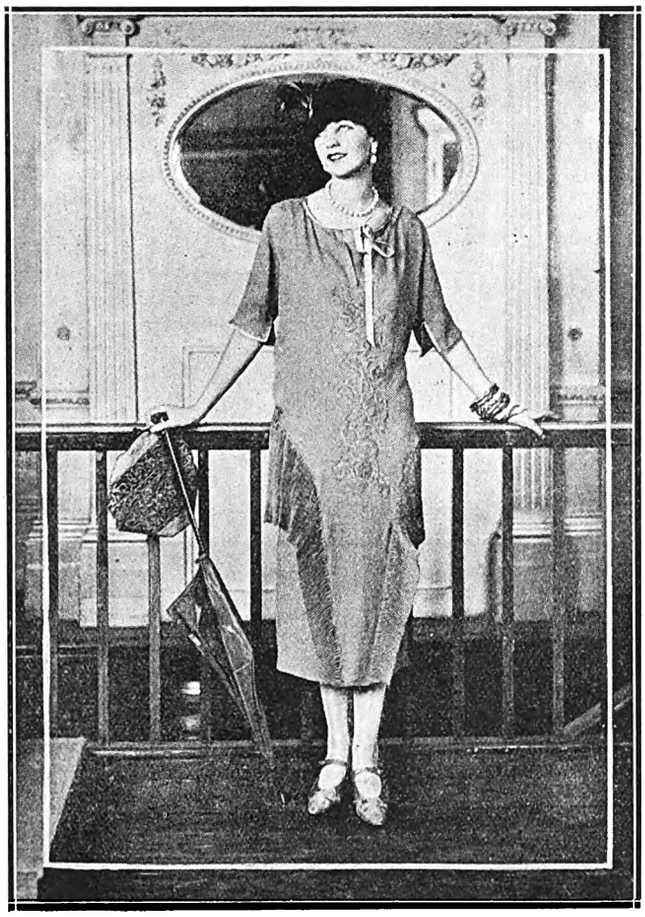
New Reville Autumn Frocks.

A creation in deep turquoise blue striped with beige, made to demonstrate the beauties of Lancashire artificial silk fabric finished by the new "Clay" Process.

Two frocks designed by Mr. Reville a few weeks ago. They should appeal to those buying frocks for the early Autumn.



A Reville creation of cinnamon colour in Lancashire artificial silk.

An evening cloak, trimmed with ostrich feather collar.

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Our London Letter.

By Pamela Travers.

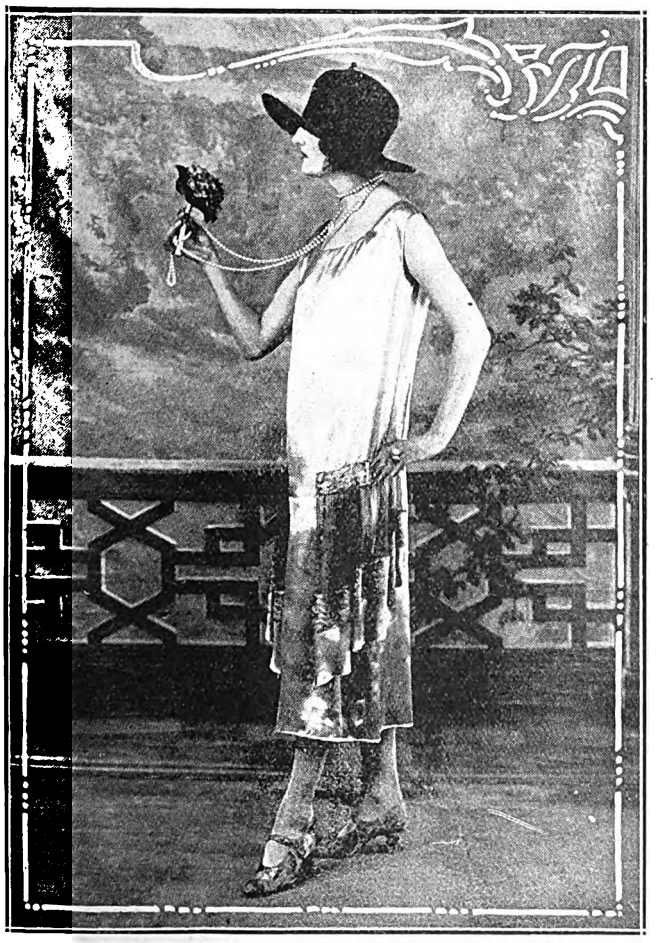
Since I last wrote to you we have had another fog (I begin to suspect that we will now have one a week for ever an' d' ever) several new stories of missing damsels have come to light and set the papers gleefully bringing out double sensation numbers, and now it is raining—not cats and dogs, that would be interesting—but just rain. Ugh, what a climate.

Of course, the great event of the week—in the society world at least, has been the wedding of one of our English roses, Miss Shelagh Brunner, with a prince from one of those little countries somewhere on the borders of Austria which always seem to be forgotten by the people who compile maps. Look for them as you will, you can never find them, and you only know they exist when one of their princes trips over to England and carries off one of our heiresses.

There has probably never been a bride with so magnificent and so varied a trousseau—nor one who cares so little about it as this bride. The papers for weeks have been full of it.

There was so much gold in the Brompton Oratory yesterday at the wedding that it seemed to be deputising for the sunshine against the murk and rain outside. The eight bridesmaids, one of whom was so late that she could not take her place down the aisle and had to watch sadly from the doorway looked like ladies about to view the Arthurian tourney, covered in sparkling gold from the crown of their golden net head-dresses to their skirts sweeping the floor, and relieved here and there with touches of crimson velvet and studded with pearls and rubies. Whew, the jools! The great crowd outside got but a fleeting glimpse of the best man Count Erdody, whose splendid mediavel costume of the Austrian nth Hussars made him look the perfect Lancelot. Then the bride arrived swathed in her gold lace wedding gown with her golden prayer-book and leaved coronet which instantly set a more picturesque and romantic seal on the ensemble. The bridegroom, since I have as yet left you in darkness as to his name, is Prince Ferdinand of Lichtenstein, and he looked about as radiant as most bridegrooms do. Claridge's was packed at the reception, and the prince in halting English stumbled through a little speech in praise of his extraordinary luck. The fact that the bride was seen chasing the bridegroom round a table and that he was seen tipping up her chair, has caused the papers to come out in a rash of approval and declare it a love match.

A Reville dress, based on a Spanish design, in green and a Spanish Shawl of black, trimmed with red and yellow.



A charming Summer Afternoon Frock of pink mousseline de soie and satin beaute, created by Mr. Reville of Hanover Square, London.

Dear, dear, we have been immersed in Royalty lately. For three weeks the king and queen of Norway have been staying with our royal pair, the men shooting and the women (probably) discussing hats and the dreadful state of society nowadays. Prince Olav, their son, is a student at Oxford, and just like any other student that has ever been or will be.

The old English song which goes

"London Bridge is broken down
(Ride over, my Lady Leigh!)"

will soon have to be changed, methinks, to

"St. Paul's Tower is breaking down
(Weep softly, my deacons dear!)"

because, you know, it has been discovered that the pillars which hold up the dome are gradually wearing away and London is getting very worried about it. There is no place in London from which St. Paul's cannot be seen, unless of course, you happen to be travelling by tube. St. Paul's is the most beloved landmark of tradition which the English people have. To wreck St. Paul's would be, I think, to wreck England. It now appears that the Dean and Chapter of the Cathedral were warned in 1913 that the Dome was no longer safe, but they considered the architect unnecessarily alarming and nothing was done. So, now, behold armies of

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JACKSON'S ANTISEPTIC WAX POLISH
IT CLEANSES, IT POLISHES, IT DISINFECTS
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warrior-like workmen, bricklayers and stone masons and the like journeying each day to the Cathedral. I expect the shade of Christopher Wren hovers anxiously above them, instructing them wordlessly the right way to do things—at least, as he sees it.

Last week I told you about the vogue which crossword puzzles are having. My dears, the rage increases. A prominent revue artiste was seen the other day in Hyde Park wearing a white jumper worked in red wool with the latest crossword tangle, and a certain shoe shop is manu facturing by the hundred boots and shoes which bear upon their toe-caps small intricate varieties of the same craze. Checked boots. Can you imagine it?

The other novel idea I have to impart to you comes from America. There it is the custom at weddings to have the ring (which does all the mischief, la, la!) borne at the head of the bridal procession to the altar by a small and darling wench of—say three or four, clad in white satin and bearing in her hands a white satin cushion upon which the fatal ring sits and looks miserably self conscious. Try it, you presumptive brides.

After the Duke and Duchess of York return to England by the Nile route, breaking their journey at Khartum, where they will be the guests of Sir Geoffrey and Lady Archer, we will begin to think about the Prince of Wales and his South African tour. His suite for the trip has already been chosen, and Vice-Admiral Sir Lionel Halsey heads the list, as he did on the recent royal trip to Australia. I am told by a Cape Town correspondent that there is a movement afoot in Zululand to present the Prince of Wales with a farm in that territory. He will soon be a very wealthy young man, especially if they give him a wattle shadowed hut in Australia to complete the ring of residences in Canada and Africa.

Many things have happened since I wrote that last bit.

It is about to snow!

So, at least, I am informed by my spacious maid-servant, who had it, presumably, from the milkman. At any rate, it is cold enough to freeze an esquimaux. Name of a name, what cold! Put but your little finger through the slit which is reserved for letters in the middle of the front door, and behold it is drawn back scintillating with more-than-arctic frostiness. As for your nose—well, do not let it venture even so far as your finger or I shall not be responsible for its continued well-being. As a matter of fact, I am in two minds whether or not to start a new fashion for the Complete Care of the Proboscis in Winter. I would suggest that a small egg-cosy, knitted in neat but not gaudy wools, should be worn upon the nose, and attached by gay woollen cables to either ear. I think this would, with discreet advertisement, soon catch on. More expensive styles could be lined with silk, while duchesses and wives of bacon kings would be able to indulge in ultra-luxurious nose-bags, lined with skunk or ermine. One might even go further and have one to match every dress—or special varieties for different professions. Thus—a stock-broker might have a blue cosy, worked in red, with the letters L.S.D.; a parson could buy solemn black ones—the quintessence of clerical modesty; heather mixture for Scots-men, plain white for young girls; theatrical magnates might have nose-bags made in the shape and colour of a large fat cigar; Bolshevists and people who fervently refuse to sign the pledge, bright red bags, while members of the Royal family might be suited with purple ones, embroidered with gold lions. It is merely a suggestion. I offer it for your consideration.

Since I last wrote to you, we have had three fogs, and there are several new stories of missing damsels. On an average, there are three missing ladies a week. We have got used to it now. Sometimes they are discovered in three or four pieces under chicken coops, sometimes they are found in the Thames by fishermen who think they must have caught an extra large herring, sometimes they are not heard of any more at all, and then the daily papers have to think out other bits of scoop news. It is all very sad—this disappearance of young girls. One feels that there is a malign unseen power gradually demolishing all the surplus women of England. I shall go about in future with my address stitched firmly inside my hat.

Last night I was drawn to a miniature League of Nations at Kensington. The hall was arranged in an exact copy of the Geneva affair. Flags bearing the names of countries directed the pseudo-delegates to their seats. My pink ticket told me that I represented Albania. Albania—forsooth! What was Albania? Why didn't they give me Africa or Australia—I could even have stood Russia—but Albania! However, I did my best to look like an Albino—I think that is the correct word—and listened to the mock debate carried out on Geneva lines. All the speakers were English, but each speaker represented and pleaded for a foreign power. All sorts and conditions of countries pricked up their little white flags like the ears of a surprised puppy—countries I had never head of. I don't believe they exist. just put there for swank so that somebody could play at being a real live delegate for them. Whoever heard of Estgonia, for instance? I know Costa-Rica is on the map. but is Uruguay? I doubt it. I shall look and see, and woe betide the compiler of atlasses if I find them not!

The question of housing in England is becoming so very dreadful that a scheme has been promulgated, by which houses are built of steel, so that they can be built quickly—almost as quickly as the house of Wendy in "Peter Pan" It has also been suggested that furniture of steel should be manufactured for tropical climates to secure it from the devastations of white ants. I would offer the suggestion to South Africa but that I fear me steel chairs would be comfortless things, and as for a lounge fashioned of steel—well, I think it would be the height of unhappiness sleeping on it. Yes? No?

I have just been to the window and find that, after all it has not snowed. I shall never, never trust the prognostications of the milkman again.

A bientot, mes petite choux!

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(LONDON MADE.) (ESTAB. 1769.)
HYPATHIA BATH TABLETS 11/6 dozen. Creamy Shaving Sticks, 1/- each, 11/- dozen. Morning Glory Shampoo Powders, 5/- dozen.
HOTEL TABLETS, 1 oz., 20/- gross; 1¾ oz., 32/- gross.
BAR SOAPS, Beeswax, Pale, 50lb., 32/- case. Pale Yellow, 50lbs., 23/6 case.
TABLET SOAPS, Delightful, 65/- case.
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Beryl Beresford.

We had sat through act after act in the large theatre. In between the red, white and blue lights on boxes and circle flash out, and the world and his wife turn to their friends and discuss matters with the close analysis of Johannesburgers.

The curtain goes up, the lights are still on, there is a tall man standing by the grand piano, he addresses the audience when down the centre isle came one of the quaintest little figures I have ever seen. A round face, red nosed in the best comedian manner, a sailor hat like those worn by children, perched on top of a head or rather mop of hair tied with red ribbon, a shapeless refer coat that might belong to man or woman, an infectious laugh, a large battered bag . . . . Beryl Beresford had arrived! She came to us, dare we own it, practically unknown but she conquored us, most difficult of people, the first night at the Empire. It might be man or woman this impersonal bundle of clothes were it not for the voice, and Beryl has a really beautiful singing voice did she but sing straight stuff.

I sat in the hotel lounge with a little woman, a little woman in white silk with a large Haiwaian hat and the dinkiest of parasols, brown hair cut in the Ina Claire bob, a deep fringe, of course, and the most appealing brown eyes I have ever seen. Thus Beryl Beresford, off the stage.

We talked off everything except herself and everytime we got near to the subject she told me yet another of her experiences, but nothing of the success she has won. But I managed to glean a few facts from her husband, "the tall thin man." Miss Beresford started acting for the girls at school and took herself. It is only the last two years that she has taken up burlesque work with such outstanding success.

"It all came through a piermaster we used to know at Blackpool," she told me, "I have moddelled my sailor on him for he was an extraordinary man. If he liked us girls he called us by our Christian names and I assure you we felt it an honour. What did we call him? It is scarcely polite to tell you."

Then came the stories;

"While I was playing in Blackpool Harry Tate was on the small bill and we were all asked out to a party. There was a dear old fellow there, an Alderman of the city, and I introduced Tate to him. The Alderman beamed on him and said: "I am pleased to meet your friend Mr. Tate, Miss Beresford, many a pound of his sugar I've eaten."

Some more please, "I begged."

"Well, you know I suppose I do look funnyin my make up and clothes. I was playing at Birmingham and I went on while the curtain was down to see my little bits and pieces were in place. The eyes of one of the electricians kept following me round as much as to say 'Holy moses, what *is* it?" He followed my act carefully, and then came to my husband and said, "My word, your mother is clever, isn't she?" There is another story against myself. At Blackpool a man and wife had a boot store, and I often got my shoes there. Then she took a place of her own and sold dresses. I promised to go there and did but she had nothing in, of any use so I said I'd call again. That same night a wonderful basket of flowers arrived at the theatre from her for me and I was very delighted. Next day I intended to call and see if she had anything suitable, feelinf I ought to buy something, but I got a bad finger and it was pretty painful. On the following night a lady arrived in my dressing-room. "I'm Mrs. [illegible] . . . sister," she explained, and just as I was going to say how glad I was to see her, "I've come for the basket." This was rather awkard as I had already sent it to the local hospital for the kiddies. It was a difficult moment and I have often wondered if I had had the basket, whether the next act who followed me in would have got it."

Miss Beresford played in "You'd be surprised" going over to the Alhambra with it. George Robey called her in to his dressing-room and gave her a parcel, a farewell gift telling her how much he had appreciated her playing. It was a lovely silver rose bowl, and Beryl promptly broke down. Robey was very upset too and one of the caricaturists did a wonderful sketch of the presentation and the emotion of the two. In one of her burlesque sketches with Robey, Miss Beresford had only two minutes to make a complete change of dress. She had previously been on as a sailor and had to act with him as a vamp, clad in black. It was a splendid success.

The queer looking little sailor with the plastic face will have found her way into many hearts by the time this is in print; the sombre looking girl with the brown hair and large brown eyes into many more. Beryl Beresford with that rare gift of burlesque. *C.R.*

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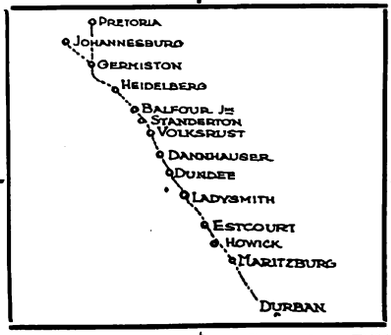

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Lady Andersson at Home.

I have never seen the large drawing-room at the Carlton Hotel look so well as it did on Tuesday afternoon when Lady Andersson had invited a few friends to meet Miss Iris Hoey and Mr. Cyril Raymond. Clusters of flowers stood in every available nook and large tree fronds waved invitingly over cosy couches and deep arm chairs. The Clerk of the Weather, too, was kind and nothing was lacking to make it the great social success it undoubtedly was. Lady Andersson wore a wonderful black charmeuse gown with Manadarin embroideries of extraordinary beauty and a black hat with white ospreys. She carried a bouquet of deep red roses and presented Miss Hoey with a lovely posy of pink roses tied with ribbons.

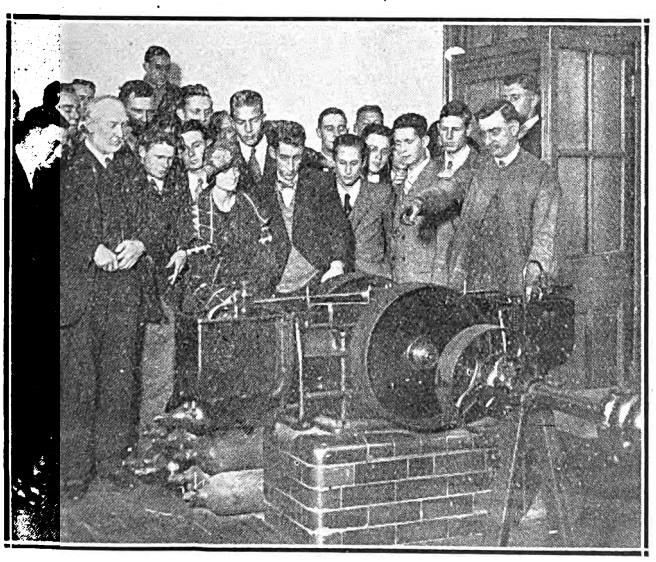
Sir Llewellyn Andersson was present during the afternoon, and a few other men were there to keep Mr. Raymond in countenance, although it was essentially a womans afternoon. Such lovely gowns and such wonderful colouring. Miss Hoey came in cyclamen maracaine with soft falls of biscuit laces at the neck and a hat to tone, trimmed with large coloured flowers. Her wrap coat was of Dresden blue and pink floral crepe de chine. The Hon. Mrs. John French had on a handsome Liberty silk gown in rose and blues and a black hat. Lady Dalrymple's blue gown was edged with beaver, and was worn with a small blue hat trimmed with ospreys. Lady Wallers wore a smart black coat frock trimmed with rose and gold, and a small hat of black with green and black coques feathers in the front edged with gold.

Lady Hall had chosen the new shade of green for her gown and hat. Mrs. I. W. Schlesinger had on a lovely black and white toilet with the new scarf clasped by a white camilla and a small black and white hat. Mrs. Frank Raleigh was elegant in blue and white with a small blue hat. With her came Mrs. Walter Webber in a soft shade of grey and blue hat trimmed with flowers. Mrs. Coddington, a visitor from England, who is staying at the Carlton Hotel had on a smart sand coloured toilette and black hat with the new chin strap. Mrs. Lewis Rose McLeod wore white and a small rose hat. Mrs. Sam Evans, just back from England, came in white also, and a white hat trimmed with floral leaves. Mrs. Ashburnham wore grey charmeuse and georgette with a grey plumed hat. Mrs. McKenzie was exceedingly well gowned in biscuit colour georgette and embroideries in silk on the knife pleated skirt of the same shade, and a hat of nigger brown with feathers in a lighter shade. Mrs. Brandon Davis came in white laces over primrose and a belt of brown. Her brown Bankok hat had a cut felt band to it. Madam Pettival wore black and orange and a black hatters plush hat. Mrs. Carl Davis had on ecru laces over silk of the same shade and a small black hat with a feather mount. Mrs. Vrooks, a visitor from the North of Rhodesia, wore white embroidered in green and red, and edged with black charmeuse. Her hat was small and of black with feathers at the one side. Mrs. Harcourt wore a silver and black coat over her smart gown that was edged with monkey fur and a black hat.

Mrs. Wheeler wore grey patterned silk and a large hat trimmed with fruit. Mrs. L. Ussher came in white traced in black with a deep rose hat with a plume. Mrs. Walton looked well in blue with a small hat. Her skirt was flounced in four tiers. Mrs. Juta came in sand colour and a black ospreyed hat. Mrs. W. F. T. Harvey wore blue and a hat to tone. Among the guests was Miss Helen Blackmore the writer. Mrs. A. F. Mullins looked well in pink with bands of white and a black hat with pink feathers. Mrs. Healey wore a chic black charmeuse tube gown with white silk fringes and a black ospreyed hat. Mrs. Langley Levy wore cream georgette with a coat of a slight shade charmeuse and a smart black cloche hat.

During the afternoon, by kind permission of the African Theatres, Miss Joan Revel, who wore a pretty white crepe gown embroidered in oriental colours, and a small black hat and Signor Mario de Pietro sang and played delightfully. They are great favourites on the Empire bill.

Estelle Taylor, who plays Mercedes in "The Count of Monte Cristo" at the Bijou on Monday, February 23rd.



A party of S.A. Engineering students from the University of Capetown at the Manchester College of Technology, inspecting a liquid air plant.

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Thistledown and Thunder.

A Higgledy-Piggledy Diary.

By Hector Bolitho.

The writer has come to the age when memory is failing him, and he rescues incidents and impressions from the passing torrent before it is too late.

This series of articles, which may continue for far longer than either you or he may wish, is an effort to set down all the things he hadn't the time or the courage to write in the years the locusts have eaten; in New Zealand, Fiji, Samoa, Tonga, Australia, Italy, France, the parent England . . . and now Africa.

[CHAPTER 3.]

February 1, 1919.

I have decided to go away to the South Pacific Islands for a holiday.

March 10.

To the North, more or less, of New Zealand lie the Fiji Islands. Here, and in the neighbouring groups of Samoa and Tonga you will find the homes of three peoples, distinct in appearance, characteristics and traditions. Pervading all three groups is an intense tropical beauty upon which Nature has spread the most vivid colours of her palette.

Fiji, the cradle of colour into which Nature poured the primal pigments of her imagery.

It is the . . . but . . . let me take you there!

March 13.

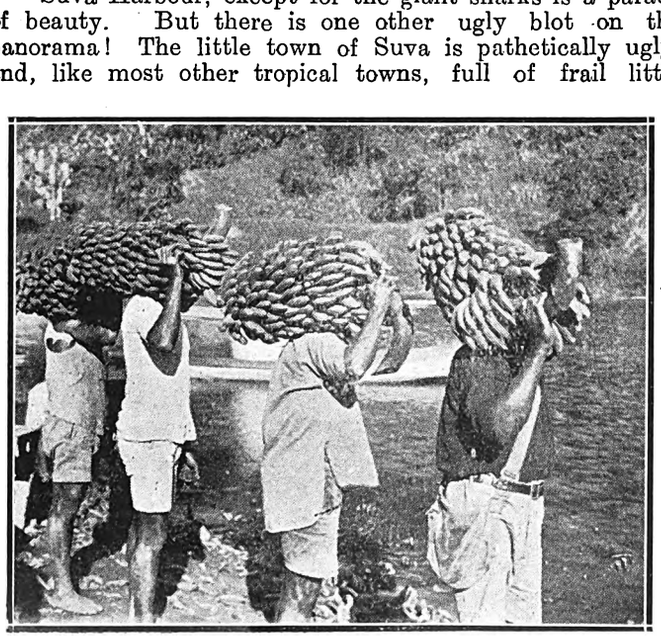
The first stage of our journey is from Sydney to Suva. We pass from the pale beauty of our own land to the glory of the tropical islands. It is like passing from the half-light of the theatre wings to the full light of the stage.

The monotony of the sea journey ends, and the splendour of the island of Viti Levu is before you. All is fragrant silence until the distance yields its thundering breakers and the tropical wonder of a shore line, defined in cocoanut palms and silver sand.

It is not long before you steam past the reef with its dashing breakers into the quiet of Suva Harbour.

Sharks are the horror of Suva Harbour. Vile monsters trail their triangular fins across the shining surface of the water, and swim about the ship.

Suva Harbour, except for the giant sharks is a parade of beauty. But there is one other ugly blot on the panorama! The little town of Suva is pathetically ugly, and, like most other tropical towns, full of frail little



Fijians loading bananas on to a river boat.

A Fijian Native climbing a cocoanut tree.

buildings in which the hordes of dark people make their homes. But the background of Suva is splendid!

The fragrant breath of the forest steals down from the hills, the music of the Fijian voices comes from the whare, and small, vivid-winged insects fly out as the ambassadors of the beauty which is their home.

But landing in Suva is like landing in any other place! There is the inevitable uniformed Customs official with his chalk, the policeman, the purser, the gangway, the fight for luggage, and the shouts of taxi drivers. But the taxi drivers were Hindus.

From the presence of the Customs officials you pass to a more interesting human line, where stalwart Fijians and less impressive Indians hold out eager hands for suit cases; where passive Indian women raised lean brown arms to straighten truant ear and nose ornaments.

The Hindus have retained many of their native ideas of dress, but some of them have fallen to the doubtful virtues of ill-fitting, ready-made trousers.

You motor through the drowsy little town and along the beach road, and find the Grand Pacific Hotel, with broad balconies overlooking the sea. The town—the buildings—the people—the trees—the very air is different from that of Australia. The place is like an endless carnival of colour, through which those strangely fascinating natives weave their days. The talons of civilisation have torn away much of the primitive element in the town itself, but with the immigration of foreign peoples there has come a cosmopolitan charm which strikes a new note to the traveller.

March 14.

Suva is the capital of Fiji, and the main centre and outlet for the Island of Viti Levu, on which it is built. Behind this, there is another interest, which cannot escape

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those who yield to the fascination of half-Europeanised natives, swaying between the dictates of hereditary custom and the examples of traders, missionaries and visitors.

Suva possesses its third and inner circle, the heart of which is found in "All Nations Street." The thoroughfare boasts neither fine buildings nor moneyed pedestrians. Its paths are a sea of half-clothed natives, and its noise the chatter of half a dozen languages spoken in varying tones; the patter of bare feet on dust and the clatter of glasses in shadowy kava saloons. You go there at night, when Suva is swathed in the mystery of tropical darkness.

At the end of the road is a Hindu policeman, in turban and loin cloth. He holds a disinterested watch over that little street of a thousand people. The scent of flowers is lost before the hot unhealthy air of "All Nations Street." The tall, sombre buildings shut out the world and reveal but a narrow strip of sky . . . blue-black and pierced by lonely stars. Hundreds of native children scream and struggle in the roadway. Occasional tall and solemn Fijians walk down the street, their shining bodies reflecting the orange splashes of candle light coming from tiny shop windows. Nimble and crafty Hindus pass like shadows, and thin, brown faces peer out into the night from dimly lit shop windows. From the kava saloons come the piercing shrieks of Hindus and the deeper voices of Fijians. Native and half-caste girls linger in dark doorways and between the paths, on the roadway there is an endless stream of humanity unknown to the outside world by name, except when petty crimes bring them into the limelight of the courts.

March 15.

Suva does not hold all the glories of Fiji. Indeed, the little town has but the remnants of beauty when you compare it with the splendour of the outlying towns of the island.

To-day we left Suva by launch for Navua, and passed over a very interesting sea bed, which was visible for some miles, owing to the clearness of the water. It was like a continuous aquarium, in which a hundred varieties of fish were seen. The bed of the sea was covered with white, brown and blue tipped coral, among which brilliant blue starfish, sea anemones, stingarees, and thousands of minute fish found their homes. We passed sufficiently near land to notice villages, sugar plantations, and other signs of habitation.

Dominating all the other mountains was Joske's Thumb, a peculiarly shaped peak which can be seen from almost every part of the surrounding land and sea. After two hours in the launch, we arrived at Navua, which is situated on the river of the same name. The town is divided between both sides of the river, and there are frequent ferries passing to and fro. The wharf is about a mile from the hotel, and we covered this distance by motor, noting sugar cane, cocoanut palms, breadfruit trees, mummy apple and orange trees on the way. The Navua flows quietly down between the town on one bank, and the extensive estate of the Sugar Company on the other. The Company has many miles of railway, and with two Hindu truckmen I travelled to the various points of interest on the estate. The drivers propelled the truck with long poles, jabbering to me in Hindustani, and ignoring my protests of "No savee Indian." At intervals along the line I saw the homes of the Hindu labourers, who live some with wives and some without. The fact that the Fijian Government allowed only 30 per cent. of women to the indentured labourers was the cause of a great deal of domestic strife, for the Hindu code of morals did not apparently hold the marriage vow as being irrevocable.

Packing pineapples in Fiji.

Navua forms the starting point for up-valley tours, and it is possible to leave Navua by canoe and travel up-river to a point from which to start the walk to Namosi (Town in the Clouds). This trip is considered to be one of the best open to the tourist, for it presents such varied scenery and life that it stands as a reliable representation of the great inner country, its life and customs. Namosi town and the valley are superbly wonderful. Here is primitive grandeur and endless colour. The trees are of varying shades of green, the flowers of brilliant orange, crimson and yellow, and the ground is broken by erratic streams which pick their course delicately under arcades of trees, over grass banks and among the rudely beautiful native houses. Namosi town, far up in a mountain valley, and yet on a mountain itself, is a picturesque native settlement, where the Fijians have retained some of the century-old ancestral customs and ideas.

March 17.

To-day, we left Suva for the Rewa River and Nausori. Island places seem to be most beautiful at early morning. The radiant sun seeks out every bank of blazing flowers; it sends great streams of amber light down the blue valleys, and the reef and further water sparkle under its brilliant advent.

On the morning when we motored to the Rewa River the ribbon of surf gleamed with silver. We drove past lonely houses, whence dusky families hailed us in Hindustani or Fijian. Naked Hindu children and more modest elders walked along the road; rough-timbered houses stood in the midst of well-kept plantations, where native agriculturists paused to greet us as we passed.

"Bullamacow."

I said "Us." "Bullamacow" was with me.

"Bullamacow" was my native servant. His name means "meat." He didn't speak English very well. When I wanted a basin of hot water he brought me a hammer and some nails.

He had a wild passion for European trousers and Sankey and Moody's hymns. He wore the first when he could raise them from my discarded wardrobe, and every night you'd find him singing "Shall We Gather at the River" in a little hut where he lived.

We lunched in a Fijian house built of reeds and palm leaves. But the old house of Fiji of yesterday is departing, and gaunt, hideous, galvanised iron dwellings stand in the rice fields or under the flag-like leaves of the banana-palm.

The Jewelled Women.

The show of jewellery among the Hindus is intensely amusing. Necklaces of sovereigns and heavy silver coins are common and ankles and arms are usually weighted with eight or ten heavy silver bangles.

The Hindu objects to our banking methods, and for that reason he prefers to hold all his wealth and use his wife's neck as a safe. He therefore has his sovereigns clamped together as an adornment for his wife, thus displaying an amount of faith which, on viewing the lady, is difficult to understand.

The Hindu is thrifty, and although his earnings may not be very large, he will very often save several hundred pounds. His ambition lies in a shop, with his name in gold letters on a sheet of shimmering plate-glass.

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The Week.

Paragraphed and Photographed

Without offence to friends or foes
I sketch your world exactly as
it goes.

Burma and Wembley.

The cables say Burma will not be at Wembley. This is all very sad, for, with all its grandeur, Wembley was not an architectural triumph and Burma provided the most beautiful pavilion. The entire roof was of heavily carved teak and the central tower had seven roofs; allowed only for Royalty in Burma. But the most beautiful things of all were the hundreds of beaten silver bells with which the pavilion was crowned. Kipling has spoken of them . . . the temple bells of Mandalay:

"For the wind is in the palm trees, and the temple bells they say,
Come you back, you British soldier, come you back to Mandalay."

All day and all night, those silver bells spilled their Eastern music upon the Western air of Wembley: pixie music which was very beautiful at night when Wembley folded her head in her arms and went to sleep. The silver bells which crowned Wembley will be sadly missed when the Exhibition opens again in a month or two.

Professor Walker's Books.

The *London Daily Telegraph* in reviewing Professor Eric A. Walker's life of Lord de Villiers, says: "History, even in these days, is too often regarded as the dry recital of genealogies and dates. But much depends upon the historian. In the hands of Professor Eric A. Walker, of the University of Capetown, this 'running commentary' on five decades of South Africa's history will prove a fascinating story, not only to the lawyers and politicians for whom it was primarily written, but to the general reader as well.

To the lawyer Professor Walker's work is a valuable record of the evolution of the Roman-Dutch law side by side with the law of England. To the politician it gives the key to the South African politics of to-day. But to the general public it will represent the romance of a truly great man, who spent his life in the sowing of the seed of good-will, and was permitted at its close to see the harvest."

A Dancing Idea.

When the "Ceramic" steamed into Table Bay in the early hours of Wednesday morning, she brought in her a leading Capetown teacher of dancing, Mr. Harold Hastings, who had been over to England on a short visit during the dancing season there. He has come back to Capetown full of ideas, for one thing and another in matters of dancing, but the most important arose out of watching the dancing championships in the Queen's Hall, and that was to find support to organise, first a dancing championship for Capetown and then, together with the Johannesburg Association, a dancing championship for South Africa, so that somebody might be found who would represent South Africa at the next London Championship Competition.

Mr. Hastings noticed particularly the way in which night clubs are slowly disappearing and cabarets—real cabarets—are taking their place. "More people than ever are dancing in London," he said, "but they go to bed earlier." *The Gossip.*

MARRIED.

Mr. and Mrs. Myen Lewis, who were married in Johannesburg on February 18th. Mrs. Lewis was formerly Miss Eda Hirsch.

Photographs by Leon Levson.

Our London correspondent writes:—

"The Anglo-South African business community entertained Mr. William Mosenthal at dinner, at the Ritz Hotel, the other night, in recognition of his ervices as Chairman of the Finance and Management Committee of the South African section of the British Empire Exhibition.

The Prince of Wales sent a special message of thanks, which was read at the end of the dinner by Lord Buxton, who presided. Lord Buxton, in proposing the health of their guest, said he could only indulge in praise when he came to speak of Mr. Mosenthal—and that, of course, is the kind of thing we would like to happen to all of us. Mr. Mosenthal's has been the leading firm in South Africa for many years, and his brother, the late Mr. Harry Mosenthal, was once Governor-General of South Africa, so the family is justly well-known. It was due to the high spirits and keen perception of Mr. Mosenthal that order was brought out of chaos in the busy days before the Exhibition opened. Lady Buxton instructed her husband to thank Mr. Mosenthal for the help he gave in connection with the South African Ladies' Day at Wembley.

The Associated Chambers of Commerce also sent Mr. Mosenthal a cable of congratulation, and he expressed his gratification of everybody's charmingness in a very charming speech. He spoke, among other things, on commerce, the South African Pavilion and its profits, the sixties and Cecil Rhodes, and the Three C's—which, being interpreted, means coal, cattle, and cotton—all of which products were becoming three of the mainstays of the Union. And he sat down amidst a storm of applause which, had not the roof of the Ritz been well glued on, might have sent it careering into the air like a magic carpet." *P.T.*

A Lion in the Street.

On the corner of St. George's Street and Church Street, Capetown, the other morning, stood a little crowd of excited people in front of a motor car drawn up on the pavement. A sallow youth on the edge whispered to me as I came up that there was a lion in the car.

By going out into the road and round to the other side, which, by the way, nobody else seemed to think of doing though the crowd was five and six deep on the pavement, I saw that he was right. A lion was in the car.

Mrs. Pagel, the circus proprietor, sat in the back seat and by her side was "Cape Town" a one-year-old lion cub who looked at the passing traffic and the crowd of people without interest. Mrs. Pagel had her arm round him as one puts one's arm round a collie and invited me to pull his tail.

I did so and nothing happened. Cape Town as a matter of fact likes that sort of thing. He was born in captivity and has been made an excellent and tame pet of by Mrs. Pagel. *The Gossip.*

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Round the Bioscopes.

Week after week, in writing up the bioscopes of Johannesburg one fondly imagines that each film must be the best, must be the last word in production, dressing and acting and yet as the time rolls on one finds that film follows film in a procession each more gorgeous than the last.

At the Bijou.

And "Monto Christo" at the Bijou is surely one of the most wonderful films that has yet been shown. It is a William Fox production of Dumas' famous romance, played by an all-star caste. Three special men were sent over to Marseilles with a scenic artist to make sketches of the harbour of Marseilles and the famous Chateau d'If and to secure the necessary historical and biographical data to aid in the making of this superb photoplay. The Chateau, grim guardian of the harbour of Marseilles, in ancient days, and impregnable fortress, still stands on the rocky island. It is a play of romance, its walls have heard the secrets of countless political prisoners locked behind them. The real island of Monto Christo is forty miles from Leghorn, in Italy, and is made of granite. Legend credits its uninhabitated spaces as being the hiding place of a great fortune accumulated by an Italian nobleman during the middle ages. This story inspired the great Dumas. There is an interesting legend in connection with the filming of the book. near Balboa, California, Emmett J. Flynn reproduced, with most amazing fidelity, the fishing village on the outskirts of Marseilles, where Edmund Dantes met and loved. This French village, which cost the Fox Company a large sum, has been given to the municipality of Balboa as a memento of the screening of "Monto Christo" and perhaps some day the identical cottage of Mercedes may be rented out to tourists as a bungalow for the summer. There is a remarkable ballroom scene which also cost a large sum. Every conceivable detail was utilised to make it a faithful reproduction of the famous ballroom of the noted palace at Versailles. John Gilbert, Estelle Taylor (who has just married Jack Dempsey), and Jack Cosgrave, are only a few of the names of the stars you will see in "Monto Christo."

At the Orpheum.

Miss Alice Lloyd will be the star at the Orpheum on the 23rd, thus giving countless more people the chance to see her. She will be supported on the bill by the Vesta Sisters, a bright dancing turn. On February 23rd, there will be screened "Homeward Bound" for three days, and on the fourth, "Hook and Ladder." "Homeward Bound" features Thomas Meighan with Lila Lee as leading lady. It is a tingling tale of the world of ships, fresh as the foam of the sea. You'll want to be on deck when Tommy comes sailing home, safe at last after treacherous seas and seamen, storms and shipwreck—and the romance of a young skipper who braved all to win a girl's love. "Hook and Ladder" presents to us once more Hoot Gibson, the greatest and most popular of all out of door stars, with a winning and whimsical personality that has endeared him to millions—that's Hoot Gibson! In this roaring romance of seething flames and fire-fighting heroism he leaves his bucking bronco for the business of fire-fighting, and proves his worth in the red glare of man's great enemy—fire! You will watch him tearing down the street on the rocking hook and ladder truck! See his perilous climb up the swaying scaling ladder to dizzying heights for that breathless leap. It's a man's film, full of love and action, with the siren of the fire engine right through.

At the Carlton.

On Monday, the 23rd, "For Ever" will be screened for three nights, with Wallace Reid and Elsie Ferguson. It is a film of the strange places of the earth and, in point of expense, it is the foremost picture production of the year. In the dream scene the lovers are revealed in a gondola at Venice, in an ice palace in Russia, at the circus Maximus in Rome, on the desert sands in Algeria, and at various places

Hoot Gibson in "Hook and Ladder" at the Orpheum, Johannesburg, Thursday, February 26th.

Rosie Lloyd at the Empire, Johannesburg.

in England and France. On the 26th, "The Great Night" is to be the picture. William Russell and Eva Novak play opposite each other. It is a play you must see for yourself, so I shall not give anything away. Just ask yourself, "If you were a millionaire, would you like to become a policeman?" "If someone were robbing you of thousands of dollars, what would you do?" You'll see in "The Great Night." *C.R.*

Signor Ferramosca Leaving.

Signor Ferramosca, the popular Johannesburg violinist, has been offered, and has accepted, an attractive engagement in Capetown, and will leave Johannesburg in a few days to take up his new position. Signor Ferramosca will be accompanied by Miss Freeman and Mr. Paiken, the well-known bass player, the Capetown engagement embracing the services of these players also. The news will be generally received with regret, for Signor Ferramosca's ability has gained him a wide circle of admirers on the Rand.

Bathing and Art.

Jay Whidden, the violinist who has been syncopating on his expensive instrument every evening at the Tivoli for the last two weeks, is a lover of bathing just as much as Mitrenga. He thinks there is nothing finer to keep oneself fit, nor to keep one's art at the right pitch, than a daily dip, and that is probably why he has been staying at the Marine in Capetown, which is just opposite the Sea Point Pavilion.

Out at Muizenberg as I came riding in on my surf board through the wind-blown foam last Sunday morning, I looked along to my left and found Jay Whidden, riding the comber hard. We shouted greetings and over coffee afterwards, one never foregoes coffee after surfing, he told me his little motto about a bathe a day keeping doctors—and creditors—away. *The Gossip.*

The Puzzlers.

In the cafés, on the tramcars, in the libraries, and on the rocks at Sea Point on Saturdays and Sundays one sees worried people. There is no doubt about their being worried, their foreheads wrinkle, and they do not look up from the paper in front of them. They puzzle. They ask questions of the man sitting next to them and then turn back again and stare silently at the paper.

One of them turned to me the other day. "Say woman in three letters," he demanded. I spelt it—"C-A-T." Without reply he turned moodily away again. I saw him write on the paper in front of him, puzzle some more, scratch again on the paper, look at the result, and then throw the newspaper out of the window. He was angry.

Another woman I know went to bed with a dictionary .... They found her in the morning, still alive, but writing on the check eiderdown with a toothbrush.

These cross-word puzzles? *The Gossip.*

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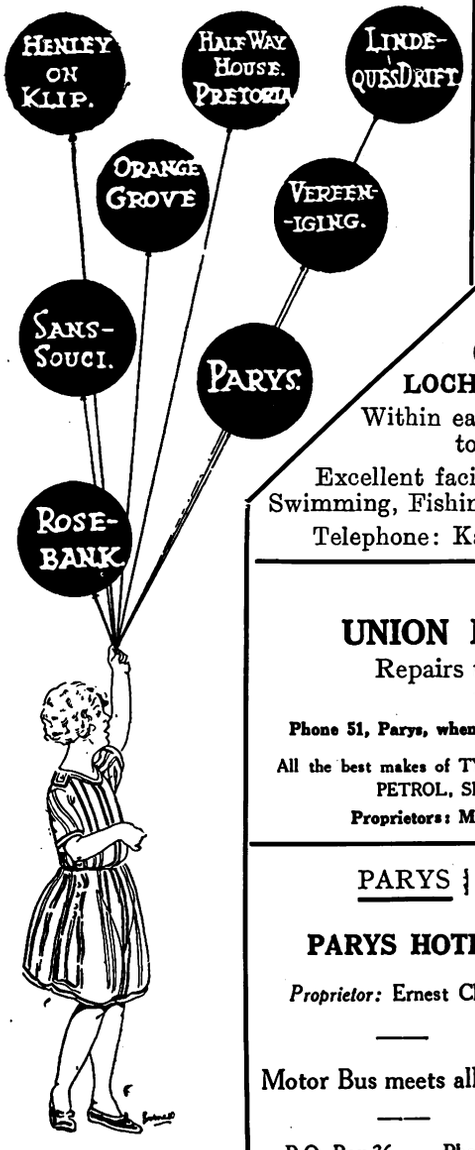
WEEK-END PLEASURE SPOTS.



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Dressing-Room Dialogues.

Gwen Farrar in Grease Paint.

By Pamela Travers.

There was rush and bustle in the dressing-room as I entered. "Blaney and Farrar," as they call themselves, were busy changing for the next act.

GWEN FARRAR.

"Blaney and Farrar." Once those two words would not have conveyed much to the public at large, but now they conjure up sounds of a 'cello that sings divinely even when it is playing ragtime and ridiculous mirth-catching topical songs that swing up to tumultuous applause. They have got their public—these two—got it tightly in their hands.

In her black satin garb, reddened mouth and blue circled eyes, Gwen Farrar was the very spirit of Pierrot, that sprite-man who had gone laughing through the world since (surely!) the world began—or at least fantasy was born into it.

"I've played the cello since I was five," she told me. "Why the cello? Oh, because my sister played the violin and I thought one violinist in the family was enough. Besides I was intrigued with the idea that I could sit down while I learnt it. I adore sitting down."

That's how the cello-playing began. Fame came many years later when she and her present partner, Nora Blaney, were performing at a concert in France given for the soldiers. Luck and opportunity were stalking these two that night. Wish Wynne, who was responsible for the comic part of the same programme, fell ill and was unable to take part. So Nora Blaney at the piano was left with all the comedy of the evening on her hands.

"Come on," she said to Gwen Farrar, "you join in the choruses of my songs and play your cello!"

"Done!"

Not only did Gwen Farrar add the cello and her voice to the song but she inaugurated those delicious, absurd, wholly laughter-engendering noises in her throat which she now scatters *ad lib.* through all Nora Blaney's songs. The house rose at their turn, demanded more and more, would not let them leave the platform.

That was the beginning of it. Now they are head liners on every bill in which they appear.

But success has not spoilt them. Rather has it mellowed them until they are absolutely unconscious of success at all. They just do their turn, and if it pleases the audiences—well and good—if not—but there is never a "not."

One feels that Gwen Farrar would not care much either way—that she would go her own serene way if the world were falling to bits around her. She sat in the lighted dressing-room and drank tea and ran a comb through her sleek, brown hair nonchalantly. She will do everything nonchalantly, this young South African. She is very much monarch of all she surveys.

She lives, too, in a house that must make the mouths of all lovers of beauty water very copiously. It is an old Queen Anne house at the top of Cheyne Row in Chelsea, and it once belonged to no other than Charles Kingsley. Perhaps, at night, when everything is very quiet and still, the pale ghost of the author comes back to visit this old house, to watch the Thames drifting by merrily or sadly, as the mood takes it, and to ponder on the ridiculous changes which modern days have made along its banks. Perhaps the ghost tip-toes up to her bed and, bending, whispers "Westward Ho, Gwen, Westward Ho for us!" and then, maybe, her innerself gets up and, joining hands with that old ghost who was ever an adventurer at heart if not in reality, they slip away together to perilous seas and fairy lands forlorn.

Or maybe, he sits at the foot of the bed and tells her the awful story of Mrs. Be-done-by-as-you-did, of Tommy and the Water Babies, of delicious Mr. Grime the chimney sweep, and that beautiful lady Mrs. Do-as-you-would-be-done-by who had the tenderest eyes in the world. Perhaps she daringly criticises these creations of his, but being only a ghost and a tolerant-minded ghost by now, he will not care.

She loves books, and her precious house is stocked with them. Racine is there in all his curled and silken glory and he is very often taken down from the shelf. And George Moore in a very old and excellent edition—the whole of him from Memoirs of my Dead Life to Avowals—one of the most delicious of them all. You cannot trip up Gwen Farrar anywhere in George Moore, she has him by heart, and George Moore, if he has any gallantry in him, should certainly get up and bow at this.

All the old books she loves, she has ploughed along strange old, unknown-by-many byways in literature, wandered down wild lanes of rare poetry. Her book-shelves are veritable gold mines.

And she collects, too. In this she is like a great many actresses. But most of them collect dogs, or flatterers or letters from gallery girls. Gwen Farrar disdains such things. Her hobby is Queen Anne furniture.

"Well, of course, I must have Queen Anne. How else should I furnish my house?" she demands. Queen Anne would probably be gratified to know how ardently she—or rather the chairs and tables of her day—are collected by Gwen Farrar.

But these occupations—reading books and collecting furniture—are sedentary and, at best, only for rainy days. She does other things when the day shows some intention, however vague, of putting on its best dress.

There is the Gwen Farrar who rides in the row in the mornings, a keen horsewoman, who handles the reins with serene assurance and composure.

There is the intrepid Gwen Farrar who drives her own car and who, by the way, had certain differences with a policeman some months ago as to the proper speed to assume on a certain road, and who had her licence suspended for three months. But that did not damp her ardour, and I'll wager that when she gets out of sound and sight of those pillars of the law the speedometer runs up to fifty and sixty and that Gwen Farrar's smile widens at the adventure of it as she flies along.

Her early days in South Africa have ingrained in her the love of all sport. Tennis she adores, and she can send balls that worry the stoutest opponent.

With all this she is "the very best cellist in the world," so an admiring youngster supplemented, when Gwen Farrar had unwillingly told me of these things.

They say that the young are the wisest things in the world, so we may take the girl's word for it.

When the run of the "Punch Bowl," in which the Blaney and Farrar turn is billed is over, there is talk of them setting out for America, where they will play exclusively in New York. Later on, they told me, there will be a tiny trip to South Africa, where, surely, they will get the most thunderous applause they have ever encountered in the whole of their career.

Gwen Farrar, surely, will be praised as a prophet in her own country. She deserves it, at any rate.

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At the Empire.

Miss Beryl Beresford, the sprightly English comedienne, who is playing at the Empire, Johannesburg.

Motorist's Fright.

There is a well-known officer of a cruiser stationed at Simonstown who drives about the Peninsula in a Ford car. Unfortunately for him his headlights are dim, and that is the reason for the following very strange, but too true, story of his adventure one dark night.

Returning from Capetown to Simonstown, alone, he had increased his speed a little along a straight stretch of road when he say a dark shape in the road in front of him, Rather a large dark shape it was, but before he could slow down sufficiently he had given it a gentle bump.

Then the shape moved and he saw a large arm or tentacle swinging dangerously near his windscreen. The shape was joined by other shapes with more swinging arms, who surrounded the car.

Hardly believing his eyes, but certain, at all events, that he was in the midst of a herd of elephants, the motorist opened the door and with one movement was out in the road and running as fast as he could in the direction from which he had come.

At that time he did not know that he had run into a moving circus.

THE GOSSIP.

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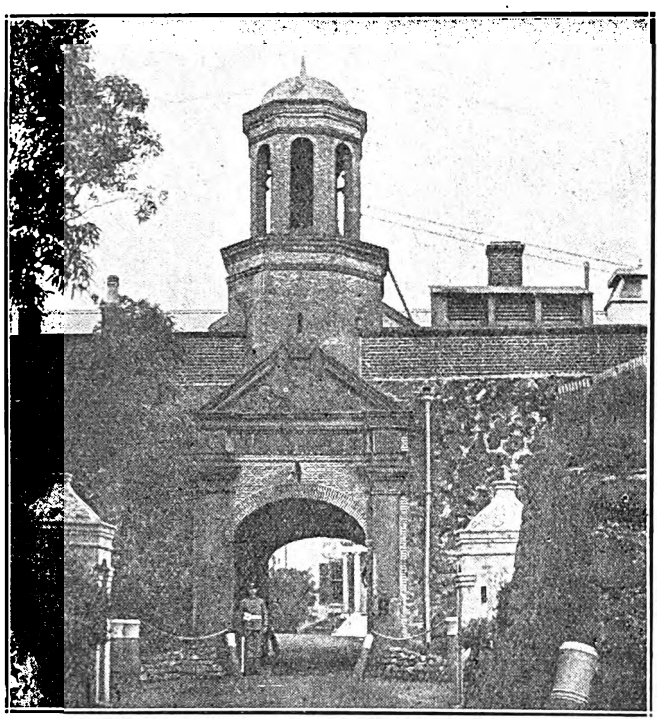

The entrance to the Castle, Capetown.
F. H. Yeo, photograph.

A creation by Reville in rose pink and diamente.

Fruit and Women.

Our London correspondent writes:—

"English girls are prettier to-day than they were five years ago," said Mr. W. L. Henderson, one of the principal orange-growers in South Africa, who has just visited 250 towns in England and Scotland in the interests o fthe Transvaal Citrus Growers' Association, of which he is the convenor. He attributes this to the growing popularity of fruit instead of meat diet. "Eat South African oranges for ever!" is his slogan and one that I, at least, have had great pleasure in adopting since last Tuesday morning, when I consumed a most delicious orange, which came from a golden pyramid labelled proudly "South Africa"! I think the advertising profession has lost a great leader in Mr. Henderson.

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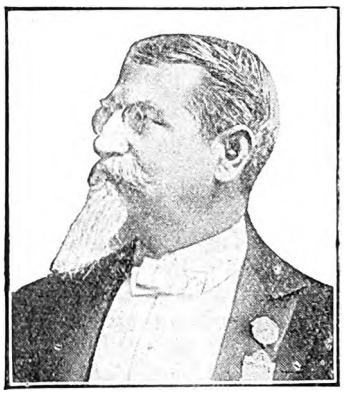
HE WAS BALD

His Hair Grew



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A Social Note Book.

By "Carrie."

Sitting at my desk I have just glanced at the calendar with its motto of to-day and this is what I read: "Santa Claus is the only man who pays any attention to silk stockings when there is nothing in them." Of course, the obvious answer is that he only comes but once a year and then, poor dear, his time is very limited. Also, he is decidedly, well middle aged, and monkey glands are but a recent invention. Strange, though, that I should just have been reading about shining, shimmering silken hose. Snakeskin stockings are the latest from Berlin and, Arthur Brisbane, one of the most celebrated of writers, asked to indite a leader on the subject, says, "Ladies in Berlin wear snakes embroidered on their stockings, and golden snakes for garters. It's eccentric, but based on gratitude. Ladies would not have any stockings, but, perhaps, for the original snake that walked on the tip of his tail until sentenced. Woman, the restless element in humanity, is certainly working out some important step in evolution and no one should presumptiously judge her." The views of a nice, sane man.

The Cave Woman.

And with the finding of the skull of the "Missing Link" last week, the thoughts of the world have left their jazz and bioscopes and gone back hundreds of centuries. One gathers that learned scientists are also inclined to change their minds sometimes and I hear that Professor Whuzz-Whuzz has found out that the Cave Man won his woman by giving her bright strings of berries to twine in her hair. That she weighed up the advantages of a quiet cave high up in the mountains with soft fox furs to lie on as against a nook of bracken near the stream where it was easier to do the washing. All that "Rough Stuff" about dragging her around by the hair and clubbing her, is denied. Then she dressed in fig leaves, green for summer and nut brown for winter but no matter where *her* dressmaker or the dressmakers of to-day put the waistline, a young man will always find it. Yea, even so.

A New Question.

All this has rather driven out of my head the fact that I began to write to you feeling very bad tempered. Why? I rang up my hairdresser this morning and all he would answer, quite huffily too, mind you, was: "Madame, we cannot bingle everyone at once." I don't know what I am going to do for to go round shingled at present is so out of date, at least a few hours too old fashioned. "Bingling," is a cross between bobbing and shingling, it is more becoming and less masculine than the shingle. In effect the "bingle" has the hair cut away sharply in the neck but grown a little longer, the side pieces are waved to look fluffy and fall over the ears. It is very kind of me to tell you all this because I expect I'll have to wait till next week to get my hair done, there'll be such a run on the hairdressers as soon as the *South African Pictorial* comes out. But never mind, I feel full of the milk of human kindness now that I've talked to you for awhile. And I've just had a lovely present.

Green Undies.

Yvonne Printemps, the pretty actress wife of Guitry, wore a set of jade green undies on the stage, and now I am the proud possessor of, well, several, for green is all the rage for those intimate garments of silk. Almond, sap, sea green, emerald or jade, they can match your moods. Are they not unlucky? Well, dears, I can not see into the future. When a woman goes into a lingerie shop, it's a bargain. When a man goes in its an adventure. Ah, me!

At the Carlton.

On Friday evening I was one of a party of twenty that Miss Iris Hoey, in such a wonderful black gown, embroidered in red flowers edged with jet beads and draped to the figure like a Spanish shawl, entertained in honour of

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ELOFF STREET, JOHANNESBURG.

her husband's birthday. It was one of the nicest evenings I have ever spent, for the ballroom was fuller even than usual, not a vacant table and no one minded the time at all but just danced on. One man, splendid fellow, came in white gloves. I wish the others would copy him, it is gratifying but troublesome to have to wipe out the remains of his finger prints on your gown next day and, although petrol does take out a multitude of sins, its so inflammable!

The floral decorations were awfully pretty, Dresden china, blue and pink, with deep red dahlias amid ferns. And the dancers? Among those either treading the light fantastic or looking on with an indulgent smile, were the Earl of Sefton, Major Henley, the Swedish Consul and Mrs. Frykberg, in a deep blue gown spangled with crystals. Mr. F. C. Sturrock and his wife were entertaining "Sapper," Lieut.-Colonel McNeil and his wife, who are out here for a few weeks. "Sapper" is very unlike the popular idea of a novelist: a great tall man with lots of humour and fun and very averse to speaking about himself. Mrs. Christopherson, just back from England, was being welcomed by all her friends, and wore such a wonderful gown of oriental tissue with a swathed sash of the material. Sir Evelyn and Lady Wallers and Mr. and Mrs. James Whitehouse were in the vestibule, and Mr. and Mrs. Percy Sherwell among the dancers. Major and Mrs. John Reid, Mrs. Reid in a lovely powder blue gown under silver banded in gold tissue. Colonel and Mrs. Anderson were with parties. Mrs. Pattison, with her son Mr. G. Joel, were with Miss Hoey. Mrs. Pattison wonderfully gowned in black embossed in gold and a scarlet flower shoulder knot. I adored her black Spanish lace fan. Mr. and Mrs. Alers Hankey, and Mr. and Mrs. Knox Baxter were also there, Mrs. Baxter in a shimmering gown of blue with crystal beads. And such a number of our prettiest young girls. From Pretoria came Miss Pauline Marais in a chic black gown. Then I saw Miss Hudson, newly arrived from England and oh! so smart in jade green and crystals, Miss Fifi Otto in gold tissue, Miss Margaret Bateman in grass green with gold ribbon edging. Both she and Mrs. Arthur Youldon, who is just back from England, had the newest neck line. Cut to a V shape at the back with a tiny bow and long ends of ribbon hanging down. Very becoming. I would love to go on for hours telling you about the gowns, but there is either a feast or a famine of news and so much more to tell you.

The New Ear Rings.

Consequent on "bingling" come the new ear-rings and I am not quite sure in my own mind whether they are intended to be a joke or not; for, with the hair over the ears, it is useless to wear studs. So you must have long drop ear-rings. Unscrew them, and inside are a few drops of your favourite scent, which can be dabbed behind the ears in the most romantic fashion. It is only a few short days ago that we wore the single ear-ring with the tiny cigarette holder encased in it. What of the morrow?

At the Lounge.

Arriving at the Lounge Tea Rooms the other afternoon I found a dense crowd in the streets, the trams were slowly driving through with many a ring of the foot bells, and people were coming from all quarters. It was most exciting. And Why? Just because a number of good-hearted women, headed by Mrs. Paul Selby, had got up a tea at the new Corner Lounge, in aid of the Johannesburg Children's Home, and had asked Miss Iris Hoey and her husband to be their honoured guests And the committee were giving her a lovely bouquet of purple Iris handed to her by Mrs. Walter Webber, the Life President. Inside the tea room there was almost as big a crowd as in the streets, about 400 of the best known women in town, and all going round chatting to their friends or sitting drinking tea at small tables. Miss Hoey sat at a table with Mrs. Paul Selby, Mrs. Lewis Rose McLeod and Lady Wallers, who is looking so fit after her trip Home. Lady Anderson and Lady Dalrymple had parties and, in fact, there was everyone there we have ever heard of, or seen. Then a splendid musical programme did much for the success of the afternoon. Miss Alice Lloyd and Mr. Scott Saunders came from the Empire, Miss Elizabeth Drury and Mr. Campbell Gullan from His Majestys. Mr. Dave Foote accompanied, and seldom has such a fine concert been heard. There was a presentation of more bouquets and chocolates. Sir Julius Jeppe formally declared the tea room open and Miss Hoey, in one of the sweetest of speeches, presented two dolls to the children of the Home, dressed as Robina Fleming in the first and second acts of "Clothes and the Woman." Mrs. I. W. Schlesinger, Mrs. G. Sonn, Mrs. Atterbury, Mrs. Nowlan, Mrs. Jack Fergusson, Mrs. Z. Marsh, Mrs. Carl Davis, Mrs. Martin Budd, Mrs. Herbert Evans, Mrs. Frank Raleigh, were only a few of those who had parties. There were 400 people there altogether.

A Parrot.

Miss Hetty King has had a wonderful last week in Pretoria, and has found the audiences there "simply lovely." She produced a new number, a sailor scene, which was a tremendous success and in which she had the assistance of a partner . . . a parrot, which was given her in Johannesburg by Miss Olive Jackson. The parrot, I hear, suffered very badly from stage fright but is now getting accustomed to the footlights and has applied to join the Actors' Union.

For Lady Milner.

Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Sibbett gave a very delightful reception at the Queen's Hotel, Sea Point, for Lady Milner. It was an informal little function, which was greatly enjoyed. Senator A. Fuller spoke of the happiness it gave them to have Lady Milner there, and much was said during the afternoon of the 1820 Settlers' Association, of which Mr. Sibbett is an enthusiastic member. Lady Stewart Bam, Lady Beattie, Lady Stanford, Lady Knox, Colonel Morris, the General Manager of the Association, and Captain and Mrs. Edwards were some of those I noticed among the guests.

The "Republica."

It has been quite exciting, having the Portuguese flag ship, the "Republica," in the docks at Capetown, and most exciting going on board her for a lovely dance given by the Commodore, Captain and Officers of the Portuguese Colonial Naval Division. With memories of the ball on board the "Hood" last year, it seemed like home again to dance on deck with gay bunting and flags making enclosed spaces and the tiny waves murmured love sonnets against the sides of the vessel. Across the waters were numberless tiny lights and, though there was a heavy south-easter, most of the Consuls were present with their women folk, as well as all the best known people in the Peninsula.

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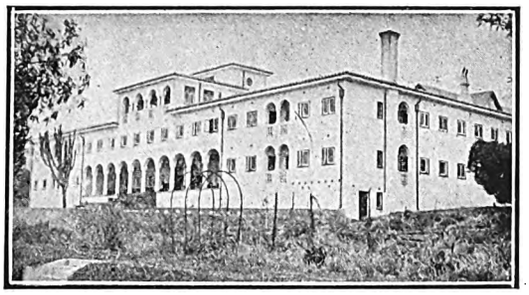

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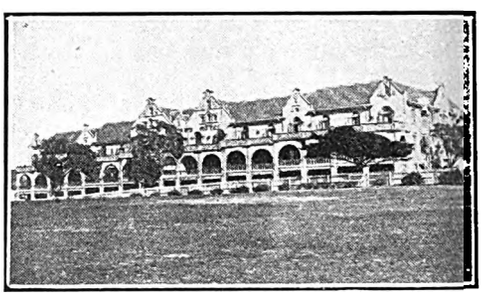

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In Passing.

I think I really must tell you this delicious jest. You will appreciate it.

An Englishwoman, who had never been outside London and who evidently didn't know very much about racial differences, was heard to boast the other day that her "daughter was engaged to be married to "a member of a very old Hottentot family." Was she thinking of "Hugenot," I wonder, or did she imagine that a Hottentot was a certain kind of Maharajah?

Mosenthal and Sons have been generous in the matter of St. Paul's dome.

They have started the fund for its reconstruction with £260 10s. to St. Paul's fund.

The "Arundel Castle," which leaves Southampton on January 30th, brings Mr. G. A. Arc, Mr. P. Brocklehurst, Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Cooper, Mr. H. C. Gallup, Mr. B. O. Hjorth, Mr. and Mrs. Slater, the Hon. Edward Strutt, Lord Trematon and Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Whitelaw.

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Turfites' Tribulations.

Pity the Poor Punter.

By "Observer."

It cannot be denied that racing on the Rand is drifting away from its old-time standard of excellence. The public blame the clubs' officials for much that goes on, but, in justice to those, it has to be stated that new forces have crept into racing which render the task of supervision not only intensely disagreeable, but difficult to a degree. To me it always seems that the clubs are genuinely trying to cope with the troubles as they arise, though the commercial spirit which dominates many of the owners nowadays really puts out of court the class of steward which proved so successful some years ago. It is not the purpose of the writer at this stage to discuss the subject of stipendiary stewards. Those who control the sport should see, however, that, to retain the confidence of the public, they must display greater vigilance, and vacate the high pedestal which they could very well occupy a few years back.

Many of the regular racegoers have an intimate knowledge of "the game," and these worthies pick out an indifferent performer with greater facility than several officials are able to do. The point I wish to make is this: The public have paid to enter the racecourse, and they naturally look to the club for protection. And here is just where the "drift" at a race meeting sets in. The stewards may not see any cause for action where a horse, soundly backed by the public on recent form, finishes now down the course. To the club this inconsistent running may appear easy of interpretation, but the public, with but their eyes as sole guide, are amazed at such a reversal of form being passed over lightly by those entrusted with the control.

To hold the confidence of the public is, in racing matters, more than ordinarily difficult. The average man who puts ten shillings on a horse immediately becomes a critic of the first water, and he advances reasons, very often wide of the mark, for the indifferent showing of his fancy. Nevertheless, there are solid grounds for the general dissatisfaction with the present state of racing, and I would suggest to the clubs that, when a "regrettable incident" occurs, which is unusually severe on the pockets of the common or garden racegoers, and at the same time appears to them insolvable, the explanation tendered might well be made public.

The latest move by the Auckland Park Club in introducing silent betting in the ring is calculated to increase the public distaste for racing and encourage the effort to seek entertainment elsewhere. When one hears that the stable commissioners are overjoyed with the results of the innovation, and the bookmakers sing its praises, it is easy to locate the sufferers. In any case the public find the funds for racing, but the process of extraction is unduly emphasised in the system now in vogue at the Park.

New Leasing Regulations.

A measure which should go far in improving local racing is that which tightens up the conditions applying to the leasing of horses. This has just come into operation, and is sufficiently exhaustive to suggest that the huge army of small owner-trainers will not be kept up long at its present strength. It is true that existing leases will remain on the old lines, but a good many holders of these are finding the times over-strenuous and may be expected to transfer their energies to other pursuits. The regrettable state of racing is to a considerable extent due to the presence of the small owners, who, of course, have to race for gain, and this necessitates the adoption of peculiar tactics on certain occasions.

As You Were!

The Pony and Galloway Club cannot see its way to come to agreement with the Owners' and Trainers' Association. In an official announcement to that effect reference is made to the "considerable loss incurred" through the abandonment of the February meeting, and a consequent inability to add to the prize-money. This scarcely breathes of conciliation, and I doubt if there will be any weakening on the other side. Meanwhile the Provincial Council doubtless frets over a substantial loss in revenue, and action of some sort may follow. I dealt with the question of stakes fully in last week's issue, and would again urge the contending parties to patch up their grievances as speedily as possible.

Poor Two-year-old Racing.

Not being an advocate of the racing of youngsters as carried on in the Union, where the two-year-olds are kept strenuously up to the collar, I may be considered overcritical when I term the recent racing at this age on the local tracks as nothing more than a farce. At fixed weights, each event has looked almost a certainty for a candidate who shaped well behind a good winner at an earlier meeting. Result: a poor race, and, as regards a test of speed and stamina, a complete failure.

Not so Black as Painted.

Last Saturday was not such a "black day" in town after all. Many of the regular sporting brigade visited Transvaal Tattersalls, where a brisk business was done on the Durban events. Others patronised the whippet meeting or the different houses of amusement, while a fairly big section continued to entertain themselves with music, song, and story at the various hostelries. A few more "off-Saturdays" and all except the extreme racing tribe would willingly admit that Johannesburg is quite a desirable spot on Saturday afternoons, and compares more than favourably with the racecourse. The extremists, of course, will never fail in their allegiance to the Turf, which is just as well, considering the number of bookmakers' children that have to be clothed and fed and finally fitted out as doctors and dentists in the leading thoroughfares.

Rand Horses at Durban.

The surroundings at Greyville last Saturday must have been reminiscent of a July meeting, for not only were Rand horses seen in action in most of the events, but the attendance from Johannesburg and the Reef was out of all proportion to what is usually noticed at an ordinary meeting of the Durban Turf Club. Polinique, winner of the Governor-General's Cup, added to his laurels by taking the Stewards' Handicap, but the Polystome colt had to be kept on the stretch to defeat Vanity Box, who was in receipt of 25 lbs. from the winner. Overall was only beaten a head by Spanish Rose in the top class sprint, while in the distance race Magicienne and Sam Weller finished second and third, respectively, to Mon Espere, a veritable evergreen. Another Randite in Golden Flower ran a dead heat with Governor in the Galloway Handicap. While racing remains unsettled here it is highly probable that a number of Rand trainers will elect to remain at the coast.

Saturday's Racing at Auckland Park.

An attractive eight-event programme will be submitted this week-end at the Park. The youngsters' race is a handicap of six furlongs; and over this distance, at the weights, recent form may work out. Most of the events have filled well, the best endowed one, as usual, being the worst in point of numbers.

Selections.

12.40.—Juvenile Handicap, 6 furlongs.
Royal Poly 1, Enoch 2, Orchid 3.

1.20.—Brixton Handicap, "D," 7 furlongs.
Jovial 1, Dispatch 2, Bush Dove 3.

2.0.—Brixton Handicap, "A," 5 furlongs.
Murray's elect 1, Treasurer 2, Stage Girl 3.

2.40.—Auckland Park Handicap, "C," 1 mile.
Superstition 1, King's Pride 2, Fettle 3.

3.20.—Auckland Park Handicap, "A," 1¼ miles.
Gard's elect 1, Golden Tip 2, Culmstock 3.

4.0.—Auckland Park Handicap, "B," 1 mile
Tea Fight 1, Antique 2, Nun Nicer 3.

4.40.—Brixton Handicap, "B," 6 furlongs.
Rio Grande 1, Incomparable 2, Rugby 3.

5.20.—Brixton Handicap, "C," 7 furlongs.
Co-respondent 1, Paper Cup 2, Will's Maid 3.

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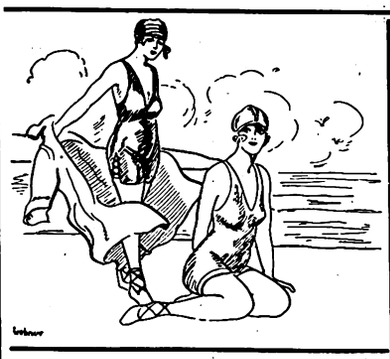

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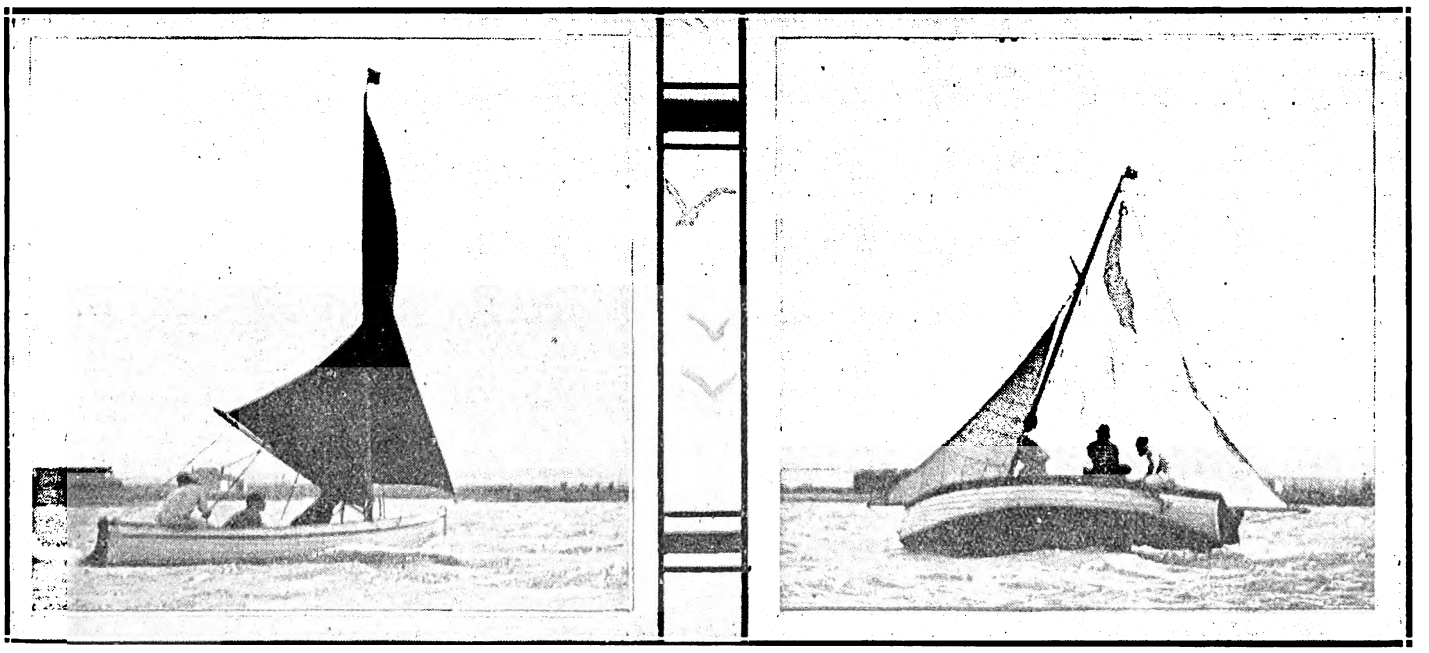

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A New Tea Dance.

Tea dances seem to be growing in popularity, but it is probably more due to the fact that the new manager of Markhams comes with many new ideas from the Trocadero, that they have started a series on Saturday afternoons There was a great crowd at the first dance last Saturday, and they promised to be a success. The visiting Portuguese naval officers had taken advantage of the occasion and were there in white uniforms that gave a tropical atmosphere to the afternoon, though, Heaven knows, it was hot enough.

Faces that come and go.

Familiar faces that have been missing from Capetown for many weeks are now reappearing. The M.L.A.'s have returned for the opening of Parliament, and one meets them everywhere. In Parliament Street clerks hurry with the worried look that means their chief, the Minister, is at work inside. And in the cafes one meets members of the House of Assembly with their wives.

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Tinseltoes and Pirouette.

I first met Tinseltoes at the foot of my garden . . . . ıst where a line of bamboos shake their branches, like the pears of an army invading the sylvan quiet of the espectable-looking dawn.

You must know that Tinseltoes is a pixie. She looks her est in December, and, with a Madonna lily frock, you'd ever guess that she is the most scandalous mischief in Pixie-land. I've known her to eat so many blackberries hat she'd go wheeling drunk down the garden path, inging:

Some watercress
With dew to taste,
An elf to press
Me round the waist.
Some blackberry wine
Soothes all my trouble,
I'm feeling fine!
I'm seeing double!

Tinseltoes had found an old theatre programme, dis-arded and stained by unappreciative rain and mud. She rushed a wisp of silver hair out of her eyes.

"What does 'Pirouette' mean?" she asked.

I told her that it meant to wheel about on one foot while ancing.

"Do you mean revolve and revolve?"

"Yes, Tinseltoes. You do it on one foot, and whirl ound at the rate of knots."

"Could I pirouette?" she asked me.

"I should think so," I answered. "Try it."

And before I could say "Jack Robinson," she jumped ut upon the lawn and stood upon on toe. She looked like wonderful white flower with the silver stamen of her hair ying in the wind. Then she pirouetted with magic speed, ntil I could see nothing but a whirl of Madonna-lily skirt ıd silver hair. How she whirled and spun!

Faster and faster she spun, until a dormouse, who eeped out from the bamboo, simply took to his heels and n seven miles without stopping.

"Tinseltoes! Tinseltoes!" I cried. "You'll faint!"

But she just kept on, and, where her one little toe spun violently on the lawn, the grass flew out and the earth w out until she had worn quite a hole in the ground.

Faster and faster she spun, until the hole was so large at Tinseltoes was almost buried. Still she whirled, and, last, she completely disappeared in the hole her toe had ıde in the earth.

I lifted her carefully on to the ground.

"Why did you tell me what pirouette meant?" she mplained.

Then she fainted in my hand, and I carried her down to stream, where she soon recovered, and assured me that ouetting was a terrible, terrible business, and that her toe was almost worn out.

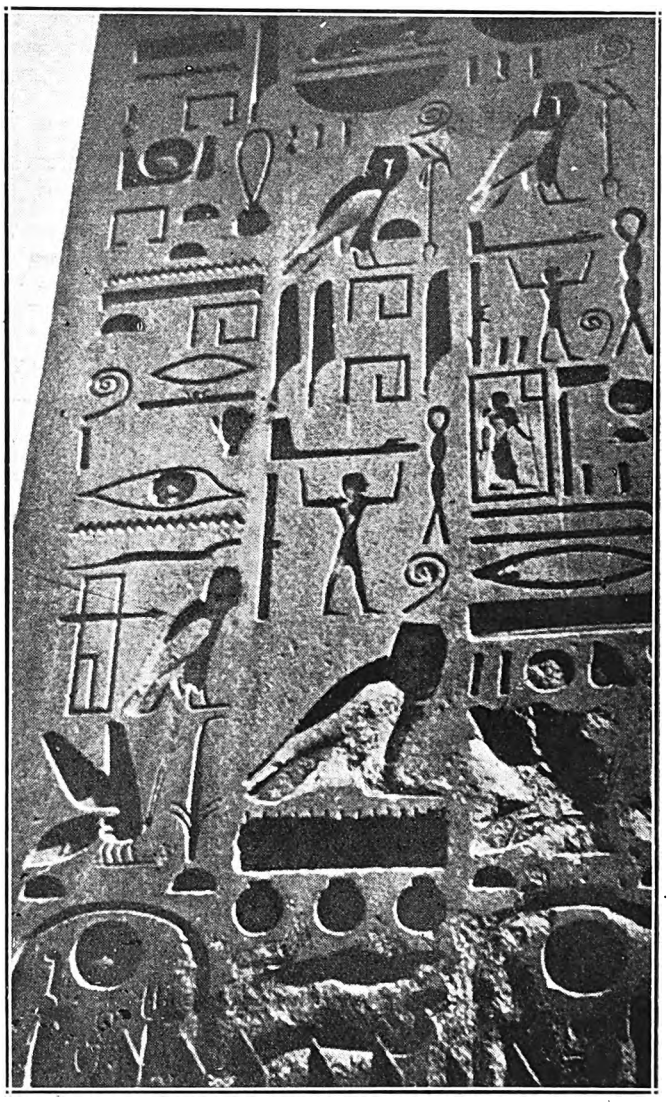
When I said good-bye to Tinseltoes that morning, she ew me a love-in-the-mist, and ran in among the bamboos. The hole she made is still in the garden, and although her blamed it on to Michael and his spade, I have not ed to tell the truth, because father is a grown-up, and wn ups never understand. *O.P.*

ple.

Miss Ruth Prowse, the young Capetown artist, has rned after two years in England. Miss Prowse met two l-known South African girls in London, Miss Mildred rnett Adams, who is studying at the Slade School, and is Barbara Plowes, who is at the Chelsea Polytechnic. is Plowes has just become engaged to Major Yeatman, of Dorsets.

Johannesburg will be all the richer for the advent of J. van Tyn, who has arrived from Holland. While a few years ago with the Royal Dutch Petroleum Co., thought so much of the possibilities of Johannesburg he has decided to settle here and practice as a consult-geologist. *C.R.*

Beside the Nile.



On the west bank of the Nile, in Upper Egypt, stands the Temple of Luxor, built in 1500 *B.C. by Amenhotep III. Its noble columns front the river, and upon them is the Minaret of Abu Haggag. In the shadows of Abu Haggag, stands the Great Obelisk, a portion of which is reproduced above, built of red granite,* 76 *feet high, and weighing* 240 *tons. The Obelisk, erected by Rameses II, is covered with admirably carved hieroglyphics. The fellow obelisk adorns the Place de la Concorde, in Paris, and was presented by the Khedive of Egypt, Mohammed Ali Pasha, to the Government of Louis Phillipe, and was erected on its present site in* 1836, *where the guillotine of the Reign of Terror,* 1793-4, *was erected in* 1793.

Photograph by F. H. Yeo.

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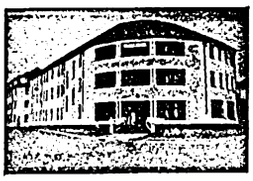

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John Connell.

Our London Correspondent writes:—

Mr. John Connell, city organist of Johannesburg, is back with you all again. While he was on this side of the equator he gave a concert in Paris, under the patronage of the British Ambassador. While in England he was persuaded to give recitals all over the country, and I heard him say that the desire and demand for classical music was more apparent and insistent in such cities as Johannesburg and Durban than in some of the provincial towns of England and Scotland—Glasgow, for instance. So there! Go up top, Johannesburg. He also commented on the success attained by South African students and musicians in England—Adolphe Hallis, Garda Hall, George Tobias, Dorothy Clarke, and others who have been praised by such eminent musicians as the Principals of the Royal College of Music. Mr. Connell was also broadcasted by the B.B.C. when he gave a pianoforte recital.

P.T.

Bad Tips and Friends.

It has been said that if one stands outside Charing Cross Station long enough, one meets all one's friends. There are places in Capetown like that, so far, at least, one's South African friends are concerned. They are a tea room which I must not advertise, the corner of Adderley Street and Darling Street and the races.

I was at the races on Saturday afternoon, and walking around the enclosure and the ring met more people than I thought I knew. And the more I met the more bad tips was given and the more money I seemed to lose. That is an unfortunate thing about having friends, or at least about meeting them at the races. Because no friends dare leave me without whispering to me the name of a dead certainty for the next race. And no friend gave me the name of a winner.

No, I am wrong. One of my friends, a bookmaker, gave me the name of a horse, but I said "He is a bookmaker and, therefore, does not give away the names of winners, even to his friends." I did not back the horse. The horse won. *The Gossip.*

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S.A.PICTORIAL.

"The Union's National Weekly."

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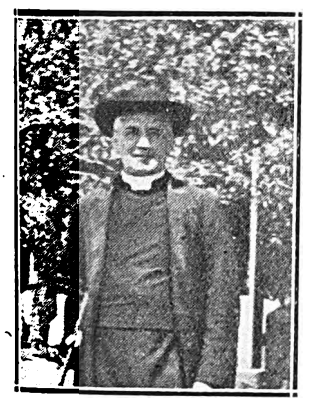
"The Outstanding Moment in my Life."

Answered by Great People.

The "S.A. Pictorial" invited twenty outstanding personalities in South Africa to answer the question, "What was the outstanding moment in your life?" Here are the answers of those who were gracious enough to send replies.

Archdeacon Lavis.

"On the train journey from Bloemfontein in 1918, where I had attended a conference, one heard vague details of the epidemic then beginning to make its dreadful presence felt in many centres. The realisation of what an epidemic could mean was to come later—It came in a strange unexpected, unforgettable moment—a moment in which one saw and visualised things of terror which were not yet.



ARCHDEACON LAVIS.

"As one entered Adderley Street, the experience was that of entering a dead city. A handful of hurrying men and women took the place of the great crowd usually thronging the street on a Sunday night. The silence could be felt—death was in the air—it was the silence of a city's conscience of some dreadful fate.

"One seemed in that moment, to have stepped into a great horror and a great darkness. Details of the future were not clear, but looking back now it seems that all the fateful happenings of the days that followed were concentrated in that moment and experience. Later on one saw men and women in putrid slums die like flies. In the rooms where the sick lay were dead bodies long overdue for burial.

"Little children craving for food at the depôts bore on their faces the expression of suffering beyond their years. Day by day carts passed in the streets piled with coffins,—day by day the weird procession of the dead, borne by hand, or in strange vehicles moved to the Cemetery—to fill the huge trench.

"But in all these days one experienced nothing new in terror and tragedy—for one had felt the sum total of all the horror in that first unforgettable moment in Adderley Street, when the scourge was but as yet on the threshold."

James Dunn.

(Chairman of the Cape Province Publicity Association. S.A. Manager of Reuters, Ltd.)

As the outstanding moment of his life Mr. James Dunn describes the time when he made the record catch at Hermanus, Cape, of a 107 lb. kabeljauw. He said:

"Hermanus looked its best on that morning in early December. The dawn had come up as it only does over Walkers Bay, and the great fish a mass of flashing silver lay on its side in the green water the side of Robber Rock.

JAMES DUNN, ESQ.

"It was my first cast of the present summer season. The evening before I had arrived in Hermanus to join the party which year after year has opened the big fish season.

"At dinner, Schreiner considered the conditions good for kabeljauw. The south-east wind was blowing steadily and in the bay. diving-birds and shoals of fish were holding high carnival. Walkers Bay was *en fete*.

"Schreiner suggested that I should wake him at 4.30 a.m., and in my little citroen, 'The Yellow Peril,' take him to Robber Rock and fish the dawn.

"I mentioned that I had not yet got hooks or wire whereupon he lectured me on the class of fisherman who preys on his friends, especially as regards sinkers and bait-knives.

"Shortly after 5 a.m. I had borrowed his best hook and a length of precious phospher-bronze wire. These I tied on carefully and leisurely, while Schreiner, fishing vigorously, caught three or four sharks! It was dead low tide and I cast—not very far—into the shallow sandy water. Sleepily I held the rod—a light bamboo—and seemed to feel the sea floor move. A second such sensation and I struck. I shouted to Schreiner that I was into an express train and he retorted "shark." The first run about 250 yards was terrific, and I expected to lose all my line, then it was a ding-dong battle for forty minutes.

"I was afraid of losing Schreiner's hook and line and so landed my 107 lb. kabeljauw. The struggle to lift the fish up the rocks nearly knocked out Schreiner, who is a strong man. My puny efforts were of little avail. I really think it is his fish—as well as the score of sharks he caught that morning."

Miss Renee Kelly.

"I really don't know," laughed Miss Renée Kelly, when I at first asked her for the most outstanding moment of her life. But afterwards as she thoughtfully ran a comb through her hair, in her dressing room at the Opera House, Capetown, she told me of Judy's first night. it was at the Duke of York's Theatre, London. An impatient crowd had waited, some of them since dawn, to secure front seats in the gallery, and when the curtain went up on the premiere of "Daddy Longlegs" it went up on what was to be a very memorable first night for the young actress. There was nobody behind the curtain who was not nervous.

"I believe I was the most nervous of them all," went on Miss Kelly. One could see that she was going very vividly over the evening.

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An incident that happened as she was standing in the wings only made her more nervous than ever. Wearing Judy's dirty and tattered old hat and clothes and looking as disreputable as she could make herself, she was ordered away by one of the stage hands.

"Come on 'ere. Be off!" said the man.

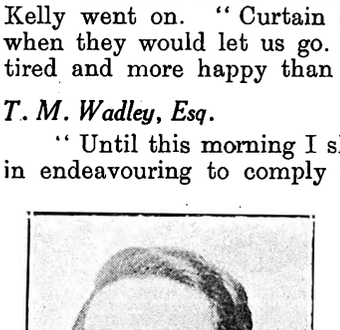
"I'm Miss Kelly," the actress protested.

"Ho, yus, you all say that. Yer sister's Gladys Cooper ain't she? Come on, I shall lose my job if they find you 'ere."

"The end of the evening I shall never forget," Miss Kelly went on. "Curtain after curtain until I wondered when they would let us go. I went home that night more tired and more happy than I can ever remember."

T. M. Wadley, Esq.

"Until this morning I should have had some hesitation in endeavouring to comply with your request as the outstanding incidents in my life so far have been of a purely personal character. But the receipt of your letter has removed all my difficulties, for it is easily the outstanding incident in my life to be among the twenty famous people in Africa. Had this suggestion been made from the most humble source I should have deemed it shocking, but coming from such an important organ as the SOUTH AFRICAN PICTORIAL it certainly eclipses all other incidents personal to myself. A local influential organ constantly deplores the lack of men of consequence in Durban and, therefore, I fear my inclusion in your list must have been under some misapprehension, or is it that distance lends enchantment?



T. M. WADLEY, ESQ.

"I congratulate your bright and breezy journal on attaining its 6th birthday, and hope it will for many years to come afford us cheerful and interesting reading."

Lin Ngai, Esq., Chinese Consul.

"The most outstanding incident of my life occurred during the Boxer Rising in Pekin about a quarter of a century ago. I may mention that this Rising was privately engineered by the late Dowager Empress, who was considered the most wonderful woman in the East. She hated the Europeans because they favoured the then young Emperor—her adopted son.

LIN NGAI, ESQ.

"A few days before the Rising took place, I went from Tientsin to Pekin. The day after my arrival, railway communication was entirely cut off. In a few days' time the whole City of Pekin was surrounded by the Boxers, who penetrated into the City. Every Boxer was armed with a sword, and whenever he met a sympathiser of the Europeans, that sympathiser was promptly killed.

"At that time I was a student at the Tientsin University Having acquired some of the Western ideas and manner, I was liable to be singled out for destruction. Knowing that my life was in danger, I escaped with difficulty from Pekin, first by road, and later by a small native boat, eventually reaching Tientsin in safety. During the journey every inch of the way was beset with dangers."

Miss Hetty King.

"The greatest moment in my life, at least the most exciting was in America, where I was touring under the Claw and Erlender management. I was travelling from Buffalo to Pittsburg, and because I had missed the mail train my manager engaged a special train for me to make the journey. You know that the Americans are very, very wonderful in regard to publicity. It happened that I had bought a few diamonds, but they were not content with a few, and the papers came out and said I had bought sixty thousand dollars' worth. It may have been very good publicity but, it did not prove to be quite as great a benefit as was at first imagined. We left Buffalo on the special train, and were crossing the country when two hold-up men in the van crossed to the door of my carriage and knocked. The coloured attendant who apparently knew all the hold-up men in the country, for he had been on the track for many years, recognised them, and told me not to open the door. They were after the imaginary sixty thousand dollars' worth of diamonds. Actually I think I might have been carrying two thousand pounds worth of jewels at the time but, no more. It was all terribly exciting. I was in my compartment, with a black attendant standing at the door. The two hold-up men banged on the door and demanded admittance. I refused so they broke open the door and burst into the room. But the black attendant was too quick for them, and he hit them one after the other over the head. They fell senseless to the floor, and the black attendant stood up triumphant and I was saved. It was all like a scene out of a real wild west drama. And that, Mr. Editor was the most exciting moment of my life. I seek no repetition of the incident."

HETTY KING.

Alice Lloyd.

"The great moment of my life was, I think, when I arrived in New York by the *Mauritania* some years ago. When we were out at sea, it was so rough that I was the hero of the deck—the only person who ventured out in the weather. One night there was a tremendous bump and the boat shivered and stayed still. I turned to the Quartermaster who was near me and asked him what was wrong, and he told me there was nothing to worry about, that the propeller had lost a blade. I went into the saloon and there was panic. Women rushed here, there and everywhere, so I stood on the companion-way and sang:

'The sea was very wet,
The crew was very dry;
We were leaking,
The ship was creaking,
And so was I.

We got the women and the kids,
We chucked them into the sea;
And everybody on that ship
Was saved excepting me.'"

It is a silly old "cod" sea-song but, it had the effect. It all ended very happily, and when we landed in New York, I was able to introduce Miss Constance Collier who was on the boat to some newspaper men. They asked her for any outstanding incident of the voyage and she painted me as a heroine, not knowing that I was the one passenger who was aware of the safety when the panic took place. So the American papers came out with double columns, photographs of me and within two or three days I was more than famous. I have always considered that the moment when I became a heroine undeservedly and, one of the most interesting experiences of my life.

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Thistledown and Thunder.

A Higgledy-Piggledy Diary.

By Hector Bolitho.

The writer has come to the age when memory is failing him, and he rescues incidents and impressions from the passing torrent before it is too late.

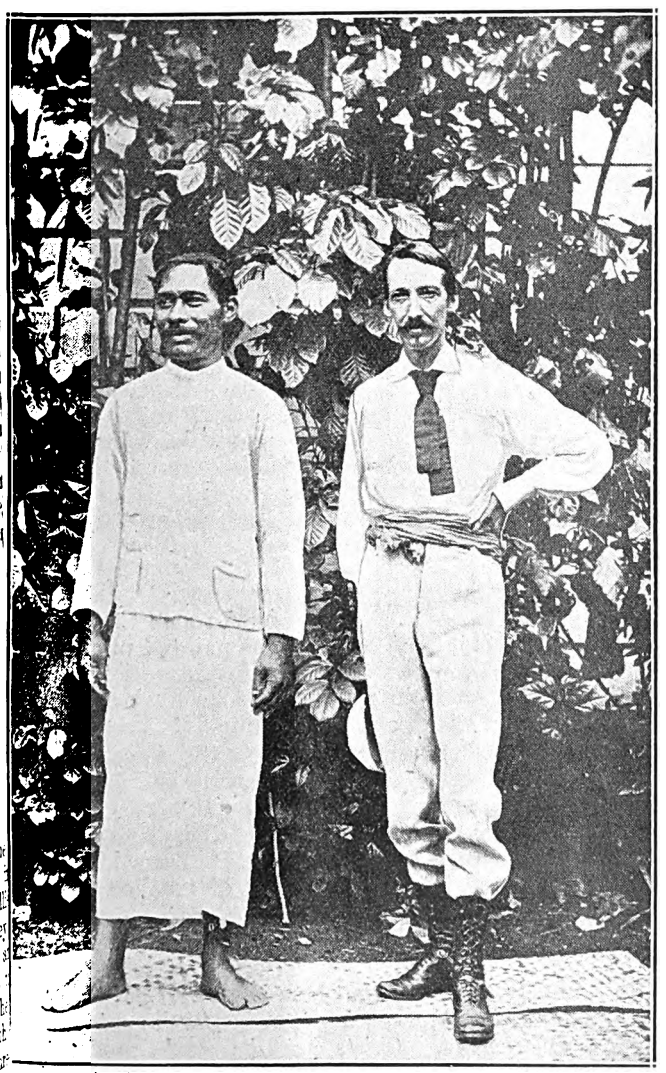
This series of articles, which may continue for far longer than either you or he may wish, is an effort to set down all the things he hadn't the time or the courage to write in the years the locusts have eaten; in New Zealand, Fiji, Samoa, Tonga, Australia, Italy, France, the parent England . . . and now Africa.

To Apia in Samoa—March 21, 1919.

We left Suva at night, and my last view of Fiji was of a narrow line of harbour lights piercing the intense tropical darkness. The sea journey brought increased heat as we approached the equator, and when we were twenty-four hours away from Apia in Samoa we slowed down off Niuafu Island, where we waited for a Tongan native, who swam out for the mail.

The Niuafu Mail.

It was night—one of the nights when land breezes floated over the water—hot and laden with the perfume of flowers. The island was silhouetted against the sky, and



Robert Louis Stevenson photographed with a Samoa Chieftain.

Cutting copra from cocoanuts in Fiji.

we peered silently over the rails, waiting for the first sound of the swimmer.

A light glimmered on the distant shore and disappeared. Next I saw it on the crest of a wave and then came a dark body, like a shadow in the phosphorescent water. The voice of a native was heard, and then we saw him swimming, with a long bamboo held high in the air. In the forked end of this were the letters to be posted to the outside world. Another native swam behind him carrying a lamp. The exceedingly strong current, the dark night, sharks and distance from the shore, made this crude mail service a miracle. The Tongan handed the bamboo to a seaman on the ship, a sealed tin was thrown into the water, it was grabbed by the swimming postman and tied to his wrist. Then the lamp and the two natives disappeared, and we steamed on the way to Apia, leaving the lonely folk of Niuafu to the quiet of another month.

Apia—March 23, 1919.

The early morning light showed Apia to be a semi-circular town, backed by interesting hills, on one of which Robert Louis Stevenson is buried. Below the hills were signs of habitation, and before us was the beach on which the New Zealand troops landed in 1914. There were many formalities preceding our landing, and heavy rain was falling. We were ushered on to a small boat in which we went ashore. Strong native oarsmen made the whaleboat speed through the water, but of this moment of the Samoan days I have a rather unpleasant recollection, for it rained so hard that I saw nothing but the inside of my umbrella. The comfort of the hotel, the smart Chinese servants, and the kindliness of the manager, who made me happy again with a pair of dry socks, and the pleasure of a midday meal, soon caused me to forget the rain, and shortly after lunch the shower cleared and the glorious island shook itself free of the oppressive water.

March 25, 1919.

All Samoa is fascinating. The scenery in these islands is, of course, perfect. Nowhere else do the flowers bloom so brightly; nowhere else do the trees grow with such perfect form and rich green; nowhere else do water, land and air meet with such wonderfully pleasing result. Everything seems to be tuned up for a special effort, and the effort is everlasting.

But the beautiful island is not entirely Nature's playground, for it has already achieved success in commerce by virtue of the copra and other produce exported from Apia. Vast acres of rich land stretch towards the little hills and beyond; acres that pour gold into the coffers of Samoa.

Above all this stands Vaea, cold and proud of her burden. The bushes hide Stevenson's tomb, but it is there, reminding all of a great man who strove and hoped for better days for Samoa.

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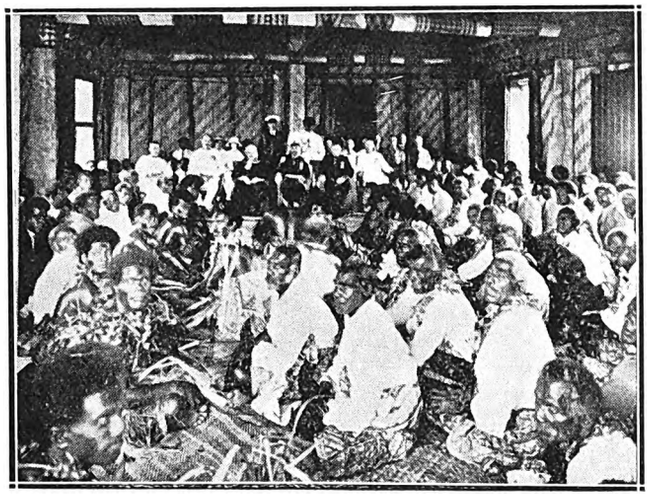
The days in Apia passed so quickly that we had to devote every hour to some new phase of Samoan life. In the evening we visited a native house, where girls danced for us. The figures were graceful, as we expected, and the effect of our sitting audience, the strumming of the guitar, and the sensuous rhythm of the dance was weird. The mother of the family had an eye to finance, and she tactfully invited us to throw a coin into a hat.

The interior of this Samoan house was well ordered, although there was no luxury beyond an His Master's Voice gramaphone. I do not think much other than comfort could creep into their simple life. The oval house was floored with pebbles, which were covered by mats. One end of the house was curtained off, and there the matron hid the secrets of her toilet. The art of the Samoans is crude, but beautiful. The tappa matting is perhaps the most characteristic product of their handiwork. Its bold design and texture make it quite an acceptable reminder of Samoa.

The outlying islands, especially Savali, which is an active volcano, present abundant attractions for the tourist who can stay over until the next stamer.

Apia is the wedding place of Nature. Nowhere else do water and land meet with such beauty. And Apia town, low-lying and curved to the shape of the bay, is like a stage, on which the poetic Samoan girls pass in gay parade.



Fiji has a Governor. He is Sir Cecil Rodwell and he lives up on a hill, looking down over this colourful place. The Fijian chiefs have their part in the government of the islands, and in the photograph, which should be next to this p.p. (that is, Printers permitting), you will see them sitting in Council.

Sunday.

I shall never forget the church service. I strayed into a church in the afternoon and found almost everybody sitting on the floor or lounging comfortably on the seats. There wasn't a white man in the little shadowy place, with its garlands of hibiscus that had tired of being fresh and were contented to hang their bruised scarlet heads against the wall.

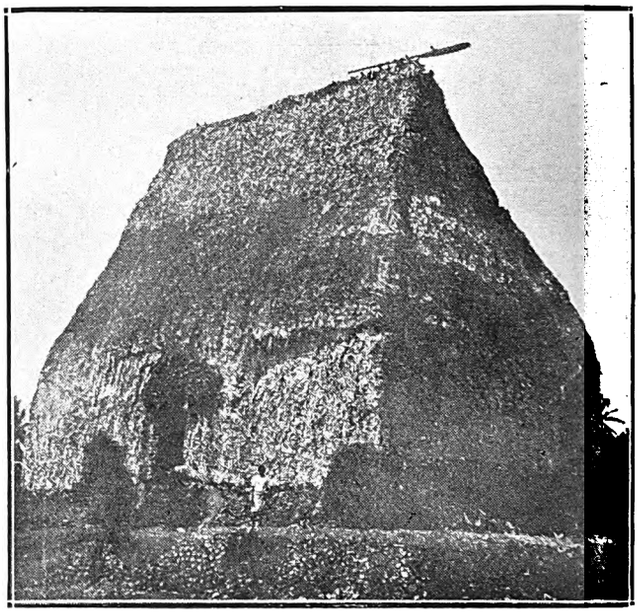
So I crept in and lo! the native preacher stopped talking. He looked at me and everybody else looked at me. I prayed for the customary hole in the earth, so that I should be swallowed up in the time approved fashion.

I sat down next to a dusky fellow, who smiled and moved away to give me plenty of space.

The preacher continued with his story, and the dark-skinned company allowed me to stay unnoticed.

It was very hot. Apia was flooded with merciless sun-heat. My neighbour guessed my discomfort, and he slid along the seat and fanned me vigorously all the way through the service. There is plenty of evidence of the old German regime. The very buildings suggest stodgy, practical, matter-of-fact German colonisation.

But . . . to the beautiful!



The House of a Fijian Chief.

A Meke.

One night I went to see a Samoan meke. . . . I think it was a meke, but I always hesitate to use any of the island words in case I make mistakes. I have not forgotten, talking of mistakes, the *faux pas* I heard in Sydney, in the bathing shed one Sunday. A sun-browned, middle-aged stodge said that all a Fijian had to wear was a kava cloth. As kava is beer and as the cloth he meant was a lava lava, you can see how easy it is to crash with a smattering of the island tongue.

Still . . . I think *meke* is correct.

My Methodist blood makes me feel that the *meke* wasn't decent. But it was very beautiful.

We found an oval house wherein, bathed in lamplight and shadow, seven girls waited our coming. We sat on the floor and watched them. They danced—no, no! Dance is not the word.

Their poetic hips and shoulders, possessing a thousand little muscles that rippled beneath the dusky skins, carried me back to another day, another century, when perhaps if all the reincarnationists tell me is true, I dreamed on the porphyry staircase of a Persian court, with a turban on my head and a cluster of harem girls, bathing my feet in limpid water, perfumed with the Persian equivalent for bath salts. If you could see me now, you wouldn't dream that I could ever have fitted into the picture. Still!

Night.

I sat in the shadows of the little Samoan house, with that line of dancing girls, with their eyes, splendid with fire, flashing the eternal question that is as much the heritage of these primitive children as it is of the painted puppets of my more intimate winter gardens. The brilliant hibiscus flowers nestled against their hair—hair that nestled against their heads like sable wings of a bird against its breast.

Hot perfumed air came in from the forest. The surf murmured faint suggestion somewhere in the infinity of the night. And when the long night tripped past with laughing feet, I was drunk with the beauty of the everlasting colour of that little house, with its laughter, its bare skin, its burning eyes, and the intoxicating scent of crushed flowers.

Messrs. Reville, Limited, of Hanover Square, London, write to say that lace trimming will be very popular during the coming season for evening and reception gowns. Skirts will be made moderately short; the vogue in Paris at present, of course, being rather extreme.

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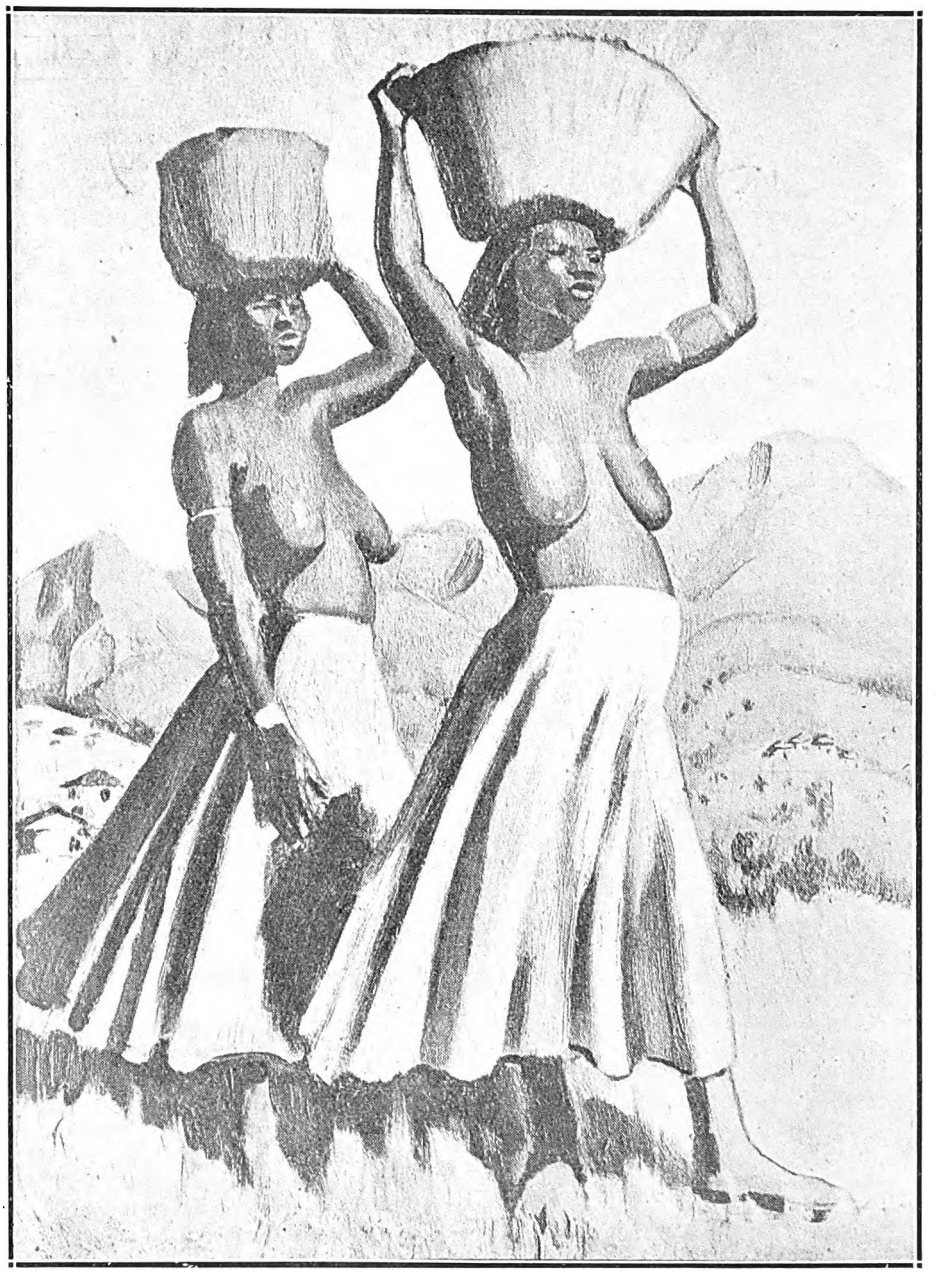
A Modernist Painter in South Africa.

The Art of Neville Lewis.

There is no doubt that, for a young country, South Africa is tremendously interested in art. There is also no doubt that we possess more self-styled artists to the square mile than any other country in the world. It is amazing to an art critic to discover enthusiasts here daubing canvases and producing paintings that are hardly worthy of being reproduced on the backs of picture-postcards. These efforts are all magnificent—but they are not art.

I think it must be Table Mountain that is responsible for these enthusiasms. Young ladies, who have been taught the rudiments of water-colour painting simultaneously with the pathetic French and excruciating piano playing of all young ladies' education, arrive by the mail boat, see Table Mountain, and are overwhelmed. They promptly go and buy some oil tubes, a piece of canvas, and a stool, and may be seen any afternoon in Capetown religiously painting Table Mountain for the thousandth time. It is all amazingly pathetic.

This wonderful scenery of South Africa has a good deal to answer for in art. It has not merely inspired a hundred and one mediocre paintings, but it has so obsessed the artists of this country that one finds them painting nothing else but landscapes. Sunshine, old Dutch houses, and veld scenes—we have them *ad nauseam* in our artists' studios. If some of them would only sit down and paint the humanity that throng Adderley Street and Pritchard Street something intresting might develop in South African art. As it is, our painters leave their landscapes only to paint Mayors and Councillors in full regalia.



Two Pondo Women, bought by the Johannesburg Gallery.

Occasionally, however, an artist comes to this country and reveals to us what other artists have missed, or ignored. Such an artist is Neville Lewis, who is now hard at work in a Capetown studio completing the many fine native studies that he has painted here and will exhibit at the Leicester Galleries in London this year.

Neville Lewis is one of those young rebels of the New English Art Club in London, who snapped their fingers at the Royal Academy and refused to have anything to do with the greybeards in art. Neville Lewis in fact did more. He threw up his job as drawing teacher at the Academy, and set out on the English highroads looking for gipsies to paint. He found them, and when his pictures were exhibited there was a growling acknowledgment from the best London art critics that Neville Lewis was painting "good stuff." Even Augustus John admired the young rebel, and the two soon became close friends.

But the young artist soon tired of painting gipsies. He wanted to find something much more savage, much more *outré* in humanity. And, being a South African, he recalled the country of vast spaces and black masses, and, packing up his canvases and paints, he came back here again.

He is the youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. S. Lewis, of Newlands, Capetown, and studied at the University there. After his studies were over in South Africa, however, he went into the much more exciting atmosphere of the Slade School and was soon one of those enthusiastic rebels who are determined, apparently, not merely to paint the town red, but to paint the world in a variety of rainbow colourings. Trees shall be yellow and hills carmine.

There is no doubt, however, that his work shows a fine strength, besides being thoroughly modern. He came back to South Africa a year ago and has been travelling through Zululand and Pondoland in search of native studies. He spent some time in the Rand compounds, selecting types for his canvases, and he has now returned to Capetown with some of the finest native studies that have ever been seen in South Africa. When they are exhibited at the Leicester Galleries this year they should create something of a sensation.

It is good to hear that a few people in South Africa have been alive to this real South African artist in their midst, and have determined that at least some of his pictures shall be retained here. After all, an artist who has a picture hanging in the Tate Gallery, as well as several hanging in other English art galleries, has undoubtedly arrived. So it is a matter for congratulation to learn that the Johannesburg Art Gallery has purchased the picture of "Two Pondo Women," by Neville Lewis, for the city. It is a remarkably

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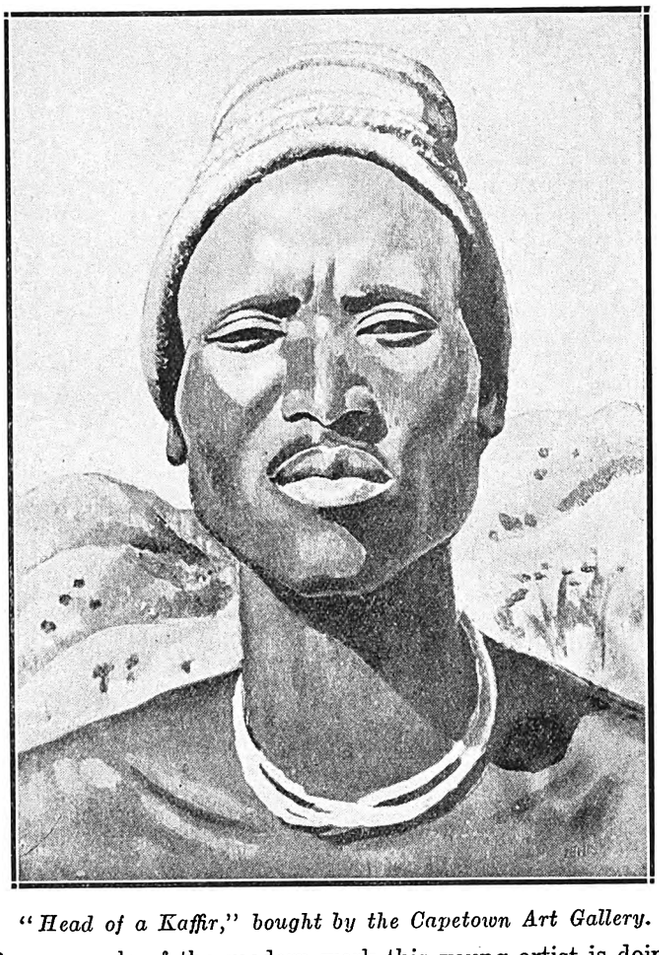
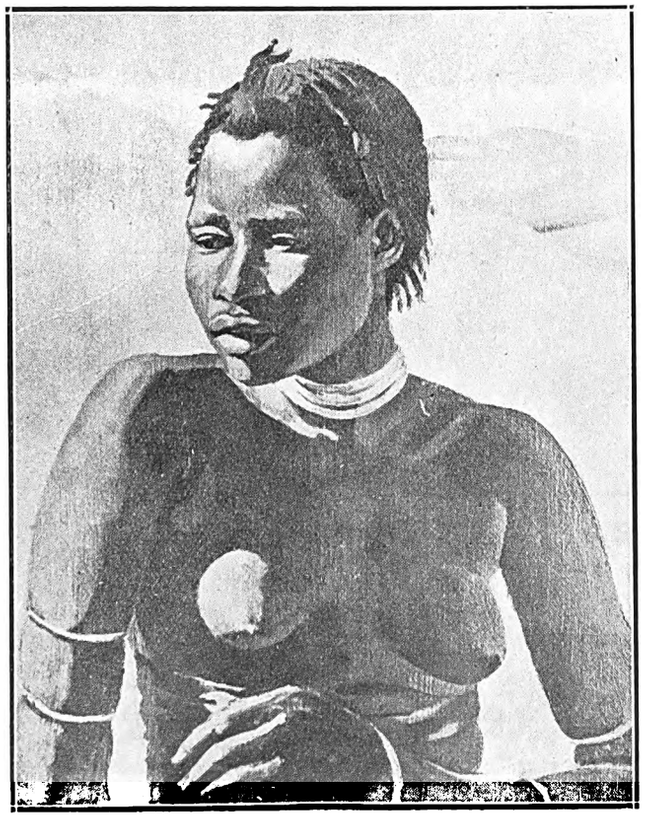


"Head of a Kaffir," bought by the Capetown Art Gallery.

fine example of the modern work this young artist is doing, and if it had been exhibited in London would have aroused a good deal of enthusiastic criticism.

Not to be outdone, Capetown has also decided to purchase one of these native studies by Neville Lewis, and has decided upon the "Head of a Kaffir," which possesses singular strength and virility. Both these pictures are, above all things, unmistakably African. They are an asset to the art collection of any country.



"A Young Pondo Girl."

While he has been in South Africa, Neville Lewis has not devoted himself entirely to native studies. When I was in his studio the other day he showed me several canvases he had painted of Rand and Capetown celebrities. They are well and firmly done, but do not possess the artistic abandon of his native studies. Naturally, one dare not expect it. Celebrities pay to have their portraits painted in the conventional manner—not in unconventional. Neville Lewis hopes to arrange an exhibition of these portraits in the City Hall, Capetown, in a few weeks' time, after which he will sail for England to launch his African atmosphere upon London art critics. *W.J.M.*

Our Changed Habits.

The World and its Amusements.

By Aotearoa.

Have our social habits changed? There is every appearance of it. Was there ever a time in the history of man when he was so determined on being entertained? What was a luxury to our forefathers has become to us a necessity. In all our life's activities, we give a place, perhaps the most important place, to amusement. We feel we cannot live without it. For one thing ours is a restless world. Cataclysms, such as wars and social upheavals, have become so common that Nature herself seems to have become infected by the general restlessness, and every now and again overwhelms man with some dread visitation. The result is that the world is losing the old fixed ways of life and, finding that all is flux, is out to make the most of the fleeting moments.

It would be interesting to know how far thrift has been thrown overboard by this subtle sense of the insecurity of things which is stealing over with generation. Certainly, in some countries, it has gone by the board altogether, and the "wherewithal" is spent almost as soon as it is earned. This craze for pleasure, if one takes the trouble to note the symptoms, is almost universal and has this curious feature, that it is invariably pursued away from home. This feature makes it not only more noticeable, but also more expensive. The Englishman's house is his castle, but it is no longer his pleasure-dome.

Modern youth, it seems, condescends to sleep at home but prefers to take his pleasure abroad. Hence, we see springing up in all directions in the large cities theatres, cinemas, hotels, restaurants, and dancing halls. So far as amusements are concerned, we are exceedingly fond of one another's company.

Do young men spend a quiet evening at home, we do not say with Scott or Dickens, but with the latest novel of the Freudian school? Have young ladies, able to whirl away to a dance hall—palais de danse, it is styled—or to a theatre or cinema any night of the week, ever the time to think of the stately dances of the Jane Austen period?

One consequence of the remarkable amount of attention given to music and the drama, particularly in modern cities, is that people not only go to the play and concerts—they talk about it. There is more dramatic criticism rampant than ever before, and we discuss plays, players, concertos, and prodigies in public, as a modern Greek fights his political battles in a cafe. Even our reading matter seems to be designed for train journeys, and a newspaper is popular because it tells the events of the world in tabloid form.

Yes, we have changed our social habits. He who runs may read.

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Some South African Millionaires.

By Beachcomber.

Millionaires are still, to many of us, fantastic figures in a fantastic romance. We find it impossible to believe in their existence outside romantic novels, lurid films and detached newspaper items. I have tried by persistent questioning, of such ordinary mortals as one meets in a boarding-house, to find out their conception of a millionaire.

In nearly all cases I found that this conception was tinctured by some romantic trash that had been read. Either the millionaire was thought to be a gross, overfed creature spending his money lavishly and enjoying a bottle of Perrier Jouet at every meal, or else he was imagined as a sour dyspeptic, who existed on a glass of hot water and a piece of dry toast and economised in servants and bread and butter to a miserable degree. The only exception was the statement by an individual with a mouth crammed with toast and marmalade, who characterised the millionaire as "a damned fool who could not help making money." All these conceptions I found to be absurdly wrong when I met some of South Africa's millionaires. Sir J. B. Robinson, for example, whom I met at his huge house in Wynberg, was, despite a crippling rheumatism that imprisoned him in a chair and a deafness that necessitated his using an ear-trumpet—positively a jovial man. They will tell you in the law courts of South Africa that "Old J.B." is a determined enemy. It may be so. All that I can say is that once you have experienced that frank smile of his, you cannot resist him. Life has been something of a joyous adventure to him, and he has always entered upon a fight with gusto. I feel sure that in his leisured moments he reads the novels of W. J. Locke.

When I last talked to him he was in a reminiscent mood. As a matter of fact talking about miners and mines in those glorious hurly-burly days of the early Rand is the one weakness, the one enjoyable weakness that I have discovered in him.

"Men lost and won fortunes in those days within a few hours," he told me. "I remember an occasion when a whole crowd of us who had been rather fortunate on the Kimberley Diamond Fields, were taking a trip to England in one of the old steamers. A discussion began on deck about diamonds. Someone had said that they had heard a lot about diamonds but had never seen one. Then one man in the party offered to show a diamond to the ignorant one. He went down below to his cabin and brought it up. It was a big yellow stone worth about £2,000. It was passed round from hand to hand, and admired.

"Then, just as the man was about to put it back in his pocket, the stone slipped out of his hand, rolled into the scuppers and dropped into the sea. The man was overwhelmed at his loss. I went down to his cabin later and found him crying like a child."

Sir J. B. Robinson smiled sadly at the recollection. "Glorious days, those," he murmured. "There was plenty of adventure then. Now—," he winced, as a twinge of rheumatism came to him. "But I don't worry," he said, with a gesture. "The doctors say I am still sound, but then I can't expect to be the same as I was. I'm eighty, you know."

He produced a cigarette case and offered me one. He took one himself. I struck a match and offered him a light. A look of alarm came over his face. "No, no. Good gracious, no. That is unlucky. Never offer or accept a light for your cigarette."

He fumbled and produced his own matches and lighted his cigarette.

Then he began to talk about his pictures, and the famous fiasco of a sale at Christies, when he bought back nearly all the old masters that he had offered for sale. Old masters seem to be an obsession among millionaires. Just as miners whom I knew in the North of England were fascinated by pigeons and whippets, so old masters fascinate millionaires. If Henry James in working "The Outcry" had only given us a portrait of a millionaire owner of masterpieces instead of an aristocratic owner, what a wonderful book it would have been. But then, Henry James was incapable of describing anyone who was not an aristocrat.

Sir J. B. Robinson has acquired in his battles at Christies some eleven Gainsboroughs, as well as examples by British masters as Constable, Reynolds, Romney, Raeburn, Hogarth, Lawrence and Turner, while the Continental school is represented by Rembrandt, Rubens, Franzs Hals and Van Dyck. Only a millionaire could hope to possess such a collection.

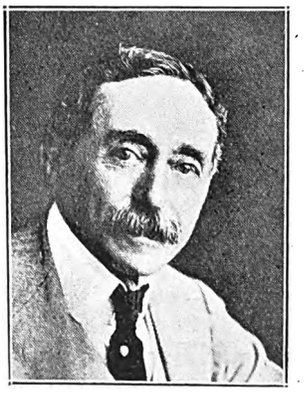
Old masters are the particular hobby of another South African millionaire, Sir Max Michaelis, although when I met him last he preferred to talk about newspapers and the fortunes that could be made and lost in them. But, when I mentioned the real aesthetic pleasure that his early Dutch paintings had given me, this little man rose out of his chair in his enthusiasm and insisted upon me taking a walk with him through his own famous Michaelis gallery.

There was a Franz Hals hung there which I would willingly spend two years in prison to possess. I did not tell Sir Max Michaelis of my nefarious thoughts, nor do I flatter myself that he would have been interested in them. He was much too busy pointing out the beauties of the Michaelis gallery to me, its star-domed roof, its fountain court and all the other beauties which a lavish architect had lavished upon it.

"Exquisite . . exquisite," I murmured, although I wanted to tell him that it was bad as an art gallery. The dim light that filters through is fit only for an anatomical museum, certainly not for the display of old Dutch masters. There is only one man in Capetown I know who has discovered the right use for this exquisite building. That man is Mr. Leslie Heward, the Cape Town Orchestra conductor who believes that the *Kreutzer Sonata* and a few other exquisite pieces of chamber music should be played beneath that starred dome.

But, with a gesture, Sir Max Michaelis was displaying me Knottler's fine bust of himself. It is a wonderful example of Knottler's best bread and butter work. And then this enthusiast rushed me upstairs to gaze once more upon those fine Dutch masterpieces and that superb Franz Hals. Sir Max Michaelis only left one of my desires unfulfilled, and that is to see his private collection of pictures.

If it is not old masters that fascinate the millionaire, it is peaches and potatoes. At least I imagine that is what has fascinated Sir Lionel Phillips, whose little lithe figure I saw standing on the mailboat the other week reminding me irresistibly of a cartoon by "Spy." I am sure that "Spy" must have met Sir Lionel Phillips and cartooned him for "Vanity Fair" in the early days. If not, I am bitterly disappointed.



SIR LIONEL PHILLIPS.

There is always a Dickensian alertness about Sir Lionel. He talks to you with animation, his hands are rarely still, and his eyes are restlessly searching you and other people in the vicinity. He is, in fact, very much alive and despises sloth. Half-an-hour's conversation with him leaves you exhausted and in a rather feverish state. Life is a very intense affair with him.

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Staying with him in the Johannesburg days at Arcadia was not by any means a holiday. One was awakened each morning before dawn by the exercises of Sir Lionel and his Swiss instructor on the stoep, "one, two . . one two . . . quicker, sir!" It was enough to make one sit up in bed and drink a glass of cold water rather than the comforting cup of tea that had been placed by his side. He is something of an athlete, and has a passion for organ music. It is not merely the passion of a listener, for he plays extraordinarily well. The pettiness of life he can dispel with a Bach figure, which is something to thank God for.

"No, I do not intend to enter public life again," he said to me with twinkling eyes a few weeks ago. "I am going to settle on my farm at Somerset West and grow peaches." Yet one wondered whether a man who lives so intensely and keeps himself so fit for life is likely to resuscitate. He has just finished writing his reminiscences. I feel sure that he is impatiently preparing to act the epilogue. And the most active of them all, is Sir Abe Bailey. He was not merely active in the oratorical sense in Parliament; an incident a few sessions ago showed that he could be muscularly active as well. He looks a fighter. That grin that comes over his face when he is speaking tells of the man who has got his back to the wall and is thoroughly enjoying himself. I have heard him plead heartily for the rough and tumble of the hustings when someone proposed to interfere with an act of Parliament. "It's all in the game" he said. "I enjoy a platform hurly-burly as much as the interrupters."

SIR ABE BAILEY.

In those early days of the rush for the Rand, miners named him "the plodding boy." He is still "the plodding boy." His defeat at Krugersdorp at the last election was rather a blow to him, but "the plodding boy" is not likely to remain out of the political hurly-burly long.

I do not know whether he has been taking lessons in the art of speaking from his friend Winston Churchill, but there is no doubt that he has developed a gift little suspected when he first entered public life. In the last parliament, he was one of the very few who always kept the ear of the House. There was a clearness and piquancy about his utterances which is most uncommon. The style was easy and natural, and seemed the fitting reflection of his genial personality. I feel sure that I shall see that genial grin in Parliament again before very long. Meanwhile, the Prince of Wales will find in him one of the most genial hosts in South Africa.

Dominion Artists in London.

Miss Alys Steele Payne, the South African pianiste, has forsaken her instrument and has blossomed out into an actress. She is shortly to tour England, playing a part in "Pollyanna," a comedy which met with great success in London. She has had no experience as an actress, but at an audition the producers were so impressed with her work that she was immediately booked. Luck has been indeed smiling on this young lady, as a little later her husband secured a part in the same play, and did so well that when the post of stage manager became vacant he was appointed. So the happy couple (not to forget baby) will tour together, and she will have to obey her lord and master, for is he not stage manager, and is she not his wife?

Another South African who is advancing rapidly is Miss Dorothy Clarke, who made quite a stir when she played in "The Trojan Women" with Miss Sybil Thorndyke. Her part was that of Helen of Troy, and she acted and looked it, too. At present she is "Araminta" in the "Farmer's Wife" at the Court Theatre in the West End. In this leading role she set the critics talking and the public applauding. Next week she starts on a 27 weeks' tour through the Provinces in the same part and play. With her talent, youth and charms she is sure to make a big name for herself.

It is rather a sore point with the English professionals to have to admit that such an enormous percentage of outstanding artists are colonials. If the figures are worked out on a population basis the result is indeed staggering! Take the British National Opera Company. For the coming season we find that Florence Austral, Rosina Buckman, Evelyn Scotney, Eda Bennie, Browning Mummery, Fred Collier, all of whom sing leads, Aylmer Buesst, the principal conductor, and a number of minor members are all from the Dominions. Then Margaret Bannerman, Matheson Lang, Oscar Ashe, three stars of first magnitude, lead the scores of colonial actors and actresses, while there is a long list indeed of concert singers and instrumentalists who come from overseas. In revue we find the names of Lorna and Toots Pounds displayed in big electric signs as the great attraction in "The Whirl of the World," and at the Royal command performance at the Alhambra next week there is even an Australian who juggles with billiard cues as no one else ever did! If we remember how overcrowded the profession is and how many unemployed are in the profession, it is no wonder that some people at least wish that Colonials would stay at home. *Allegro.*

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Totalisator vs. Bookmaker.

Racing Clubs May Decline "Silent Betting."

By "Observer."

It may be taken for granted that a strong effort will be made to extend "silent betting" over all the racing clubs on the Rand. The present position cannot continue for long. Either the new system must be scrapped or brought into operation in clubs other than Auckland Park and its subsidiary concerns. If the owners and trainers unite with the bookmakers in any definite movement towards that end, it will be seen that the other clubs will have no easy task in continuing the present style of betting, which, of course, finds favour with the bulk of their patrons. With local racing in a state of flux, these clubs will be well advised to consider once more the alleged advantages of the totalisator over the human machine, be the latter silent or otherwise. It is unlikely that the owners and trainers would support the ringmen to the last ditch on a question of this sort, for where the totalisator is the sole means of betting the stakes are eminently satisfactory—and this is the matter that counts.

In this connection it is interesting to note that in the balance sheet of the Johannesburg Pony and Galloway Club for the year just closed the totalisator is shown to contribute no less than £21,020 17s. 1d. to the total revenue of £37,704 8s. 4d. On the other hand, bookmakers' licences and percentages figure at £4,073 9s. 5d. I should suppose that the question of betting on racecourses, as apart from betting in legalised premises, is more or less a club affair, and therefore outside the scope of the Provincial Council, but I doubt whether the withdrawal of licences would, in itself, have the effect which a body of stewards might have in mind. If no financial loss accrued to the Provincial Council by the betting on racecourses being restricted to the machine, it is obvious that such a step would be welcomed. It would be much easier to collect a ta xfrom, say, half-a-dozen clubs than from a large number of individual bookmakers.

One doesn't expect Great Britain to be in love with the totalisator, but she has followed the example set by the Dominions in minor matters pertaining to racing, and she may do so where the tote is concerned—in time. In most of the Australian States the bookmakers and the machine work "side by side," although the latter is increasing in popularity with the public and the clubs. The public say the totalisator is responsible for better racing, while the clubs chortle over the revenue it brings.

New Zealand, from north to south, does all its racecourse betting per the totalisator. When the bookmakers were relieved of their old-time duties all sorts of dire results were prophesied. Racing was to become as flat as a pancake, horse-breeding was to cease, and the leading patrons of the Turf would hike to other lands. Some went further and spoke of it as a "national calamity." But what has been the outcome? The sport is on a loftier plane; the breeding is highly successful, being now carried out on more scientific lines; and the old owners are still to the fore in the prize-list. If the owners cannot indulge in a "silent" bet, as of ore, this disability is more than made up in stakes.

The amounts handled by th totalisator in the Land of the Moa must make our local racing directors' mouths water." At the recent meeting of the Auckland Racing Club, which extended over four days, the totalisator put through £422,445 10s.! It is generally expected that the last day of a big meeting such as this will disclose a substantial falling-away in revenue. But in Auckland it was not so. The fourth day's tally was just on £101,000, which showed an improvement of over £11,000 compared with the corresponding day last year. There is no lack of money for racing, and the sporting press of the Dominion announce that at practically all the gala meetings held at the beginning of the year an advance in totalisator investments has been shown. It is customary for far-flung countries to follow the lead given by New Zealand in health, education and good government. May I now add "racing"?

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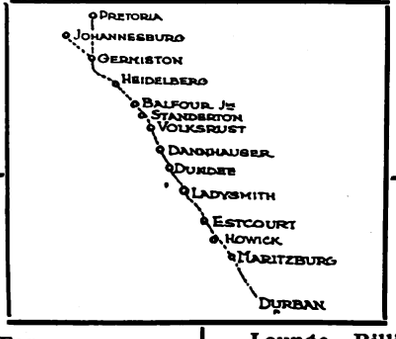

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The Pelican.

A weekly paper has extreme disadvantages where dramatic criticism is concerned. A critic fondly hugs the illusion that he moulds public opinion, but when a play has been running four or five days the public has already made up its mind and the critic on the weekly paper must come in at the tail end and let his still small voice pass more or less unheeded. Yet I insist on having my say.

"The Pelican" was produced for the first time on Monday night at His Majesty's Theatre. Let us talk first of the play itself. The fundamental plot is as old as the inevitable hills. This is well, for the modern playwright must go back to the older dramas for the skeleton of his play, no matter what modern cloak he may care to fling around its shoulders. "The Pelican" is a sound drama, written with literary skill, wit and wisdom, and acted with almost faultless technique. There is something very unusual about Miss Hoey's company. In London now-a-days, the call is for ankles and faces. What is known as the art and technique of the stage have gone to the wall more or less, while the pretty little nonentities strut the boards and marry into the aristocracy.

Miss Hoey believes in the theatre. She does not go in for stunts, nor does she try to achieve the beauty of the "Bath Salts" lady on the back of the magazine. She does not fall a prey to the star system by surrounding herself with little people. She is an artist who engaged a company of artists (I use the word very solemnly) to support her. I have seen few plays of this order produced in London where the acting was so sound, so true and sincere.

Miss Hoey reaches delicately perfect moments in her comedy. She is one of the very few London actresses who could play Congreve comedies, because she is one of the very few with an instinctive knowledge of what the word comedy means. She is never a trickster and secures no effects except by legitimate practises on the stage. She made the play tremble with sane emotion. When she made love, she was the essence of provoking charm: the desirable woman. When she came to the scenes with her son, she was the mother in mind and emotion, yet without sentiment. Miss Hoey has still a tremendous world in front of her. I have no doubt that she will make history for the English theatre. Few do that now-a-days. Miss Hoey creates standards: she does not blindly pursue them.

And now to Mr. Campbell Gullan. What can one say about such a performance, except that it had no fault? He was the middle-aged General Sir John Heriot, he was the almost fantastic Frenchman playing with epigrams, and then he was an old and doddering man. He was all three in one play. The critic very often finds that he has squandered his adjectives on unworthy things and then, when he turns for words to describe a performance such as Mr. Gullan's old man, he is desperately at a loss. One can only say to Mr. Gullan, "Thank you," and hope he will understand.

The play held three surprises for me. Mr. Cyril Raymond is essentially a young and modern man with the spirit and characteristics of 1924 in his bones. Yet he absolutely submerges himself in the middle-aged Marcus Heriot of the last two acts, and becomes the character of the dramatist's invention. It was a very clever performance.

Mr. Earle Grey plays as naturally as anybody I have seen for a long time. His ease on the stage is almost baffling—his ease and his sincerity: these are the two strings to his bow.

Miss Lucy Sibley is technically so well equipped that I believe she could play any part you asked of her. She, too, has the art of completely effacing herself in favour of her character.

The third surprise in the play was the acting of Mr. Rex O'Malley, who gave us, at last, an intelligent and intelligible stage school boy. He achieved strength and charming tenderness in the scenes with Miss Hoey. He surprised me, because the part he played in "Clothes and the Woman" was so different. This new part shows him with more breadth, more knowledge. His performance gave me intense pleasure.

Miss Elisabeth Drury was somebody very new and very strange to us. The unsophisticated bird of paradise had gone home to rest, and there emerged a plump, pleasant "companion," who could bake a batch of scones with anyone. There was one little speech in that second act where Miss Drury touched perfection.

In the first play, Miss Joan Vivian Rees had little to do. Now she appears only for a few minutes, it is true, but she presents a complete character. The test of her performance lies in the fact that, although she plays for only a few minutes in the first act, being drowned more or less by the later action of the play, the charm of that little dinner table scene is not forgotten: the little details in which she proves the old adage about "Art that conceals art."

Mr. Walter Brodie had little to do, but he did it well and never failed in the moments that he was on the stage.

Mr. Cyril Raymond produced the play. When one remembers that he is not very old as a producer, the cohesion which he gives to the play is very remarkable. I said in a previous paragraph that he had the spirit of 1924 in his bones. Perhaps that is not altogether true, for he has also a sense of the theatre which is not the least bit characteristic of 1924. It belongs to an older and more meticulous school.

And that is all one has to say about a company of clever players in a clever play. It brings the standards of the West End theatre right to Johannesburg. *H.H.B.*

The Empire.

Fred Russell is the star at the Empire this week. He presents a sort of ventriloquial one-act play, called "The Breach of Promise." The old ventriloquist with one dummy on his knee disappears and, instead, nineteen active figures appear in the court scene, all speaking in Mr. Russell's voice. As a ventriloquist, of course, he is very clever, but I cannot go past the beautiful faces of the ladies and gentlemen of the Jury. I use the word beautiful very ironically, because I have never seen such extraordinary masks in my life. Nothing is so beautiful as ugliness—in other people. Beryl Beresford, Rosie Lloyd and Lily Lena are still there with their bright and breezy songs, and Mario de Pietro and Joan Revel lend a note of genuine charm to the programme. There is something unpretentious and legitimate about their work. Joan Revel does not have to pretend she has a voice, and Signor de Pietro does not have to pretend he can play the mandolin. Here is sheer ability dressed up into a very charming vaudeville act.

JOAN REVEL.

A Surprise.

Motorists who left their cars parked in Adderley and St. George's Streets one afternoon this week had a very neat surprise prepared for them. As each left his office at five o'clock or thereabouts to go home, he found on the driver's seat of his car a neat little envelope.

Inside was the prospectus of a gramophone record library in Capetown.

To the man who first thought of this idea it must have been worth some money, for nobody could see an envelope placed in his car without wishing to open it. The idea might be developed. Why not, for instance, with the co-operation of the African Theatres, place a sample cigarette on each seat in every theatre, or allow a tram conductor to hand you with your ticket a sample of some paper (I will charge the *Pictorial* nothing for the idea!) that makes excellent matter for reading in a tramcar? *The Gossip.*

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Six Years on Wheels.

(Continued)

By "Wire Wheel."

In August, 1923, signs of a revival in the pastime of motor-cycling took the form of a petrol-consumption test, in which twenty-three competitors entered. The competition was won by Mr. D. Beckett with a figure-of-merit of 568.7 and 113.2 m.p.g. Mr. C. G. Robinson returned 133.3 m.p.g.

The "Barnes" Trophy—from Port Elizabeth to East London—promoted by the East London M.C.C., over approximately 200 miles of country roads, was won by Mr. H. B. Loader of the Natal M.C.C., Durban, in 4 hrs. 51 mins. 30 secs.

Round the Union.

A most notable car performance—one which proved how easily the Union could be traversed by car—was the acceptance of the "Farmer's Challenge."

In this, a farmer in the Rustenberg district doubted if any car could maintain a speed of 20 m.p.h. and average 30 m.p.g. over 2,500 miles.

This was accepted by the Chevrolet, and during the progress of the tour the public were daily advised of the car's progress, miles travelled and petrol consumed.

The Chevrolet eventually returned to Johannesburg *via* Durban, with a mileage of 2,924 miles, having consumed 287¾ gallons of petrol over 26 days, an average of 33.32 miles per gallon, and a speed of -.26 miles per hour.

In June, 1923, the Chevrolet again lowered the record from Durban to Johannesburg,

On Sunday, the 3rd, the car, with Mr. Dave Owen at the wheel, left Durban at 6.15 a.m. and arrived at Johannesburg Post Office at 5.52 p.m., covering the distance in 11 hours 37 minutes.

The Hupp Breaks the Record.

A month later, July 8th, Mr. H. P. Rose left Durban at 6.15 a.m., arriving at Johannesburg 5.46 p.m.; just beating the record by six minutes.

Continuing to Pretoria, Mr. Rose covered the next 35 miles in 64 minutes, with a total time of 12 hours 27 minutes for the 442 mile trip.

In November, Mr. Rose tried to better his own record from Durban to Johannesburg, but only got as far as Standerton, where a broken spring put him out of action.

Paddy Adair and the Essex.

Records were in the air during November, 1923, and Paddy Adair sprung a surprise by going for the record from Durban to Johannesburg a week earlier than his friends anticipated.

Leaving the Port at 6.5 a.m., Adair drew up in front of the Johannesburg Post Office at 4.50 p.m.; having covered the course in 10 hours 45 minutes.

The Rand M.C.C. marathon motor-cycle race this year was won by Percy Flook in 10 hrs. 9 mins. 55 secs.

Pretoria Doings.

Owing to inaccuracies in the maps supplied to competitors in the "Nash" Trophy, the event was called off, and re-run on November 1st in conjunction with the "Triumph" Cup.

The course lay from Ohlsson's Brewery, Jan Smut's Avenue, Johannesburg, through Linden to Krugersdorp, taking in the Mulder's Drift hill climb to Rustenburg, and finished at Pretoria.

The "Nash" Trophy was won by Mr. Dave Owen, whilst Mr. Percy Flook scored a popular win in the Triumph Cup, which made the trophy his own property, having previously won on two other occasions.

The Past Season.

Great activity was manifest in 1924 right through the country, Durban, East London, Port Elizabeth, Capetown, Bloemfontein, and Johannesburg holding many events for cars and motor-cycles.

The Isle of Man T. T.

For the second time South Africa this year was represented in the A.C.A. T.T. races in the Isle of Man.

Mr. Charlie Young, of Durban, Natal M.C.C., was the official representative sent by the Motor Cycle Union of South Africa. Mr. I. H. R. Scott of Johannesburg, and Mr. H. B. Loader of Durban, also competiting.

Scott's Distinction.

Scott rode into third place in the 350 c.c. (junior) class, and in doing so, beat many of the crack riders of the British Isles. He was also awarded the Dominions' Cup for the most meritorious performance by an overseas rider.

Young was placed fourth in the senior event (500 c.c.), whilst Loader was very unfortunate, having a couple of spills.

In this year, the Durban-Johannesburg race was won by Mr. Alf Long in the record time of 9 hours 3 minutes 6 seconds. Records were broken all along the line, and the line, and four riders finished under 10 hours. Prizes (gold medals) were awarded to no less than 33 riders to finish, who completed the course in the stipulated time after the arrival of the winner.

Natal held their Durban-Maritzburg-Durban race, which was won by Mr. B. Commons.

East London M.C.C. held the Barnes' Trophy, which was won by Mr. C. du Plooy, on a Chater-Lea.

The Cape Peninsula M.C.C. ran off the Vacuum Vase No. 2, which was won outright by Mr. L. E. H. Hamerton.

Bloemfontein M.C.C. held a 100 mile race to Edenburg and back, which was won by Mr. E. Mayhew. Later they held their Bloemfontein-Kimberley race.

The Brown Bros. Trophy was won at Durban by Mr. L. R. Cohen.

The year opened at Port Elizabeth with the South African T.T. races run on handicap; Mr. J. W. du Toit winning the senior event, whilst the junior event fell to Mr. L. E. H. Hamerton. Both these riders hailed from Capetown.

Great activity was witnessed in the Rand Motor Cycling Club, which besides holding twenty-six events for motor-cycles, organised events for cars. The latter proved very popular and were well supported. This club gave away in prize-money, cups, medals, and cash to the amount of £1,047.

The Metropolitan M.C.C., Capetown, held a race on the Malmesbury course. Two riders for the Rand competed: Mr. Alf. Long won the event, and Mr. I. H. R. Scott, third. In this race prize-money to the value of £250 was put up for competition. East London came next, with close upon £200 cash prizes in their big event.

KARRIDENE HOTEL

SOUTH COAST, NATAL

This delightful, select and altogether restful resort is situated at the mouth of the Karridene River, 23 miles from Durban by rail, and within 70 minutes by car.

It occupies a unique position, almost abutting the Ocean Front in such a manner as strongly to suggest to the visitor when promenading the fine and extensive balconies the pleasant hours spent aboard a well-appointed steamship.

The Karridene Hotel is an extensive Brick Building, equipped with the most modern conveniences: Hot and Cold Baths, Electric Light, Bells to each of the forty-five Bedrooms, Dance Hall, Billiard Room, Lounges, Open-air Gardens, etc.

The grounds, 35 acres in extent, take the form of a lovely natural park, and lend themselves to all the usual outdoor amusements: Tennis, Croquet, Shooting, etc.

Boating here is excellent, and the resort is specially noted for fishing and safe surf bathing.

A Golf Course is in course of construction, and guests may be fully assured of every comfort, attention and amusement being provided for them.

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Racecourse Racing.

On many racecourses speed events were organised, and at Durban four very successful meetings were held, Ladysmith (Natal) held two, and Maritzburg one.

The Benoni M.C.C. held a meeting on the racecourse at Benoni, Springs M.C. and S.C., and also the Pretoria M.C. and S.C.

Track Racing.

Two very successful events were run off on the Wanderers' track, Johannesburg, which attracted large crowds and provided thrilling sport. Unfortunately, owing to the nature of this track, the capacity of the machines had to be kept within the limits of 350 c.c. machines.

Cape to Cairo.

In September, Major Court-Treatt passed through the Union on his way from the Cape to Cairo. The expedition towards the end of the year had arrived at Dett.

Other than the events organised by the Rand M.C.C. and Fretoria M.C.C., the only club to encourage car events was the Cape Peninsula M.C.C., who held a reliability trial for the "London" Cup.

The car marathon held in conjunction with the Durban-Johannesburg race, proved very successful.

Outside of these events no other competitions for cars were held.

At the Carlton, Johannesburg.

On the 2nd, 3rd and 4th a "Chapter in Her Life" will be shown. It is the story of a man, Mr. Evringham, who was described by his neighbours as "very rich, but very unhappy." Jewel, Jane Mercer, the daughter of his youngest son, comes into his life and, like a ray of sunshine, dispels the gloom and turns the morose millionaire into an adoring grandfather. It is a story that will appeal to everyone, because of its naturalness and true-to-life interpretation. On the 5th, 6th and 7th "Western Speed" will be screened. The critics say of it, "a story with more speed than a tornado and more power than an earthquake." Charles Jones stars as "Red" Kane, a care-free cowboy whom every man at Box S. Ranch respected for his courage, his lightning gun play and, most of all, for his given word. One day a beautiful woman pointed a threatening Winchester at his head and ordered him away from her homestead shack, and then things began to happen, and they happened with incredible speed. It is a story which tells of plenty of gold, villainy galore and unconquerable love. You'll like it immensely.

Next Week's Calls.

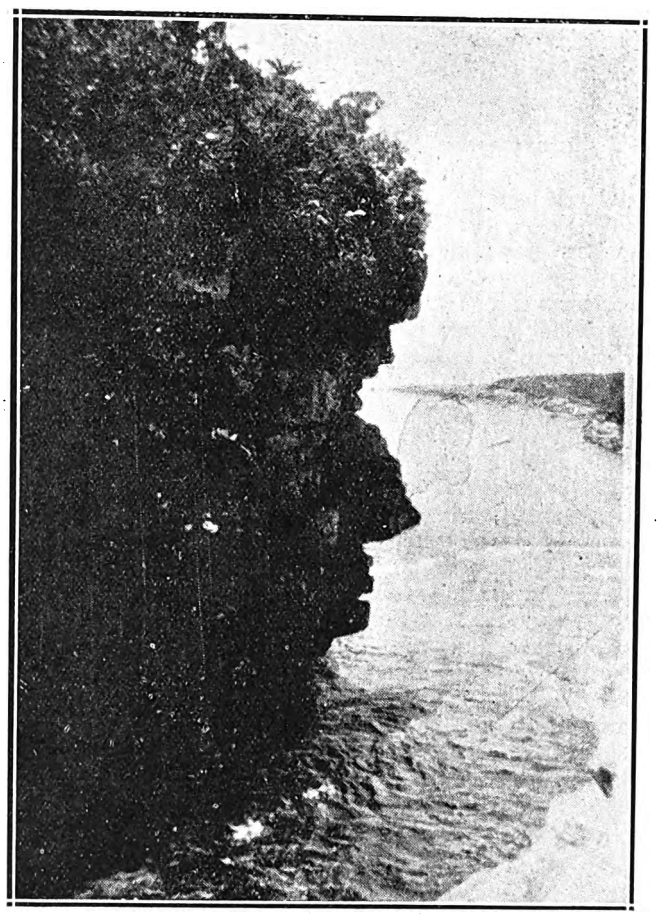
WEEK COMMENCING 2ND MARCH, 1925.

Opera House, Capetown.—Hetty King, Jass and Jessie, Aubrey and Hart, Brennan and Newton, Scott Sanders, Veterans of Variety, The Pantons.
Tivoli, Capetown.—The Calno Trio, I. Mirwish and Nick Morton.
Empire, Johannesburg.—Beryl Beresford, Fred Russell, Rosie Lloyd, Keeley and Aldous, Marie Lawton, James Collins, Donald and Carson, Winners of the Dancing Competition.
His Majesty's, Johannesburg.—Iris Hoey and her Company in "The Pelican."
Orpheum, Johannesburg.—Ed. La Vine, Florence Rex.
Grand, Pretoria.—The Mariajanos, Lily Lena.
Criterion, Benoni.—Frank Fay and Dixie Lady, Vesta Sisters.
Rinko, Maritzburg.—Jay Whidden.
Criterion, Durban.—Iris and Phyllis, The Pall Malls, Jess and Tony.
Vaudette, Bloemfontein.—(Mon., Tues., Wed.) Alice Lloyd, Mario De Pietro and Joan Revel.
Vaudette, Kimberley.—(Thurs., Fri., Sat.) Alice Lloyd, Mario De Pietro and Joan Revel.
Kingwilliamstown.—(Tues. and Wed.) "Cinderella" Pantomime Company.
East London.—(Wednesday.) "Cinderella" Pantomime Company.
Theatre Royal, Durban.—Leon M. Lion-Renee Kelly Company in "The Mask and the Face."

A Wedding.

The marriage of Miss Rose Spencer to Mr. A. Lewis in Johannesburg last week.
[Photograph by T. Brittain.

A Man in Rock.



The cliff at Uvongo, South Coast of Natal.
Photograph by Allan Jones.

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THREE SOUTH AFRICAN ONE-ACT PLAYS,
By Berthe Goudvis,
Will be produced by Muriel Alexander & W. Seals-Wood
On SATURDAY, MARCH 7th (only).
Afternoon and Evening.
In aid of the Quinquennial Fund, National Council of Women.

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The Week.

Paragraphed and Photographed

Without offence to friends or foes
I sketch your world exactly as
it goes.

Morning Verse.

Warm against my lips you lie,
Alone you are with me;
For you in bed each dawn I sigh,
Oh, morning cup of tea.

H.H.B.

Margot—A Diamond Wedding and Bicycles.

A Londoner writes:—

Well, Mr. Asquith has got his peerage at last and the ubiquitous Margot, who gives us her autobiography every now and again, will wear a coronet. Last week saw her in a pair of short golfing trousers (not plus fours!) and long coat just past her knees and an aviator's cap lined with fur. She was, presumably, going motoring, since all these things were quite unnecessary for that sport.

But, to continue—Mr. Asquith will become the Earl of Oxford. Everyone is wondering how he will dress the part. Whether he will retain the sartorial unorthodoxy of Mr. Asquith (as was!) whose tastes have run to soft collars and rather gay tweeds or choose the top hat and conventional garb usually assumed in the austere House of Lords. It will be very sad if Westminster has seen the last of those wonderful brown tennis shoes he used to wear. They had red rubber soles and little or no heel, and he wore them year after year.

Another of our peers—England's Grand Old Man, as they call him—the Earl of Coventry, has just had the most riotous time of his life celebrating with his Countess their diamond wedding. The papers have been full of the celebrations, and the number of illuminated addresses they have received from Mayors and Councils would outdo the many tablets of Moses himself. Old Lady Coventry, though she is over eighty, actually rides her tricycle still down the lanes of Croome. She is an expert rider.

Bicycles, by the way, are most extraordinarily and, I think, unpardonably popular in England. One is afraid to turn a corner for fear that the next minute one will be sent sprawling by a butcher's boy on two wheels. Tricycles, certainly, are rather out of date, but the other day I saw a tandem-bicycle in Richmond Park, which bore Harriet and Harry to some secluded spot, as well as a luncheon hamper which swung gaily from the handle-bars. I was reminded of the old song, which never seems to be sung without much nasal accompaniment:

"Daisy, Daisy, give me your answer do . . .
And you'll look sweet
Upon the seat
Of a bicycle built for two!"

I don't think, really, that Daisy did look sweet. A tandem bicycle is not a place upon which to advantageously display one's charms, think you?

Tivoli, Capetown.

Time will show the success or otherwise of the new Saturday experiment at the Tivoli, with three performances, at 2.30, 6.30 and 8.45 p.m. respectively. Those who will benefit are, of course, the residents in the suburbs and outlying districts. The bio-vaudeville bill is increasingly popular, and everyone is glad that Hetty King and the newly-constituted Veterans of Variety are opening in the Opera House next Wednesday, instead of the little Tivoli. Meantime the pantomime, Mr. Levard tells me, has beaten all previous records at the Opera House. *M.B.D.*

Arts and Crafts Exhibition.

Lady Bourne is in Capetown just now, and society is flocking to her Exhibition of Decorative Arts and Crafts, which is to be seen at Messrs. Dempers and Wiley's Showrooms. In her search for beautiful and artistic articles, Lady Bourne has travelled far and wide, and the collection includes cut crystal from Edinburgh; exquisite glass from Venice and Czecho-Slovakia; Upchurch pottery of lovely colouring and design; Palestine pottery; specimens of Chinese blue glaze; reproductions of Old Ming, Kien Lung and Tso Kwang china; silver, hand-wrought by Georg Jensen, the Danish artist; costly needlework, antique and modern; reproductions of old furniture; Queen Anne mirrors, and some genuine old pewter. The exhibition is of genuine interest, and something quite unique for the Cape. *M.B.D.*

The Country Girl at Germiston.

The production by the Boksburg Amateur Society of "The Country Girl" was such a tremendous success that arrangements have been made with the African Theatres, Limited, to produce it on February 26th, 27th and 28th at Germiston. Mr. E. Windridge, whose photograph appears on page 15, produced the show, and people who have come from Boksburg in the last couple of weeks say that it is truly a bright and well-staged entertainment.

A South African Playwright.

Three one-act plays of South African interest will be produced at the Standard Theatre, Johannesburg, on 7th March, afternoon and evening. These are written by Berthe Goudvis, a well-known South African journalist. She was on the staff of the *Natal Mercury* for many years, and has also contributed regularly to the Johannesburg Press. Mrs. Goudvis was born in Barrow-in-Furness, Lancashire, but came to this country at the age of five. She has lived in various parts of South Africa, including Rhodesia and Delagoa Bay. For several years she was a resident of a backveld dorp forty miles from a railway station. Her first published articles, written when she was 18, appeared in the *Daily Graphic* and dealt with experiences in Rhodesia. The plays to be performed on the 7th March reflect this wide experience of South African places and people. "The Way the Money Goes" shows a phase of Johannesburg life: the reckless gambling spirit and the so often serious consequences. "Patriots" takes us back to the days of the Anglo-Boer war, showing how a feeling of bitterness was engendered between the two races, and hinting at the only possible cure, which lies in the hands of the younger generation. "The Sergeant-in-Charge" has its scene laid in the dining-room of an hotel on the backveld. It shows the odd assortment of nationalities that can come together in such a place, and the interplay of character. Miss Muriel Alexander and Mr. W. Seals Wood are producing the plays, with a cast that includes some of our best amateurs.

A Generous Sportsman.

Lord Woolavington, the owner of the Derby winner, Captain Cuttle, and other famous horses, is at present a visitor to Capetown. Unfortunately, his lordship's health is not of the best, and he cannot move about as freely as he would like. He is, however, desperately in earnest in seeking to uplift his favourite sport, racing, and, like Lord Lonsdale, has become a generous donor to South African racing clubs. It would have been noticed, says our Capetown correspondent, that at the Johannesburg Turf Club's Autumn Meeting the old-time Goldfields Handicap is on this occasion to be styled "The Woolavington Cup," by reason of the very handsome trophy Lord Woolavington has made over to the premier club. But prior to this race there will be the Woolavington Cup at Kenilworth on March 14. And there are other cups on hand that his Lordship means to give away.

It will be welcome news to the sporting bodies of Johannesburg that Lord Woolavington hopes to be in the Golden City at Easter time.

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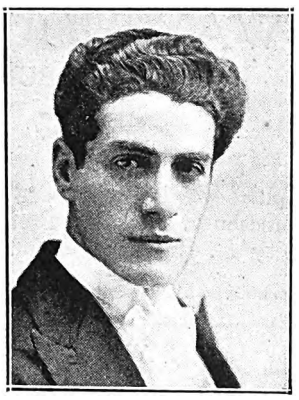
Mrs. B. Goudvis. Three of her one-act plays will be produced at the Standard Theatre on March 7.



Mario de Pietro, the brilliant mandolinist now appearing at the Empire, Johannesburg.

Miss Ethel Melman, youngest daughter of Mrs. Melman of Pretoria, who is engaged to Mr. N. Schaeffer, B.A., LL.B., of Pretoria

Mr. E. Windridge, producer of "The Country Girl," to be staged at Germiston on February 27th and 28th.

People Who Are Moving.

Our London correspondent writes:—

The *Kenilworth Castle*, which left Southampton on February 6th, carries Mr. G. W. Denman, Mrs. M. H. Everett, Mr. S. Fortescue, Mr. O. Gelding, Mr. R. Hamington, Mrs. V. G. Mullock, Mrs. Mullock, Mr. T. G. MacLelland, Mr. and Mrs. Rolls, Miss M. Roberts, Mrs. H. Swain and Miss Swain.

The Hon. Victor Corkran is over from South Africa on a visit to his people in England.

Colonel John Ramsay has returned to London from the Cape.

Mrs. Murray Guthrie, who is one of the few English women who can add the letters J.P. to her name, came over in the *Armadale Castle*.

The Belgian Congo is to be blessed with a royal visit early in April. Prince Leopold intends going south to see what his father's African possessions are like. *Pianola.*

N.Z. in S.A.

I met an enthusiastic New Zealander in Mr. R. C. Lynas a day or two ago. He is secretary to Mr. Walters, the Mayor of Johannesburg. When I confessed my Maoriland origin, Mr. Lynas, who is at the moment very busy making arrangements for the Prince of Wales' visit broke into fluent Maori and stated he was a Pakeha. Mr. Lynas has been in Africa twenty-one years now and, although he sailed back to Maoriland for a holiday not so long ago, his heart and home are in Africa now, since he is so closely identified with life here.

Art in Spite of Commerce.

"P.T." writes from London: Probably the only business man in the City of London who has a minature Art Gallery in his office is Mr. B. Sammel of Messrs. Sammel Brothers, who are well-known as a large sheep and wool firm in South Africa.

The deep red walls of his office are hung with original pictures by many famous painters, all of them heavily framed in gilt filigree frames.

There are about six original Thomas Sydney Cooper's, all representing pastoral scenes with sheep or cattle in the foreground. Mr. Sammel confesses to a penchant for pastoral scenes and he has taken great pains to make his representative collection.

There are two Goodwin portrait-pictures of the well-known model, who figures so largely in most of that painter's pictures. And several original Maclie's—one being the famous fight between the Scots and the Irish. This last is an enormous canvas and takes up nearly the whole of one wall. The colouring in it is magnificient and the whole picture full of life and vigour.

Mr. Sammel has also a collection of six bird-pictures which have been painted in different parts of the world and a picture which represents the different kinds of fish to be found in the Thames.

Perhaps the most novel work of art in his collection is by the Italian water-colourist, Testa, and represents all the banknotes of every country in the world minutely painted with the finest of brushes and being true to the originals in every smallest detail. This is one of Mr. Sammel's greatest treasures.

His bronzes, too, are many and are all chosen with ingenious care. There is one, the head of a sleeping negro, which to my mind far outclasses all the others. Several of his bronzes have been lent from time to time to different exhibitions.

Mr. Sammel has collected his treasures from all parts of the world, for he is a great traveller. In his offices you see a wonderful ivory bell-tower and a bronze lobster of which every part is movable from China, Old English tapestries, Indian ivory work, chief among which is a melancholy but beautifully carved skull about which two snakes have fastened their coils—the whole thing fashioned from one block of ivory. There are two most exquisite cloisonnê jardiniers and about six carved sarcophagi, which Mr. Sammel claims to be of great rarity.

Mr. Sammel is a collector of art treasures, but he is also an altruist. He plans later to endow a museum in a certain town in South Africa, whose name he will not yet make public, and present his whole collection to it, so that South Africans may have a chance to inspect the treasures which now adorn his own private office. *P.T.*

Mathematical.

The Sporting and Dramatic News tells the following story of South Africa:—

"A little yarn which concerns a civil servant whose wife presented him with a son and heir at Capetown. Next year he was moved to Tweefontein (Two Fountains), and there was an addition of twins to the family circle. Later he was transferred to Three Rivers, and to heighten the coincidence triplets arrived. Months later he was found in a dead faint in his office with a telegram tightly clutched in his hand. It was a notification that he had been appointed Resident Magistrate at Fourteen Streams."

The Limpopo.

P.T. writes from London:—

"I see by South African newspapers that people out there are fighting over the question of putting a bridge across the Limpopo river, north of Messina. Is that the celebrated river which Kipling wrote of in his delicious stories? The 'great, grey, greasy, Limpopo River, all set about with fever trees' where lived the crocodile who gave the Elephant's child his trunk? If so, then it must be a very romantic place, and I hope for the sake of romance they do not span it with a bridge but leave it in the sole possession of the crocodile, in case other elephant children come to him to be taught other lessons."

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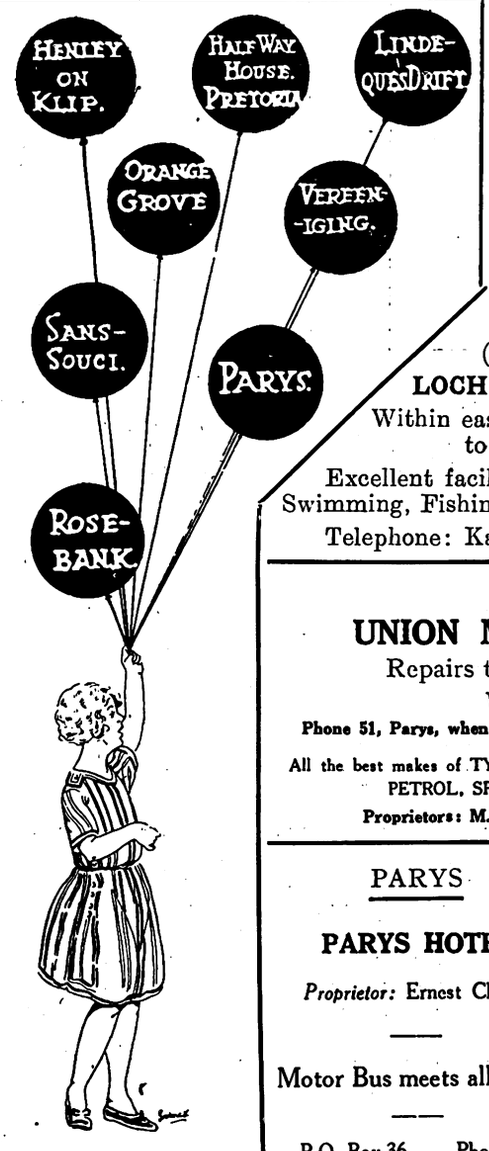
WEEK-END PLEASURE SPOTS.



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A Social Note Book.

By "Carrie."

Things have been so quiet this week that one has time to sit down and reflect, and I have come to many conclusions. One of them, that I have the very greatest respect for women. The longer I live, the more I see of them, the surer I feel that they are *man's* superiors. So, my dears, let us throw out our chests and pat ourselves on the back. Take love, for instance. At forty, a woman discovers that love is folly and she becomes happy; but take a man—a cigarette, a glass of water and the kiss of a pretty girl will sustain him for a day without eating! Then man sometimes has a will, but woman always gets her own way. Certainly. It is also a well-known fact that man, the superior, is never so weak as when some lovely woman is telling him how strong he is.

Distinguished Visitors.

We have a good number of distinguished visitors in the city at present, among them the Earl and Countess of Leven and Melville, who are so interested in the work of the 1820 Settlers' Association. On Monday afternoon, after a meeting of the Executive, at which Mr. Walter Webber was appointed chairman of the Transvaal Centre, in place of Mr. E. G. Izod, who resigned, they were entertained to tea in the drawing-room of the Carlton Hotel by the members of the committee. The function was quite an informal one, Mr. E. G. Izod acting as host and Mrs. J. L. Currie as hostess. Among those present was Mrs. Wheeler, of Barberton, who is greatly interested in the movement, and who is a guest of Lady Andersson, at her beautiful home in Parktown.

At the Theatre.

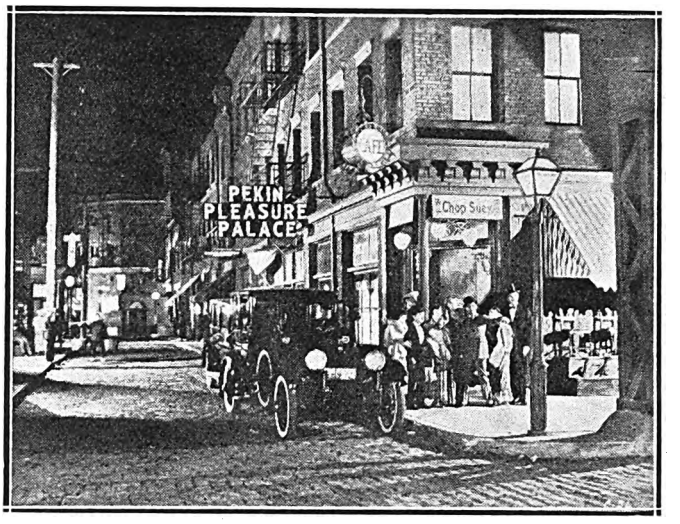
Sir Llewellyn and Lady Andersson were among well-known people at the première of the "Pelican" on Monday evening, and I admired so much the wonderful white painted shawl she wore with its lovely reds and greens. It is a change from the embroidered shawls that everyone is wearing. Mr. and Mrs. Colin Simpson were also at the theatre and had a party, among whom were Lord Kinnaird, Sir Arthur Hazelrigg, Captain and Mrs. John Coke, and Mr. Arthur French and his daughter.

Styles in the Stalls.

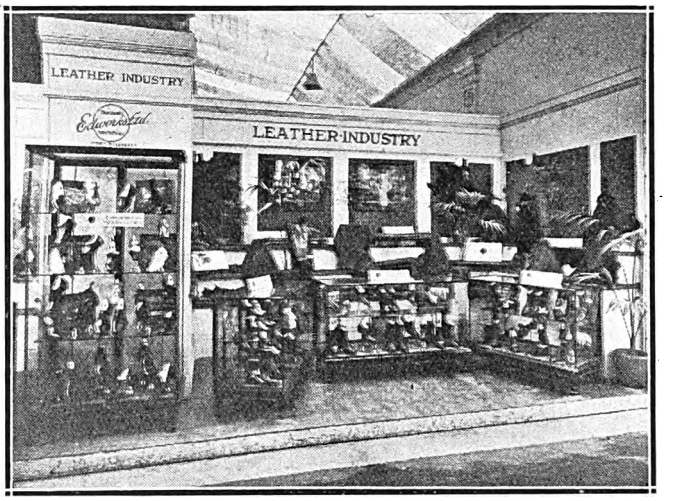
Mrs. Paul Selby was there with her husband and a number of friends, and went round to Miss Hoey's dressing-room after to congratulate her. She was much admired in her lovely black gown threaded with jet and diamante. Mrs. Japhet, wife of Councillor Japhet, came in blue moiré inset with trellis bands. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Raleigh, Mr. and Mrs. Sam Evans, Mr. and Mrs. Healey, Dr. and Mrs. R. P. McKenzie, Mrs. McKenzie in a wonderful black charmeuse with bands of diamante; Mrs. Abrahams, Dr. and Mrs. William Smith, who are leaving in a week or two for England on a trip; Mrs. Knox Baxter, of Capetown; Mr. Sam Alexander brought Miss Margaret Riddick, who is not in this play; Mrs. Sherwell, in a lovely blue gown, came with her husband and some friends; Dr. Davies, Mr. T. Clapham, Miss Midge Hudson, Mr. Christopherson and Mr. G. Joel were among the people who occupied stalls and boxes. It was a very warm evening, and more than one envious glance was thrown at the gentleman who came in black cummerband and white dinner jacket. It is many a year since I have seen white drill dinner jackets worn, though at one time they had a great vogue in Durban, and are a very sensible innovation.

Sons of England.

I went into the fastness of Orange Grove the other evening to judge fancy dress costumes with friend Morgan, of the *Star*. It was such a cheery dance and everyone loved every minute of it. The fancy dresses were excellent. A lady from "Chu Chin Chow," Miss Dorothy Smith, got first prize, and her father first men's as "Pearlies." It was a honest-true-to-life costume. Then "Tielman Roos' Pets," Mr. Joe Fussel and Miss Dorothy Vowler, got the most original. Mr. Fussel came as an Armenian and got the best character prize; it was a fine costume with lovely embroideries on the shirt, and Miss Hawkes as "South Sea Islander" got the first ladies'. Mr. George Gilson came clad as a fair-haired beauty, but the judges, while admiring "Mrs. Robinson," felt that as "she" had forgotten Mr. A. in some corner they could not give "her" a prize. The Orange Grove S.O.E. Hall is a very fine hall for dancing and, with the ferns and bunting, looked very gay. Mr. Watkins, who is the Wor. President of the King George V. Lodge, whose headquarters it is, brought his wife, who presented the prizes. I hope they ask me again.



Chinatown: A scene in "Cornered" at the Orpheum, Johannesburg, from March 2.



Wembley remembered: The excellent leather and boot exhibit of Messrs. Edworks Ltd., of Port Elizabeth.

At Wembley.

Those of us who will not be lucky enough to go to Wembley this year are reading all we can about it and talking to the fortunates who can go. Mrs. Slade, who is so well known in the Union as Jeanette van Duyn, the cookery expert, is sailing on the 18th of next month, and is to be accompanied by her sister, Mrs. Czarnikow, who will assist her. There will be seating accommodation for fifty people at her stalls this time, and in addition to the demonstrations in maize cookery and orangeade drinks, she will have two set South African dishes each day. We are doing our best to show everyone what South Africa can do, even more than last year.

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On the Rialto.

By Antonio.

JOHANNESBURG, Tuesday afternoon.

Transvaal Consolidated Lands continue to be persistently bought, and from 35s. 6d. a week ago touched 38s. 3d. last night, though back a trifle, to 37s. 9d., this morning. London has been a heavy purchaser. S.A. Townships are steady at 16s. 7½d., and I should not be surprised to see them "come on" with a burst of activity before long. The tendency is rather to buy shares of land companies with farms in the platinum areas, but possessing other potential interests, and in particular of cotton growing, rather than the scrip of option holding syndicates. Some of the earlier flotations of these have proved disastrous, and one seldom hears of them nowadays.

Langlaagtes and Randfonteins Weak.

Government Areas, after being down to 141s., have improved to 146s., while Modders are unchanged at 81s. 9d. But it has not gone so well with the "lesser lights." Langlaagtes have been sold down to 17s. 6d., a drop of 3s. on the week. The profit of £11,150 for January was disappointing, but the mine was in a transition stage, owing to the closing down of the Langlaagte Estate reduction plant and the transfer of work to the Croesus. Randfonteins have receded nearly a shilling to 16s. 9d., and holders are becoming distinctly tired of them.

City Deeps Rather "Jumpy."

City Deeps have been erratic, down to 56s. 6d. and up to 59s. at the close of last night, buying being induced by reports of the striking of the reef in the deep shaft. But the improvement was short lived, as there were sellers at 57s. 9d. after High 'Change this morning. Brakpans are 70s. 6d., and Springs 49s. 9d. Crown Mines 53s. 6d.

De Kroons make Their Bow.

The platinum market sees a new comer in the shape of De Kroons, whose area is situated in the Rustenburg district. There are buyers of the 5s. shares at 11s. 3d. Shares are not yet quoted on the official list. Of Lydenburg Platinums there are buyers at 18s. 6d, Platinum Proprietaries 26s. 3d., and "Devils" 21s. 6d.

Robinson Deep's Development.

Robinson Deep "B" further declined to 32s. 6d., but recovered later to 34s. 6d. on publication of a fairly satisfactory statement by the company regarding ore reserves, which reveal a decrease of only 27,000 tons. A year ago warning was given of the difficulty in maintaining the ore reserve, whilst the sinking of the sub-vertical shaft was in progress, so the achievement has been a remarkable one. Value has fallen a tenth of a dwt., which is much less than the decline at some other important mines. This small decrease is mainly due to increase in south reef tonnage, which, as on other mines of the Central Rand, where present, which is by no means invariably the case, is poorer in grade than the main reef leader.

But the market does not quite like the references to lower values since the beginning of the year, in spite of the technical explanation.

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Round the Bioscopes.

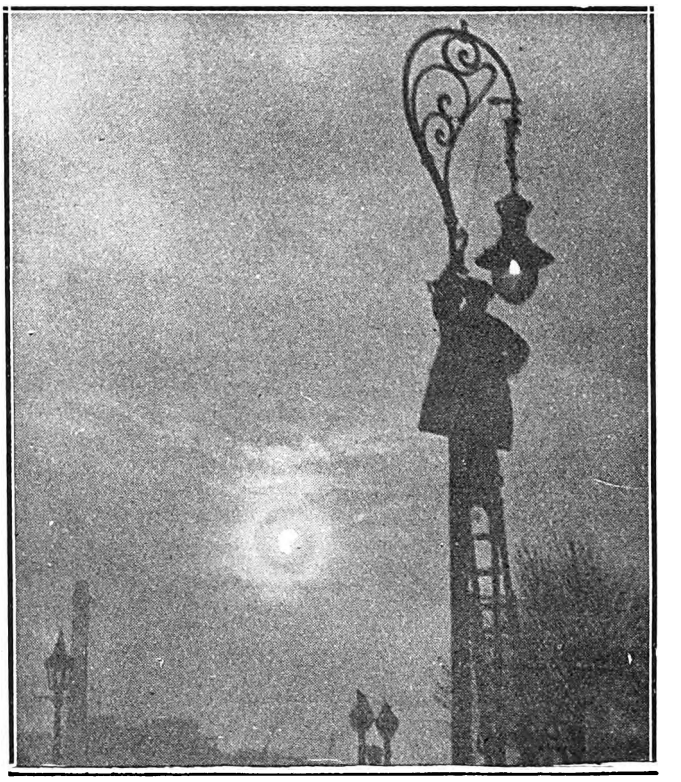
At the Bijou.

If you have read that wonder book, "Black Oxen," you will only be all the keener to see what the films have to say about the new and revolutionary ideas contained in it. The most astounding part of Gertrude Atherton's novel is that its plot is no Ponce de Leon myth, but a scientific fact. And it is woven round New York's most exclusive society set, the brilliant literary folk, the sophisticates and the most fashionable diplomatic courts of Euronpe. In addition to the artistic backgrounds, the picture is further enhanced by the elaborate wardrobe worn by Miss Corinne Griffiths, the star, and other members of the cast, costumes and furs representing a cost of £16,000. So we shall all troop to the Bijou on the 2nd March, when "Black Oxen" will be shown for the week. You remember the story? How wrinkled old age is said to be a thing of the past, and sparkle and vivacity of youth can be restored. How Mary Ogden came back to the friends of her youth as young in body and mind as their sons and daughters, and how she fell in love with one of them. Conway Tearle as Lee Clavering plays opposite Corinne Griffiths and considers it one of his best pictures. It has been said that there is nothing new under the sun, but in this one picture play at least there is a decidedly original background and a climax which is unique and satisfying. Rejuvenation has hitherto been little touched on, but it merits considerable thought and consideration, and from the first title to the final fade-out there is a compelling something behind all of the action, the odd romance and the flapperism of dynamic Janet, played by Clare Bowe, that compels one's interest and enthusiastic admiration. And Corinne Griffiths, more beautiful than ever, is the most lovable of women as Mary Ogden and the mysterious Madame Zatianny, a dual role that gives her great opportunities.

Corinne Griffiths in "Black Oxen."

At the Orpheum.

The acts are again coming over to the Orpheum which have scored great success at the Empire. Florence Rex and "General" Ed. Lavine. Their first night will be on the 2nd, when they will be supported by "Cornered," a melodramatic presentation with Marie Prevost as the star, and on the 5th by "Painted People." "Cornered" is one of the best mystery melodramas you have ever seen. It has Chinatown, cocaine fiends, the great theme of double and mistaken identity, a band of crooks out to steal priceless jewels *via* a little girl who resembles their wealthy victim, twins separated in infancy and re-united in the culmination of a great crime, adventure, the strange, the unexpected, the unique. In fact, everything that can possibly afford us a thrill. There is the mystic breath of the Orient about this picture. And bewitchingly appealing Marie Prevost shows us yet another film side of her as wonderful as anything she has ever done. "Painted People" with Ben Lyon and pretty Colleen Moore is a story of small town life. The ambition of a boy and girl to make good is the theme of the story, rollicking comedy-drama of pathos and humour. Poor little Ellie Byrne, a swamp angel, snubbed and looked down on by the rich, longing for the beautiful clothes, the jewels and good times of other girls. But she had rare beauty and talent, and one day she became a great actress and returned to find the town at her feet. She made a strange discovery then. What? That you will see as the film unfolds itself before you.



THE ECLIPSE.

The almost total eclipse of the sun by the moon as seen in England a few weeks ago. The weather conditions were very favourable and people over the whole country obtained a good view of the cresent shaped sun. This is a picture taken on the Embankment showing a lighter lighting one of the lamps during the partial eclipse of the sun.

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Scottish Humour.

By Peter Donald.

The following article has been written for us by Mr. Peter Donald, of Donald and Carson, the famous Scottish comedians, now at the Empire, Johannesburg.

The stories told about the Scotsman's lack of humour are amazing but untrue. Scotsmen have not only provided the world with a race to laugh at, but they have also provided it with a race to laugh with, for—if you will excuse my lack of modesty—Scotch comedians seem to occupy quite a fair percentage of steps at the top of the ladder.

The poor Jew and the poor Scotsman—the editor of *Merrier Moments* has kept them well in the pillory, and he has done his best to feed the tradition that the Scotsman is a man so mean that he will not buy a calendar in case he dies before the year is up.

I think the best story I have ever heard about the Scotsman has a kirk for its setting. Two Scotsmen and a Jew went to a church together, and when they saw the collection plate coming around, the Jew fainted. The two Scotsmen immediately carried him out.

But, seriously, Scottish humour has a tremendous place in the world of laughter, and what seems most wonderful to me is the fact that Scottish humour can be appreciated in almost any country. In America, where I expected to be forced to do some steer-roping on the stage or lassoing tricks with chewing gum before they would take notice of me, I found that the most subtle aspects of my national humour were appreciated. I am hoping for the same harvest in Africa. With my wife, I have been touring America and England for many years, but somehow even the West End of London with its electric lights and its immaculate theatre standards is not always satisfying.

I went to the South African Pavilion at the Empire Exhibition a few weeks ago. The African sunshine, of which I have heard so much, seemed to fill the vast building—they have caught the spirit of South Africa and imprisoned it in this wonderful miniature. The man at the door told me that four million people had already entered the Pavilion. Yes, I have seen Africa at Wembley. So, now that I have arrived in Africa with my bag full of chestnuts, I am looking forward to a good season. I shall do my half of my side of the footlights, and, from my experience already, the audiences will do theirs on the other side.

An S. A. Voice in London.

Madame Ellen Rubini, of Johannesburg, who has been studying singing in London for the last three years, has gone to Paris to continue her work there. In an interview she said: "I am looking forward to my stay in Paris. I have heard such glowing reports on that wonderful city and its artistic life that I am quite thrilled. The Dominion Artists' Club (London), of which I am a member, has arranged everything for me. They even went to the trouble of getting my ticket for me, and to arrange for someone to meet me on arrival and escort me to the rooms secured for me. I am going to study with Madame Angnez de Montalant, a very famous teacher, who has trained several other members of the D.A.C. with excellent results. Results are the best, and really the only guarantee. I shall study French at the Alliance Française College for foreigners. This, too, is arranged for me by the D.A.C. I only wish the Club had been in existence when I first came to London. It would have spared me much trouble, money and loneliness. Students from the Dominions should realize this and avail themselves of the great help which the Club can give as no private person can. After my year in Paris, I intend to study German *Lieder* in Vienna or Italian in Milan; but I am undecided at present where to go." *Allegro.*

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For particulars see handbills.

W. W. HOY,
General Manager.

Johannesburg,
December, 1924.

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Charity!

A Little Tale.

I am thoroughly disappointed in Jobson: he is not the man I thought he was.

He never did stand very high in my estimation, and for several reasons. It isn't that he can't write or handle a story with the best of them. He knows journalism as a cross word puzzle enthusiast knows Roget's "Thesaurus"—backwards; and he has a way with him that would have wormed a secret out of the Dumb Man of Manchester. Moreover, he can take his liquor, which is saying a lot for a journalist in this weak-kneed generation of chocolate Sundays and eleven o'clock teas. . . .

Jobson had made a boast of his selfishness—a selfishness that found its most clear expression in the return he always exacted from the people who happened to be gathered around him on those rare occasions when he was driven into standing a drink. If there were nine of them he would remain stubbornly and apparently with limitless capacity until nine rounds had been called and consumed. Then, and then only, would he summon a last lonely drink for himself and proceed homewards.

It was because I knew all this about Jobson—and more—that I felt certain the stranger who accosted me on the office stairs had made a mistake.

"Are you sure it's Jobson you mean?" I enquired, for the man had referred to him in tones almost of worship.

"Of course, I am," he rejoined. "He's an old school pal o' mine, Mr. Jobson is . . . one of the best. I've jes' come to say good-bye to 'im, I 'ave, before I sails for, well . . . ."

He looked at me a trifle suspiciously. "And yer say 'e isn't in?" he added.

"No, he isn't," I replied, "and I don't know where you would find him." The fact of the matter was that I didn't much like the look of this fellow—an unshaven, collarless, beery-looking specimen, with speech about two gallons thick. Furthermore, I was rather busy. "Leave him a note," I suggested.

He hesitated, then swayed towards me confidentially. "D'ye know," he hiccupped, his slobbering lips very near my ear, "d'ye know Bert—excuse me, Mr. Jobson is one o' the best lads I ever met—a real white man. Does good by stealth, 'e does, and never forgets a pal. Generous, too. D'ye know what 'e did for me yesterday? Ye don't, eh? Well, he give me two pound, 'e did, when I was dahn and out; and jes' because I 'appened to call on 'im and remind 'im that 'im and me was school pals together."

I looked a little incredulous at this and lifted the fellow's grimy hand from my shoulder. "It's true," he mumbled, "an' don't you forget it. A white man, that's what Mr. Jobson is, and I want you to tell 'im so from me. Will yer? I want you jes' to repeat what I said and tell 'im I couln't stay to say *aw revaw*. No need to say anything more—'e'll understand. A real toff 'e is—a friend in need. You'll tell 'im, will yer?"

I nodded and the stranger, after shaking me vigorously by the hand, rolled back the way he had come.

I gave Jobson the message that evening. "Who?" he asked. "Oh, that chap. A stowaway on the *Barracoot*—a dam' sponger, if you ask me anything. Tried to touch me for a quid . . ."

"And got two, eh?" I said admiringly, for here I thought I had really found the genuine Jobson—a man with a big heart. "That was mighty generous of you, Jobson, if I may say so. It isn't everybody who would have stood by a pal and forked out as you did. It's only my regret, old chap, that I have been misjudging you for so . . . ."

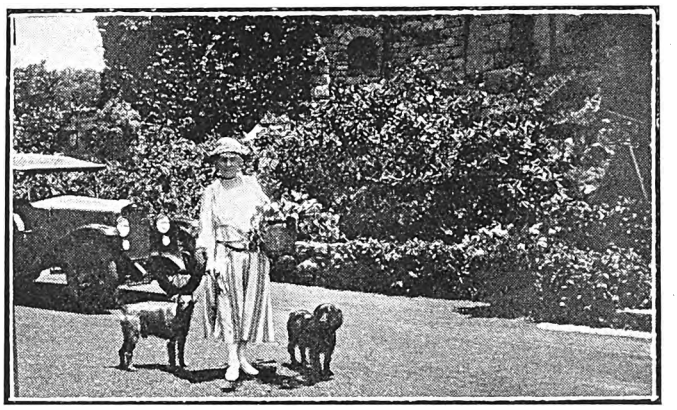
But Jobson was gone—through the swing doors; and I proceeded on my way reflecting on the old saying about many a generous heart beating beneath a beer-stained waistcoat.

The illusion lasted until the week end, when there appeared in the paper a long magazine article telling the wretched life story, with none of the mean and petty details spared, of this miserable stowaway—name given and all. The article was signed "B.J.," and I saw on the cashier's desk a chit made out in Jobson's handwriting for office expenses: "Information—Stowaway article—£2 10s."

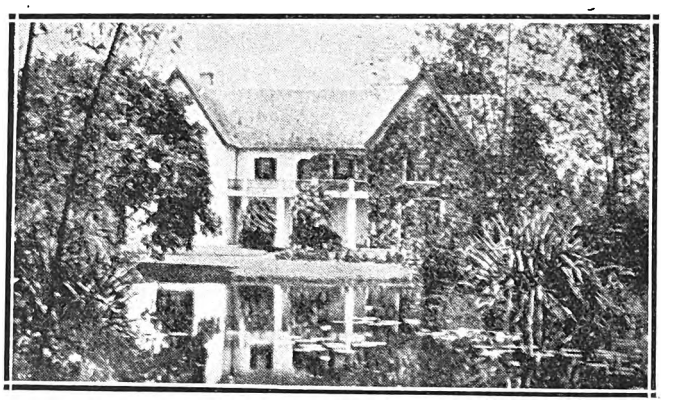
That was all; but it proved quite sufficient completely to reverse my opinion.

Jobson of all men! An experienced journalist, a fully fledged member of the Fourth Estate, with a really gilt-edged opportunity placed at his finger tips.

And he only cleared a paltry ten shillings. Why even a raw junior, absolutely new to the game, would have made a pound—at the very least. *H.F.*



Lady Dalrymple in the gardens of her home in Johannesburg.



"Francourt Blanco," the home of the Greer family near George.
Photograph by M. P. E. Topp.

Mrs. Llewellyn Edwards with her dogs: A snapshot taken at her home, Carisbrook Cottage, Parktown North.

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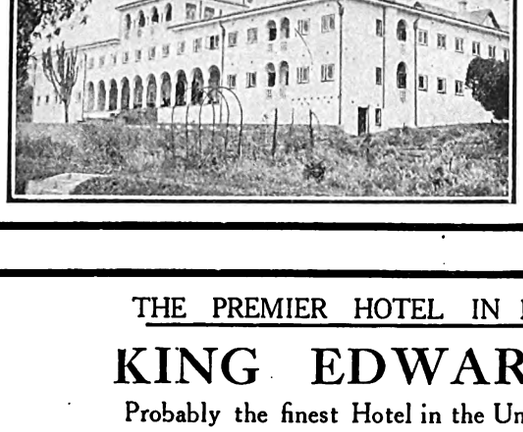

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Lord Knutsford observed, in making a "jubilee" presentation to the late Mr. Maskelyne last year, that his life had been one of gross deceit for the last fifty years.

Deceit, yes! But it is such clear and clever deceit, and withal so mirth-provoking, that we would all of us forgive such deceptions many times.

This year the onus of presiding at the luncheon will fall upon the young Maskelyne, Clive, the eldest son of the old Maskelyne. Captain Clive Maskelyne is to visit Africa with his famous entertainment early this year. *P.T.*

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The Rotary Movement.

What It Means.

By F. C. Hollander, Hon. Secretary, Durban Rotary Club.

One of the most important movements of recent years is the Rotary Movement, and this article is contributed in an endeavour to portray the ideals and aims of Rotary, and how its influence is for the benefit of the world at large.

In answer to the question as what a Rotary Club actually is, it can be said that it is an organisation of public-spirited men, one from each line of business and profession, who are interested in the civic, commercial and industrial developments of the community in which they live. It does not clash or overlap with any commercial organisation, chamber of commerce, or other clubs. It supplements, supports and assists such existing organisations in any worthy object or project, with its full force and enthusiasm. It stands for the fostering of an ideal. It is not so much a league of nations as a league of individuals, and a world brotherhood for service. He is a rotarian who regards every honourable man in his town as a partner in the greatest business in the world, namely: that of making his community a fit and decent place to live in, and a safe place to rear the little children to maturity and citizenship.

MR. F. C. HOLLANDER.

The active membership consists of but one man in each classification of business or profession, and is open to adult European males of good character, and good business reputation, who may be engaged as proprietor, partner, corporate officer or manager of any worthy and recognised business, and this restriction of membership, based on these qualifications, brings together an assemblage unique in character.

Rotary Clubs, the world over, meet once a week at luncheon and discuss various matters, and may be addressed by prominent speakers or distinguished visitors by invitation. Rotary in various parts of the world has interested itself and achieved results in boys' work, housing question, unemployment, good roads, sanitation, public health, city planning, care and comforts of inmates of institutions, etc.

It commences from the basis that it is the duty of every real man to give of himself, to the community in which he lives, some service, and some help in an unselfish manner. Its motto is: "He Profits Most Who Serves Best," and with this ideal constantly in the mind of Rotarians, it is wonderful what a strong body of men, brought together on this basis, can accomplish, and have accomplished in the past. It is a real home for those who desire to give any form of service, but who, through lack of means or opportunity, are debarred from serving the community in some form or other. To put it in a nutshell, Rotary and what it stands for is "Unselfishness and Service." One might summarise the main objects of Rotary as encouraging and fostering:—

(*a*) High ethical standards in business and professions.
(*b*) The ideal of service as the basis of service of all worthy enterprise.
(*c*) The active interest of every Rotarian in civic, commercial, social and welfare of his community.
(*d*) The development of a broad acquaintanceship and good fellowship as an opportunity for service as well as an aid to success.
(*e*) The interchangeability of ideas and all business methods as the means of increased efficiency and usefulness.
(*f*) The recognition of the worthiness of all legitimate occupations.

Rotary Clubs have been organised and are flourishing and making themselves felt by means of the ideals which they practice in Canada, England, Ireland, Scotland, United States of America, France, Spain, Argentine, Uruguay, China, Japan, India, Australia, New Zealand. There are nearly 2,000 Rotary Clubs already in existence, comprising nearly 200,000 Rotarians. It will not be surprising that an effort is now being made to extend the movement in South Africa. There are already two flourishing clubs in existence, namely, Johannesburg and Durban. Four new clubs are on the eve of holding inaugural meetings, namely, Capetown, Port Elizabeth, Pietermaritzburg, and Pretoria, whilst special attention is now being directed to Kimberley, Bloemfontein and East London, with the same object in view.

It is not to be wondered at that a movement based on these ideals should have assumed such gigantic proportions in the past few years, and it will, I think, be admitted that Rotary Clubs do lead men along the right lines. It can be safely said that there is nothing much wrong with human nature if it is led along the right lines, and a movement, therefore, that stands for the ideal of "service" as the basis of all worthy enterprise, and the maintenance of high ethical standards in business and professions, must claim the sympathy and support of real men and real citizens. It is also not assuming too much to claim that Rotary will advance the cause of international understanding and peace, and that the fellowship promoted by its establishment in so many different parts of the world must have considerable effect in this direction.

I am satisfied that a movement which has these ideals for its object must and will receive the support of all right-thinking men in Africa, and I look forward confidently to the establishment of a chain of Rotary Clubs in this part of the world as a foregone conclusion, and thus give South Africa an opportunity of adding its quota to this great and modern world-wide movement.

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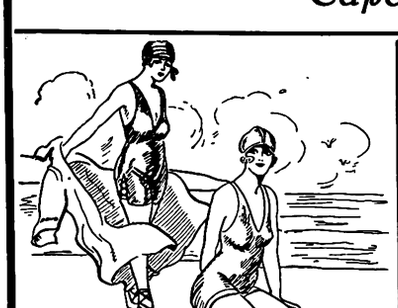
Capetown and Peninsula Comfort Centres.



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London Theatres.

Leicester Square, 29th January, 1925.

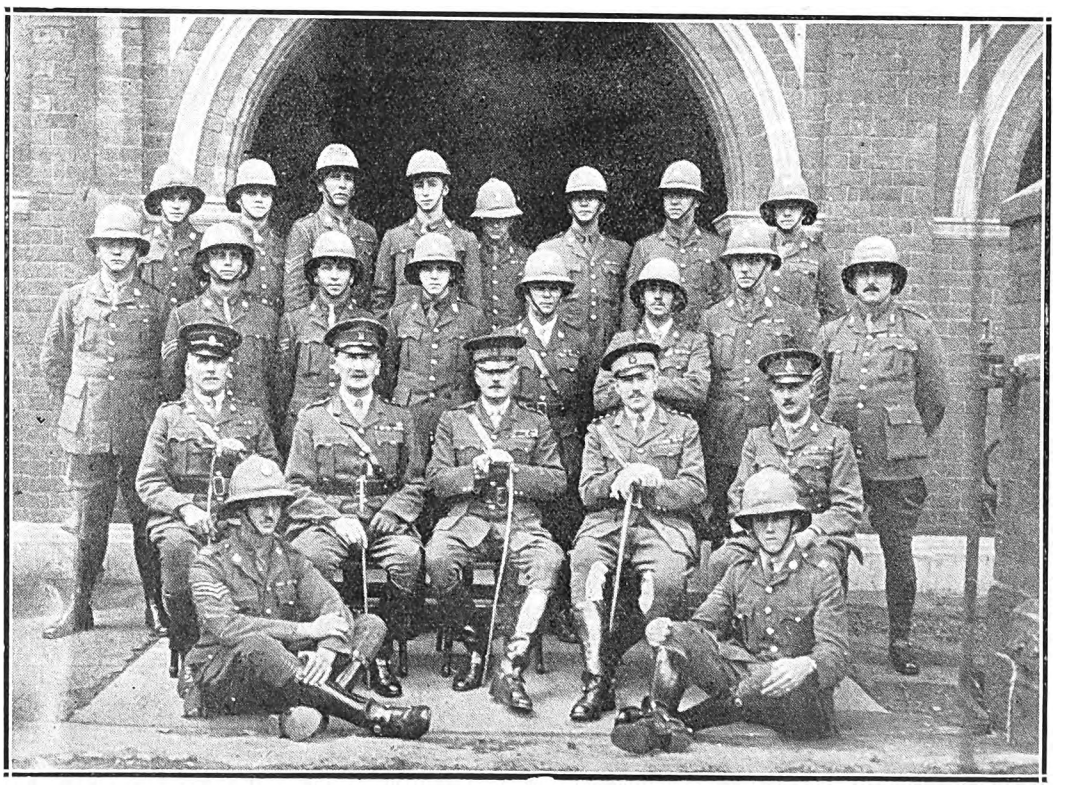
"The mixture as before" would be a fitting suggestion for an alternative title to that of "By the Way," the new Jack Hulbert—Cicely Courtneidge revue at the Apollo, as it is yet a further example of how London managements flog the same horse when once they find a quadruped that promises to pull in the needful in nifty doses. Mr. Hulbert has been to the same "Mrs. Beeton" for his dishes as Messrs. Charlot, de Beer and Laurillard—plenty of bright, beautiful and bustling girls, high spirited principals, exhilarating music, exotic costumes displayed against natty backgrounds of neutral tinted velvets, artful lighting schemes, snappy sketchlets, and just a wee touch of low comedy for exploitation by some rich, ripe humorist of the Maisie Gay, Alfred Lester, A. W. Bascomb or Stanley Lupino mould. "By the Way" however, has an all-juvenile cast and, despite its versatility and resource, before the evening was over we certainly did feel the absence of a more matured comedian: as things are it is just a youthful frolic needing a slice or two of solidity between its frothy slabs. Cicely Courtneidge is delightfully wicked as a schoolboy kept in to do 75 lines of unseen Greek on a cricketing half-holiday, as a knut in a duet with Jack Hulbert, and in two elderly spinster roles. Berry Chester bobs in and out with her contralto voice and keen sense of fun, partnered mostly by Harold French (another of our few *good* juveniles who have deserted drama for revue) and Jack Hulbert lounges about nonchalantly—its only afterwards you realise what a tower of strength he has been. There is a priceless skit on Broadcast Drama; you are shown the bare studio with a handful of "celebrated artists" engaged for a costume-drama, and they make love, utter corroding curses, fight duels, elope, abduct and the rest of it—vocally, whilst engaged physically in powdering their noses, applying lip-stick, exchanging cigarettes, preening their hair or cutting sandwiches. Memories of this will cause any listener-in to titter when he next gets drama amongst his wireless pabulum. Other amusing burlesques were those on the Trix Sisters (by Miss Chester and Mr. Hulbert) and the very earnestly acted lovers' quarrel-and-reconciliation scene with surprise ending—the lady quotes some verse *à propos Grannada*, whereupon the gentleman gives a whoop of joy: he had been racking his brain for hours to get a seven-letter word, middle letter must be N!

Another première I attended was that of "Jitta's Atonement" (G.B.S.'s version of S. Trebitsch's tragedy, now called a tragi-comedy) at the Grand, Fulham, where it was surprising to note how remarkably few of the usual first-nighters came along (Café-royalists and aesthetes alone can usually be counted on to, but not a Shaw première). Possibly the Theatre's geographical position was the cause—Fulham sounds dreadfully distant to the highly-strung intelligentsia of Soho and Bloomsbury; it was no easy job to enlighten them as to the ways and means of penetrating the jugled depths wherein dark Hampstead's "Everyman" and Hammersmith's "Lyric" (Le snobisme has as much to answer for as ever!) Still, in this instance their neglect did not lose them overmuch. The play impresses one as having originally been one of those gloomy, morbid, Scandinavian-type of dramas with the much worn theme of adulterous love followed by the retribution exacted from the woman who survives her lover. Mr. Shaw apparently was content to merely translate the first act, but when he reached the second and third, especially the third, he presumably decided to let himself go and from tragedy he turned, gyrated, and turned again to sheer farce, or so at least it seemed from the way the acting went on Monday. The Shavian wit was welcome enough, but it robbed the play of all homogeneity, leaving the majority quite vague as to whether they should stuff hankies in their eyes or mouths. Violet Vanbrugh was a fine "Jitta," though not temperamentally suited to the part. Her frocks were of the gasp-raising genre. Her daughter Prudence also made a hit and is rapidly forging ahead. Nancy Price had a thankless part and the gentlemen of the company were just about adequate.

The same night, at the Oxford, a new farce, called "The Monkey House" (presented by "A Keeper, Ltd."), met with an even more antagonistic reception than the unfortunate "Meddlers" a few weeks previously. Strange to say, the leading feminine parts in both shows were filled by the same actresses, so we must not be surprised if the artists in future farce productions should, for their own protection, insist on remaining anonymous—at least for the first night!

Horace Hodges' hit in "Lightnin'" is the big noise of the theatrical week, and the event causing the most gossip is naturally the turn things at Drury Lane have taken during the past forty-eight hours, following-Basil Dean's resignation and the published manifestoes from him and from Sir Alfred Butt. Meanwhile the world wags wantonly on!

Paul Pry.



HEADQUARTER STAFF, No. 8 MILITARY DISTRICT, JOHANNESBURG, FEBRUARY, 1925.
Back row, left to right: Armr. du Plessis, Corpl. Jordaan, S.I. Bremmer, Armr. de Boer, Sgt. Goodliffe, S.I. Ross, Sgt. Smith, S.-Sgt. Higginson.
Second row: Sgt. Lambert, S.I. Jonker, Sgt. de Beer, Corpl. Pecke, S.M. Hall, S.M.I. Lees Smith, S.-Sgt. Fanner, S.S.I. Pratt.
Front row: Capt. Batty, Capt. Hawkins, Lt.-Col. Thackeray, Capt. van Dam, Lieut. Bowyer.
S.I. du Toit. *S.I. Park.*
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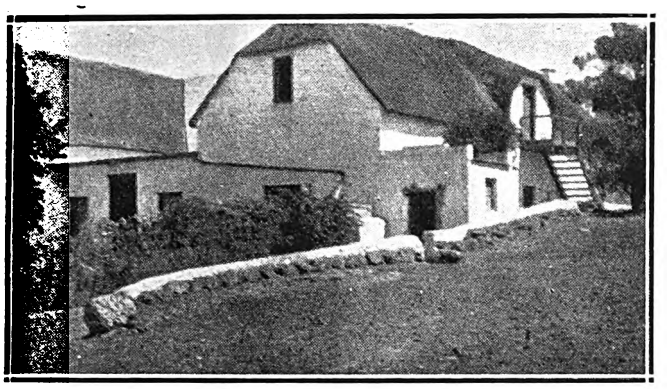
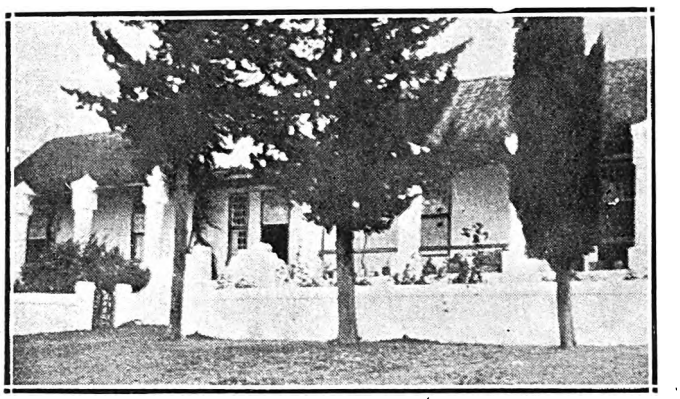
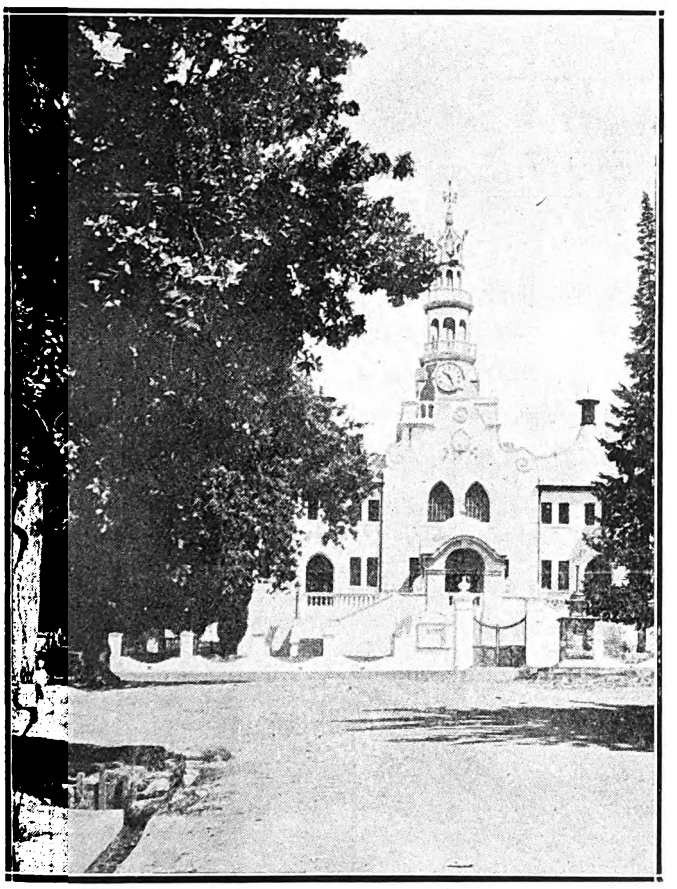
Snapshots from the Cape.



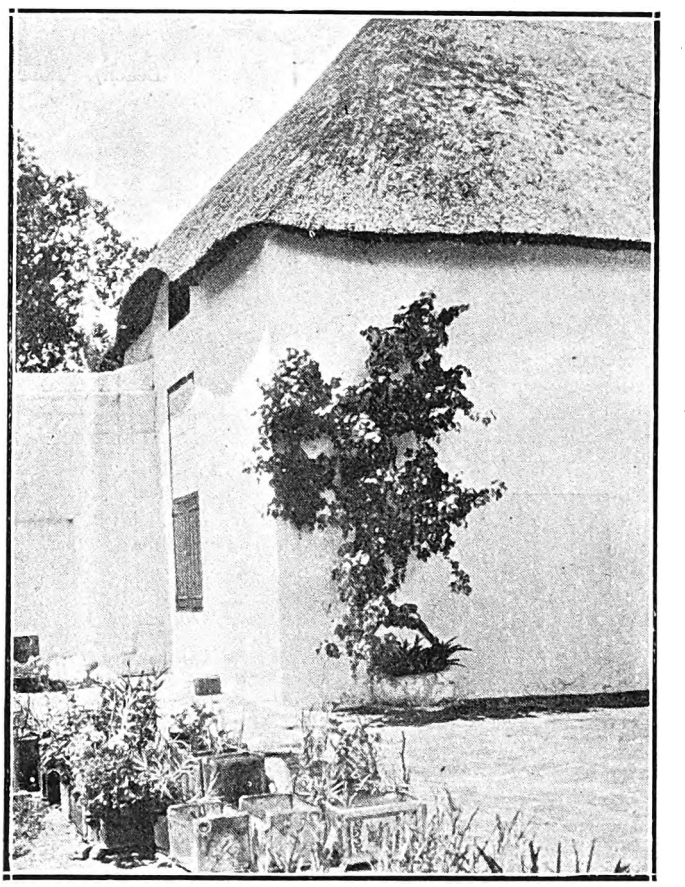
Mr. Drumming's home near Bellville at the Cape: almost three hundred years old.



An old Dutch house near Swellendam. It was built by slaves more than a century ago.



The Dutch Reformed Church at Swellendam.



A view of the old courtyard at Swellendam.

Photographs by M. E. Topp.

Of Hair.

People talk of character in feet and face. But I find sufficient material for deliberation in the hair of the humans who pass before my eye.

There is the Saxon fair-head, and there is the grey-streaked hair of autumn. The most terrible of all is the patent leather hair of the young man who indulges in a switch back. He plasters his hair with vilely smelling grease, until it glows like jet. Then there is the young man who parts his hair in the middle, and the spring poet who allows his to grow until it looks like a mop.

Then there is the painful youth, who wears his hair as if it had been marcel waved. It is surprising the amount of character reading you can do from the hair alone. It is with a bird's eye view of humanity that you can do this form of character reading best. Choose the dress circle of a theatre or the gallery around a winter garden, and view the—call it a tonsorial panorama.

Then there are wigs. I remember a poor bookseller in Auckland. His wig was moth-eaten at the back, and he always retreated in the manner of a courtier, to hide the gap in his thatch. Then I remember a professor in a Maoriland University, who became so excited over a chemical experiment that when there was an explosion, which set his wig over one eye, he went on with the good work, pursuing science and forgetting appearances. It is here that I insert the (laughter) in the time-honoured style, for the class roared.

But in the end, for most of us, comes baldness . . . the great democracy, when ginger and black and fair and dark give way to the nudity of scalp . . . in the winter of life. And no matter whether you have prepared your hair with fine oils and lavender, you'll come to the bald age . . . if you live long enough. *B.*

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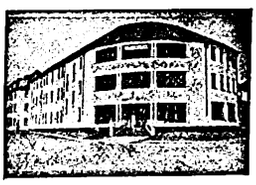

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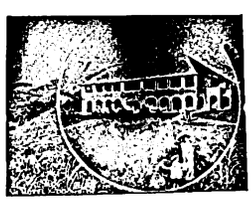

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The Prince of Wales at the International Rugby Match a few weeks ago.
Central News photograph.

The wedding of Miss Monica Harris to Doctor G. E. Pyott at Port Elizabeth.
R. L. Shanagan, photographer.

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"The Union's National Weekly."

VOL. XX. No. 501.] SATURDAY, MARCH 7TH, 1925. (Registered at G.P.O. as a Newspaper.) PRICE 6D.

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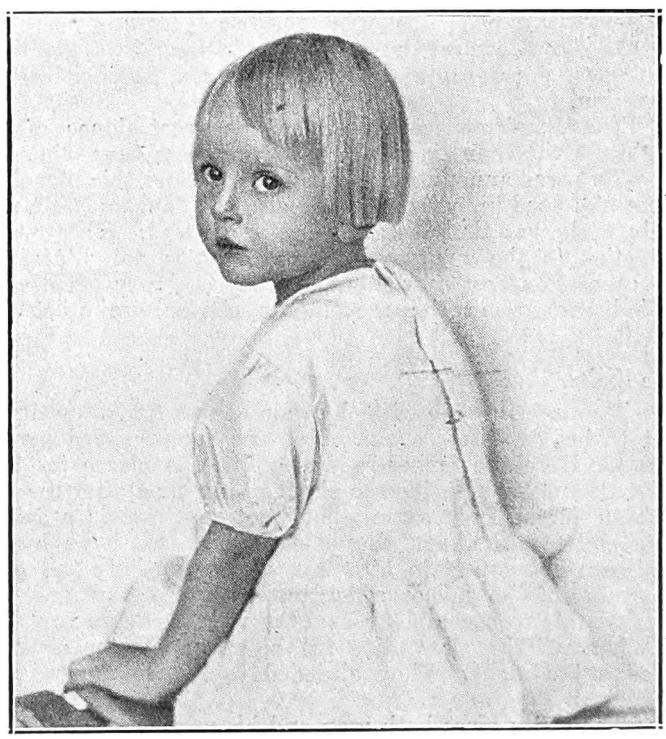

(1) *John, son of Advocate and Mrs. Adams and grandson of Sir John and Lady Wessels, of Pretoria.* (2) *Peggy, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Sachs, Pretoria.* (3) *Mirian, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. Gordon, of Seymour Avenue, Parktown.* (4) *The daughter of Advocate and Mrs. Pirow, of Pretoria.*

Photographs by Jane Plotz, Johannesburg.

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Johannesburg Ballroom Championships.

A Criticism, by W. A. C.

The dancers in the final contest in connection with the ballroom championships were few, but all moderately good in their work. The finals were decided at the Carlton Hotel on Wednesday evening, and the main impression from seeing the dancers is that they have good style, but they lack sympathy with the fundamental laws of time. But Johannesburg is not alone in this! It is a strange fact that many good dancers, even professionals on the English stage, fall short in the matter of time. In reviewing the dancing of last Wednesday night, it seems that most of the contestants were able to start off quite alright as far as their time was concerned, but they became slack or perhaps lazy, and this was death to rhythm. Rhythm is the first thing to be achieved in dancing. Perfect technique and what is known as the correct hold, serve little purpose when the dancing lacks rhythm. I am still inclined to blame the Johannesburg orchestras a little for this. It is difficult for dancers to achieve rhythm when the band has failed to do so. The main fault with the band comes when they change their time. They do it so clumsily that many people are thrown out of time. In most cases the " hold " was wrong. The men always held their arm too high and too definitely bent at the elbow. The left arm should be extended with the hand not above or below the man's own shoulder. There should be a slight bend in the left elbow, and although this may sound stiff, it is not so when followed properly. In most cases the elbow is held taut and this robs the arm of the necessary grace. But where the men were wrong in their hold, their partners were, in almost every dance, excellent in this direction.

The Fox-Trot seemed to be the great dance of the night. Every dancer was in his or her best form when the Fox-Trot was announced. In this dance and this alone the time was good in every case and also the dancing itself. The only fault was that lack of variety in steps. They would all stick to the one-two-three step. It is not difficult to do other Fox-Trot movements. They are very effective in a ballroom when the movements chosen are quiet and small.

The Waltz.

The main trouble with the waltzes was that they turned out to be Fox-Trots again. Not one couple did a perfect waltz. Here the orchestra was a little to blame for they started, and then decided to change their time after the first sixteen bars. Then came what was more or less a gallop. The waltz is perhaps the oldest dance we have in the ballroom being practised to-day. It is certainly the most charming of the dances which have come to stay, and it is very simple to accomplish once the waltzers learn to follow the band. The slow glide in the waltz was missing on Wednesday night. They all tried to be too modern and " walk it."

The waltz gives both man and his partner every chance to appear graceful. Dancers, both men and women, should realise that they must make the best of their figures in dancing, especially in a waltz. In striking a pose they must realise that they achieve certain lines, and these lines should be graceful.

The Blues.

Here again the rhythm was the main drawback. Now this is one dance where it is more essential probably than any other to achieve strict rhythm. The Blues is an American Negro dance and the steps must be slow drawn and in perfect time, rather after the manner of a slow rolling boat. The American coloured people are famous for their rhythm and syncopation, and as the Blues originated among them we must try to adopt their ideas of how the dance should be done.

In these finals the contestants came on and did the same old one-two-three-step again. Only one couple had any idea of what the Blues really meant. The Blues is not a vulgar dance, as many people imagine. But it has been made vulgar by people who dance without knowing what they are doing.

Wednesday night's performance proved that the Fox-Trot is Johannesburg's best dance, but the dancers should learn some more movements. The Waltz is weak because too many liberties are taken with this wonderful graceful old dance of yesterday. You may stunt in the Blues, so long as you keep your rhythm and so long as you do not allow the dance to move towards vulgarity.

Watch your rhythm as well as your partner's eyes. In stunting in the Blues, be careful not to leave your partner in any of your trick steps. This strange business of breaking away and doing a side-step like Valentino in a stage tango is wrong.

The Winners.

Mr. Mills and Miss Vogts won the championship. They won both the Blues and the Waltz, but failed a little in the Fox-Trot. The main thing wrong with their Fox-Trot was that the movement was limited to the old one-two-three step again. Mr. Mills and Miss Vogts were very good in the Waltz. Their rhythm was good and at times they were loyal to the traditional waltz of the earlier ballroom. But they insisted on becoming modern after a while. Their Blues were by far the best. They had only one real movement, but in spite of the fact that the orchestra did not help them in this number they did manage to achieve the proper slow easy movement. I understand that they are not going to appear at the Empire as was at first arranged. If they had done so, the main thing for them to learn after these ballroom appearances would be first to fill their stage and then to exaggerate their steps. They could both have done this very successfully, because they are tall and, if I may say so, they have very good figures. The champion Fox-Trot couple were Mr. E. Lavenstein and Miss Otto. Mr. Lavenstein's style is excellent, and he at least did have a few more steps up his sleeve than the others. Miss Otto is rather small for Mr. Lavenstein, but for all that they danced very well together and they were by far the best Fox-Trot couple. Rhythm was their stumbling block in the Waltz and the Blues. Mr. Lavenstein seemed to force his partner forward a little too much, but this was not a very bad fault because his height and general appearance carried it off. It would have looked dreadful if a small man had done the same thing.

The professional couple were excellent in the Fox-Trot and got over ninety per cent. for this dance, although the morning paper made a mistake in recording the figures. Mr. Pappas and Miss Mitchell came third. They should practice the Waltz and the Blues very thoroughly. I am sure this couple could do very well if they only studied rhythm a little more sympathetically.

I cannot close this little criticism without a word of congratulation to the Dancing Teachers' Association for the way they worked and for the undoubted fairness of their judgment. Such dancers as Madame Ravodna and Miss Pearl Adler and many other members of the association will surely bring dancing in Africa up to a very high standard, for they represent the best in manner and methods of the West End of London.

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London Theatres.

Leicester Square, 5th February, 1925.

Again this week there's a deluge of first-nights—some revivals (including "Are You a Mason," "Old Heidelberg," "Carnival," "The Dollar Princess," with Evelyn Laye in the Lily Elsie part, and two of Shaw's most delicious frolics, "Fanny's First Play" and "Pygmalion," inaugurating a month's Bernard Shaw Repertory Season), a new edition of an established success—"Charlot's Revue," which Laddie Cliff has joined together with Marie Lloyd's great friend, Claire Romaine (filling the gap left by Maisie Gay's defection through illness), as well as the premiè of Frank Tinney's musical show, "Sometime," due to-night at the Vaudeville. "Love's Prisoner" cheated the Broadcasting Coy. of its iconoclastic attraction (previously mentioned in these notes) on Tuesday, but is definitely to face the limelight to-morrow. Naturally, all this rush to get going has resulted in the clashing of several fixtures, and the consequent scrunching of several critics' nerves—as well as the now customary newspaper pars inspired by the inconvenienced, and the usual retort from the managements, disavowing all accusations of guilt and guile (each of them a vernal, verbal picture of unsullied innocence). Periodically a "central clearing house" for the mutually satisfactory settlement of dates is mooted but, traditions being what they are, and human nature what it always was, nothing comes of it all. Everything points to a recurrence of the trouble very soon, for there are at least seven shows coming off within a week or so—all with successors in active rehearsal.

The production, last mail-day, of Frederick Lonsdale's "Spring Cleaning" (called "By the Grace of God" in New York, but here our Censor objected) has resulted in another resounding success for the Congrevean-Wycherleyan type of comedy, the vogue for which was started by "Our Betters," and continued by "The Vortex." Paeans of praise for its clever construction, smart dialogue, excellent playing, and its general air of brilliance have been showered upon it, in fact, it seems easy to prophecy a year or more of West-end life for it.

Godfrey Tearle's re-appearance in the American melodrama, "Silence," brought him a warm personal welcome, but little else: the play itself is voted small beer, and far too ingenuous and mushy for our public. The gallerytes were inclined to repeat their turbulences of a night or two beforehand, when "The Monkey House" exasperated them to such an unendurable pitch.

Margaret Bannerman's first starring vehicle has "failed to attract," so we are shortly to see her in an English version of a recent Paris hit, "la Duchesse et le garçon d'étage," by Alfred Savoir, in which another young player will also be promoted to "lead"—Lawrence Anderson to wit (nephew of the famous Mary Anderson—now Mme. de Navarro). Mr. Anderson is already known for some sterling work in two or three of Sybil Thorndike's last productions, in fact, he is still appearing with her as "Ladvenn," in "Saint Joan." A fortnight ago I watched him make a gratifying successful début "on the Halls," at the Alhambra, in a little specially written mimetic monologue, which enabled him to give some really humourous and life-like impressions of Sir J. Martin Harvey, Owen Nares, Alfred Lester, etc., etc., taking (an imaginary) young officer's instruction parade at Chelsea Barracks. For this first night it has been decreed that, following the fashion set at those grandiose premières of C. B. Cochran's productions, the stalls and dress-circle prices shall be doubled, and all offered for sale. What the 400 or so regular first-nighters (most of whom expect to get in "on the nod") are going to do about it we know not, but its bound to be something particularly demoniacal, with boiling oil and thumbscrews in it. *Paul Pry.*

Maidie Scott.

Miss Maidie Scott, who opens at the Empire on Monday, is said to have the cheeriest songs sung on the English music-halls. Her fame is so immense that a young composer has only to induce her to sing one of his numbers and he'll have fame for himself within a few weeks. One of her greatest successes was "The Naughty Little Bird in Nellie's Hat," a song which was used by Miss Ada Reeve on her tour. But the song was actually written for Miss Maidie Scott, and she promises that it shall be in her repertoire when she opens at the Empire. Her "Youngest of the Family" and "If the Wind had only Blown the Other Way" are also classics in their way. Miss Scott is one of the most famous and the most expensive artists we have had here for some time. She has often said that she does not know why she is such a success. "I cannot sing, I cannot dance, and the kindest mirror in the world has always told me that I am merely plain. So I don't know why I should succeed, unless it is because I have worked jolly hard and I have wanted to succeed." But the English public know the secret of her success. She has a sparkling personality and a freshness that make you love her every minute she is on the stage. One English critic, on seeing her photograph, said, "I could write reams about that smile." That may sound very sentimental, but sentiment is surprisingly near to the truth at times.

At Turffontein This Week-end.

The eight-event programme to be submitted by the Johannesburg Pony and Galloway Club should provide interesting racing, and if the fields are likely to be on the moderate side numerically, so much the better.

Selections.

12.25.—Pony Handicap, "D," 6 furlongs.
Rose Gold 1, Husk 2, Codfish 3.

1.5.—Pony Handicap, "C," 7 furlongs.
Hussy 1, Cherry Lass 2, Sierard II. 3.

1.55.—Galloway Handicap, "D," 6 furlongs.
Captain Smith 1, Auburn Hair 2, Sybil M. 3.

2.35.—Galloway Handicap, "C," 7 furlongs.
Our Princess 1, Thorima 2, Paperdenza 3.

3.20.—Galloway Handicap, "A," 1 mile.
Paper Fan 1, Golden Flower 2, Roman Girl 3.

4.0.—Galloway Handicap, "B," 5 furlongs.
Bronk 1, Great Karoo 2, Wilsan 3.

4.40.—Pony Handicap, "B," 1 mile.
Vorstin 1, Cornstack 2, Sweet Heather 3.

5.20.—Pony Handicap, "A," 5 furlongs.
Hood 1, Titina 2, Sherry 3.

Reville Fashion Forecast.

London, February 10th.

So far as Paris Fashions in themselves are concerned, the skirts are considerably shorter than previously; but Mr. Reville's feeling is that it shall not have any material bearing upon the length of skirts for the English and Continental Markets—which are never so extreme as the Parisian; therefore the remark in my last week's letter, that "skirts would remain moderately short," can be taken as an accurate forecast of the coming Season's Fashion in so far as the "length" of skirts is concerned.

The chief feature of the early Spring Fashions are "novelty" materials, and the greater variety of bright colours than hitherto; there is a tendency to depart from the sombre shades of brown and biege, which have been in vogue for so long. Bright Greens, Petunia Reds, "Lacquer" and "Madonna" blues, "Vatican" scarlet and "Royal" amber are very much to the fore.—Reville, Ltd., Hanover Square, W.1.

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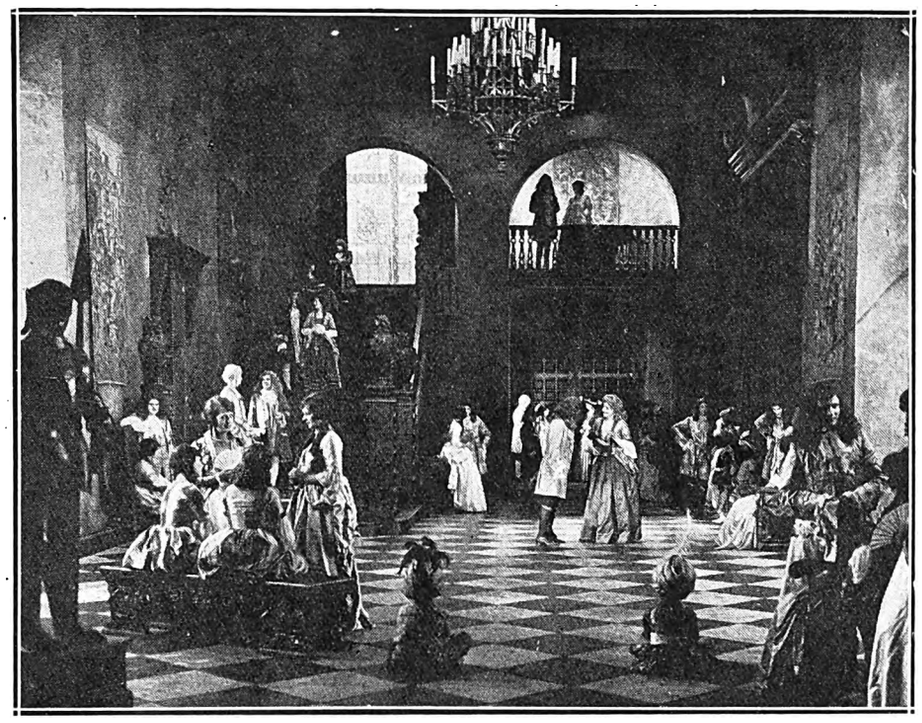


To the left is a scene from the film "A Lady of Quality" to be screened at the Bijou, Johannesburg, on March 9th. Above are Miss W. Doney and Mr. P. B. Salmon, who were "starring" in the amateur production of "The Country Girl" at Boksburg and Germiston.

Round the Bioscopes.

Bijou, Orpheum and Carlton.

It was Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett who made the whole world fall in love with her book, "Little Lord Fauntleroy," and with the book which followed, "A Lady of Quality." Hair piled high and falling in ringlets, exquisite cameo ear-rings, and the haughtiest of manners, the Lady of Quality intrigued, loved, and moved in the splendidly flashing society of Good Queen Anne's day, when even the staidest of men painted and powdered far more than the much-decried flapper of 1925. Virginie Valli, the winsome favourite of men and women alike, is starring as the Lady of Quality, with Bert Roach as the comedian of the film. Milton Sille is the Duke of Osmonde, and with Yvonne Armstrong as "Annie, aged 8," we shall all of us be flocking to the Bijou on March 9th to see this superb production featuring a lovely woman in times which acted as a foil to her beauty.

Quite different in character, although just as brilliant, is "Prodigal Daughters" at the Orpheum. Lily Lena with her famous songs and smart clothes, the Mariajanos with their fine dancing exhibition, are preceding Gloria Swanson at her best in this fine film. The modern jazz-mad girl, she revises the seven deadly sins of the world into the seven deadly whims: new lips to kiss, freedom from convention, no more chaperones, a new world for woman, life with a kick in it, the single moral standard and *our own latch-keys!* Gloria is "Swiftie" the super-flapper, daughter of a war profiteer, and her magnificent dresses fit the motto of the film: "Jazz and be merry for to-morrow we die."

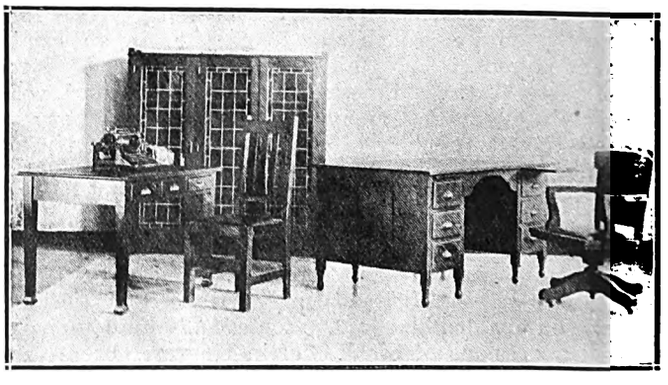
The Carlton is also showing a jazz film, "Children of Jazz," on the 9th, and this is followed by "The Dangerous Blonde" on the 12th. The first picture is a romantic comedy melodrama and brings into strong contrast the manners of 1850 and the "manners" of to-day. Theodore Kosloff, Rocardo Cortez, Robert Cain and Eileen Percy are some of the players who are featured in it. Laura la Plante is starring with her deep dimples and deliciously cute smile from the tail of her eye in "The Dangerous Blonde," and so it is no wonder that Mr. Married Man followed her blocks out of his way before he remembered his ball and chain waiting for him at home. Laura is called by men adorable and by women a perfect little devil. What more can I say for her? Nothing except that she is at her most seductive in this film of pretty girls, gorgeous gowns and vivid excitement. *Y.Z.*

Adventurous Motorists.

There are people, of course, and you know as many as I do, who will do anything for notoriety. There are others who never rest unless there is a thrill in life, and there are others who do strange things because there is a novelty in them and because they are what we usually call cranks.

The two young men who last Friday left Capetown Pier in a light Salmson car to race to Johannesburg have been placed by various people in all three classes. As a matter of fact they were quite serious in this race and were trying to establish a light car record to Johannesburg, because they believe it is all for the ultimate good of motoring in South Africa.

They were, at the start, as a matter of fact, full of optimism as to their success, but they realised the difficulties of the journey. Their race is, of course, now history, but it is sufficient to say that when I shook hands with them before the little car, with one roar of the exhaust, fled away down the Esplanade, they were both quite serious about their attempt and full of hope. One could certainly not call them cranks. *The Gossip.*



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A Social Note Book.

By "Carrie."

It does not seem much good thinking of anything except the Prince of Wales at present. Wherever you go, whatever you do, he crops up, and I hear most of the men in the city are having new suits made on what they imagine is to be his pattern. Jean Patou, the dressmaker, is supposed to be one of the best dressed men in the world, and he took over to America with him 60 suits, 200 shirts, 300 ties and all sorts of little accessories thereto. The average man, he says, ought to have at least three suits, exclusive of evening clothes, one light top coat and two overcoats, a dozen shirts, two soft hats, three pairs of shoes and twelve pairs of hose. So, my dears, if Monsieur Patou has sixty suits and the average man only three, you can do a nice sum of arithmetic, even if you only went to night school, as to what the said Patou's opinion of himself is. But we, being women, will forgive him, for we know of his gowns, and they are the very last word in style.

Two Princesses.

During her residence at the Cape Princess Alice is taking a great interest in the various charities and functions of Capetown. She took Princess Beatrice with her last week when she went to Mrs. Millar's home at Claremont to see the exhibition of novelties that Mrs. G. M. Lee had collected. The Princesses were greatly interested in the exhibition of paintings by one of our South African artists, Miss Mable Withers, F.R.G.S.

Mary Rolt Hostel.

Capetown women are turning out their treasure chests, for they have all promised to take part in the Old World Clothes Parade, which will be a feature of the fête in aid of the Mary Rolt Hostel, on the 14th of this month. It is to be held at the home of Sir Malcolm and Lady Searle at Tynberg. Lady Stanley is one of the most willing workers, and she has sent all the way to Northern Rhodesia for baskets to sell. Mrs. Patrick Duncan, Mrs. Hugh Grimsfather and Mrs. Struben have all got stalls.

Transparent Invention.

Have you ever though of the things women have invented? Now comes a transparent umbrella, as dainty a piece of silk and lace as you could wish to carry, and the added advantage that you may be dry, see and be seen through it. It's a great idea and will be invaluable for stalking erring swains.

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This delightful, select and altogether restful resort is situated at the mouth of the Karridene River, 23 miles from Durban by rail, and within 70 minutes by car.

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The Karridene Hotel is an extensive Brick Building, equipped with the most modern conveniences: Hot and Cold Baths, Electric Light, Bells to each of the forty-five Bedrooms, Dance Hall, Billiard Room, Lounges, Open-air Gardens, etc.

The grounds, 35 acres in extent, take the form of a lovely natural park, and lend themselves to all the usual outdoor amusements: Tennis, Croquet, Shooting, etc.

Boating here is excellent, and the resort is specially noted for fishing and safe surf bathing.

A Golf Course is in course of construction, and guests may be fully assured of every comfort, attention and amusement being provided for them.

A Gramophone Year.

I was not surprised to learn, when talking recently to a dealer in gramophones and records, that last year's turnover of this department of the music business showed a remarkable increase. From a musical and technical point of view this increase is scarcely a cause for wonder, for records are now so delicately accurate in the reproduction of sound, and the disturbing surface noises of the past have been so decreased, that the musician is attracted as much now by the instrument as the musically-minded among the public.

The serious musician has been particularly drawn to the gramophone by the fact that leading companies have lately been recording complete performances of symphonic works in series of records, and this has made it possible for one to become thoroughly familiar with works like Beethoven's Choral Symphony without leaving the house, or spending tedious hours of monotony over condensed piano arrangements.

This new agency for the popularisation of music is making the professional musician take serious notice, for symphony and chamber music are being rapidly dramatised. It is no longer the privilege only of the musical critic to compare, for instance, Beethoven's Symphonies. Listening to a gramophone performance of the Seventh Symphony last week, I realised how it is possible to become familiar with almost every detail of these great works, almost with approach to the distribution of instrumental colour, with a convenience and ease not even to be attained in the concert hall. In the comfort and privacy of the home one can now learn the intricacies of the composer's instrumentation, and even, as one friend of mine has just decided to to do, follow the whole Symphony with the aid of miniature scores.

From this point of view the storage of music is even more astounding and useful than the development in wireless telephony, for the latter has the handicap of the concert room, that only a single performance is possible at any given time, and that not necessarily at a time at which one feels inclined for a particular work. But with the gramophone it is possible to hear a couple of hundred symphonic performances for the price of the record, and they can be heard whenever the desire asserts itself. The day is not far off when symphonic works will be as familiar as the Rachmaninoff Prelude or the Sonate Pathetique. But will this familiarity breed contempt?

Musical experience during the last fifty years shows that familiarity with Bach and Beethoven has had the result that to-day these composers are more reverently understood and enjoyed than ever they were, and with the modern aid of the gramophone they will continue to widen the circle of their appreciative disciples.

Certainly familiarity with great works will mean a more exacting standard of taste, and it is probable that in the long run this improvement in musical understanding will prove most awkward for some "musicians," but it will be of vast service to Music itself.

It is very worthy of note that in the teaching of music the gramophone is coming into its own. A recent announcement by Trinity College of Music, London, is to the effect that authoritative performances of works on the Examination Syllabus are now available for the guidance of teachers. The experiment is still in its initial stages, but success seems predestined.

Transvaal Junior: Page 1.

The photographs on page 1 of this issue were taken by Miss Jane Plotz, of Thrupp's buildings, Pritchard Street, Johannesburg. Her photographs of children are particularly pleasing: the association of art and truth, both of which are essential to good portraits.

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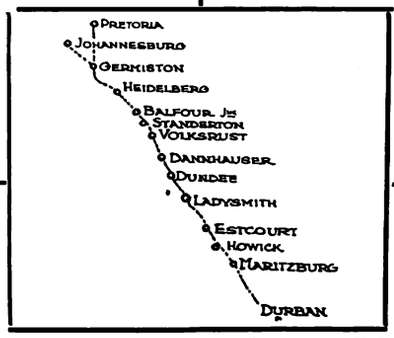

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On the Rialto.

By Antonio.

Johannesburg, Tuesday afternoon.

It is said that Monday's business on the local Stock Exchange was the biggest (even though confined to three or four platinum shares) for a couple of decades, and reminiscent of the "Sally" boom when, as the result of the Vlaklaagte tin discoveries, the shares rose to £8, only to slump when it was found that the deposit did not continue in depth. Up to a few weeks ago these shares were 4s. 6d., but, as the company possesses farms with possibilities, they have participated in the present rise and are 7s. 3d. this morning.

"Lands" Have Sensational Rise.

The most sensational rise has ben in "Laneds," or Transvaal Consolidated Lands and Exploration Co., to give the full title. A week ago they were dealt in at 37s., but they rose almost without a set-back to a couple of guineas on Friday.

The great burst of activity came on Saturday, when they were bought up to 45s. 6d. There was unofficial business at a few shillings higher. The re-opening on Monday was characterised by enormous demand for shares, both from London and Paris (which have hitherto sold to meet local demands) as well as from the Johannesburg public and professionals, the price advancing another 10s. to 55s.

And Meer "Entonrage."

When "Lands" are by far the most prominent, S.A. townships are a good second, having advanced from 16s. 6d. to a guinea and over. I am specially glad to record this, as I pointed out a week or so ago, that they were ripe for a rise. The unofficially quoted Transvaal Estates and Development, popularly known as "Devils," have also put on several shillings at 30s. This company owns a million and a half acres, plus mineral rights over some 282,000 acres, and platinum has been discovered on some of their farms. Usually the highest price of the year has been about half a sovereign, and the lowest quotation about 7s. 6d.

Fine Profit-Taking.

At the opening this morning, there was a certain amount of profit-taking, as is inevitably the case after so hectic an advance. This brought the price of "Lands" back from 56s. 6d. to 54s. 6d., and of "Townships" to without a sovereign. Gold shares, which had been sold last week pretty heavily to finance purchases of "platinum" shares, showed a harder tendency. For example, Modders improved to 81s. 6d., and Government Areas to 141s.-143s. after sales at "level money," *i.e.*, £7. Langlaagtes, which had been "banged" to 17s. 9d., reacted to 19s. and 19s. City Deeps are steady at 58s. 6d., and Crowns at 53s.; it is noteworthy that the latter mine made double the profit of the former.

Three "Corner House" Mines Make Losses.

Durban Deeps were sold at 19s., though the profit of £400 is at least no worse than for previous months. East Rands, Geldenhuis and Nourse each sustained losses of about £2,000.

Lydenburg Consolidated Platinum.

The prospectus of Lydenburg Consolidated Platinum shares is in issue. The nominal capital is £100,000 in 5s. shares. The company has options over a dozen farms in the northern, central and southern portions of the field. Vendors receive 100,000 shares and £15,000 out of the working capital. Allottees are granted option over half the number of shares, not at the issue price, as is the usual practice, but at 20s. As this is, relatively, the same thing as 10s. for the 10s. shares of T.C.L.'s, it does seem to be participating matters—and the rise!

Novice.—I do not advise purchase. The company is limited."

Gloria Swanson in "Prodigal Daughters," at the Orpheum, Johannesburg, on Monday, March 9th.

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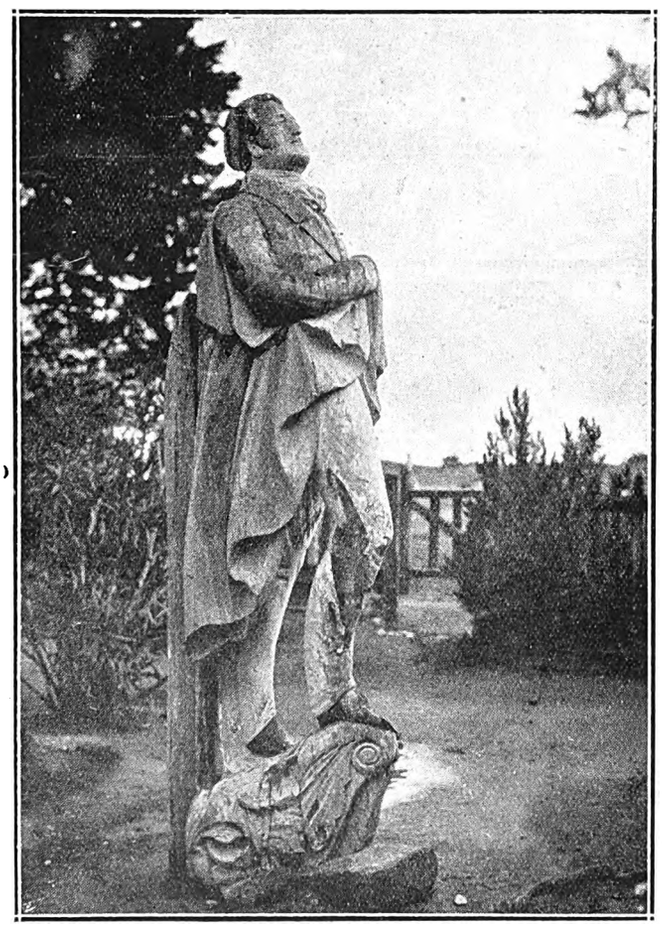
From Addo, C.P.

This old courtyard of the Drift Inn, Addo, was built by the 1820 Settlers. Courtyards were built then for protection against attacks by Kaffirs. In the corner on the right hangs an old ship's bell, probably off the same ship as the figurehead below.



This old figurehead is also at Addo, on the Port Elizabeth Road. It has been there about one hundred years. The figure is that of the Duke of Wellington, and it is of carved oak and is painted in different colours. The figurehead no doubt came off one of the old wooden ships that brought the 1820 Settlers.

Photographs by W. Rogers.

The S.A. Pictorial in Johannesburg.

The *S.A. Pictorial* is always on sale at W. Anderson's book shop, Carlton Hotel Buildings, Johannesburg.

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The Recent Trouble: How to Prevent a Recurrence.

By "Observer."

It would be unwise to think that all the difficulties between the Owners and Trainers' Association and the Pony and Galloway Club have been surmounted and that harmony will reign for evermore. In what way other than advisory the Board of Clubs, which is minus a P. and G. representative, is to function I am unable to see. It is perfectly clear that it cannot lay down a rule as to the exact amount to be given in stakes by any individual club, and a club would soon find its way into Queer Street if, to meet the wishes of the majority of the Board, it offered prize money beyond its means. It will be remembered that when the trouble started I pointed out in these columns that the only fair way to handle the question of stakes was to make this bear a fixed proportion to the amount put through the totalisator. I had reason to believe that this basis was likely to find favour with certain chairmen of clubs, and I was glad to notice that Mr. J. Cohen (chairman of the Owners and Trainers) made use of the suggestion at the meeting on Monday week. "At the last three meetings of the Pony and Galloway Club the totalisator turnover," said Mr. Cohen, "amounted to £58,000, and on the basis of £100 in stakes for every £1,000 passing through the machine, other clubs would be prepared to give £5,800 in stakes. The Pony and Galloway Club, however, required them to race for £4,200!"

It is entirely outside the scope of the Owners and Trainers' Association to demand that certain economies must be practised by a club which finds itself unable to provide the expected amount in stakes. All the demanding in the world cannot alter the fact that the Pony and Galloway Club has now to pay in rent to the Turf Club £2,750 per annum for, say, twelve meetings. The pruning-knife would, therefore, have to be used principally on the staff, and that is a matter for the club alone, and not for prejudiced outsiders to suggest this or that. A simple way out of the difficulty would be for the Board of Clubs to recommend that the stakes should in future bear a fixed ratio to the totalisator turnover. It would then devolve on the Pony and Galloway authorities to arrange their finances accordingly, if they desire to fall in line with those clubs which consider such an arrangement fair to all parties concerned. This should be done immediately, otherwise there may be ruthless retrenching of the outside staff at Turffontein, which it may be found later was unnecessary, and that the amount favoured by the Board could be raised without much bother.

It is probable that the tentative agreement arrived at was due in no small degree to a feeling that the Provincial Council's patience was well-nigh exhausted, and a new form of racing control might come into existence at any moment. Mr. J. Weightman, M.P.C., who may be looked upon as the racing adviser to the Provincial Council, spoke quite openly on the subject at the annual meeting of the Pony and Galloway Club. Moreover, Mr. Weightman constituted himself critic-in-chief, and to that end submitted a mass of statistics, which found a ready hearing. On the question of taxation, he was right in saying the public would not stand the 12½ per cent. tax on the machine, and they blamed the Provincial Council, but he had few supporters when he said "the truth was the clubs were taking too much out of the people." Mr. Weightman must be aware that the clubs are drawing only their 7½ per cent. from the totalisator, as was the case before the tax, while the tote tax now in vogue is accompanied by a tax on admission tickets and on practically everything on a racecourse in any way taxable. It is this which drives folk away from the racecourse, with a corresponding drop in club revenue.

The efforts of the Owners and Trainers' Association to secure a licence for a non-proprietary club have so far ended in failure, but a supporting argument would appear to have arrived from an unexpected quarter. Despite the inability of the Pony and Galloway Club to meet the other side in the matter of stakes, and also after showing a loss on the past year's transactions, the proprietary members of the club received the maximum dividend allowed in law of £10 each. Strictly speaking, a non-proprietary club is unattainable here, where no wealthy man, sufficiently sporty, can be induced to hand over a track and equip the same until the concern was self-supporting. Nevertheless, certain of the local racing clubs could be run much nearer the non-proprietary lines and pure sport than is the case to-day. The chairman of the Owners and Trainers' Association is doubtless aware of this, and we may yet see a racecourse in some way—not clear at the moment—controlled by that body.

It is passing strange that the Pony and Galloway Club has no racecourse of its own. If a strong anti-racing movement arose, this club would be the first to be attacked, seeing it "has no stake in the country." Auckland Park is taking some interest in the claims of motor-racing, which suggests that the good old days of that club are not expected to return. There are too many racing clubs in existence, and it would be all to the good of the sport if one swallowed up another. The Pony and Galloway Club, which is an old racing institution, should certainly have its own racecourse. The present big rent would be avoided, and a stability conferred upon the club which the years of existence, in themselves, fail to bring.

PROGRAMMES FOR MONDAY, 9th MARCH.

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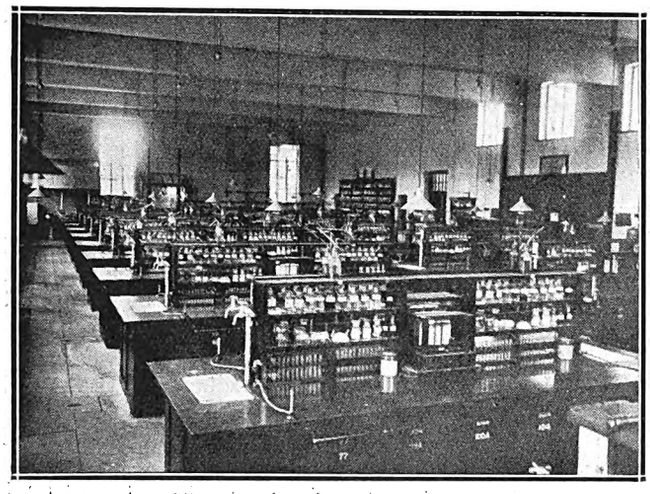
New Chemical Laboratory at University.



A photograph of the recently finished laboratory.

Professor J. A. Wilkinson, photographed outside the new laboratory by T. Brittain.

For Bargain Hunters.

Bioscope Cafés, Limited, have remodelled the Orpheum and Nook Tea Rooms in Johannesburg, and they are probably the most up-to-date of their kind in the Union of South Africa. The management of both these tea rooms make a very liberal offer to societies and institutions wishing to hold meetings or occasional gatherings. They charge no rent for the use of the Orpheum, which is the larger room, or for the Nook Tea Rooms, more suitable for small parties. The only expense is that of the refreshments. Small societies and institutions in which finance has to be considered will no doubt be very pleased with the privileges offered by the management of these tea rooms.

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Mr. P. Tucker, from a photograph.

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(Signed) **P. Tucker.**

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When I began using Kotalko I was bald. At the sides over the ears, and at the back, there was some hair, but on the whole of the crown of my head, from the forehead backwards, **there was no hair at all.**

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Everyone who knows me has been surprised at seeing the hair growing again, and several of my friends have already ordered Kotalko, and are **highly satisfied** with it.—Yours very truly,

(Signed) **Thomas Hayes.**

Mr. Thomas Hayes, from a photograph.

A multitude of others, men and women, have used the remarkable compound—Kotalko—with astonishing and delightful benefit in removing scurf, stopping the falling out of hair, and in developing a new growth. This has been done in many cases where the baldness existed for years, and when all other hair tonics, lotions, medicinal treatments, etc., have been unsuccessfully tried.

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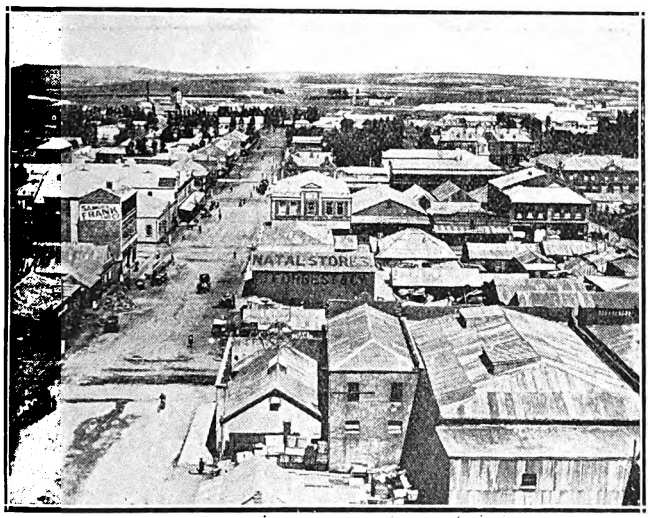
The Romantic Story of Eloff Street.

Yesterday, To-day and To-morrow.

By "Purple Asters."

Bearded and wrinkled they may be, and some doubtless have elbow-lifting propensities: but the astonishing truth remains that there is a fairy-like quality about Johannesburg's pioneers. They do not wield a magic wand, of course; yet by a few yarns between drinks they can change the heaped-up debris of the Rand's rich mines back into the pristine flatness of the veld, and shrivel up the present-day magnificence of the Golden City to its initial ugliness of tin and tent.

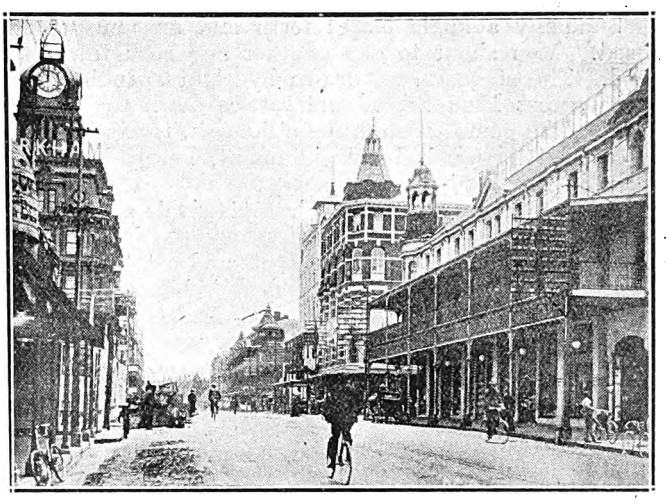
Without the evidence of these die-hards I would doubt the fact that before Eloff Street began I was; and so, most probably, were you. Forty years ago the nimble duiker nibbled the sweet grass where now is only macadam, and the then unsymbolical springbok, untroubled by tram-cars, buildings and telegraph-poles sprang unconcernedly from Pritchard to President Street. On the now fabulously precious site where Chudleigh's grey structure uprises to blot out a fair proportion of the southern sky, there passed on his way the care-free Kaffir. His lusty shouts were the only human sounds in that bare, flat stretch of wilderness which spread in all directions to an uninterfered-with horizon.



Eloff Street in 1894, *between Market and Anderson Streets.*

And then, all in a bewildering moment, a plague swept over this peaceful Rand of white-stone outcroppings—the plague of the prospector, the speculator, the pioneer; the plague, in a word, of the White Man. Heavy boots tramped upon the shrill green grass blades (for it was summer—the summer of 1886) and solemnly declared: "This shall be Eloff Street." And it was so.

Paradoxically enough, the history of Eloff Street in the long, long centuries before it was named can be written in one monosyllable: Veld; yet the first brief chapter of restlessness which followed takes two: Tin shanties; and, thereafter, each succeeding year requires more and more words until to-day the story of Eloff Street cannot be told without the combined resources of the English language and the Taal. But does the thought of that make us hesitate in awe as we enter Eloff Street? Not to the extent of a single electron. The motorist hoots his way from Plein Street to Fox Street with a hard face which spells: "Profits"; the wedged-in humanity of the incoming tram sways to the ruthless rhythm of: "Business-business"; and even those romantic creatures who seek flesh-coloured stockings and . . . and everything . . . in those wonderfully stocked emporiums which line both east and west pave-



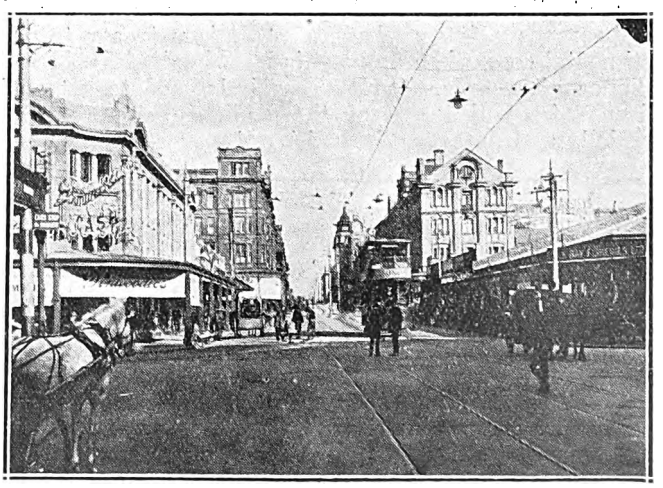
Eloff Street in 1903, *just after the Anglo-Boer War: on the right is the old Bay House where Chudleigh's have since built their vast store.*

ments are too preoccupied with that other eternal triangle—"Credit-Cash-Discount"—to pause and marvel at the utter strangeness of things.

Fortunately that is only one side of the picture; the other is made up of jolly throngs, night-time laughter, bright lights, brighter eyes, brilliant frocks, merry children, jovial ancients, twinkling feet, captivating scents, delirious movement, gilded youth . . . Yes, we can call it a street!

For the moment you and I have a little leisure. Let us look at Eloff Street through the spectacles of the pioneer. The substantial buildings, the bustling crowds, the racing vehicles oscillate violently in the sun's glare, crumble, disintegrate, shrink and vanish. In the place of it all, there magically appear a few straggling tin shanties, a few wattle-and daub shacks, a few drooping tents, a few roughly clothed miners.

Look again . . . Four years have passed. It is 1890. Eloff Street has still an unprepossessing appearance. The monotony of galvanised iron roofing has become much greater; an extraordinary number of transport-wagons, loaded with food and mining material, creak and jolt their way towards the Market Square; the trek-oxen, hearing the yells of their Kaffir driver and feeling the keen lash of his long whip along their flanks, strain more anxiously



Eloff Street, about 1912, *when horse traffic predominated.*

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against the yokes; white men, in smasher hats, short-sleeves and soiled slacks, lounge about mud huts; their wives busy themselves over Dutch ovens, and their children laugh happily in the sunshine; buildings here and there are in the course of erection; vast dumps of bricks and mortar tell their own tale; and, on near-by stands, even in those uncertain days, places of worship were numerous; but at this time no religious edifice of any importance had been put up with the exception (Oh, significant beginning!) of the Jewish synagogue.

Suddenly a bugle blares forth and an unusual stir is caused. Men shout to one another and rush towards the sound. The stage coach, drawn by eight spanking horses, flashes across Eloff Street and rattles down Commissioner Street. The guard, with many a flourish, treats the gathering crowd to a musical entertainment, nearly bursting his cheeks in a valiant effort to send the notes to the farthest ends of the mining town. The latest arrivals are welcomed, news is given and asked, near-by bars are invaded (there were by now several in Eloff Street, and a total of 127 not out in the whole town) and everybody's happy.

From then on the metamorphosis is amazing. It is too swift to follow. Eloff Street as we know it to-day begins to take shape. Buildings of two and three storeys rise up; imposing shop fronts proudly glitter; smart traps and spiders speed along; trains steam to the north end of Eloff Street; motor-cars spring into existence; tram-lines are laid down; the Carlton Hotel towers for six storeys and two mezzanines (Know that word?) at a cost of three-quarters of a million; the thoroughfare roars with traffic; the pavements teem with pedestrians—by heavens, it is 1925!

Physically Eloff Street may be termed the back-bone of Johannesburg; still, it must be confessed that, to the north, it has a most ignoble head in its station, and, to the south, a rather disreputable tail. Luckily the long-promised new station seems now in sight; and, getting on towards the tail at any rate, the crumbling ruins of the Magistrates' Courts must, of necessity, be replaced by a more stable and dignified pile. In the old Republican days, these same ruins in lower Eloff Street were the High Court and among the many notable trials brought before the judges was the one in which the astounding von Veltheim was tried for the murder of Wolf Joel, nephew of Barney Barnato, and, after a sensational defence, acquitted but deported. Here, too, leaders addressed massed strikers just prior to the Rand revolt of 1922. Further south, Eloff Street, after a vigorous stretch through Motor World, wags feebly past Marshallstown, which, like the withered limb of a healthy body, languishes and sprawls to the East,—dirty, squalid, depressing by day, but mysterious, adventurous, romantic even, by night in the light of its yellow gas lamps.

Ada Reeve to Retire?

Miss Ada Reeve, the music-hall comedienne, who has just returned to England after a long stay in Australia, has hinted that she may soon retire from the stage.

A group of men in the stalls laughed during one of her songs at the Holborn Empire when she made her re-appearance a few weeks ago. "It is not easy to sing a sentimental song when any one is laughing" she said to the audience afterwards. "However, it is good to get such a welcome from the rest of the audience on my return, especially as I may soon be retiring."

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Colour in the Home.

By Francis Marshall, M.C.

It is a declared and set fact that many South African people choose the wrong colours for interior decoration. No English or Continental traditions should affect South African people in the choice of furniture or decoration, unless these traditions are modified to suit conditions in this country. The landscape of Africa, viewed from your windows, is one of dark colour drenched with blazing sunshine, all roads are red and the whole country is dominated by dark greens, browns and other autumn colours. Therefore none of these characteristics should be allowed to exist within doors. These outdoor colours transferred to an interior create a feeling of stuffiness, warmth and unrest. So when we pass through the door into the house we should find a refreshing contrast. The drab colours of the road and the country side must not intrude. We must have no brown wallpaper, no red wallpaper. We must have white walls or cream walls and colours in minor colour limewashes, almond greens, the blue of larkspur and lupin, the refreshing pink of the rose and the paler shades of amethyst, grey and fawn. With cream walls and furniture featuring grace rather than weight, one may achieve the interior which is desirable after the character of the crisp and clean African out-of-doors. And yet one can break away from the cream walls and introduce blue, combined with mauve and silver or delicate eau-de-nil. One might have white walls with hangings, carpets and furniture carrying deeper notes. In a warm country, the lighting of a room is also tremendously important. The arrangement of lights must suggest illumination, but not heat. Bright red shades are out of place in a summer room—they only intensify the feeling of heat.

I am telling you these little things because so many people imagine that the architect is the only person to be considered in building the house. The interior decorator is also important, and without gilding the lily, yet he must save the housewife from a scheme which is neither a setting for her own personality nor a refreshing contrast for the natural colouring of the country. It is towards this object that I am designing furniture in this land, so that the traditions brought first of all by the Dutch and then by the English might be transferred and yet modified so that South Africa might find its own character in these matters, a character which it is our duty to develop and preserve.

Contract-bridge.

I notice that "Contract-bridge" has come very much into favour in certain Pretorian circles that are devotees of the game. Mrs. Lauch, the wife of the able secretary of the Pretoria Club, informed me the other day that Contract-bridge is played between the hours of four and seven there, but after the evening meal is over, the more ordinary form of Auction Bridge reigns supreme. Mrs. Lauch, who is a very keen bridge-player herself, tells me that it is both more exacting, as well as more interesting, than the recognised Auction, in that one is forced to bid up to the strength of one's hand, the principle being that the player must make the number of tricks he "goes," and he can only score that exact number below the line. He counts 50, however, for every trick above the line over and above his declared amount; the rubber counting 400 and each game 150 points. Quite like a Cross-word puzzle, isn't it. *F.B.*

In "The Pelican."

Miss Iris Hoey, starring in the excellent production of "The Pelican" at His Majesty's Theatre, Johannesburg. Her next play is "The Man from Toronto."

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The Week.

Paragraphed and Photographed

Without offence to friends or foes
I sketch your world exactly as it goes.

A Literary Fare.

The London papers occasionally discover Porter Poets and Policeman Painters, but it has been left to Johannesburg to unearth a Literary Tram-Conductor. It was in the Library yesterday, when I was selecting a book from one of those two special shelves of newly-published "heavier reading" with which Mr. Asher, the genial librarian, provides us, that I noticed a tram-conductor in uniform next to me, fingering Dixon's latest treatise on the "Anthropology of Certain Siberian Tribes." Not unnaturally I glanced up at him in considerable surprise, but with a cheery laugh he remarked, "Don't expect to see a tram-conductor reading this stuff?" We started talking, and I learnt that he held startling revolutionary opinions about literature. The only poetry worth reading, he said, was the queer Expressionist verse of the Sitwell family, and he told me that he read no other poetry and no novels. "Excepting the Sitwells," he said, "there is no Art to-day in literature. So I confine my reading to scientific works. Everything else is fit only for the dust-bin!"

I am told that he has been working on the trams for six months, being unable to find remunerative employment elsewhere. I wonder how many of us have had our tickets punched by a possible genius? *N.C.*

Orpheus in the Air.

Up at the Johannesburg Broadcasting Studio, the other day, seeing Mr. van der Byl, the Director, I was introduced to a young lady who, I learnt, played accompaniments over the ether.

"I'm playing at two o'clock to-morrow morning to America," she told me.

"But how romantic," I remarked.

"Yes, though no one but myself seems to see it. I think romance must be dead in South Africa."

But she promised to visit the white-plastered Malay Quarter next time she was in Capetown, and tell me afterwards if romance were really dead. *N.C.*

Four Bronzes.

Talking at the Scientific and Technical Club's monthly dance the other night with N. M. Eaton, the young architectural student who has startled artistic South Africa with the beauty of his designs for recent competitions, I learnt of four life-sized bronzes of Boers by Anton van Wouw which are lying at the P.W.D. buildings in Pretoria. They have had a most interesting history. Originally commissioned by Sammy Marks, of Vereeniging memory, for presentation to the old Transvaal Republic, they were modelled by Mr. van Wouw in Italy, and the bronzes were cast there. At the end of the Boer war they were taken by Lord Kitchener, who presented them to a Naval Barracks in England. When General Smuts was in England after the war, he secured the promise of their return to South Africa, and at last, after lying two years on the quay at Delagoa Bay, they have arrived in Pretoria.

"They are," Mr. Eaton told me, "quite the best work Van Wouw has ever done, and their return to South Africa is a real artistic gain to the country."

Discussion is raging hotly as to whether the four figures, two of which represent Voortrekkers, and two more modern types of burgher, are to be grouped round President Kruger's statue in Princess Park, Pretoria, or whether they are to be distributed round the grounds of the Union Buildings. *N.C.*

MAIDIE SCOTT,

the brilliant English artist, who opens her season at the Empire, Johannesburg, on Monday next.

MISS DOROTHEA TANBUDGE'S LATEST BOOK.

"Lady Anne Barnard at the Cape of Good Hope, 1792-1802," has just been published.

The Lie.

Once, when I was in a little mountain village in Fiji, I saw a native girl with a scarlet flower in her hair. She was standing knee-deep in a pool, and the unstinted Fijian sunshine splashed her dusky shoulders with gold. She was a beautiful child and the curves of her body were like the persuasive grace of willow wands, her breasts like dark lilies. An old Fijian told me that the little *marama* was the idol of the village of Namosi; the beauty, the spirit, the princess of laughter in the little community where she lived.

But one day she fell ill and the doctor sent her down the river in a lonely canoe to go to the leper island. And the native lads who had dreamed of her shunned the very house in which she had lived. Its roof was allowed to fall in and all unheeded weeds grew over the door. And when people asked, "Why is this house forsaken?" the native guides would whisper, "Leper!" and hurry on.

* * * *

Once upon a time I had a friend. He brought his sadness to me, and I took it from him. And when others said, "He is unworthy," I smiled and said:

"There is nothing in the world like friendship . . . . it is cleaner than love and older: for children and very old people have friends, but they do not love.

". . . . In love, all laughter ends with an ache, but laughter is the very garland on the head of friendship."

And the wise ones went their way and shook their heads.

Last night my friend told me a hideous lie.

And I remembered the leper girl, leaving her forest of scarlet flowers and the placid pool to pass across the seas to the Island of the Forgotten. *H.H.B.*

Russian Tea.

The other day I was lucky enough to sample some real Russian tea with Madam Lorentz, the witty wife of the Nederlands Consul at Pretoria—the pale amber-liquid with its faint aroma of some oriental spice put me in mind of another occasion when dining at the Cape at the house of Monsieur de Francville, the late Consul-General of France. His guests were privileged to taste a thimble-full of real "Imperial China." This tea was served in cups the size of liqueur glasses, and was almost white in appearance. Monsieur de Francville explained how a small cask had been presented to him by the late Czar of Russia when he was Consul in Petrograd—or must we now speak of it as Leningrad? My host added that the leaves were picked by Chinese maidens with white kid gloves on their hands, these so as not to bruise the delicate bloom of the leaves. They are then packed in cases and despatched through Mongolia by Yak caravan, across the snow-swept steppes to the distant Russian capital. *F.B.*

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"To be in Johannesburg during the Parliamentary Session is a real penance to me," a politically inclined friend said to me the other day. "I miss the pleasant gossip and activity of Capetown which the legislators bring with them. I am as bad as any woman about it: I *love* hearing the latest about the members and their wives, and there is no substitute here for morning and afternoon coffee in Markham's or the Koffiehuis, where we used to hear exactly what Roos said to the Member for Pampoendorp, and just why Patrick Duncan left the House in a hurry at a quarter-to-four."

I must say that I agreed with him. There is far more interest in listening to the debates and being able to talk them over afterwards with the participants than in reading them in newspapers, no matter how well they are reported.

* * * * * *

Whispers of approaching marriages seem to be fewer as Autumn comes on us. When gold mixes with the green of the leaves Love seems to be lost in sadness—or is it that the young men are all too occupied in paying their Summer Handicap losses? Many people are superstitious about May marriages, thinking them unlucky, and this may be partly the cause. Johannesburg statistics show that marriages are, on the whole, more frequent during the Spring and early Summer, but in the country districts the "marriage curve" does not seem to vary much with the seasons, but rises sharply just after Nachtmaals, an interesting link between religion and love.

* * * * * *

Now that the War Memorial is to go up on the West side of Johannesburg's Town Hall, we are losing one of the city's romantic little squares. In the old days the Market Building stood on this spot, but it was pulled down when the Town Hall was erected. The little square soon became the outspan for the Cape carts and, in later days, the cars of farmers from the district, and, walking round this little square, one has a pleasant sense of a country dorp. The huge bulk of the Corner House seems to melt into the sky and Oom Jan and Tant Maria take the place of our hustling business men. Horses quietly feed from nose-bags, while their attendant Kaffirs sit about talking. I seldom walk across this little square—it makes me feel too home-sick for the old farm at Dalrust.

* * * * * *

Here, too, it was that the Indian jugglers used to perform—where have they gone now?—and here the Cheap-Jacks conduct their mugs' auction. I have stood often on the outskirts of the little crowd which gathers round the "Walking Talking Advertisement," as they say, and I have got to know the group of two confederates and the salesman well by sight, but I have never yet fathomed the mystery of how the whole business is worked. If I give Mr. Cheap-Jack a pound note and receive in return thirty shillings and a closed packet containing unknown goods to the value, as he says, of five shillings, I cannot see where the catch comes in. But it is there right enough, as many a "sucker" has found, and realised that being called a "real Johannesburg sport" by the mug's auctioneer is not worth the cash paid for the trinket he takes away at the end. *Neil Collins.*

Babylon in Pretoria.

Have you seen how Babylon has been reincarnated in Pretoria? Passing along the high level road which runs behind the Union Buildings, I looked down yesterday on a group of red-coated convicts working on the beautiful hanging gardens whose soil forms the top layers of the roof of a score of cavernous garages built round the Union Buildings for the use of Civil Servants and Officials in the Government departments. These gardens, raised as they are about 20 ft. above the level of the surrounding lawns, and just beneath the surface of the top road, form a strikingly beautiful little plateau, dotted as it is with scarlet clumps of Christ Thorn, and many another exotic plant and flower. The underlying garages are large and roomy, structures built in the form of caves by pieces of solid yellow stone quarried from the range of hills across the valley. As this material is peculiarly susceptible to lightning conducting wires bristle like porcupine quills about the place. *F.B.*

Vaudeville in Opera House.

It was strange to see vaudeville at the Capetown Opera House. When Hetty King arrived, a vaudeville company was brought to support her, and the African Theatres decided to hold the show at the Opera House, which is larger and better suited than the Tivoli.

But, typical Opera House audience though they were on her first night, with a sprinkling of the regular Tivoli first-nighters, they applauded Hetty King as I have never known an act applauded in Capetown before.

On the same programme were the new Veterans of Variety, which is upholding the name that the old Veterans made for themselves when they were here. Jake Friedman, Arthur Slater and Lily Burnand are of the old band, and in this new company which are supporting them are Florence Hinton, J. H. Scotland, who is always enjoyed by a Capetown audience, and Herbert Dewhirst.

The Gossip.

Robert Keable.

Robert Keable has written a new novel. It is called "Numerous Treasure," and is what is commonly termed a romantic novel of the South Seas. When Mr. Keable wrote "Simon Called Peter" he was a best seller within a week or two. If public approval accounts for anything, the success was more or less legitimate. The story came on the wave of the war, and because two people happen to go to bed together it was a great success. The public in its attitude towards fiction bears Alice Lloyd's song in mind, "Be just a Little Bit Naughty But Nice."

Then came "The Mother of all Living" which, to me, was a better novel. There were moments when Mr. Keable was what is commonly known as an artist. But this new book is not from the best that is within him. The story of the white man who goes to the South Sea Islands with an Oxford accent, too woo and be wooed by a native girl with hibiscus flowers in her hair has been written a hundred times. The thing has been done so majestically by Paul Gaugin in paint that most other attempts are mere caricatures. One rather hates the hot tropical nights, and the dusky bodies like young gazelles and the hibiscus flowers and the inevitable end of love making . . . . for asterisks. They all do it. I don't think Mr. Keable actually did the asterisks, but one feels all the way through the book that he was sensitive to the beauty of these infernal South Seas, almost as sentitive as Gaugin must have been. But he is the popular novelist and he must give the public what it asks. So he squanders his ability and writes what they want rather than what he wants. He writes the public taste into his book rather than writing himself in to it.

"Numerous Treasure" deserves to be a popular selling novel because it is full of colour, and it has the little romantic theme running through it that is wanted by people to-day. But all the same, one feels that Mr. Keable is trying to serve his public so zealously that he is forgetting that he might also serve himself. Messrs. Constable publish the novel which, if you ask nothing more than entertainment, is well worth buying.

Selma Lagerlof.

Messrs. T. Werner Laurie, Ltd., have published a new book which may not sell very well here. Just now, there is a lot of talk about young writers, development of style and all that sort of thing. If they seek a faultless example of fine writing, let them read the books of Selma Largerlof whose "The Emperor of Portugalia" and "The Girl of the Marshcroft" stand like Emperors in the world of fiction, in spite of the fact that most of us have to depend upon translations in reading her. This new book, "Marbacka," is the most intimate work Dr. Largerlof has yet produced. It is apparently her own story with the most delicate intimacies of childhood, the most tender treatment of her life and her people. I don't suppose the South African bookshops will import one copy of this book. They are like that in such matters. But anybody who is interested in the craft of writing, in style and in a story faultlessly told, might write to the publishers for a copy. Now and again a reviewer receives a book with which nothing would make him part. "Marbacka" is such a one.

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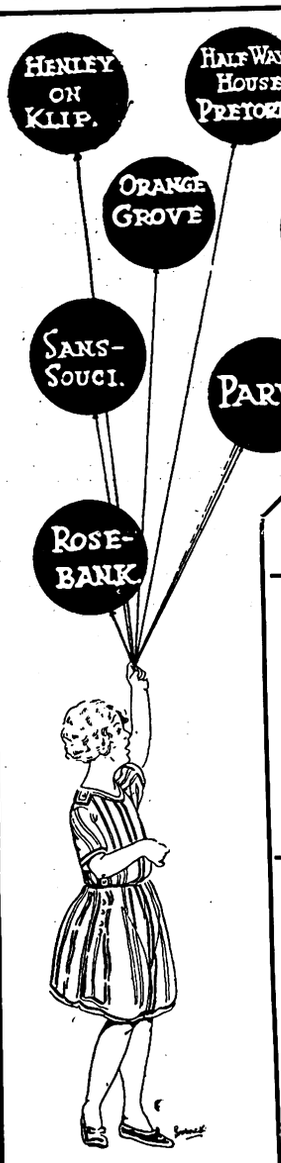
WEEK-END PLEASURE SPOTS.



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From the Rand to the Coast.

CHAPTER I.

A Journey in Paragraph and Photograph.

February 5.

Our good friend Robert Louis Stevenson said that to be thoroughly enjoyed a walking tour should be gone upon alone. But those days are past, and it is the fashion now to pack five or six people into a huge and speedy car and cover between two hundred and three hundred miles a day.

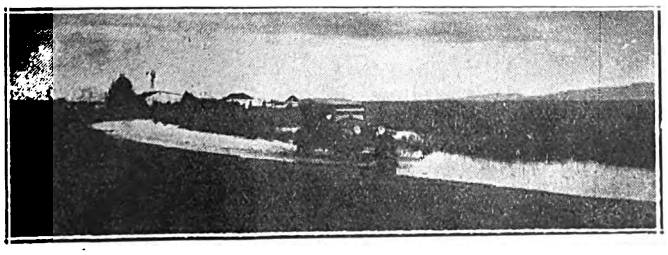
The journey from the Rand to the Coast now-a-days is different from what it was in the old romantic 'eighties, when our forefathers made the journey with ox-wagons, taking a month or more to do it.

Our journey only took three days.

We left Johannesburg at 6.30 in the morning. The first span of our journey was to Vereeniging, and we made the first twelve miles over the macadamized roads and then came to a less comfortable wet stretch. Half-way to Vereeniging we came to what, for the moment, was the Table Mountain of the Rand, for here were two hills with their tops covered with clouds in the characteristic table-cloth fashion of the Capetown mountain. It took us two hours to make Vereeniging, and the first photograph with this article shows how wet the road was on the last span of the journey. It was like motoring through a shallow river.

At Vereeniging the Transvaal ends and the Orange Free State begins. It is the boundary town, very much like any other town of its size, except that it seems extremely easy to lose oneself in its streets. Vereeniging washes its feet in the Vaal River—we crossed the river by the very excellent bridge which was built some years ago, and then we were in the Orange Free State. About ten miles out from the town—ten miles into the Orange Free State, the roads become very bumpy, and we were shaken about like the proverbial dice. We spent half the time saving ourselves from being thrown into the road, and the other half in hanging on to the suit cases. From this bumping about we came to long stretches of black slimy mud typical of the Orange Free State after rain. The road here was so bad we had to put chains on the wheels and made very slow progress. The engine became very temperamental over the strain, and we had to stop many times to allow it to cool. The first Free State town on the road was Kopjes. We rested here for a little time after our strenuous journey—or perhaps I should say voyage, for we travelled over more water than earth. This is not motoring but yachting. We had great difficulty with the language. We were motoring up the main street and I leant over the side of the car and hailed a Dutchman. "Is there a bar here?" I asked. He answered, "You find Mr. Barn painting a building behind you." So we turned around to Mr. Barn and gave him a pantomine impression of our thirst. He stood up in a very superior manner and said "We have no bar in Kopjes." So we bought two bottles of ginger beer, and left Kopjes as quickly as we could. The road improved, we passed fields where they were making hay—strangely English in appearance and then, a few miles further on, we came to a Dam where we had lunch.

After an hour's driving over a road which was easier to negotiate but still very wet, we arrived at Honingspruit.



"It was like motoring through a shallow river."

A momentary rest.

Each side of the road was rich with mealie fields. They were well planted and the rains had left them in excellent condition. But, it is a drive of endless gates. The road is turned into a sort of a crossword puzzle with gates. You are opening and shutting them, opening and shutting them all the time and the journey is considerably lengthened by what seemed to me an unnecessary number of gates. We stopped at Honingspruit for a few minutes to send telegrams and remove the chains from the wheels. Honingspruit is not a town—there is only a station and a post office and a store, and the place is very hot and very dull.

Kroonstad.

The last span of this first day's journey was easier than the earlier stretches. We drove for a few hours from Honingspruit, and in the evening we came to Kroonstad, where we stayed the night. The mud had spoiled our first day's motoring. Mud and gates, mud and gates—it was all very annoying.

You ask for a description of Kroonstad! It is a typical South African town. One can say little more than that. It has not emerged from the tin shanty era entirely, but it has a good river in which to bathe, and this we welcomed because Kroonstad has long ago mastered the art of being very hot. We found an excellent little hotel in which to spend the night—a hotel which combined cleanliness with godliness, for the outlook was very quiet and ideal, and the interior was also peaceful and restful after our rather nerve-racking day.

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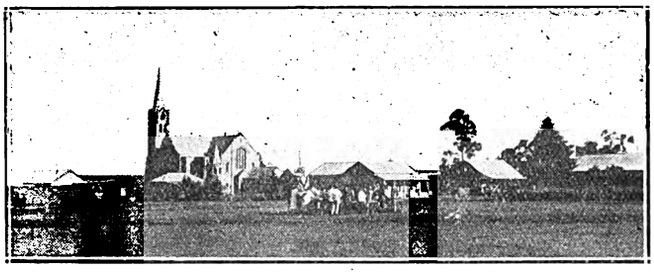
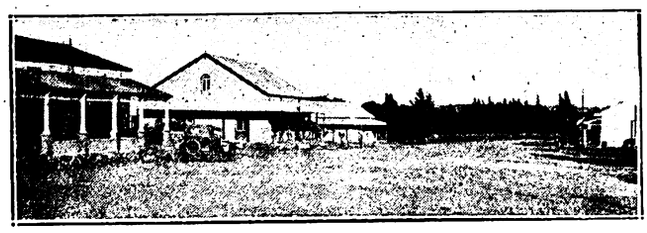


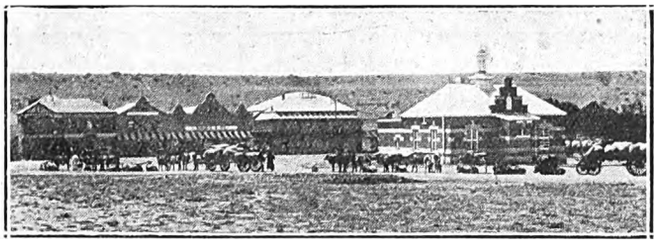
The Church and Market Place, Ventersburg.

On the second day, early in the morning (in fact it was four a.m.), an hour so indecent that I hate to mention it, we left Kroonstad with chains on the wheels and a muddy road in front of us. But the air was wonderfully refreshing, and we passed Ventersburg Road looking for a place to use a telephone. We wanted to know if it would be possible to cross the Sand River. The news over the telephone was very depressing. We were told that if our car could swim it would have a chance of crossing. Otherwise not. So we had to change our course, and from Ventersburg, where we photographed the main street and church, we travelled twenty-eight miles to Winburg—this was all out of our way because of the swollen Sand River. The church at Ventersburg is a wonderful building for so small a town. Between Ventersburg and Winburg we saw the finest country of the journey. Crops and cattle looked very healthy and prosperous. It was still early morning, but the farming people had long finished their breakfast and



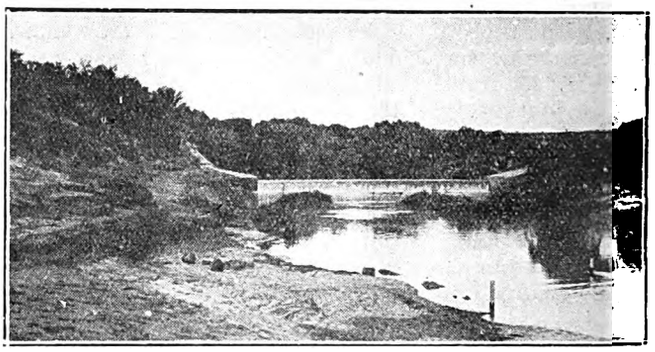
The Main Street, Ventersburg.

we passed many of them riding on horseback. As we approached Winburg, we passed herds of thoroughbred shorthorns in excellent condition. Shorthorns are one of the features of this part of the country. The grass, rich golden in colour, was about two feet high. We climbed the last hill and ran down into Winburg, one of the prettiest towns in the Orange Free State. It is built around a large square with a church in the centre. The scenery was very charming for six or seven miles after leaving Winburg. Then we struck the Sand River a few miles further on. Here was the villain of the piece. It was because of the swollen River that we were forced to travel twenty-eight miles to Winburg so that we might cross the bridge. But



Winburg.

we were not the only life to be seen on the journey. Hundreds of pretty little meerkats and hares enlivened the veld. There were even a few muishounds or polecats which made us shudder. The air was alive with birds. At eleven thirty we stepped out of the car, we were in Brandfort, a most unexciting town built mostly of tin houses. It also was hot and dull. We crossed the Modder River by the causeway and then came Bloemfontein and Edenburg. The journey was not made as quickly as that. There was actually a half a day between the Modder River and Edenburg, to which we came in the late afternoon. People were playing vigorous tennis on the courts, and the town had a prosperous, contented air about it—aided by plenty of trees. Twenty miles from Edenburg, along a moderate road, we came to Tromsberg and with us came



The Modder River.

twilight. We talked with some of the old identities over mugs of good ale, and then, at an early and virtuous hour, we went to bed, the second day of our journey completed.

To be continued.

Next Week's Calls.

WEEK COMMENCING MARCH 9, 1925.

Tivoli, Capetown.—(Opening March 11)—Nick Morton, Alice Lloyd, Frank Fay & Dixie Lady, The Pantons, Ed. La Vine, Vesta Sisters.

His Majesty's, Johannesburg.—Iris Hoey and her Company in "The Pelican."

Empire, Johannesburg.—Maidie Scott, Fred Russell, Keeley & Aldous, Marie Lawton, James Collins, Jay Whidden, The Pall Malls, Beryl Beresford.

Orpheum, Johannesburg.—Lily Lena, The Mariajons.

Grand, Pretoria.—Florence Rex, Mario De Pietro & Joan Revel.

Criterion, Benoni.—Rosie Lloyd, Jess & Tony.

Rinko, Maritzburg.—Iris & Phyllis.

Criterion, Durban.—Donald & Carson, Gould & Gordon.

Theatre Royal, Durban.—Pantomine Company in "Cinderella" (from March 12).

Scott's, Maritzburg.—Leon M. Lion-Renee Kelly Co. in "The Chinese Puzzle," to be followed by "Outward Bound."

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Of Centenaries.

Charles Kingsley, who was responsible for the delicious "Water Babies" and "Westward Ho" has been entombed fifty years this week. There is no race like the English for keeping up centenaries and demi-centenaries. But they do it so mournfully. They celebrate the death of their pets and authors by writing long, unhappy letters to the papers lamenting the good old days, or wishing that the celebrity in question had been just a little more worthy of celebrating. I think there must be a special government clerk who keeps tally of all the centenaries, and I am sure he is the most melancholy man in England. Who wonders when his job is to remind people that though one is a celebrity one must die? Does he ever think of *our* feelings, I wonder, we, who are not celebrities, and have no hope of ever having our centenaries celebrated?

A certain lecturer in England, a prominent Scots Home Ruler, has been waxing indignant in the papers lately about the sins of the Saxon and he has come to the conclusion that the Englishman is the most close-fisted man on earth. He says that in the clubs the Englishman talks while the Scot pays for cigars and drink.

While bowing our heads before this onslaught, we can obtain a little sweet revenge by glancing through the first list of subscriptions sent in for the St. Paul's Cathedral Restoration Fund. It contains one item.

"Thirteen Loyal Scots, one shilling."

How did they divide the subscription among them, one wonders, or perhaps one Scot didn't pay.

Donald and Carson.

"Donald and Carson," the Scottish comedians at the Empire, Johannesburg, are the least theatrical comedians I have ever met. I had tea with them in the Press Club at Wembley one day last year, and Mr. Donald poured forth a delightful stream of reminiscences. He told how he had met Andrew Carnegie in New York. "You know," said Mr. Donald, "I had been commanded to sing at the home of the great millionaire, and as I was climbing the staircase I saw a painting of my own little Scottish birthplace, Dumfermline. It is only a little village, and I wondered how on earth the painting got on to the elaborate walls of the millionaire. While I was looking at it, the great Carnegie himself appeared, and we discovered that we had been born within a hundred yards of each other in the little cottages at Dumfermline. So when I sang for him that night, I closed my eyes and thought of the little cobbled streets and the white houses and the places we had both known as boys, and I think I sang as I had never sung before. Next morning Carnegie sent me a fat cheque, but I sent it back—I felt I could not accept payment for one of the most precious moments New York ever gave me." *O.P.*

This from London.

Our precious total eclipse which was to have taken place on Saturday was a wash-out rather than a black-out. The strange eerie light was there; one felt that one was coming back from an Albert Hall ball in the early morning, but the clouds really spoilt the eclipse. We did not see the great black dragon of space eating gradually into the white heart of the moon as if she were a piece of exotic fruit. Even though a new cocktail was invented for the occasion the eclipse did not prove an occasion for the very least bit of excitement. If, by the way, you want to know how to mix a "Total Eclipse" cocktail, here is the recipe.

"Sloe gin, vermouth, angostura, grenadine and a soupçon of something that looked like cigarette ash, but perhaps it couldn't have been. Anyway, it was not as bad as the cocktail which they made in "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife," which was finished off with a trouser button.

P.T.

A Reville creation made to demonstrate the beauty of Lancashire artificial silk fabric finished by the new "Clay" process.

Of Deans.

The church (in England) has lately been playing chess with its Deans, and moving them about from place to place as if they were mere pawns on a checked board. The Rev. C. H. Rolt, late Dean of Capetown, has been appointed to the chaplaincy of Hornchurch in the diocese of Chelmsford and Canon Edward Bate, recently rector of Beaconsfield, Cape Province, is joining the staff of All Saint's, Weston-Super-Mare. *Pianola.*

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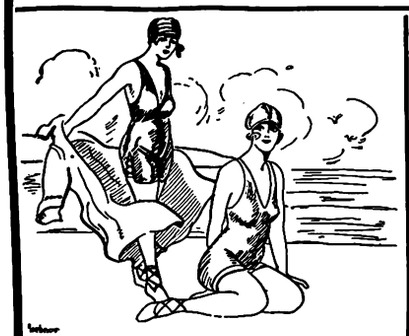

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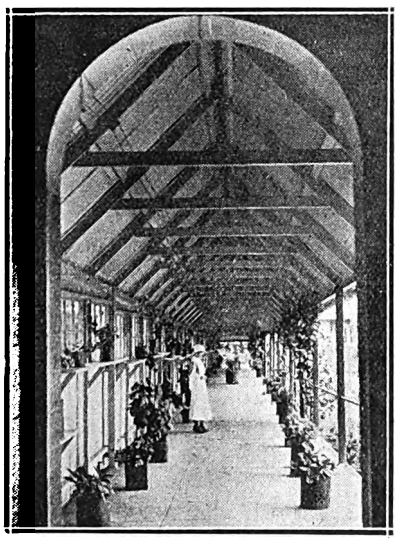
The Queen Victoria Hospital.

Photographs by T. Brittain.

I stood at the entrance to the Queen Victoria Hospital for Women. Inside the front door were cool, green tinted

The Hospital Staff, with Dr. Maxwell, Professor McGibbon, the Matron, Miss Redpath, and Dr. Elsohn (sitting in the centre).

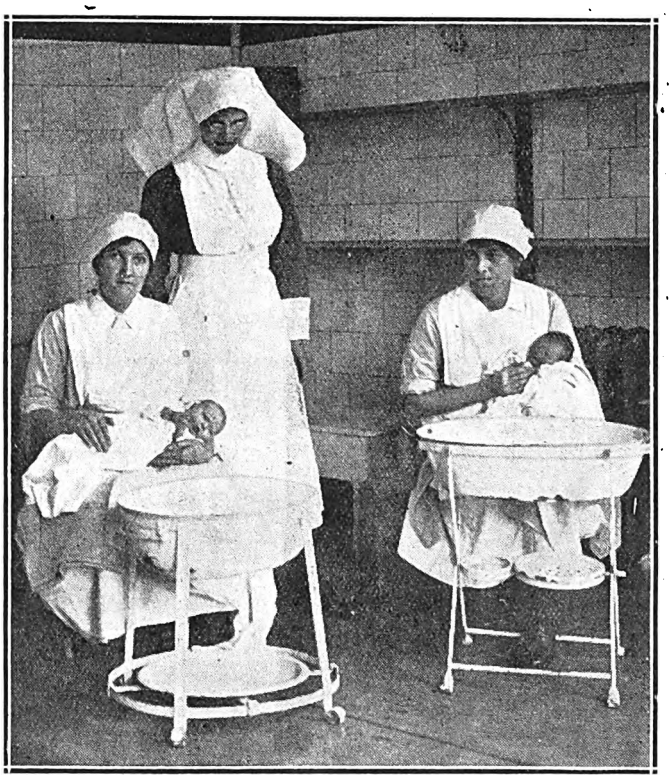
walls, restful to the eye, and further a wide, white painted veranda with climbing plants spreading their tendrils in the sun, and just one vivid splash of purple bougainvillia acting as contrast.



The main corridor, Queen Victoria Hospital.

"Work for the children is better than pilgrimage and holy war." The old motto flashed through my mind as the thin, fretful wail of a new-born child floated out on the air.

The erection of the Hospital was a labour of love; the story is told in the few words cut out on a marble slab set in one of the walls: "Erected in 1904 at the instance of the Guild of Loyal Women of South Africa, Transvaal." The original buildings were two bungalows in Doornfontein, a humble beginning for such a work, a work the need of which is shown by the premises at the end of Twist Street, just near the Memorial Hospital for Children: premises which in spite of their size again need additions. In 1913 the General Hospital took over the Queen Vic., as it is called, and to-day, besides the matron, there are four sisters, five staff nurses, and ten pupils, with a resident doctor. The training of women as midwives was one of the things laid down by the Guild when they undertook their good work, and to-day people in all parts of the Transvaal have reason to bless the hospital, and the women who, through the training they have received there, bring them relief. Inside its walls some thirty-five to fifty babies are born each month, and the mortality of mother and child is practically *nil*. So from the loving act of the Guild of Loyal Women has sprung a building with a splendid record, a hospital of which Johannesburg may be very proud.



In the Nursery.

New Heinemann Books.

Books for this month from Messrs. Heinemann will include Mrs. C. A. Dawson-Scott's new novel, "The Green Stones"; a book of three long stories, entitled "The Mandarin's Bell," by Edward Noble, author of "The Bottle-Fillers," "Outposts of the Fleet," etc.; "The Customs of Mankind," by Lilian Eichler; and "Down the Grand Canyon," by Lewis R. Freeman, author of "Down the Yellowstone," etc.

Answers to Correspondents.

The enormous increase in the number of manuscripts being submitted to the *South African Pictorial* has made it necessary to introduce this feature, in which manuscripts will be criticised from week to week. The Editor is very anxious to consider articles, especially by South African writers, and these, if published, will be paid for at a rate which is as liberal as any in South Africa.

D.J.P. (East London).—"Wake" and "start" don't rhyme. There is too much "west" in "The Fishers," and too much "night" in the other verses. Both are reminiscent of a hundred other such.

B.W.—Your stories are bright in their way, but too threadbare for publication. The "shingling" idea with its anti-climax is too old now. By the way, this paper is the *South African Pictorial*, not "Stage and Cinema."

O.J.I. (Port Elizabeth).—A good idea—very original—but you have drowned it with words. Remember that the art of writing lies as much in what you leave out as in what you put in.

E.T.J. (Berea, Johannesburg).—Good, but the news interest in the subject is already more or less dead.

Miriam G.—Using one paragraph and returning the other.

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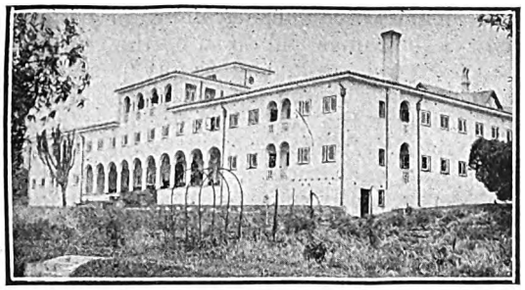

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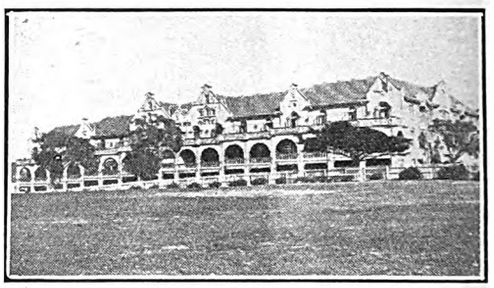

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Letters to the Editor.

Galsworthy in Africa.

SIR,—I do think that the public of Johannesburg owes a *big* debt to Mr. Leon M. Lion and the African Theatres Trust for their courage in producing some really artistic plays here. I should like very much to express my thanks (if you will allow me the use of your columns for that purpose) for the forthcoming production of Galsworthy's remarkable comedy-drama, *Windows*, which I saw in London at the Royal Court Theatre while on holiday in 1922.

I think that Mr. Lion has found that Johannesburg *can* appreciate good plays, and I know that Johannesburg feels that Mr. Lion can appreciate the tastes of the town. I am just as sure that we do not want super-"highbrow" plays as I am sure that we do not want super-"lowbrow" plays, and what is such an excellent touch about *Windows* is that the play, while so brilliantly witty and so intense with life, is yet understandable to the least of us. I feel certain that *Windows* is going to make us all think a great deal, and anything which gives us to think is to be commended.

I found the play so good in London that I cannot think it will prove a financial loss; in addition to their monetary interest, the management will have the satisfaction of knowing that it is a distinct artistic gain to the town.—I am, Sir, yours truly, *(Mrs.) Mary H. Leeford.*

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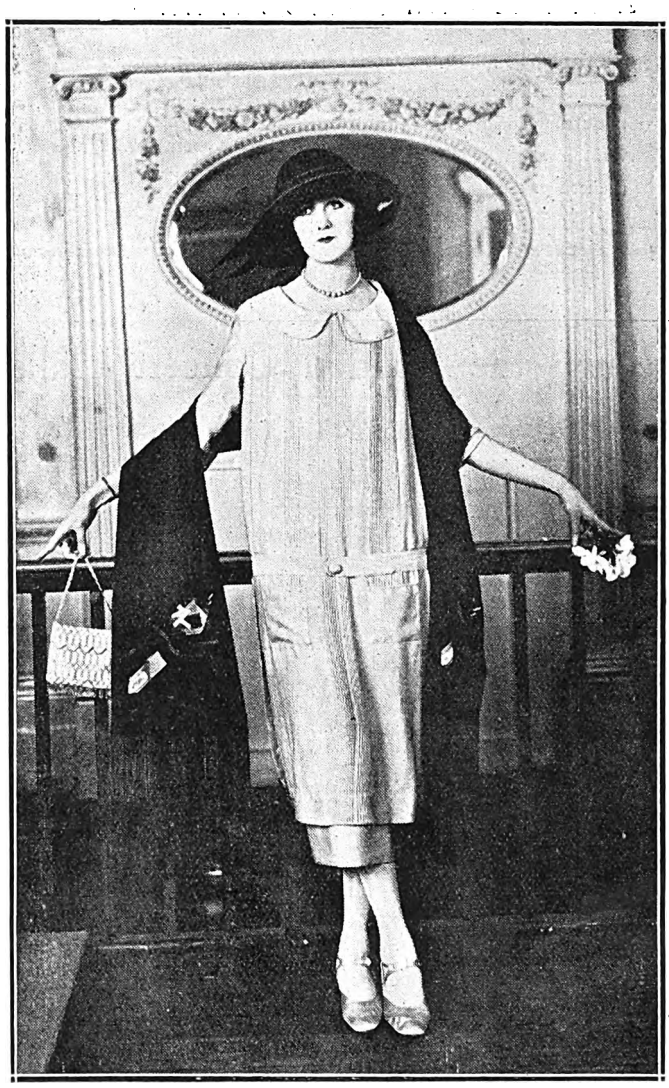
Two New Reville Frocks.

Miss Marie Lohr in a simple, yet attractive, printed foulard gown, created for her by Mr. Reville.



A Reville creation of Lancashire artificial silk finished by the new "Clay" process.

"Sun's Shining."

A dusty boy climbed from out the parched summer of the valley up to the coolness of the mountain-top, his brown eyes dancing a little, his heart as light as a fluff of down.

At the edge of the precipice he selected a stone less uncomfortable than the most of them, and, sitting down, he drew from a pocket an apple, and from another a book of verse. He took a bite, he read a little, he took another bite, he took a deep breath, expelled it, and looked at his book. And then—"Ouch! the wretched decadent! Muggy dens and murky women! And me on the mountain-top, and the birds would be singing if there were any. Gaan! Voetsak! I'll have no decadent poets here!"

And at this he threw the book from him, over the precipice. And the book struck a pebble, and the pebble jumped out from the face, and struck another, and another, so that a little cascade of pebbles clattered down the mountain-side.

There was a horse rolling low under the face of the rock, and, horses being not over-stolid creatures, when a pebble struck it rather hard on the hind-leg, it clambered up, and galloped through a fence and away, farther than its mistress, who was already tired and irritable from the parched summer heat of the valley, cared to go to fetch it for her afternoon ride. Johannes, the stable-boy, had disappeared on some private business of his own, and this made her more irritable than ever, since he could not be sent after the horse.

So when Neville Flaherty, who was a young man, and who had vision in his eyes and love in his heart, an hour afterwards asked her to marry him, she not only said "No" which she thought she meant, but also many unkind and cruel things which she did not mean.

Neville Flaherty, with clouds in his eyes and an ache in his heart, took a courteous leave, and a week later was three hundred miles from Capetown, on the high seas, travelling overseas, his mind in a whirl, determined to break with life as he had found it, and to undo all he had done in South Africa—what time she was weeping since her pride was such that she would not call him back to her.

Johannes the stable-boy came back that hot afternoon and she called him.

"Johannes, I have warned you before about being off the premises. Here are your week's wages instead of notice. Now go!"

Johannes, as is the way of stable-boys, dared not face his wife with the news. He went to the nearest canteen, got roaring drunk on his wages, and returned home late that night to face a nagging woman. Within half-an-hour his wife was being treated in the police surgery for a broken skull, a neighbouring coloured man for various wounds, and Johannes was lying in a cell awaiting his trial on a charge of assault with intent to murder. At the trial he was sentenced to three years in Pretoria prison, where a year later his wife joined him, convicted of bigamy.

A dusty boy took a last bite at an apple, and with his eyes dancing a little started down the mountain.

"Ouch!" said he. "Glad I chucked that book away. World's better without it. Yes, Sun's shining and sky's blue, and all the world's as gay and as jolly as if it had never existed."

And down he climbed. *Neil Collins.*

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ELOFF STREET, JOHANNESBURG.

Round the London Concert Halls.

Rising Musicians.

By Sydney Shragger.

I make no apology for omitting mention of the more famous musicians from this brief sketch, for their names are household words. It is to the artists battling their way to recognition and who have already achieved a measure of success that this article will be devoted.

MR. SYDNEY SHRAGGER.

It is not, perhaps, generally known that the famous Mark Hambourg has a talented cousin, also a Russian, Charles Hambourg, a 'cellist, who does not shine in the reflected glory of his cousin, but is carving a niche for himself in the musical world. Charles is always to be found in a certain London café up to the neck in the latest scientific controversy. Science is his hobby, and he is prepared to break a lance with you on it at any time.

When I was in London, Roger Quilter was earning golden opinions by his musical settings to Shakespeare's lyrics. He was also responsible for what is now a successful item of concert repertory, the traditional air of "Drink to Me only," which he arranged for piano accompaniment. He is an English musician we shall hear more of in the near future.

A close friend of Roger Quilter is Roland Hayes, the negro tenor, who created a sensation when in England by his masterly singing of the negro spirituals. Roland Hayes is quite a versatile singer, for his beautiful, cultured tenor is heard to equal advantage in the French, German and Italian classics.

Most South African visitors to London will remember Jean Lensen, once the conductor of the Trocadero orchestra, and later of the Regent Palace Hotel orchestra. He is now to be found at the head of the orchestra at Ciro's, that well-known London club, where one can enjoy serious music as well as music of a light vein. Lensen is a composer of no mean order and has many works to his credit, the most successful of which is the waltz song, "Lilac Time."

The De Reszke Male Voice Quartet, so named because they were trained by the famous Jean De Reszke, is a splendid combination, which appeared recently at the Albert Hall and other concert halls. A shrewd American impressario, while in London, booked them for a tour of the States, where, according to report, they are now being accorded fine receptions.

An interesting figure often seen in the London streets is young Solomon, the Jewish pianist, who before he was taken away some years ago to receive the best tuition the world could provide, was acclaimed as a brilliant prodigy. He is now a pupil of Cortot, the famous French pianist, and when, eventually, he is allowed to return to the concert world, it is anticipated that he will more than fulfil the expectations he encouraged in his youth. Solomon has a weakness for fried potatoes—what Londoner hasn't?—and is quite unspoilt. His favourite composers are Schumann and Brahms, but he prefers to talk about the vaudeville.

One has heard much of the uphill struggle of the British National Opera Company, which shortly will be reopening its season at Covent Garden. The British National Opera Company has had a very difficult time owing to lack of funds and appreciation, due largely to the fact that, as its name implies, its singers are British solely. It is a thousand pities that such slack-fibred prejudice should stem the development of an institution which has been responsible not only for giving many fine artists their first chance in opera, but in contributing largely to the musical fare of England. One among several of the artists brought out by this company is Raymond Ellis, a fine English baritone, who created the rôle of the "Fool" in Gustav Holst's opera of that name. Antithetically, Ellis does not speak a single word in this part.

Although not coming within the scope of this review, reference must be made to the fine work of Eugene Goossens, one of the conductors of the company, and one of the cleverest musicians in England to-day. The intrinsic merits of the British National Opera Company—and few who have heard it will dispute them—are due in no small measure to the work of Goossens. He comes from a talented family, his father, an excellent musician, although not so modern in his musical ideas as his son, conducting the "Beggar's Opera" Company which toured England in 1921-2.

An article of this nature must necessarily be incomplete, for the number of rising musicians in England to-day are legion and quite beyond the exigencies of space. If the Editor, therefore, will overlook the further encroachment, I will refer, in conclusion, to the South African artists abroad.

Readers are doubtless familiar with the undoubted success achieved by Miss Isobel Maclaren, in the old English opera, "The Duenna," produced by Nigel Playfair at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith, where the "Beggar's Opera" had such a phenomenal run. Musical circles in London are agreed that she will go far.

Miss Sair Rosen, who left Johannesburg a few years ago, is now in America with an old South African pianist, Miss Rose Levison. She is taking an active part in concert work.

Miss Thelma Tuson excited warm admiration by her fine singing when first she appeared in London. Illness handicapped her for a time, but she is now in full swing and doing well.

Z. Butow, with whom I left South African shores, is still in Milan. Butow, as many will remember, always sang divinely, and, according to the testimony of Signor Lorenzo Danza, who heard him a few months ago, "he sings like an angel."

Danza, by the way, in a recent letter from Rome, whither he had gone to hear Paderewski, says he is busy in the Academies at Naples, but makes no mention of returning to South Africa.

I encountered a well-known musical figure in Milan, in the form of Alberto Terrasi, the well-known baritone. We carried on a conversation in imperfect Italian and imperfect English and succeeded in not understanding each other to perfection. Terrasi is now in New York, and is, I understand, contemplating a return to Johannesburg shortly.

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Our London Letter.

By Pamela Travers.

And again mail day!

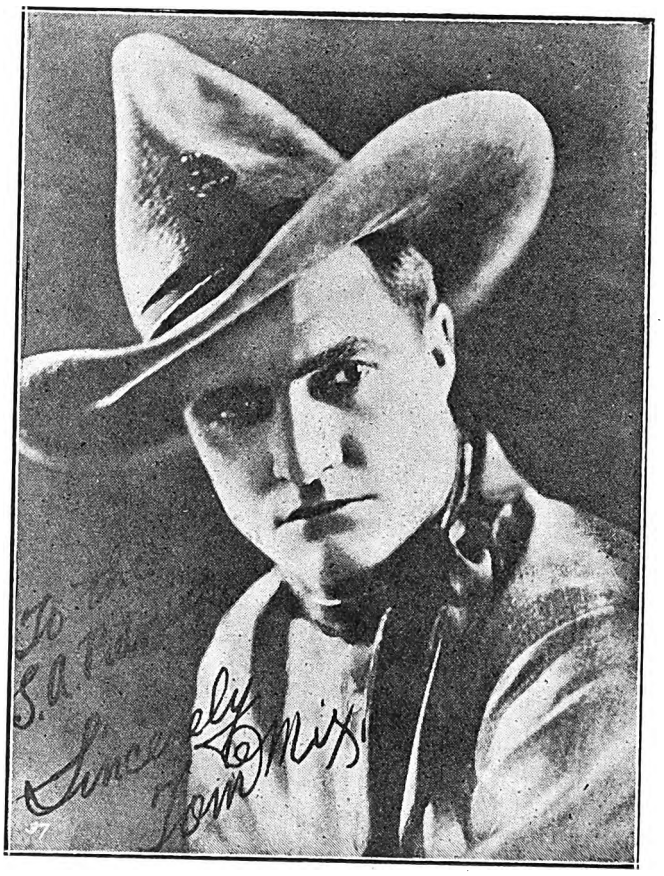
I seem to write a letter one night, go to sleep, and wake next day to find that a week has gone by—which sounds terribly Irish, but it does really express just how I feel.

At the moment we are taken up with the Food Inquiry. A board of able-bodied pedants are sitting, like hens, upon the subject of dear food and the profits accruing to those who sell it. At any moment now we expect to hear that some meat-hawking profiteer has been given six months without the option and that chops will now come down to sixpence. But at the same time bread is going up to elevenpence a quartern loaf, so that those of us who have not an assured income will soon be going breadless and living on oysters—that is, if there is an "r" in the month.

Though clothes are notably cheaper in London than they are in the Dominions—material, for instance, is about half the price here—food is very much dearer, even if one knows of those little by-streets where cabbages can be bought tuppence cheaper from a coster's barrow than in the shops. Meat is extortionate, fruit is little better, and eggs!—well, one would think that the laying of an egg was the rarest and most difficult thing in the world, judging by the price of them. One hesitates to eat eggs at the moment, for fear they may have originally migrated from the Sussex farm where the recent Thorn murder case occurred. After all, one would rather give one's modest threepence to a peaceable poultry farmer than to one who cuts up young women as a pastime.

Oh! and the doctors are prophesying a new outbreak of that dreadful influenza which swamped England a couple of years ago. The present occupants of influenza wards and those who are using hankies copiously in their own private homes are being watched with considerable anxiety. Though the great majority of cases are mild, they may not continue so, because the poor patients will insist on getting up the first day on which they do not feel quite so like a corpse. Then, of course, the trouble begins. Theatres, 'buses, tubes and trams, not to mention taxis and private cars and restaurants, are all full of coughing people wherever one goes. In fact, London at the moment is one large cough, and nobody seems to be rubbing her chest or giving her a dose of cough mixture. If you do not get a letter from me next week, you will know that I have gone down under it and have become part of the Great Cough. But I sincerely hope you *will* get a letter. 'Flu is not exactly a thing anybody looks forward to.

There has been a great to-do over the prevalence of nectic gaiety which reigns in some of our foremost night clubs. The old men who have the future of England lying heavily on their minds have determined to put down what they dub "outrageous behaviour." Posses of police are secreted in lanes and alleys near the offending places, and at a given time they make a raid, usually to find that nothing less innocuous than dancing and singing is going on in these desperate places. They are really the acme of respectability—these English night clubs, when compared with those in Paris. Even the latter pall after a while, but the ones in London are veritable hot-beds of gentility. The worst people are the ones who are trying to be truly Bohemian, and their efforts are very feeble and unpromising. The police, I may mention, are always disappointed on these raid-nights. They expect to find the enom of Buenos Aires hidden in London night-clubs and, instead, are amicably received and asked deferentially by the adrone to have a lemon squash. Even the Bishop of ondon has ranged himself on the side of the London ouncil for the Promotion of Respectable Night-Clubs, but hear that he does not join in the raids. Very soon there ill be no dancing places open at night at all, and we shall ll have to sit at home with our knitting and listen to lectures on "Polynesian Native Habits" or "Bee Life in Andalusia" delivered through the medium of the wireless by hirsute professors and bald entymologists.



Tom Mix.
An autographed photograph sent by the famous actor to the South African Pictorial.

Lord Headley, the Moslem peer, has just refused three times the throne of Albania. Like Caesar, "they thrice did offer him a kingly crown, which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?" He gives as his excuse that there "is no salary attached to the crown, and the only thing that goes with it is trouble and the practical certainty of assassination." Of course, I suppose one *has* to think of these things when one is offered a crown, but yet it seems to me to be worth it—even if one is only King of Albania. To have worn the royal purple, if only for a week, would be worth assassination on Saturday to many people. But Lord Headley does not think so. He will continue to be a mere peer until he dies and he will let somebody else wear the crown jewels of Albania instead.

The Café de Paris is coming in for its share of popularity again. It has been rather deserted for the last few months, but now that it has been newly decorated the great ones and the lesser ones flock there in droves. The Prince of Wales was there recently, and a couple of nights ago I saw Prince Pless with his very new young Spanish Princess at one of the tables.

The restaurant is now shaped like the saloon of an Atlantic liner. There are never fiddles on the tables, because it is never very rough. Not even a slight ground swell to give the whole thing a touch of realism, though, glancing at the shippy walls and ceiling, one almost feels that she may give a lurch any minute and imagines oneself hurrying stumblingly to one's cabin or the deck.

The entertainment now includes Luvaun, the Hawaian player of the—well, whatever the guitar-like thing he places on his knees and plucks is called. The music is wailing and enchanting and would almost draw the heart away into fairy places were the dinner not too tantalisingly provocative and heart-calling.

It has been discovered by hair specialists that shingled hair, when covered continually by the wee cloche hats, upon which all shingles insist, is apt to fade away and leave

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a bald patch on the head. A terrifying possibility and one that demands much thought. It is practically impossible to wear a large hat with shingled hair: it slips about wretchedly and gives the wearer an appearance of dejection and despair. Now the question is whether we shall give up shingling our hair and wear large hats or keep on doing the good work, wear the everlasting cloche and go bald withal. You can gather from this elucidation what a trial it all is. However, I think that the best thing to do would be to wait until some unfortunate person really *does* go bald, and then consider the question again. After all, it may only be that wicked old Lady Rumour at her tricks again.

There seems to be no doubt whatever that the *attachement*, as the papers call it, between Prince Henry and Lady Mary Scott, daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch, is a very genuine one. Very soon the whole of the Royal family will be married off. The only one who lags behind is the Prince of Wales, and he seems absolutely determined to be a bachelor.

My dears, plus-fours for women are becoming the rule now rather than the exception. They are not, however, worn yet for golf, but only for tennis. They are made so that they can be converted into a skirt if necessary, and are just the wisest thing possible for tennis. It only needs a Suzanne Lenglen to give a fillip to the craze to make it universal. It is wonderful what association with a big name will do to a newly-budded fashion. One doctor, Sir Bruce Porter, who recently distinguished himself by denouncing rubber corsets for women, is greatly in favour of the new fashion. His view is that girls of to-day are much healthier than in the old days, owing to their more suitable clothes, and he only wishes that some pioneer would come along and invent a more sensible kit for menfolk, instead of the present stupid garb. The worst of it is that pioneers in that particular line are usually heralded as maniacs and forthwith dumped into asylums. I remember once in Australia seeing an old man in a silken tunic, bare legs and sandals, walking unconcernedly in the streets, as sane as any stalwart policeman, and I was astounded to hear him laughed at as insane.

No, I suppose that men, though as fond of change and fine clothes as women, even if they won't admit it, are not so daring as we are and more inclined to adhere fungus-like to convention. Their dress will remain pretty much what it is now for many years to come, except for a different shading in ties or a new crease in trouser-legs. But for us it is a far call from the crinoline to the new plus-fours, and we shall continue to change our ideas of dress as long as there is a world in which to change them . . . even in heaven we'll worry, I suppose, about the cut and style of their angelic robes.

Two Entertaining Entertainers.
Ambrose Bailser and Peggy Wynne, playing at Bloemfontein on March 19, 20 and 21, and opening at the Johannesburg Empire on Monday, March 23.

Air Mail Trials.

Major Holthouse (Pilot) and Sergeant McQueen (Mechanic) photographed during the Air Mail Trials at Port Elizabeth.
W. A. Stuart, photograph.

London at the Moment.

Mr. Arthur Canham, the retiring Trade Commissioner, was the guest of honour at a luncheon given by the South African section of the London Chamber of Commerce at the Hotel Victoria last week. Among those who had gathered to wish him success were Sir Edgar Walton, High Commissioner for South Africa, Sir Reginald Blanckenberg, Sir James Currie and Sir William Clarke. Sir Rhys Price and Mr. William Rosenthal both sent their regrets that they could not be present. After several eulogising speeches, Mr. Canham's health was drunk, and then it was his turn. He spoke on South African exports and the Fruit Exchange, the Empire Cotton Corporation and all the big firms with which as Trades Commissioner he had had to deal, and he sat down amid a storm of applause. At the moment Mr. Canham is living at Kingston-on-Thames in a delicious house which overlooks the river.

Lord and Lady Glanusk, Sir John and Lady Irvin, have just arrived back from South Africa, where they have been filling their lungs with sun. Dr. E. Fleming-Griffin is over from Durban, and Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Dupré from Capetown.

Among the passengers booked for the "Kildonan Castle," which leaves Southampton on February 20th, are Miss A. E. Bonnar, Miss G. Borthwick, Prof. and Mrs. E. C. Chrichton, Miss H. M. Goldthorp, Mrs. J. Halford, Miss Helaey, Mr. D. H. Hepburn and Mrs. Hepburn, Miss Newman and Mr. Thorn.

The latest effort in literature on the part of South Africa is the book on "Plant Forms and their Evolution in South Africa," by Mr. J. E. Baws, M.E., B.Sc., Professor of Botany in the Natal University College. This book represents fourteen years of observation. One wishes that most of the novelists of to-day would spend fourteen years thinking over *their* books, then, perhaps, they would not write them and the world would not be so weary of the modern novel.

I am now going to a matinee and will slip this into the mouth of the scarlet dragon at the corner.

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An Important Visitor.

The mailboat when it arrives in Table Bay on Monday mornings brings many interesting people, and many important people, but few have landed in Capetown recently on such an important mission to this country as Mr. R. M. Kendrick, who was on board the "Armadale."

He is here on a commission from the *Financial News* and an important group of capitalists in England to investigate the possibilities of South Africa in one or two directions. His immediate district is to be Northern and Southern Rhodesia, where he is to examine mineral deposits.

Two sentences in an interview which the local Pressmen secured with him stick in the mind. Mr. Kendrick said: "The cotton situation in Lancashire is becoming critical, and Lancashire is looking to South Africa to make good the shortage." And later on he added: "It is no secret to-day that South Africa is attracting more attention than any other part of the world." Two such sentences coming from a man like Mr. Kendrick are worthy of considerable notice.

The Gossip.

Tango Revival.

Shades of the Troc.! Outside Markham's, whither I went the other afternoon for a dance and tea, stood two neat brown-uniformed page boys, their row of brass buttons shining with military splendour, and their chests swelling with pride.

Inside the door, which one of them opened for me, was Mr. Pritchard, the new manager of Markham's, who has just come from the Trocadero, and has brought many ideas with him.

During the afternoon the band played what has become known as a tango-foxtrot, a foxtrot with a tango rhythm, and I was surprised (for it is an unusual thing in Capetown) to see at least three couples doing tango steps.

People who came off the mailboat from England only this week have told me how popular the tango has become in London, and there are welcome signs of a revival in Capetown. I am only one of a few who would like to see the tango danced here more than it is.

The Gossip.

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S.A. PICTORIAL.

"The Union's National Weekly."

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Agents for Great Britain: Argus South African Newspapers, Ltd., Byron House, 82-85, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

Should Women Drive Motor Cars?

Many Say "No" Few Say "Yes."

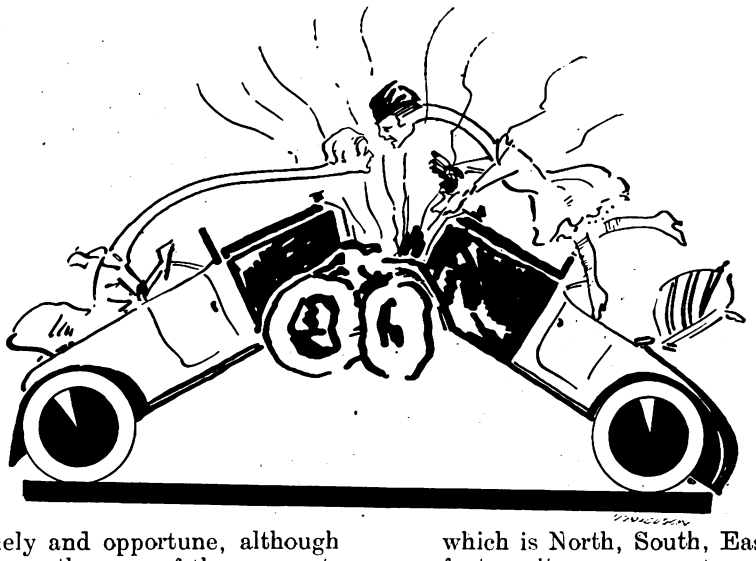
Humanity is divided into two classes—those who drive motor cars and those who dodge them. Some strange prejudice on the part of those who drive, urges them to bump into those who walk at unwise speed. Women are the main culprits, men the main victims.

Now and again one picks up the paper, and finds that somewhere in the city or suburbs, be it Johannesburg or Volksrust, some unfortunate pedestrian is reduced to pulp by women who drive motor cars. So one naturally asks the question "Should women be allowed to drive motor cars?"

There is a member of the staff of the SOUTH AFRICAN PICTORIAL who, in deliberate violation of the traditions of journalists owns a motor car, so she set out and waylaid men famous and otherwise, great and small, from the mayor to the merest office boy, and of each she asked the question "Should women drive motor cars?" and from them she received the following answers:—

THE MAYOR OF JOHANNESBURG (Councillor Chas. Walters) laughed his jolly laugh, when asked his opinion on the subject, and said:

"Should women drive motor cars? I have to confess myself a great admirer of the ladies; there is no virtue I would not attribute to them with my whole heart. But whenever I see one of them driving a car, I keep a long way off. I never venture to cross a street if I see one lady driver within sight. In my own car I always give the ladies plenty of room to get by. I like to be on the safe side . . . safety first, you know."



Mr. H. SCOTT BECKER just out from England, spoken to in Pritchard Street, said:

"Having just successfully evaded several feminine excursions on to the pavement and side-stepped out of the proposed route of a car driven by a charming but inefficient driver, I feel that your question is both timely and opportune, although it is difficult to tell you anything on the spur of the moment. Still, if I can assist in any way in the ultimate elimination of a public danger . . . I may be prejudiced at a moment so full of dramatic purpose, but without wishing to draw invidious distinctions between the sexes, I feel that girls do not possess the nerve or temperament to drive a car under the modern conditions of traffic, and are apt to lose their heads in a crisis and seem to possess but little idea of speed and eventualities. Circumstances may alter cases, and there are girls who are capable of efficient control and realise their responsibilities, but one must adopt the principle of the greatest good for the greatest number and also the modern slogan of "Safety first."

F. A. OVENDALE, a draughtsman, of Rosettenville, stopped as he was getting on a 'bus, said:

"Within limits . . . yes. The general idea seems to be that women should not drive a motor car, but what about the male hog who careers through Eloff or Pritchard Street, caring nothing for the safety of anyone, not even the school children. There are many women more expert in the art of handling a car than hundreds of male drivers, but there are also many whose temperament would not allow them to drive anything more rapid than a perambulator. To their request for a car, I would say decidedly "No." Our memories are very short. When we wanted drivers for ambulances and transport wagons in France, did we ask ourselves the question you have just put to me?"

COUNCILLOR JAPHET, a member of the Johannesburg Examining Board for Drivers' Licences, said:

"I was half inclined to answer that I thought it was better if women did not drive cars, but, coming to town this morning, I saw an exhibition of very competent driving by a lady and appallingly bad driving by a man, so I have come to the conclusion that there are good and bad amongst the drivers of both sexes, and I see no reason why the honour should not be shared by the fair sex. After all, there is hardly anything that pleases the heart more than to see a pretty girl smartly dressed, sitting at the wheel of her two-seater coupe, with possibly her poodle (or best boy) next to her. But there are one or two do's and don'ts for ladies which I would like to mention:—

A FEW DON'TS.

1. Don't dress yourself up like a man. Nothing, to my mind, is uglier than to see a 'man-woman' at the steering wheel. Be proud of your sex and for God's sake retain your feminity.
2. Don't start talking to your passengers in the back seat. You are liable to upset innocent citizens who may be somewhere in the neighbourhood of your car.
3. Don't forget to have your brakes in the pink of condition.
4. Don't forget it is not what you do, it is what the other motorist does that causes the trouble. (Naturally the other motorist thinks the same about you, even if he is to blame.)

A FEW DO'S.

1. Do try and remember which is North, South, East and West; however unsatisfactory it may seem to you at times, the fact remains that the sun sinks in the West and not in the East.
2. Do sound your hooter and put out your hand when you intend to turn.
3. Do remember that even a motor car engine has a soul, so don't be heartless."

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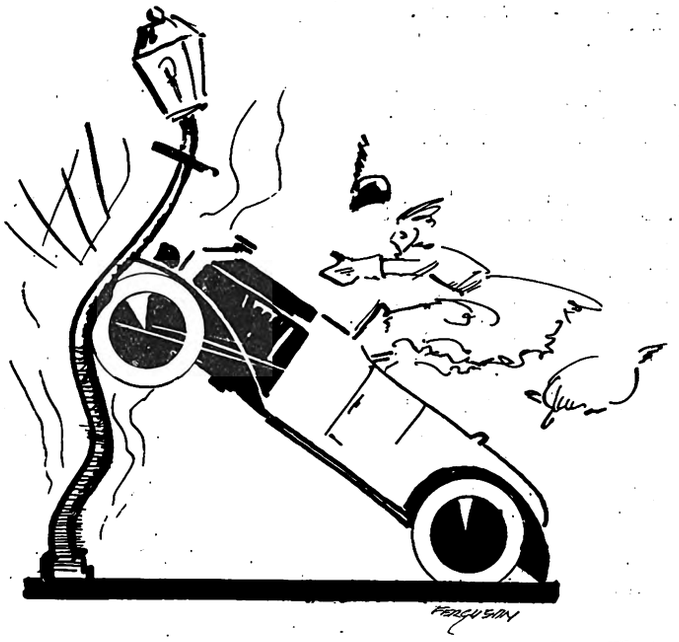
Of TWO OFFICE LADS coming from the Post, the elder said:

"Yes, they ought to be allowed to, for swank. A woman is a swank, anyway." But the other, who gave his name as *Robert Hodson*, age 15, living at 19, Cliff Cottages, Cleveland, added: "Yes, because a woman's more reliable; she always takes precautions."

Mr. HARRY REYNOLDS, President of the Transvaal Automobile Club, replied to a telephone message as follows:

"I certainly think women should drive motor cars. Why not? My wife has driven one for eight years, and if I did not think as I do, I would not have agreed to her driving in the first instance."



Mr. A. B. CHARLES, of the Willard Battery Station:

"In the early days of motoring, when the driving of a car was an arduous task, it was not evidently within the domain of the female sex to pilot a car around the streets of the average city. For one thing the starting of a car was a very hard task in the way of cranking the handle; and the cars were really works of art. All told, the motor car engine of the early days actually required a past-master in mechanical and civil engineering.

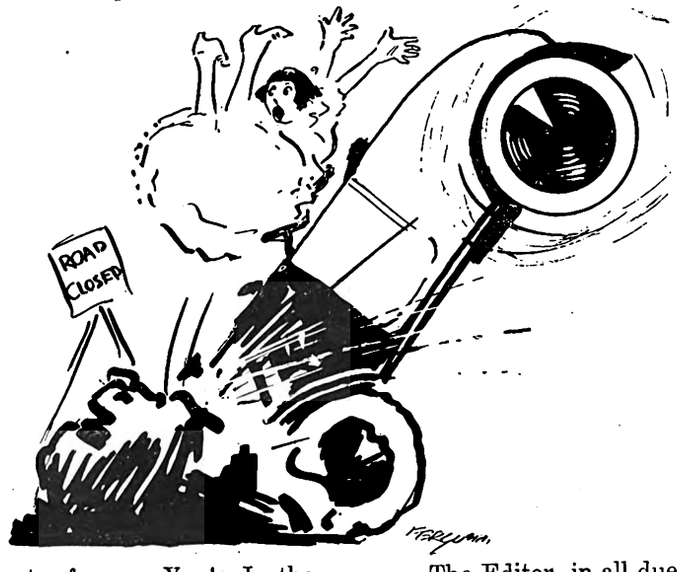
"However, to-day the proposition is greatly changed. Starting is electrically controlled, the gear change is in most cases on a ball joint and is a very much easier operation. In addition, the four-wheeled brake has made stopping practically instantaneous, so that not only a woman of mature years, but really a child is able to have perfect control of the motor car to-day.

"Over and above this, the average woman is of a more sensitive nature than the average man, and this quality makes her a more cautious driver.

"There is no doubt, judging from the increasing granting of licences to women drivers, that the woman, as a motor car driver, is coming more and more into her own. The official tests, which are supposedly undertaken and officially conducted, leave no question that the female sex are proving themselves proficient in this particular sphere of life.

"Furthermore, taking into account the number of accidents that occur in this country, and taking into account the ratio of female drivers, this compares favourably in the way of the few accidents by women drivers.

"In closing, it is our own belief that the present-day motor car being so mchanically simple, and the woman of to-day being so careful, it must be reasonably admitted that the motor car in the hands of the woman is equally as safe, if not safer, than it is in the hands of the brother sex."



Mr. MARK ROSE, of the firm of Mark Rose & Cousin, 138, President Street:

"My answer is: In 25 per cent. of cases, Yes! In the other 75 per cent,, decidedly No! My reason is that one cannot depend on the average woman in an emergency."

Mr. D. CONNING, a liftman, of Kenilworth:

"Certainly. Why not? A woman is just as able to drive as a man. In fact, I think she is steadier."

The Postal Services, having their tournament in Johannesburg, enabled opinions to be garnered from various parts of the country.

Mr. HADDAWAY, Postmaster of Johannesburg, said: "Certainly, if they have a gentleman with them."

Mr. J. R. PYBUS, Postmaster at Richmond, C.P.:

"I think women should be allowed to drive cars; they act more steadily in case of accidents and are quicker."

Mr. R. PAYNE, Superintendent of Telegraphs, Johannesburg:

"Of course they should. They can drive their husbands home at night after bachelor parties, thus saving the husbands lots of responsibility and allowing them to spend an evening unharrassed with thoughts of how they are to get home."

Mr. J. POTTS, Plein Street, Capetown:

"Yes, certainly; they are steadier than men and more cautious."

Mr. E. G. MANN, who was one of the efficient D's.C. of the Dance on Friday:

"Decidedly not, because they are unreliable and, when getting into tight corners, don't know what to do. Their temperament is against them."

Mr. W. A. BLAKE, Fortescue Road, Yeoville:

"If they are qualified, why not? But in my opinion such a lot of women suffer from nerves that they ought not to be given licences until they have been passed as fit by a nerve specialist."

Mr. L. F. VAN DIGGELEN, Carnarvon Road, Lorentzville:

"I consider women more careful than men, and would sooner let a lady drive me than a man."

Mr. W. A. SEWELL, Chief Superintendent of the Post Office, Cameron Mansions, Durban:

"I consider women should drive motor cars; they have more nerve. I saw a case quite recently where a man was driving, and he had an accident, and a woman got into the damaged car and drove him and it away. This happened recently on the Musgrave Road."

Mr. SNASHALL, Postmaster of Victoria West:

"Women should drive motor cars. Of course, I like to sit next to them and hold their unoccupied hand."

Mr. F. COLLINS, Superintendent of the Telephone Exchange, Johannesburg:

"I can't see any reason why women should not drive cars." *C.R.*

The Editor, in all due humility, withholds his opinion in the matter. But he suggests that the question "*Should* Women Drive Motor Cars?" should be superseded by the question "*Can* Women Drive Motor Cars?" With still more humility he relies on the safety of the twopenny trams and sticks to his slogan "Slow but Safe."

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London Calling!

Hull, Crosswords, People and This and That.

By Pamela Travers.

February 17, 1925.

My Dears,—I write to you from the swaying fortress of an express train, which is carrying me back to London after a week's hectic gaiety in Hull. Now, Hull, for all the inelegance of its name, is a delicious port. There is a splendid, winey vigour about Hull that is very refreshing. The streets are wide and uncobbled, the wind blows the rain cheerily away to the sea, occasionally even you may hear a person laugh in the streets of Hull—a consummation never arrived at in any of the other northern towns—at least, so far as I know. It is an old city, this, and somehow smells of London.

But the chief delight of Hull lies in the docks. Here you may see old barges ploughing sterterous ways along the quays, mastless keels which have known the lap of waters in every harbour of the world before they eventually came to Hull to be dismantled and to lie in the sun, remembering their days of high adventure. Through the lock gates of the canals come ships from every sea, bringing wheat and potatoes, fruit and wool, oil and wood from every country in the world. To stay me before I set out upon my return journey I had an orange plucked from a dark green tree in South Africa, and the chubby shop-keeper assured me that I should be putting my teeth into the finest piece of fruit in the world. He was right.

And London news? Mr. Ramsay Macdonald has arrived again in London from his Jamaica holiday. I believe he looks very bluff and hearty and is bent on further efforts on behalf of his red flag. I once met Ramsay at a garden party, and he was behaving like the veriest peer whose family have been peers among their peers since Britons first wore woad.

"So glad to meet deah friends from overseas!" That was his formula and, though he wore a tweed suit and brogues, his bearing would have out-heroded Herod in kingly condescension. His daughter, Ishbel, too, was princess-like, if a little inarticulate and shyly downcast.

No more rodeos for Wembley. So the edict has gone forth. The authorities are determined that there shall be no horse-play next—or rather this year at the Exhibition. So we shall probably have a Procession of Chief Aldermen of County Borough instead to liven things up a bit.

Cross-words are still in the ascendant. I think I can honestly claim to be the only person in London who has managed so far to refrain from the wretched things. How long my strength of will will hold out I do not know, however. You will appreciate the feelings of the doctor in Harley Street who was rung up at 2 a.m. to hear a female voice at the other end of the wire say, "Oh, doctor, can you tell me the name of a bodily disorder of seven letters, of which the second letter must be "N"?

Master George Lascelles has reached his second birthday without mishap and has now become the glad possessor of a Shetland pony. I hear that he will not be allowed to follow too soon in the hunting footsteps—or should I say stirrups—of his uncle, the Prince of Wales. As a matter of fact, riding, for Master George, will be a tame affair for a year or two at least.

Mr. Ormsby-Gore, who was a member of the Delegation to East Africa, from which he returned recently, and a Under Secretary of State for the Colonies in the Baldwin Government, was the chief guest at the dinner of the African Society last week. In responding to the toast, he gave a thrilling account of his adventures in Kenya and Uganda and other unspellable places. And now he has settled down to a fairly peaceful life, in which lions and natives do not play a prominent part, except perhaps in his dreams—or, if you wish it, nightmares.

Mr. Louis Marks, Mrs. A. Susman, Mr. W. Engelberg, Mr. H. G. Hoey, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph King are all home from South Africa and are spending their holidays in different parts of England.

The "Edinburgh Castle," which leaves Southampton on February 27th, will carry southwards the Rev. B. I. Beckman, Mr. C. R. Butcher, Mrs. H. Butcher, Mr. Contant, Mr. J. L. Johnson Dean, Mr. R. S. Denham, Mr. J. de Witt, Miss M. Dolton, Mr. and Mrs. J. Friedlander, Mr. J. Fyer, Mr. and Mrs. L. Gluksten, Mr. C. A. Goad, Col. Sir R. Grey, Mr. E. Holt, Mr. J. H. Jackson, Mrs. C. Lowe, Lady E. Malcolm, Mr. T. Paget, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Rogers and Miss Smalley.

I hear that you are to revert to the gold standard in July, and then you will all be grandiosely handling sovereigns instead of notes. I beg of you to be careful that nobody palms off a new, shining halfpenny on you in mistake for a half-sovereign.

Mr. F. T. Gervers leaves for South Africa on the "Walmer Castle," which sails on March 6th. Among other passengers on the same boat are Miss G. E. Copeland, Mrs. de Trafford, Mr. H. Elman, Miss Finlay, Mr. C. Geber, Mr. H. Gough, Brigadier-General Hammond and Miss Hammond, Lieut.-Col. Sir A. Leetham, K.C.V.O., Mr. Lemaire, Mr. A. Martin, Mr. McIlvenna, Mrs. M. Ranson, Col. and Mrs. Smith and Miss M. Sturman.

The Hon. H. A. and Mrs. Baldock have returned from South Africa, and Mr. and Mrs. Clemow and their family came over from Durban in the "Euripides."

A London paper tells me that Professor Eric Walker, author of the lately published book, "Lord de Villiers and His Times," is engaged, together with Professor Fouche, writing a political history of South Africa.

Mr. William Mosenthal has been elected Chairman of the Committee of the South African Luncheon Club in London, in succession to Sir Lionel Phillips, who has returned to South Africa.

Mr. A. G. Turned, of Capetown, who was Citrus Adviser to the Rhodesian Government, has arrived in London to take up his appointment as representative here of the Fruit Growers' Co-operative Society of South Africa. And while I'm on the subject of fruit, let me tell you—all you people who pore over the produce columns of the papers—that South African fruit is far and away the best on the London market. I saw it arriving at Hull, where every shipment from the South causes all the fruit buyers to exclaim "Ah!" and "Oh!" in that tone which tells one when anybody's mouth is watering. Oh, the enormous oranges and the apples and the grape fruit! You are to be congratulated. I have also talked to those who inhabit the higher spheres of Covent Garden, and they all agree to the slogan, "South African fruit for ever!" So there's a feather in your cap, South Africa.

Recently Lord Burnham spoke on the problems of South Africa at the monthly Livery Luncheon at the Stationers' Hall. Everybody is recognising that South Africa looms ahead as one of the best of the dominions, and soon it will become more and more popular as a winter resort for cold-dreading Londoners. In fact, statistics prove that English people have swarmed over to Africa in droves, and I hear all sorts of people telling tales of adventurous travelling and what they did and saw in Durban and Johannesburg and Capetown.

Mrs. Amery, wife of the Secretary for the Colonies, was "At Home" on Wednesday afternoon at her residence in Eaton Square to representatives of the Overseas Dominions and their friends.

To-night there is to be a dinner given to the South African engineering students and their Professors at the Balmoral Rooms of the Trocadero. Mr. J. C. Fraser, who will act as chairman, and his small committee have been very active, and amongst other guests it is hoped that Sir Reginald and Lady Blankenberg, Sir Otto Beit, Mr. and Mrs. Hawkin, Sir Francis and Lady Newton will be present. Madame Cecilia Wessels and Miss Garda Hall will contribute to the musical programme.

Now I must away—for the fatal blue pencil threatens me. It is a sword which even I—with all the daring in the world—cannot withstand.

I shall meet you on the Rialto in a week's time.

Till then, farewell!

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A Social Note Book.

By "Carrie."

It has been a weak week socially—little has happened and, in writing this little string of paragraphs, long has been the hunt and poor the gain. Yet another of our most promising young men is going to England. Nupen, the South African cricketer who did so well against the "Jolly Souls," goes up to Pembroke College, Cambridge, next term. He is easily the best bowler in South Africa and will be a great acquisition in sporting circles, as he is also a fine Rugger player.

On Friday evening the Palm Court and Ballroom of the Carlton Hotel were so crowded that the restaurant had to be brought into requisition. Among well-known people there were Dr. and Mrs. Pocock, Mr. and Mrs. Gustav Sonn, Colonel Thackeray, Miss Elliott, and Dr. and Mrs. Maisels. Mr. N. O. Currie had a party, which included Col. and Mrs. Colin Clarke, Miss Olive Jackson, Mr. Patter and Mr. Pragnell. Monsieur Simon was at a table with Monsieur and Madame Emil Levy (her white crystal studded gown was too adorable), Miss Enid Cohen and Monsieur Dreyfus. Mademoiselle Simon wore a delightful red frock patterned in colours. Mr. and Mrs. Goetsche were with friends, and Mr. and Mrs. Sherwell had a party. Mrs. Percy Sherwell had on a smart black gown and Mrs. Maurice Sherwell came in mauve with silk fringes. Miss Iris Hoey and Mr. Cyril Raymond were being greeted by many friends, and I did so like Miss Hoey's gown of Dresden blue charmeuse, wonderfully embroidered in rose, gold and blue, and made over a silver tissue underbodice. Mr. and Mrs. James Neilson were with Mr. and Mrs. Barry, and Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Sturrock were also among the dancers.

Rosebank Show.

Women have almost surpassed themselves at the Rosebank Show this year, for their exhibits have raised their already high standard. It was a great pleasure to wander round and visit the various stalls, and the Home Industries are to be congratulated on the interest they are arousing year by year in our own products. The cookery lessons are always well attended, and Mrs. and Miss Thompson, the well-known experts on cakes, had their hands full to explain to everyone. On the soldiers' stall, which was run by the League of Remembrance and Help, there were many charming articles. We are all fond of bits and pieces, else we would not be women, and the necklaces the soldiers are making of a new composition were very popular and numbers were sold. The housewife, and her husband, too, spent some time at the "Mend All" stall, such a useful place, where they seemed to be able to put together anything you broke as if by magic.

The Women's South African Party lost a good friend when the Hon. Mrs. Hugh Wyndham went to England, for she had taken the keenest interest in politics and was one of the most popular women in the days of the Women's Unionist Association, a society which somehow or other managed to conduct its meetings without even the semblance of a difference. Mrs. Wyndham is on the Hospitality Committee of the League of Nations Union and was present, in mail week, at the reception given by the Viscountess Grey of Falloden at the Hotel Cecil. Viscountess Gladstone was one of the hostesses.

An Engagement.

The musical community will be interested in the recent announcement of the engagement of Miss Doris Tatlow, daughter of Mr. A. H. Tatlow, General Manager of the South African Railways Publicity Department. Miss Tatlow is an enthusiastic musician, and achieved distinction a few years ago in the pianoforte competitions of the local Eisteddfod. She has also written some interesting songs.

Miss Renee Kelly on the beach at Durban. Miss Kelly will be back in Johannesburg with Mr. Leon M. Lion's company to play in "Windows," the Galsworthy play, which is to be produced on March 23 at His Majesty's Theatre.

The very Reverend E. MacMillan is having the Rev. Mr. Donald Fraser to stay with him during part of the latter's visit to Pretoria. Quite recently, by the way, some very interesting old documents have come into Mr. MacMillan's possession. Amongst them is a facsimile of the warrant to execute Mary Queen of Scots, dated 1587, and from the broad-sheets of the day it is obvious that the public was avid for details of the final deportment and bearing of the condemned. Mr. MacMillan, who for some years now has been a chaplain at the Pretoria Gaol, would be one of the first to contrast the advancement in our Criminal Code of to-day with the severity of the laws of those days.

Amongst the other papers are original copies of the London *Times* of January 26th, 1793, July 3rd, 1797, October 3rd, 1798, and, last but not least, November 7th, 1805. One turns to the leading article of the *Times* of this last date, and there one reads a complete account of the historic battle of Trafalgar. *T.*

Next Week's Theatre Calls.

WEEK COMMENCING MARCH 16TH, 1925.

Tivoli, Capetown.—Alice Lloyd, Frank Fay & Dixie Lady, Ed. La Vine, Harriss Bros., Jess & Tony, L. Halbert.
His Majesty's, Johannesburg.—Iris Hoey and London Company in "The Man from Toronto."
Empire, Johannesburg.—Maidie Scott, Marie Lawton, Jas. Collins, Jay Whidden, Pall Malls, Iris & Phyllis, Gould & Gordon, Aubrey & Hart.
Orpheum, Johannesburg.—Beryl Beresford, Mario De Pietro.
Grand, Pretoria.—Rosie Lloyd, Calno Trio.
Criterion, Benoni.—Lily Lena, Mariajanos
Rinko, Maritzburg.—Donald & Carson.
Criterion, Durban.—Van Delfts, Veterans of Variety.
Vaudette, Bloemfontein.—(Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday) Florence Rex, Keeley & Aldous. (Thursday, Friday, Saturday) Barker & Wynne, Keeley & Aldous.
Vaudette, Krugersdorp.—(Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday) Fred Russell, Jass & Jessie.
Apollo, Germiston.—(Thursday, Friday, Saturday) Fred Russell, Jass & Jessie.
Grand Theatre, Bloemfontein.—Leon M. Lion-Renée Kelly Company, in "The Chinese Puzzle," to be followed by "Outward Bound" and "The Mask and the Face."

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Seeking Rare Animals.

The Romance of a South African Taxidermist.

Hunting the African bush for rare animals, seeking the haunts of lost native tribes, scouring the sea beaches for queer specimens—such a life would seem to be a boyish dream come true.

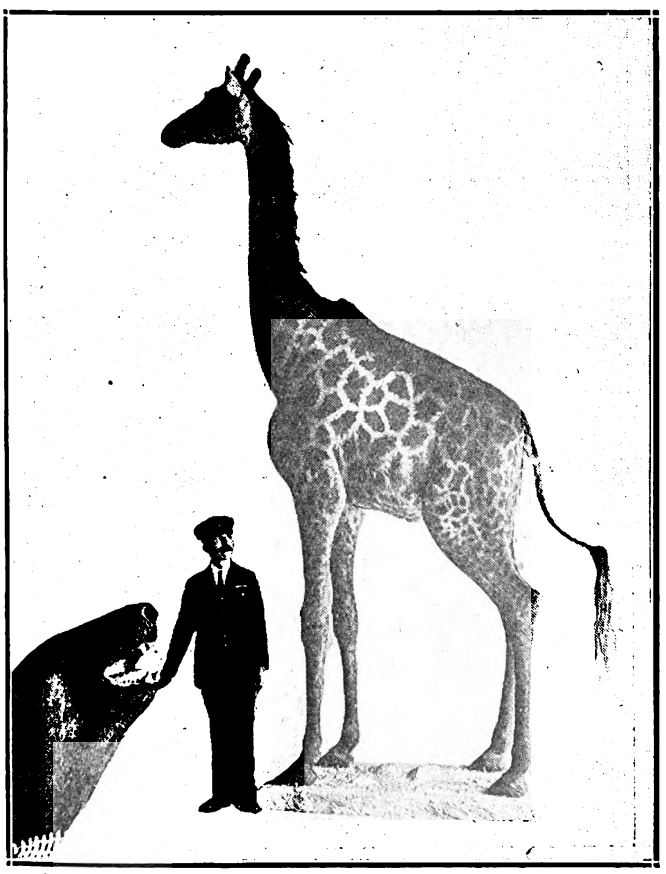
But it is only part of the life story of Mr. J. Drury, the taxidermist of the Capetown Museum. It is not all adventure and romance, but contains a good deal of prosaic, dull work which has to be done. Yet the inherent enthusiasm of the man is brought into even the dullest of his work, as I discovered when I entered his workshop in the the grounds of the museum.

Memories crowd into the mind of boyish days spent turning the pages of the "Boys' Own Paper" or "Chums," reading articles on how to blow eggs, pin butterflies or stuff a bird. There were a hundred-and-one things that the boy wanted to know, and here they were being done in a whitewashed, walled room with part of the roof gaping open.

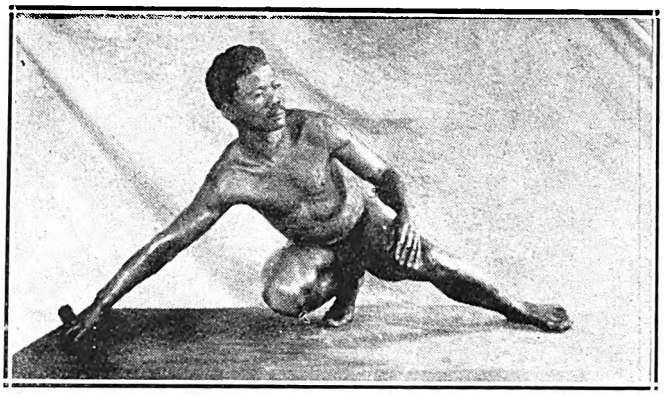
"I had to smash a hole through the roof," said Mr. Drury, "in order to build up the gigantic giraffe that has just been completed. A difficult job. Probably the most ticklish I have ever accomplished. Yet it didn't take me more than twenty-five days. At the end of January I was able to lean back in my chair and see the completed job."

The giraffe was shot in Northern Rhodesia. The Capetown Museum wanted a giraffe, so they sent an order to a hunter. Incidentally, Mr. Drury sent a chart in which he indicated measurements he wanted so that he could build up the complete giraffe from the skin in Capetown. The hunter went out into the wilds, and a month later the skin arrived in Mr. Drury's workshop, together with some measurements. Mr. Drury spent some time studying those measurements, scratched his head, and decided that something was wrong, as they did not tally with the skin. He decided to work on calculations of his own.

"It took me some weeks building the wooden stays, and forging the steel supports. Then I had carefully to mould the shape of the animal with soft wood shavings.



A remodelled giraffe.



A marvellous cast by Mr. J. Drury.

At last came the great moment when we had to hoist the skin and try to fit it glove fashion on this mould. That was the real anxious time. This tremendous skin, all flapping about like a sail in the wind, was hoisted through the hole in the roof and fitted over the head. I and my two assistants were almost smothered in the skin. Yet, to my great joy, I found that it fitted perfectly. I hadn't an inch to spare when I came to hoofs. Just above the tail it was wrong to the extent of an inch, and I can assure you that it took a good hour's work to get that inch right again."

But although Mr. Drury's achievements in his workshop are many, he likes best to talk of the days he spent in the Kalahari Desert searching for native types from whom to mould the life-size figures that are shown in the Museum, and are unique inasmuch as no other museum in the world possesses a similar collection.

"The trouble with my expeditions into the desert," said Mr. Drury, "is that I have to take so much material with me. When I went last time into the Kalahari I was carrying on an ox-wagon several tons of plaster of Paris. I went eastward all the time, until I came to villages where the white man was practically unknown. There I would outspan, and watch the natives as they squatted round the fire.

"It was from such observation that I got my ideas for groups. I would see them making fire with their sticks, or perhaps dancing, and I would determine to mould a group in similar style. During the day I would take photographs, which would also help me.

"Then I would get one native to pose for me. I would do the work as quickly as possible, covering as much of him as I could with plaster of Paris while he remained static in the one pose. It is a difficult job for the native, but more difficult for me. I have to work at tremendous speed, but even then although I begin work at eight in the morning, it is often four in the afternoon before I have finished one subject."

Mr. Drury recalled these days in native villages with a good deal of pleasure. He counts them among his happiest experiences.

"I found these natives particularly lovable," he said. "At first they are distrustful and shy, but that is often due to the fact that white traders had passed that way and taken advantage of their childlike simplicity to cheat them. Otherwise they are the happiest people in the world with no cares and no tailors' bills to pay.

"They never refused to let me take a mould of them—unless they were missionary natives and had been taught that to expose their bodies was indecent. And I must work with them in the nude. Yet, I have to admit, that among these scantily dressed natives the morality is higher that that among white people. Once you get to know the Kalahari native, his particular habits and rather queer outlook of life, you find tht he is one of the most lovable creatures alive."

Mr. Drury is quite rightly proud of these plaster casts of Bushmen, which he has arranged in huge glass cases in the Capetown Museum. The colouring of the skin has been done perfectly, for before he models a type he takes notes as to colouring of cheeks, lips and so forth, and in his workshop completes the study. They are all startingly lifelike.

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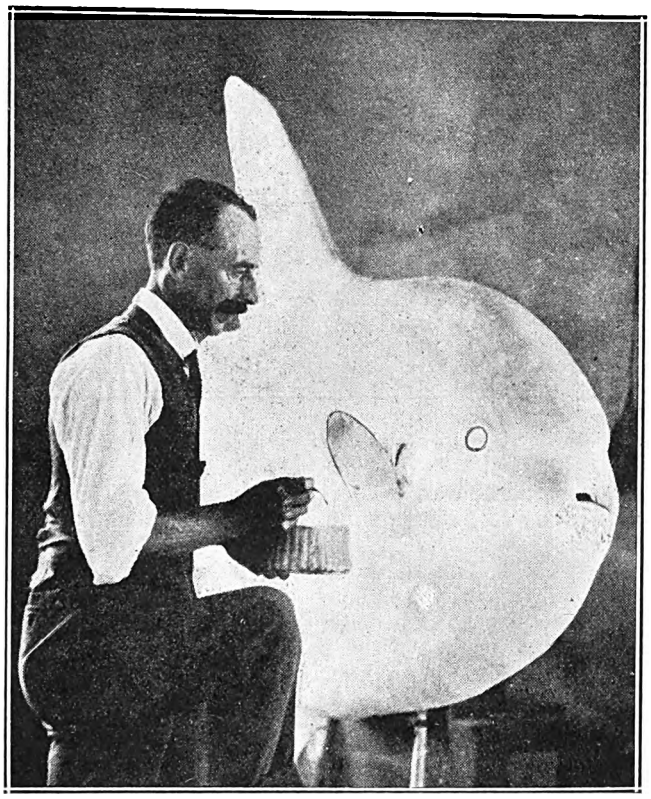

At work on a sunfish.

"Is there a sculptor who could get that lifelike effect?" asks Mr. Drury proudly. "I would like to see some museum collect lifelike figures such as these of every race in the world. Such a collection would be of wonderful historical value."

Alas, Mr. Drury has to complain that the confines of the Capetown Museum limit his activities and ambitions. He is desirous of journeying to the pigmy tribes of the Congo and obtaining several casts of them. Another of his ambitions is to secure a specimen of the black giraffe, now extremely rare, and also a specimen of the famous Okapi, the golden fleece of many an African hunter.

It is a romantic quest this, the search for the rare and unknown. Mr. Drury finds in it a great fascination and still has the boyish enthusiasm that caused him to take it up as a profession. It appears he seriously determined to become a taxidermist by being apprenticed as a boy for some years to a famous taxidermist in London. Then came the Boer War, which was responsible for bringing more of the adventurous spirit to Africa than one imagines. How often does it fall in the course of conversation with some romantic individual whom one finds roaming the wilds of Africa that it was the Boer War that first lured him to this country and the fascination bit so deeply into him that he never went back to Europe.

Mr. Drury was a volunteer in the Garrison Artillery at the time, and as they refused to send him to South Africa, he bought a steamship ticket and sailed here, determined to be in the war some how. He landed in Capetown and joined the forces here and eventually served on one of the armoured trains in the Transvaal. When the war ended and he was demobilised, he found that Capetown was in dire need of a taxidermist, and so he stayed.

Now he is probably the finest taxidermist in Africa. There is tremendous scope for his activities here. "If I can only get more space in this Museum," he says, "I will fill it with treasures". He is one of the true romantics in a very prosaic world. Beachcomber.

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Morning Prose.

Last night you slept, warm against my heart,
Your golden hair fell about my eyes,
And your little hand, like the drooped wing of a bird,
Slept upon the satin coverlet.
And all night your warm breath,
Like the frail echo of the vows you'd made,
Lay upon my cheek.
And while you slept,
I dreamt of the wonder of your eyes
And the silken whispers that fell,
Fell like thistle-down from your lips,
Like petals from a scarlet rose.

And in the dawn,
The sunlight danced upon the brass
And filled the room
With swords of yellow light,
And you stirred,
Like a bird in its nest.
You seemed so frail, and your eyes
Opened to the newness of the day,
Frowned and closed; your pale hand
Withdrew from its place upon my heart.
And then I knew that Lust,
Not Love, had strayed across my path,
And that you were not the end,
But just a tavern on the long road
That twists and turns, but has no visible ending.

Hector Bolitho.

Home to Portugal.

Senator J. A. Ribero de Melo, Consul-General for Portugal, who has left to attend the Portuguese Parliament.

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On the Rialto.

By Antonio.

JOHANNEBBURG, Tuesday afternoon.

T.C. Lands Rise 24s. in a Week.

After the sensational rise of the past week, it was inevitable that some profit-snatching should take place in platinum descriptions, but it had little effect on quotations. Opening this morning at 68s. 9d., Transvaal Lands came back to 67s. 6d., at one time dipping to 66s. 6d., which compares with a middle closing price in London of 72s. 6d. The actual highest marking here was ninepence short of seventy shillings, representing a rise of a couple of dozen shillings per share during the week. They were only about 24s. before the rise due to the platinum discoveries. Anticipations of the report on the Onverwacht workings hoisted the price 8s. 6d. last Tuesday, and the posting on the notice board of the actual document on Friday created excited and persistent demand for the shares. On Saturday morning they moved up another 7s. 6d. "in one hit."

Transvaal Platinums and Townships.

Transvaal Platinums moved from the 70s. level to 80s. yesterday, but have come back to 76s. this morning. S.A. Townships are in huge demand, and have put on 4s. during the week to 24s. this morning.

Turn of the "Smaller Fry."

The "smaller fry" among the land companies are also having an innings. S.A. Lands, familiarly known as "Sallies," have practically doubled their price in the past fortnight, and have risen from 6s. 6d. a week ago to 10s. 3d. this morning. Henderson's Transvaal Estates from 6s. 3d. yesterday improved to 7s. this morning. Lydenburg Farms from about 4s. shot up to 10s. at yesterday's High 'Change, but reacted to 8s. 6d.

Doornhoek Platinum.

Besides having areas in the fashionable district, they are reported to have invested some money in the Doornhoek Platinum Mines in course of formation with a capital of £50,000. Vendors receive £20,000 (in shares); of the working capital of £10,000, £5,000 has been privately subscribed, and there is a reserve of £20,000. One half of the latter is under option to the vendors at par. Some remarkably good assays have been recorded, especially from the elephant lode (which extends from Welgevonden of the Transvaal Platinum into Doornhoek). Mr. Edmund Brayshaw obtained values of 60, 80, 90 and (one of a series of six) as high as 560 dwt. platinoids "over a width of 20 feet." This company is under similar aegis to the Dominion, whose shares are being dealt in at about 8s. By the way, T.C.L.'s are 10s. shares; most of those of the new concerns are of a face value of 5s.

A Batch of Three Annual Reports.

Comparatively little attention is being bestowed on the gold market, but prices are on the whole firmer than a week ago, possibly owing to the banks adopting a rather more liberal policy in respect of advances.

Two or three annual reports of the Central Mining group have made their appearance during the week. Geldenhuis Deep's ore reserve decreased over a quarter of a million tons. The prediction of the Consulting Engineer that "it will be very difficult to maintain a yield sufficient to earn a profit" is verified by the loss of over £2,000 in February. Rose Deep's ore reserve showed a similar drop, but the value is better than at the other mine. Here, "owing to falling and scattered reserve, it may become increasingly difficult to maintain grade sent to mill." Modder B's profit for the year was down £190,000, and while the reserve is up 105,000 tons, value has slipped back to eight dwt. Two years ago it was over 9½ dwt. To maintain the ore reserve it was necessary to do no less than seven miles of underground development.

Music Examiners Opinions.

One of the most interesting documents on the subject of music is the report of the Examiners in practical music issued by the University of South Africa. For the past year the examiners from London were able to express themselves well satisfied with the general excellence of the work heard in the larger centres of the Union. But they offer certain criticisms which are valuable, and which should command attention on the part of those directly concerned.

On the subject of Pianoforte playing they say "there seems to be a tendency (noticeable also in England) to think that a spirited interpretation will atone for poor scales and arpeggios, and for a generally untidy technique. Examiners are very reluctant to give 'distinction' to any candidate, however good, who shows clearly that natural talent has not been backed up by application to the less attractive side of their work."

This advice is based on the perfectly safe assumption that efficiency in the purely technical subjects forms the most reliable foundation for executive progress. This fact sems so self evident that it should not be necessary to have visiting examiners direct attention to it. But standards and conditions vary greatly in the Union, and possibly the smaller towns are more in mind than the three or four principle centres.

The report says further "the weakest point noted was in the matter of touch. It was rare to come across a really good singing tone, or a sonorous legato. While this may be due largely to the lack of first-class instruments for practice (especially outside the big towns) we think all teachers and players should be urged to bear in mind that no playing, however technically efficient, can ever be interesting without these two attributes." In other words, the subject of pianoforte tone production is evidently as little understood in some parts as ever it was. Here lack of scientific, or more correctly instrumental knowledge, plus tradition, are still marked characteristics in keyboard treatment. Any well-informed teacher will be quite prepared to accept the criticism of the examiners on the matter of tone.

In the professional examinations the examiners found, "too much concentration on performance, and too little of the broader knowledge esential to teachers. Sight-reading was definitely poor and general knowledge of music outside the particular work in hand was very scanty. In these days of gramaphone records there is very litle excuse for this." It is of interest to note that the members of the Associated Board in London, have fully recognised the part that could be played in general music education by the modern gramaphone.

On the subject of "method" it was found that "in the majority of cases the knowledge of teachers consisted of little else than memorised paragraphs from a limited set of text books." This seems a very serious indictment, but it is probably surprisingly accurate. "Method" has been for years, and still is, the most discussed subject in pianoforte playing, and seemingly it is still very generally misunderstood.

It is gratifying to learn, in the case of the violin, that "a good deal of talent was met with, and a clear impression created that there was a high standard of teaching generally. Not only was there considerable talent for the instrument, but it had, in general been thoroughly and wisely developed.

On the subject of Singing the examiners had the impression that the country produces many fine voices, but that the owners do not make the most of them. "Good teaching in singing is the hardest kind of teaching to find anywhere, and when it is found it is of little use if the pupil desires to acquire a reportory of songs rather than endure the drudgery necesary for a free and flexible voice. But without fixing any blame as between teachers and pupils we found some disappointment in efficiency, though not in material." This summarises in a few words the conditions that confronts every singing teacher, repertoire first and never mind the technical development or the tonal qualities of the voice. *C. A. O. Duggan.*

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Betting Stewards.

The Effect on Racing.

By "Observer."

A correspondent draws attention to "an increase of betting among the stewards" at race meetings on the Rand, and to this he ascribes a good deal of the unsatisfactory running which, he avers is of frequent occurrence. He goes on to say that stipendiary stewards, at a salary that would make them independent of betting, would soon alter all this. At a later date I will deal with the vexed question of stipendiaries, but for the present I must disagree with my correspondent's contention that the betting by local stewards is a big factor in the results of races. To my own knowledge several clubs whose stewards never have a bet; then there are a few stewards who make a joke of putting on a pound occasionally; and, finally, we have one or two, so rumour goes, who are heavy betters. I have no hesitation in saying that, as far as the outside clubs are concerned, the betting by the stewards is a negligible quantity.

The suggestion is put forward by my correspondent that because a large bet is struck by a steward, the indifferent showing of a horse that might prevent him "collecting" is gained. Assuming that such be the case, there are other eyes directed on the race, and action follows in due course if such is considered to be justified. Then, again, where interference occurs during a race, the big betting man usually allows his confrers to decide whether his fancy shall have the stakes or not. It is, of course, fashionable, to make all sorts of veiled charges against the controllers of local clubs, but to get at grips with questionable running one may safely leave the stewards alone and look elsewhere for the cause.

On the Rand the "small trainers" are a menace to the sport. There are scores of them, and they would raise a loud guffaw if it were suggested that they carry on their business otherwise than strictly on a £ s. d. basis. There is also an army of bookmakers, far in excess of requirements, and which, sooner or later, must be cut down substantially. Now that the British and Australian miners have almost disappeared from the Reef, the oat bill, nomination, and so forth, of a pony cannot be raised unless a risk be run of interested parties being made aware of the stable's intensions. It is no use trying to wheedle the Dutch miner into standing Sam with the forage merchant; he is saving his money, wise man, in order to retire, and, aided by his Phthisis money, to buy a farm. Perhaps the owner, in desperation, turns to a member of the ring, and he may not be allowed to go away empty. Thus we have the two business sections—the small trainer and the bookmaker—co-operating, and the gentle punter is no match for this combination.

Some of the "unsatisfactory running" has no foundation in fact. The bulk of backers are not qualified to express an opinion a minute after their money goes on a horse. I have stood besides these worthies during the progress of a race, and listened to a description entirely at variance with the running. This continued up to the run home, and woe betide the judge if he placed their horse second after a keen finish. Language is used on an occasion of this sort which, at other and saner times, would be denounced by the user, and he invariably puts a period to his frenzied remarks by charging Mr. So-and-So with "daylight robbery," this, presumably, being the giddy heights of invective.

No, Mr. Correspondent, you are barking up the wrong tree when you blame the stewards for the poor racing served up to-day. But you have a legitimate grievance when referring to happenings "glossed over" by stewards, which to you and your friends were unexplainable. In these columns I have advocated the publishing by a club of the reasons given and accepted on occasions when the public has been hard hit, and finds itself, on the evidence afforded by the race, unable to agree with the stewards that all was well. Those who patronise race meetings are becoming more assertive, and, seeing they keep the game alive, they are entitled to the fullest information regarding a suspicious race. It has to be remembered that the admission to a race meeting is considerably in excess of that charged for other kinds of entertainment. Moreover, when inside the racing man or woman swells the club funds by investing in the totalisator. So the racegoer has every right to expect that his interests will be protected, and, in a matter in which those interests were imperilled, he is surely entitled to the fullest information.

Auckland Park This Week-end.

The nominations were unusually heavy for several events at the Park, and if the scratching-pen is not freely used, the fields will be unwieldly, which is all against good racing and safety.

Selections.

12.40.—Juvenile Handicap, 6 furlongs.
Peleus 1, Blacksmith II. 2, Royal Poly 3.
1.20.—Brixton Handicap, "D," 6 furlongs.
Royal 1, Bewildered 2, Loved One 3.
2.0.—Auckland Park Handicap, "C," 1¼ miles.
Tiger Lily 1, Pious Pietrie 2, Fettle 3.
2.40.—Brixton Handicap, "A," 5 furlongs.
Bright 1, Gard's elect 2, Plenty 3.
3.20.—Auckland Park Handicap, "A," 1 mile.
Weale's elect 1, Golden Tip 2, Culmstock 3.
4.0.—Auckland Park Handicap, "B," 1 mile.
Barretto 1, Fisher's elect 2, Antique 3.
4.40.—Brixton Handicap, "C," 5 furlongs.
Oadby 1, The Pick 2, Ocean Rose 3.
5.20.—Brixton Handicap, "B," 6 furlongs.
Jasmine 1, Eccles Cake 2, Rio Grande 3.

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An Interesting Portrait.

The above portrait of the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. ngley Levy was painted by Mr. J. H. Amschewitz, who is in Johannesburg some years ago as cartoonist with the *nday Times* and *Rand Daily Mail*. He came out here as actor during the war, playing *Perlmutter* to Simpson erbrook's *Potash*. Mr. Amschewitz painted the frescoes the Liverpool Town Hall and one of the big frescoes in the ndon Royal Exchange before he came to South Africa. e stayed five years and then returned to England, where is now painting.

Miss Langley Levy (now Mrs. J. Sugdeen Moore) was acked by the dramatic equivalent of Caccthes Scribendi, d at sixteen succeeded in satisfying her ambition by uring the part of Stephanus in Leonard Rayne's produc- n of "The Sign of the Cross." She received an ellent dramatic training with the Leonard Rayne mpany, being called upon to play all sorts of rts at the shortest possible notice. She made big success as the robustious Dick in "The Two tle Vagabonds"; as Helga, the adventuress, in "The digal Son" and in such contrastive plays as "A Mes- e from Mars," "The Lights of London," "Charley's nt," "The Private Secretary," "The Midnight dding," "The Story of the Rosary," to mention but a .

June Langley was engaged by African Theatres ecially to play the part of Posy in their fine production "Quinneys," in which she made an enormous success. e also played in "Kultur at Home," "Caroline," Findle Wakes," "The Younger Generation" and many er important shows.

She retired from the stage on marrying Mr. John gden Moore and has lived for the past five years in York- e, where she has become a sort of Lady Bountiful in a d way. She entertains orphans, rescues children who submerged and who give indications of ability in some ction or other, and she pays for their education. She tes stories, drives a high-powered car and plays a very ve part in the social activities of her district. She enter- s very largely and Mrs. Patrick Campbell is a frequent tor—in addition to many other representatives of the arts.

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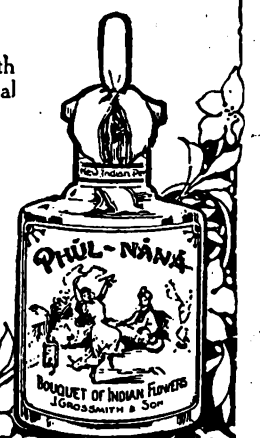

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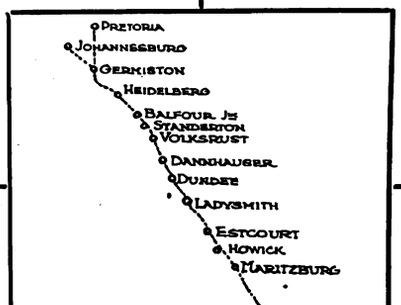

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The Murmuring Shell.

By M. S. F.

In the morning when the dawn ran laughing down the valley, Huia would bathe in the placid pool beside her father's house. Her beautiful brown body, with drops of water, like crystals, running down her arms, would stand against the curtain of palms, and then, suddenly, she would flash through the water like a dark fish.

Huia was the spirit of laughter in the little village where she lived. The Maoris in their houses by the sea had built a village on the finger of land near where the tidal creek spilled its petulant water into the ocean.

In the cool evening, when her mat weaving was ended, Huia would run into the forest and stringing scarlet flowers in her hair, sing strange songs that her mother had taught her in those summer evenings when the inland breeze, drunk with the scent of flowers, mingled its fragrance with the fresher air from the sea.

One day when Huia strayed beyond the forest fringe, she came to the bank of the river. Here the sea swirled and fought with the opposing stream and nobody dared bathe in the panic of the waters.

She wet her toes in the frothing river and the cruel talons of the sea clutched at her feet, but she only laughed and lifted her foot into the air again. Then drops of water, catching the sunlight and sparkling like diamonds, ran off her toes and passed back into the turmoil.

Across the river, the silent tortuous vines burdened with purple flowers, hung like curtains from the trees and the scarlet rata flaunted its glory against the more sombre background of towering puriris.

Once when Huia went to the river bank, she looked across and saw a lad climbing a tree. She could see his rippling muscles respond to the strain of the climb.

She had never seen anybody on the other side of the river. It was thought by the people of her village that this was a forest where devils hunted and moaning demons jumped from branch to branch of the trees. Nobody ever crossed the stream because of the quickly-running river, and the whirlpools that hissed so terribly at the meeting of the waters.

But this young Maori was no demon. He climbed the trees just as her own people did.

When he came down from the tree, he looked across the stream. He hailed her, but she could not hear what he said because of the angry voice of the river.

She smiled to him and he shouted again, but she could not hear him because of the moaning of the wind and the temper of the water. And next day, when she came to the river again, he was on the opposite bank and he waved his hands, said in the language of signs, that he wanted to cross to her. But the river only moaned more loudly and whirled its threat of terrible death.

When the river freed itself of its stormy entrance into the sea, there was a stretch of quiet waters, and Huia discovered that, by throwing a piece of bark into the river near the whirlpools, it would be carried across to the opposite bank by when it rounded the curve in the course and came to the quiet and evenly- running water.

So she thought, as she lay awake at night, how she could send a message across the water to the stranger. And one morning she discovered a plan. She collected a handful of shells from the seashore and took them to the river edge. There she placed them in a corner and waited for her lover to come to the opposite bank. Huia had grown to love the stripling lad who came every morning to pay his silent tribute to her. She had seen the laughter in his eyes and had realised the poetry of his strong arms, his proud head, and the slow quiet ease with which he climbed the trunk of the puriri.

When he appeared on this morning, she picked up a shell and held it high so that he could see it. Then she placed it to her lips and whispered her message into its pink heart. Huia walked to the edge of the stream, and threw the shell into the maddened waters. It was light and frail and the mighty river caught it and carried it madly down past the high banks, over the rapids and into the quiet stretch of river that followed. Because of the curve in the bank, the shell was carried across the opposite side and there the stranger, who guessed her purpose, picked it out of the river. Then Huia signalled to him, and showed him that he must place it to his ear. This he did, and her message, whispered into the heart of the shell was murmured back to him. In this way Huia told the lad that she loved him, and that she wished that he could cross to her side of the river. Everyday she gathered a handful of shells from the beach and sent her whispered messages across to him. And this is why, when you place that sea-shell to your ear, you hear a faint whisper, for this is the message that Huia sent to her lover in that far-away-day when Maoriland browsed in the moon of native romance.

And the stranger, whose arms were strong, and whose knife was sharp, cut timbers from the trees and, after days of hard work, made a canoe from the long wood.

Huia could see him, but she could not hear him because of the noise of the rushing river. And one day, when the sun was high in the heavens, the stranger carried his canoe down the stream to the quiet crossing-place and there he launched it. Like a floating bird it skimmed across the water and Huia waited happily on the bank. The bow of the canoe touched the ground, and her lover jumped out and came to her.

"I have answered your message in the shell," he whispered as he kissed the shadows about her eyes. But Huia was silent, and she closed her eyes and laid her head against the broad brown shoulders that were warm from the heat of the sun.

Then he walked to the ledge of rock on which he had always seen Huia, and found the little pile of shells which she had gathered. So they whispered their vows into the shells and threw them into the river. Some of them were carried far out to sea and some of the shells grew up and had families of little shells and that is why, in these January days, you may roam about the beaches and picking up these shells washed up by the sea, hear the vows of Huia and her lover as they were whispered in the fragrant long ago.

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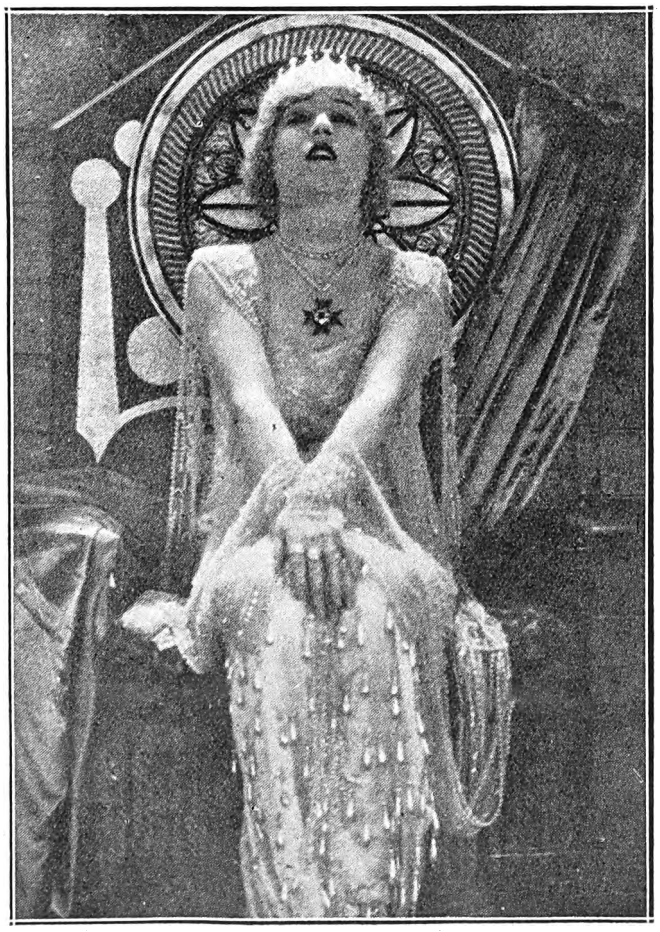
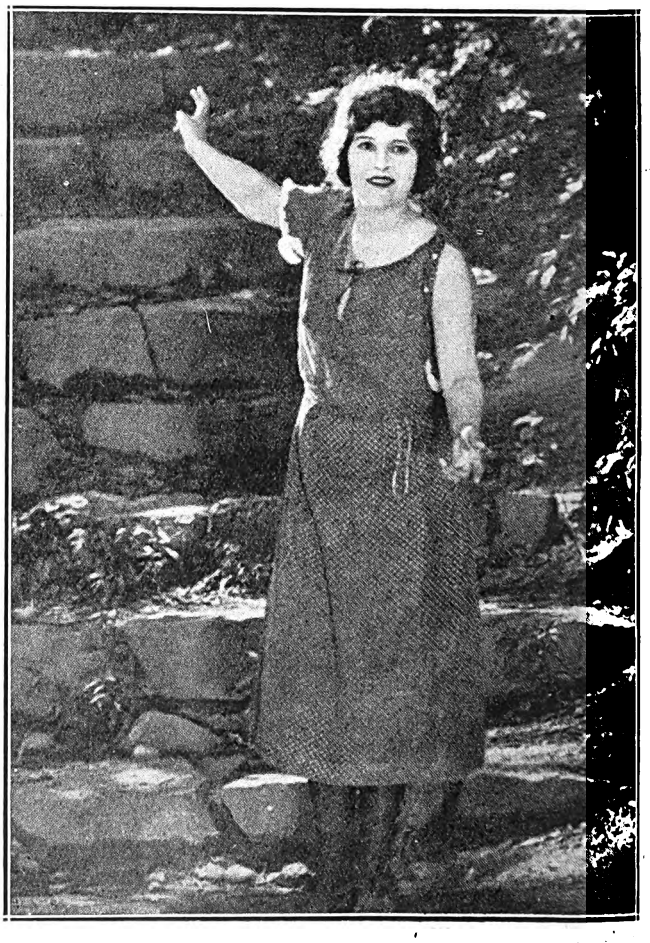


MAE MURRAY
in "Jazzmania" at the Bijou Theatre, Johannesburg, on Monday, March 16th.



MADGE KENNEDY
in "The Purple Highway" at the Orpheum Theatre, Johannesburg, on Monday, March 16th.

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The Man From Toronto.

"The Man from Toronto," said Miss Iris Hoey, snatching a moment from the rehearsal that was proceeding on the stage, "has, I think, the prettiest love story of any play I know. It is not all love, of course, there is a strong plot interwoven and plenty of comedy. I originated the part of the 'Maid' and I am very proud of the nice dedication the author, Douglas Murray, gave me in the book.

Miss Hoey looked one of the most charming of maids in her neat black and white Russian cap. "There is an interesting story attached to this uniform," she continued. "When I found I was expected to play the part of a maid, naturally I wanted to look as nice as I could, and so I designed this cap which I really think is quite becoming, and then all the Lyons girls and the girls in the A.B.C. shop came out with them. I was quite pleased about it, and really they all looked so pretty in them. Lyons always like to dress their waitresses as attractively as possible, you will have seen in the Home papers that the *Daily Mirror* offered a prize for the best uniform and some very well known people competed and the results were charming. Another thing about "The Man from Toronto", Men like it. They adore to see women in black. I don't know why. I am very fond of black myself for the stage and always know I shall be successful when I wear it.

"Do you only wear the one dress?" I enquired.

"No," said Miss Hoey, "in the 2nd act I wear scarlet and I am very anxious to know what the women of the city think, whether they like the black or the scarlet best. You know in England women dress their maids in all sorts of bright colours and chinzes, and try to make them look as pretty and charming as posible. The Princess Royal came to see the play three times, and liked it so much. It is really rather a modern "She stoops to conquer" and when Mr. Fagan saw me in it he wanted me to take the part of Kate Hardcastle, but I chose "Clothes and the Woman" instead. Rex O'Malley has played with me in it before, and I am so glad we are putting it on here, because I always wanted my husband, Mr. Cyril Raymond, to play the "Man from Toronto," he will be ideal in it. I do hope you will like it, "goodbye," as a hurried call came for her from the stage. "The Man from Toronto" will open at His Majesty's Theatre on March 16. *C.R.*

A silhouette of Mr. C. Raymond, who is producing "The Man From Toronto" at His Majesty's Theatre, Johannesburg, on March 16th.

Maidie Scott.

Up the Thames . . . you can go by train or boat . . . you'll find the island where, in a giddier day than this, they made King John sign the Magna Charta. So they call it Magna Charta Island, and tourists are allowed to land there sometimes. The island is rich in asociations and still richer in beauty and, among its trees, there is a dear, mellow stone house, wherein lives the good lady whose permission you need to land. It is about her I wish to talk. She is Maidie Scott, England's famous singer of songs. Her husband bought the historic island many years ago and, even when she is playing two shows a day in London, she motors back at night, crossing her private bridge to the island. Miss Maidie Scott is now at the Empire, Johannesburg. So, in case you should have neglected your education in these matters, you should know that she is one of the most charming artists in England.

She sings lightsome songs, full of laughter, and she sings them with a charm which is full of sunshine . . . the sort of charm which, in my younger days, made me want to write sonnets and other such. One grows wiser with years . . . but the effect of the charm does not diminish.

Miss Maidie Scott was at Magna Charta when I met her first, sitting on the lawn on a quiet English Sunday, with her twins. She has found time to be a wife and a mother as well as time to live on this enchanted island and also rise to the peak of perfection.

She met many Dominion soldiers during the war and since. They land on the island and want to see the spot where John scratched his pen and made such a famous date in history. So she does not feel like a stranger and she goes to Africa, and is at least known to a few thousand people who have seen her at the Coliseum or the Alhambra, London.

Maidie Scott has the charm of a great artist, but it is made more wonderful by the fact that she is a great woman. Perhaps the quiet Sunday afternoons of her life on that happy island with her family . . . . perhaps these Sunday afternoons live on until the Mondays and Tuesdays and make her work what it is . . . not the least bit theatrical. She can catch you up in the mood of her song until you feel yourself mentally singing and dancing with her, and she does it with such little whimsical, lightsome songs that you don't know how or why you are so enthusiastic. Then, afterwards, when you think it over, you realise that it is because she is just a womanly, wee woman, and not an unreality of the theatre. She leaves her West End Theatres and Magna Charta for about a year to go on the great adventure of the South. I have told her—because I know South Africa so well—that she is very fortunate. But the luck is not all on her side. A lot of it will come to the hundreds and thousands of people who are to hear her sing.

A Penny Bank.

There is the most delightful institution in England known as the Yorkshire Penny Bank. "Yorkshire" and "Bank" are not words to whip up a lagging fancy, but the insertion of the magic "Penny" suddenly makes the name faery-like.

In this bank deposits ranging from one penny will be accepted. Children of any age can keep their own accounts, do their own depositing and withdrawing, and very often enormous sums are saved by quite small people.

The Penny Bank is also the only one in England which stays open on Friday nights. This is to enable people who cannot leave their work during the day to deposit their savings.

Clerks in the bank have known a woman to come in and deposit fourpence, to be immediately followed by a person putting in thirty-nine thousand pounds.

The adage of the bank is a very old one: "You take care of the pennies and the pounds will look after themselves." And it is amazing how well the pounds in the Penny Bank *do* look after themselves. They grow so quickly that it seems as if the bank were a magic one, run by elves and gold-seeking goblins.

A maiden, when stepping into her first teens, often finds, after a few years of putting her weekly pennies into the Penny Bank, that she sets out into life a positive heiress.

A youth who puts by a few pennies every week from the time he is old enough to know the enormous value of a penny, will be sure of a nest egg to line the way of his first apprenticeship when he leaves school. *P.T.*

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The Week.

Paragraphed and Photographed

Without offence to friends or foes
I sketch your world exactly as
it goes.

A Debater Poet.

Few South Africans know that Mr. C. H. O. Scaife, who has earned such a deserved repuation for his brilliant debating during the visit of the Oxford Union pair last year to this country, is a poet of a high order. Indeed, in 1923, he won the Newdigate Prize for the best English poem at Oxford, which has been won in the past by many now famous men. Playing tennis with Mr. Scaife at the Pretoria Country Club a few days ago, I asked him whether he had found South Africa a country inspiring to the poet. "The scenery of the Union," he said, with a most delightful rolling touch to his "rs" "cannot fail to inspire artists of every kind. I am surprised that the country has produced so few poets and writers up to now, although, of course, during the last few years South Africa has gradually been coming to the fore in literary circles." Mr. Scaife, who hopes to publish a book of verse next year, expects to remain in South Africa another three months, unless, as he smilingly suggested, the call of sunshine proves too strong and he settles down here permanently. *F.B.*

Sarie Marais.

I wonder whether a song will ever become more popular with our Afrikaans-speaking population than "Sarie Marais"? Its haunting melody has been running through my brain all day, and although I have heard the tune whistled or sung almost every day for years past, it is always as fresh to me as when I first heard it. Not many people know that it is a very free translation of the old plantation song "Ellie Rhee" (a Latin version of which is so popular at the Scottish Universities) into Afrikaans, although, of course, the melody has been slightly altered to accommodate a rather different metre. First translated, I am told, by a student at Stellenbosch, the song spread with extraordinary rapidity throughout the country, and was well known in places as far apart as Lydenburg and Graaff-Reinet long before a copy was ever in print.

The Cat Triumphant.

Which is the largest domestic cat in South Africa? The good Nuns of the Kensington Sanatorium in Johannesburg proudly claim the honour of possessing the biggest tom-cat in the Union. Fritz is his name—he was born during the war—and as he moves lazily about the corridors and the wards he looks more like a young black tiger cub than like Mr. Felinus Domesticata. He is intensely popular among the patients, and it is a very curious thing that he is usually to be found in the wards reserved for women. When he was measured a few days ago he proved to be 39 inches from the tip of his tail to the shiny end of his nose, and almost 17 inches high when standing straight.

Platinum Fever.

All financial Johannesburg is in a fervour of excitement about Platinum prospects just now, and the recent sharp rise in Platinum and Land Shares is making old Johannesburgers think of the days, twenty years ago now, when Coronation Syndicates rose in a few days from their issue price of £100 to very much nearer £3,000, and fortunes were made and lost hourly during the wide gambling round "the Chains" in the shares of that now defunct company.

"The crowd of eager speculators surged too and fro before the Stock Exchange," said an old resident of the town to me this morning, "and at times overflowed into all the neighbouring streets. Women seemed as eager as men to take part in the wide rush to buy shares and portions of shares. Many curious scenes were witnessed as women, normally quiet, home-staying citizens, fought their way with elbows and hat-pins to the side of the shouting brokers."

I wonder if we are to see scenes such as these again in Johannesburg, now that the platinum fever has us all in its grip, or has the town grown too quiet and sober-minded with advancing age to gamble excitedly on 'Change?

Three One-Act Plays.

An astonishingly good performance of three One-Act Plays by Berthe Goudvis was given by an amateur company at the Standard Theatre on Saturday in aid of the Fund for sending a delegation from the South African National Council of Women to the quinquennial asembly in Europe of that organisation.

The plays were produced by Miss Muriel Alexander and Mr. W. Seals-Wood, and they had gathered a company of the very best amateur talent in Johannesburg. The first play, a drama, was well presented by Eileen Korsten (who sustained an emotional part excellently), Jessie Bell, Pearl Ely, Elwyn Davies, Paul Brereton and by Frank Randall, who took over a difficult part at short notice.

"Patriots," the second play, was not only by far the best written, but also the best acted of the three. Indeed, I think I have never seen in South Africa a better amateur performance than we were given in this. Particular praise is due to Rita Yule, who acted brilliantly and with great restraint. Muriel Young, as her daughter, acted an intense part with true feeling for the emotion of it. Maedie Meyer and William Matthews took the remaining parts.

The third play was "The Sergeant in Charge," a more evenly acted play than either of the two first though not always as brilliant. The comedy parts were cleverly taken by Mesdames Biddy Milne, Ruby Jacobs, Mrs. de Waal, Frank Randall and Reg. Smith.

Berthe Goudvis' plays are worthy of attention by our literary public, and in particular "Patriots" is extremely well handled, with character and situation well brought out.

Neil Collins.

Saints and Wantons.

John Galsworthy's play "Windows," which is to be produced at His Majesty's Theatre, Johannesburg, on March 23rd, goes far beyond the theatre in its interests.

For some stupid reason, people have fallen into a habit of calling Galsworthy's plays "highbrow plays." "Highbrow plays" are born of the universities, but Galsworthy goes to the streets for his characters, and in "Windows" he has written the story around a pathetic, wistful little figure—a girl who is a mother before she is a wife. She smothers her child and is imprisoned. When she comes out a middle-class English family try to "save her from herself." But she turns to them and says, "Nothing can be done for a girl like me."

The play is written around this serious subject of whether a girl who is born to a sordid life can be saved by a change of environment and association with people of a more rigorous morality.

Although such a candid affair of sex is involved in the play, it is by no means ugly or morbid.

Galsworthy is one of the few people who can present a serious subject and interpret it with comedy. He has done this with "Windows." It is an amusing play, in spite of the fact that one of the oldest problems of society lies behind it.

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Mr. Harry Reynolds,
recently elected President of the Transvaal Automobile Club.

Madame Ellen Rubini, L.R.A.M.,
of Johannesburg, who has been studying singing in London. Madame Rubini has left for Paris to take lessons from Madame Augnez de Montalaut.

A Sidelight on Platinum.

One of the most curious effects of the platinum boon has been that many people, reading of the high price of the metal, have been bringing old and odd bits of platinum jewellery to town for sale.

"I had hoped to sell more platinum jewellery as a result of the boom," said a Johannesburg jeweller to me yesterday, "but all I have had is a constant stream of people bringing me for sale old brooches, pendants and false teeth!"

Platinum jewellery did not become really popular until after the war, except among the Latin races, and before then it was seldom used excepting for watch-chains and stone-settings. *K.D.*

Roofs by Moonlight.

How many men have been on the roof of the Y.W.C.A.? I had special permission to see the moonlight view from it the other evening, and I found that this building, which has been designed in the Italian manner by A. Marshall, A.R.I.B.A., is not only one of the most beautiful in Johannesburg, but also has one of the finest views from its roof. The limpid clearness of the moon floods the kopjes on which the Gold City stands with a pale glory of yellow, and all the harsh lines of the iron roofing and chimneys are softened into vague shadowiness.

"Johannesburg is the ugliest city in the Union," a Capetown friend once told me, but then he had not seen it by moonlight. The delicate arabesque of light around the horizon showed me how beauty can live in the most commonplace of things. *N.C.*

Beards and Bingling.

Do you shingle, bob or bingle? Then it appears that a horrible fate is in store for you, for a morning paper tells us that women who cut their hair short are likely to grow moustaches and beards. I asked a well-known Johannesburg hairdresser his opinion of this statement. "Well," said he, "there may be something in it, but I very much doubt it. I can only take the parallel case of men. I have known men who wore their hair long for years and then have decided to have it cut short. But I cannot say that I ever remember one of them complaining that his beard grew thicker or more rapidly after the change. On the other hand, I don't like to pit my opinion against the most eminent physiologists. What have they to say about it?"

And that is what the shingled woman wants to know.
The Kitten.

A Mere Male and Long Skirts.

Reville's told us last week that skirts are to remain moderately short this season, and as a mere male I must confess that I feel more than a little disappointed, for when I saw Miss Muriel Young at the Standard Theatre the other evening taking the part of a young lady of twenty years ago, I came to the conclusion that long skirts are ever so much more charming. She was wearing a pink dress of whatever it is that pink dresses are made from, and it fell right over her ankles. There is a pleasant mystery about the long skirt which intrigues intensely, and the only argument I (as a mere man) can understand against it is the fact that longer skirts require more material. As "The Walrus" said in the *S.A. Nation* a little while ago:

"The worse is the illness, the worse is the pill,
The longer the skirt, the longer the bill!" *Terence.*

Glass Weddings.

The tenth anniversary of the wedding of one of my most charming friends is approaching, and she has determined that she will have a Glass Wedding.

"Why," she asked me the other day, "should people have to wait until they have been married a whole twenty-five years before having a Silver Wedding? By that time married couples are usually in a position to retire on the more or less ill-gotten wealth of M. Mari. Now, after ten years of married life," she went on, smilingly, "all the family crockery and glassware needs replacing, and so I am instituting a Glass Wedding! All my friends are to bring a piece of cut-glass for the table or, even better, a piece of that unbreakable glass which everybody is using to-day for cooking."

Myself, I think her idea brilliant, and so do all the married women of my acquaintance, promptly telling me of the approach of their seventh, ninth or eleventh anniversary! Besides, harassed husbands whose wives do not hesitate at flinging the festive flat-iron will perhaps get off more lightly if it is a question of breaking expensive glassware. *R.S.*

Band Competitions.

Somebody in the Johannesburg Town Council has had a real brain-wave. It is proposed, in order to come to a decision regarding band engagements for the parks and Zoo, to hold a sort of competition for the various bands now being engaged by the Municipality. I would seriously suggest that the public be invited to attend, for there is going to be a good deal of real musical interest in the competition, especially as one condition set it down that any player can belong to only one combination. The humour of the whole thing lies in the fact that there are a limited number of bandsmen available, and it is possible for one player to belong to several bands. A change of conductor does not always imply a complete change in the band's personnel. Anyway, the competition promises a very distinct interest.

Garda Hall in London.

Garda Hall, the South African soprano who has made such a good name for herself in London lately, is sailing on the 20th March for her native land, where she intends to stay for six months. Most of this time she intends to spend touring the Union, beginning probably in Durban, her native town. She tells me that she will be busy in England right to the day of her sailing. Among her principal engagements are a concert at Queen's Hall, London, three orchestral concerts at Hastings, appearances at the Palladium and the Alhambra, and concerts at Nelson, Lancs., and Great Missenden, Bucks. By the way, the other day at a social reception, I mentioned her name, and to my amazement a very dapper and be-monocled young gentleman remarked: "Garda? Awfully jolly name! And is she quite black?" Some smart pople do know a lot about South Africa! *"Allegro."*

Miss Garda Hall.

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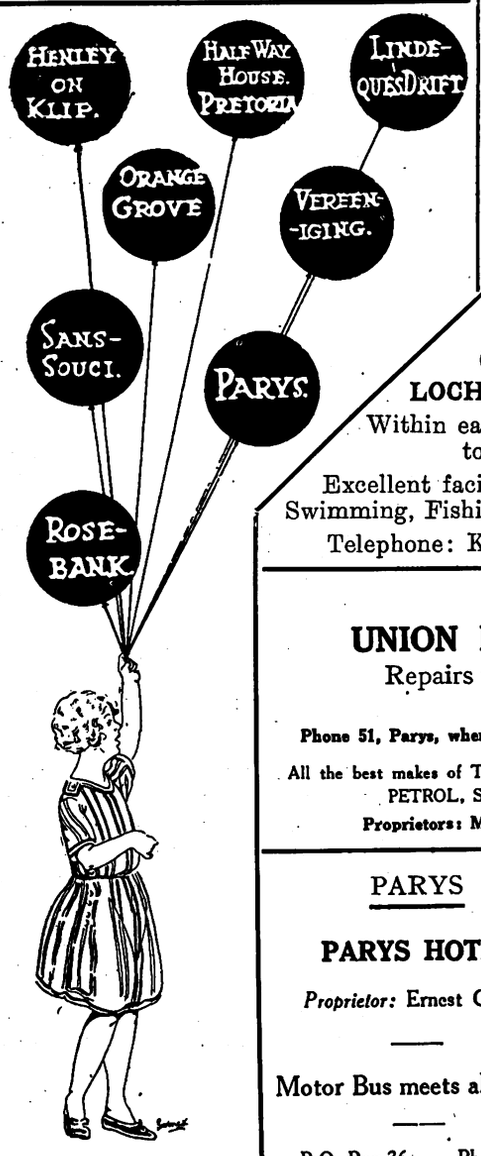

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Home Politics.

By Ethelreda Lewis,
(whose first S. African novel, "The Harp," has just been published in England.)

The housekeeper in Johannesburg, without moving from home, can collect quite a fine assortment of political views. You collect them on your doorstep from your butcher, baker and grocer; from the Indian who brings you vegetables from the market with unshakable punctuality; from the Russian Jew who brings butter and eggs from heaven knows where; from the Cape-coloured husband of the Cape-coloured washerwoman when he appears with the bundle and the message about the collars coming on Monday; from the Bantu lordling who has condescended to sweep a four-by-six lawn for two shillings and his food; from the emotional, kind little Irishwoman who brings a home-made cake once a week and likes a sentimental talk, dear, after her weary walk in the dust and the glare, and who can hardly be stopped from revealing strange little secrets about the past of Johannesburg, which is "not what it was, I can assure you, Madam. There's not many ladies here now that knows how to order a proper dinner—let alone serve it. Ah! *I* know. . . ."

Then there's the hungry ex-miner from Vrededorp who sells note-paper or bucket handles to you if he can and coughs dreadfully and tries to stick to the difficult principles laid down by his leaders; and the small Dutch farmer who comes round, quite irregularly, with his cart of mealies or potatoes at an inconvenient hour in the afternoon and never learns that is a bad hour to sell and that the Indian and the Jew have been before him; and the sewing-woman who, possessed of an uncertain tenure of one room in somebody's yard, is still genteel enough to speak of England as "Home," poor thing.

My baker always runs at his delivery work, but he never ran quite so fast as on April 30th. He was almost breathless.

"A lot to do to-day. You see it's Labour Day to-morrow. Come to think of it, seems like it's to-day ought to be called that. Makes a lot of work, Labour Day. I fairly dread these public holidays. Nothing so nice as going straight on with your work, like in the old days. Sundays, and early closing, and you know where you are; none of this hurry."

"Then, I suppose, you won't be voting for Labour next election?"

He looked sheepish. "Oh, well . . . come to that . . . we have to stick together, as you may say. But it's a bit of a nuisance sometimes."

Principles are often a bit of a nuisance; even bad ones.

Then there's my Indian. "Segregation? Oh, no . . . that can never be! There would be trouble. The British will not allow it. Only the British know how to manage big country like this . . . new country."

"But what about India? You are not content there."

"Ah, yes . . . *India*. But that is Empire. Always our country . . . time now to be our Empire."

"You know Ghandi?"

"Mahatma Ghandi? Oh, yes! Does the missus know about him, then?"

"I do, a little. I've just read a fine book about him by a Frenchman."

"Ah—that is Rolland!" said my greengrocer. "Mahatma Ghandi is like . . . we call him like Christus. He says to the people, "Let us all live like brothers; no fight, no quarrel, be gentle altogether.—Ask gently—not angry. Like Christus. That'll be . . ."

He added up some strange, Eastern hieroglyphs.

"That's be four and threepence. Next week I try get artichokes on the market. Rolland . . . Rolland." His bright eyes grew soft over the name. "A great book about our Mahatma Ghandi . . . and missus knows, then, what he is like?"

"I know now. He is indeed like Christus."

We looked at each other with a look of "wonder and a wild surmise" as at sudden unchartered seas. He put his notebook away.

"Well, then, on Monday I come again, missus."

I went on making the soup.

"How do you think the Jewish vote is going?" I said on butter-and-egg day. "Yours, for example."

I admit it was rather a leading question, but customers expect privileges . . . and I had never asked for discount.

He put on a blank and glassy expression. "Ah, that's a hard thing to say. What a pity Parliament is not all one party . . . Independents, perhaps; why not? Then we get along quick with the business. But now . . . there's this and there's that, there's this and there's that. How shall we know what to do?"

"Do? Surely every Jew who thinks at all must have a soft place somewhere for England. When I think of you people working with Russian socialists or Germans . . . it's like licking the foot that has kicked you for centuries. What has England ever done against the Jews since the days of King John, except publish a book or two in these uneasy days since the war . . . and those written by foreigners? If England had not sheltered you in Cromwell's time, there would be most likely not one of your people in America to-day, to say nothing of England and the colonies. You'd be very wretched now in the Ghettoes of Middle Europe instead of living freely in the sun here. You surely wouldn't go in with Nationalists?"

"All right, lady, all right, all right. England's very nice place, very rich place, but . . . what about Smuts?" His voice dropped to a furtive key. "They say every man has his price . . . may be five pounds, may be fifty, may be fifty thousand . . ."

"Is that your interpretation of that saying? Is that all you think it means?"

He gazed at me through thick glasses, puzzled.

"Why, what else could it be? Isn't price money?"

It is wonderful that so strong a race can be content to snuggle down under any sort of government when they might lead so efficiently; when they might even save idealism in a material world. For the Jew is a Janus; in one face we see the dreamer, and in the other the materialist. When the two faces merge into the practical idealist . . .

The cake is burning. There must have been an election on when Alfred forgot to turn the cakes.

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Johannesburg Musical Society.

At the next concert of the Johannesburg Musical Society the programme will include a Suite for soprano and string quartette by Professor P. R. Kirby, of the Witwatersrand University. Among the artists taking part will be Mrs. E. Endler, Mrs. L. Japhet, Mrs. J. Meiring, Mrs. E. Scott-Sinton, Mrs. Harold Ketelby and Mr. R. B. Lloyd. Mr. Lloyd has not been heard for some time, and his appearance at this concert will give the event an added interest. His virile treatment of big things like the Chopin F. Minor Ballade will be remembered by those who heard it, and it is expected that his music selections will be on similar lines. The concert promises to be one of exceptional interest.

Origin of Football.

One authority provides a hideous account of the origin of football. It is said that the game originated with the Danish invasion of England, when a citizen of Chester cut off a Dane's head, and started to kick it about with savage joy. The game was taken up by his kinsmen—hence football.

The people decided to make the hacking game a yearly celebration of their victory, and as human heads were not procurable each year, a leather ball was substituted. This primitive celebration continued to the sixteenth century.

In early football, as many as a thousand men played on a side and the ball was kicked all over the country. This game was played in England for fifteen centuries. Most of the balls were made from bullocks' bladders, rattling with peas and beans.

In 1314, Edward II. forbade the game, in the interests of sound limbs and orderliness.

In 1497, Scotland added its disapproval when James II. ordered that "in no place of this realm ther be used futeball, golfe, or other unprofitable sportes."

The Puritans also suppressed football, but in 1681, Charles II. attended a match in person and the sport was re-established.

Thus our game has evolved and remained in favour, in spite of its gruesome birth and the disfavour in which it was held in earlier days.

But I can't see why they did away with the idea of kicking the human head about as a football. *O.P.*

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The stories are told around the adventures of the Uganda Mounted Troop of scouts. The first chapter sends them out in search of adventure. They find it in a lonely hut where native elephant poachers have hidden thousands of pounds worth of ivory. They come upon it by accident, half buried under the floor of the hut. But they are captured by natives, they fight and think and scheme: they win, and everything is tremendously exciting. Then they hunt a man-eating lion. It has stolen a baby. They fight the brute in a clearing in the forest. They lassoo the baby and drag him to safety, and eventually the lion, in plunging on to the back of one of the scouts, actually plunges on to his spear because the scout deftly jumps aside. They are all after this fashion, these healthy exciting stories. Of course, the scouts don't come to harm. It is all well they should not. The book might have been shorter, and that would be a tragedy. One often sees the phrase, "Books for Boys." Here is one that deserves in every way to come under the heading. Messrs. Hurst and Blackett are the publishers.

Cosmo Hamilton.

Mr. Cosmo Hamilton is always able to make his stories tingle with a sort of cynical, almost epigramatic, smartness, and so one enjoys "Prisoners of Hope," even if the plot is a little bit too much of a strain on the imagination. The story opens at a Covent Garden Ball where we meet Lady George Cornish, who had "been a barmaid for several years and in the habit of calling waiters by their Christian names." She is really the joy of the book as far as character drawing is concerned. She rings true. Then we move to a world I know and love very tenderly: Panton Street, off the Haymarket. Coincidence perhaps! But I had a flat in the building next to the one in which Mr. Hamilton places his hero. So one is living in Panton Street for many pages, looking across at Stone's Chop House, and perhaps craning one's neck out of the window to see the stars coming out of the stage door of the Comedy, or Mr. Angus Wilson, the Panton Street poet, unlocked the door of his tall house. So "Prisoners of Hope" brings all this back in a deluge, and I enjoyed those early pages for sentimental reasons as well as for the fact that they are very entertaining. The hero of the piece is a youth, who is expelled from Eton and sent down from Oxford. He has what are known as hereditary weaknesses, and he finds his salvation on a South Sea Island. The fashion twenty years ago was to send one's characters to Australia. All the fiction uncles of 1900 appeared suddenly from Australia with fortunes, and all the ne'er-do-well sons were sent there. But now it is the South Sea Islands! 'Tis well! Tony goes there, with the woman he loves, and they end up as rulers of their Paradise. It is not an extraordinary plot, but Mr. Hamilton dresses it up with his usual colour, humour and smartness. So we are well entertained. Messrs. Hurst and Blackett are the publishers.

The Romance of Empire.

It is a long time since I found a book—a book of history written with the charm and strength of narrative I found in "The Romance of Empire," by Sir Philip Gibbs. The two sections that interested me most were those dealing with South Africa and New Zealand. I suppose I have read ten or fifteen histories of the Maori wars in New Zealand. My grandparents lived through them, and I have not forgotten Sunday nights in Auckland when my grandmother, a wonderful old woman who rode ten miles on horseback when she was seventy years old, told us how she went out under fire to act as interpreter between the black and white leaders. I feel competent to judge the New Zealand chapters of Sir Philip Gibbs' book. Except his descriptions of the New Zealand "Jungle"—the word is wrong—I think that he displays a touch of genius in this tale of Maoriland's emancipation. Considering the fact that his account of the Maori war is no doubt drawn of a dozen different contradictory sources, the facts and the spirit of his telling show that Sir Philip Gibbs has an almost uncanny gift for choosing and rejecting facts.

Of the South African section! I should like to see the hundred pages concerning the story of the Union reprinted as a small book for the benefit of those hurried people who want to understand the story from sixteen fifty-two to the end of the war, on that famous last day of May when the Burghers accepted the terms of the British Government. The pageant of events is very complete. In sixteen fifty-two there came the Dutch to Capetown, and then, thirty-two years later, the Huguenots, driven out of France by the Edict of Nantes. Their farms spread north as far as the Fish River, where they had to fight Bushmen and Hottentots to hold their ground. In 1781 the English captured the colony, and thus things went on until 1803, when

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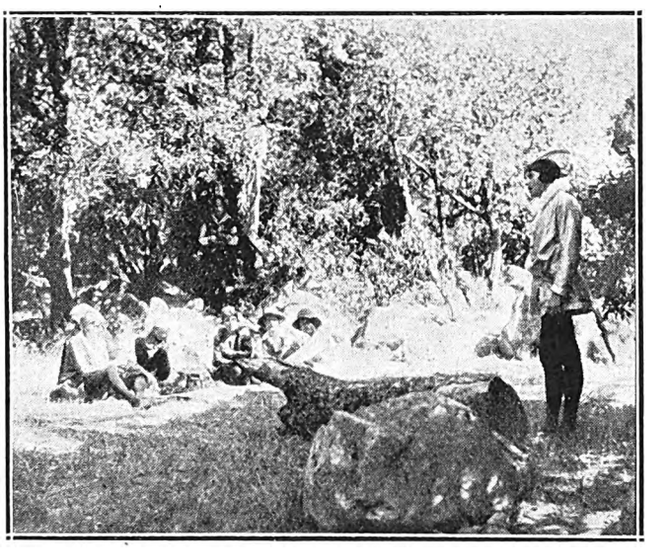
the colony was handed back to Holland in return for Ceylon. But the story is common knowledge in this part of the world. In 1806 the English came again, and in 1814 Holland renounced all her rights. Then came the astounding and dreadful army of Tshaka the Terrible, then the Great Trek, the promising Boer farms of Natal and the outrage of Dingaan and his Zulus. The story from then is too intimately known to bear my retelling. Sufficient it is that Sir Philip Gibbs has told it with extraordinary ease and with the strange magnetism of good narrative as well as the loyalty to facts which we expect of the historian. I had often wondered why it is that everything Sir Philip Gibbs happened to write, be it fact or fiction, has a quality which was difficult to explain when, as a reviewer, I sought for adjectives. The difficulty disappeared last year when I met him in England. I realised that the extraordinary quality in his work emanated from himself rather than from his pen. That is supposed to be an essential in writing, yet many people seem to get on without it. Sir Philip Gibbs is a man incapable of false thought in himself or false attitude towards his public. It is for this reason that his merest newspaper articles are more than journalism. It is for this reason that "The Romance of Empire" is a great book, well written and, sweeping its historical importance aside, far more interesting to read than any novel I have had for six months past. Messrs. Hutchinson and Company, of London, publish this excellent book.



The pupils of St. Cyprian's School, Capetown, during their performance of "As You Like It" in the school grounds.

Milady Nicotine in a New Dress.

In commerce, prophets are almost as essential as profits. Great businesses have always succeeded because of the vision of at least one man who could see ahead, prophecy the mood of the public, the fashion of the buying public. It happens that I am a devout smoker. I do not "take" a cigarette as one might take an aspirin. To me, a good cigarette is an emotional pleasure. A dinner fails, for me, unless I am able to sit down and enjoy a good Virginian cigarette. I am moved to enthusiasm by a new cigarette which the United Tobacco Company has just put on the market. It is a new "C to C *de luxe*," made of the brightest straight cut tobacco and turned out . . . well . . . it's all a shilling miracle. The box is jolly, artistic and neat and the whole is wrapped in transparent paper, which you slip off like a singlet. That alone is a pleasure. You know that the packet makes a great deal of difference to the cigarettes. The packets are grey and purple and even the shilling box is hinged, not one of those slither-in-and-out ones. A magazine is supposed to encourage and applaud art and music and all that sort of thing, but I feel just as liberally inclined to applaud a good product in business, hence this little tribute to the excellence of the new "C to C"—a good cigarette, packed after the best English manner and sold so cheaply. I think it is all very clever. *H.B.*

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General Manager.

Johannesburg,
February, 1925.

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The Old Lady Reads Her Letters.

"Over the Hills to Happy Valley."

By Pamela Travers.

"Sorrow," I said, dispersing a mouthful of caraway cake with the end of my tongue, "goes hand in hand with every joy in the world."

The thin lady on the sofa sat up if anything more straightly than before, and put down her cup with a clatter. She thumped an already acquiescent cushion into complete surrender.

"What on earth," she demanded, "does youth know of sorrow? It is merely a word that you use when you have cut your finger or lost your umbrella. A figure of speech! Hyperbole!"

"Yes," augmented the fat lady, "you wait till you get to my age." And her pause was filled with my conjectures as to how long it would take me to profit by that advice. She went on, stirring her tea with a fierce, plump hand, "You just wait. Then perhaps you'll have something to talk about."

But the smile of the old lady came lightening across to me, and covered me with a cloak of comfort. Her eyes travelled calmly backwards and forwards between the two who wore their experience as a sort of armour to keep out mellowness and content.

"You are both wrong," said the quiet voice of the old lady. "Sorrow and joy are the perquisites of youth. The old can only remember these things. Tears and laughter come to the old as visitors, but they are constant playfellows of the young. We dwell upon a plain where pain and pleasure are little trees of memory, but they dance upon mountain-tops where these things are flowers beneath their feet. And both the plains and the mountains are very sweet—the pity of it is that they never meet."

The fat lady and the thin lady both remembered they were perfect ladies and did not sniff, but disapproval hung like a cloud in the air as they gathered together their numerous wraps. They were not going to be taught by youth, indeed. They were not going to have youth making vapid epigrams without making some effort towards remonstration. What could youth know of sorrow, when its eyes were like candles set in a dark place? It was an impertinence of youth to suppose it could share the matured feelings of middle age. Why must it take everything? Why not leave them something for themselves? They did not mind the young having joy, but they did object to crude, half-grown hands encroaching upon their sole rights to unhappiness and discontent. Grabbing, grabbing. Youth was always demanding something, determined to experience every emotion. It was indecent. They stabbed their arms through their coat sleeves as if they might, by good chance, wound some enemy at the other side. Their feet made querulous, resentful noises on the path, and the gate swung to behind them with just the gesture with which a last curtain creeps down at the end of a social-problem play.

The old lady turned to me with a whimsical outflinging of hands.

"Middle-age can be very sad, my dear, can't it?" she said, and then, chuckling, "but picturesque. Did you notice how very thin and how very fat they are. I suppose experience has done that for them."

Then she slipped her hand through my arm, and led me back along the grey path to the lighted doorway that was long and bright like a mother's smile. She paused in the entrance, and sent a long look up into my face.

"It was true what you said," she said in her little bird-like cheeping voice. "Sorrow does go hand in hand with every joy in the world. It is the black velvet background that makes the jewelled arabesques of joy stand out with perfect salience. You will know them both as I have known them both. But never be afraid of them. Fear forges the only weapon with which life can wound you. They were afraid, those two out there in the night, and now their experience has eaten up their dreams."

She drew me inside the ruddy golden room, and closed the door upon the night. She moved about the room like a sparrow, and from the top of a case of books she brought down a long, deep, yellowing box. Then she came to the fire with little bird-like sounds. Her look became childishly conspiratorial, as her fingers fumbled with the lock of the yellowed box.

"Once a year," she whispered, and then turned her head to see if anybody were listening to her feathery disclosure. "Once a year I take down this box and re-read my letters. Once a year I divest myself of experience and go back to youth." She chuckled like a delighted baby who hears a watch ticking for the first time. "And this year"—she made a weighty pause to impress the importance of the occasion upon me—"this year I'm going to take you back with me!"

Her excitement, when she opened the box, was exactly the same sound that a sparrow makes when it has found a young and succulent grub, and her hands went eagerly among the old papers like tiny fluttering wings. I could see that already her feet had set out on that path that leads back across the mountains to the Happy Valley.

The old lady took up a little greying card, and her eyes wept over it lovingly.

"The programme of my first dance," she cheeped, handing it to me. I glanced at the list of old dances—valse, cotillion, polka, lancers, quadrille, and against them the same name kept recurring with suspicious frequence: Roger, Roger, James, Roger, Andrew, Simon, Roger, William, Roger, Roger, Roger.

"Now who was Roger?" I demanded, severely. "A greedy person this Roger!"

Her face burst into a perfect garden of twinkling tenderness.

"Ah, Roger!" she shook her head, remembering perhaps his dear audacities. When she looked at me she was blushing like a girl. She leant towards me confidentially.

"Roger was my first love—my very first. He had thick brown hair, and eyes in whose blueness any girl might drown. He was the vicar's son, and two years older than I. Oh, but the way he used to laugh—such round, glad laughter—such little crinklings up of the skin round his eyes, such happy dimplings about his mouth!"

"But surely," I said, still admonishing her, "all these dances!"

"My dear, he insisted—absolutely insisted. And when a man insists . . ."—she finished the sentence with a demure, diminutive shrug.

"And what happened? Why didn't you marry him?"

"Child, child," crooned the old lady, "one never marries one's first love. That would break the spell. You must not marry your first love, because you must have some pristine, fragrant, unattained thing to look back upon. Besides," whimsically, "he married somebody else, and now his sons have grey sprinkling the brown of their hair."

The little hands went exploring again amongst the letters, like child-miners digging for treasure trove. They brought out a packet of tiny letters, bound up with worn pink ribbon.

"These," she explained, "are from Lucille. She and I were friends when we both wore pigtails. We told one another all our secrets and vowed life-long adoration to each other." She handed me the letters, and I read in the faded, spidery writing all the things that all girls write to other girls. The solemn vows of friendship, the demure references to how handsome H. looked at the ball last night; the faintly malicious little bit of scandal, and how L. looked rather over-dressed in that blue cashmere with the pink roses; the chronicling of absurd small trifles of family

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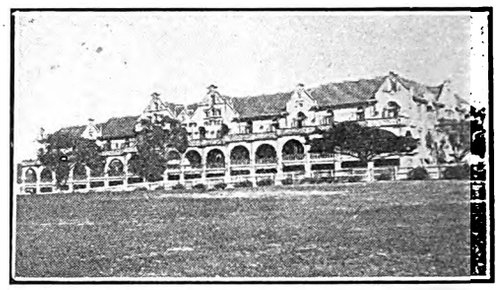

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doings; the postscripts reiterating the promises of eternal unalloyed affection. Surely every girl since Eve was a maiden has written letters like these.

I handed the letters back to the old lady.

"Where is Lucille now?" I asked. "And did she keep her promises?"

"I don't know where she is," said the old lady's smiling voice. "And what girl could keep promises such as these? I made the same vows to her, and I have not kept mine. We should not know what to say to one another if we met now. She is probably a crabby, fierce, old woman. She was always a very determined, truculent girl, Lucille. Poor dear, and she had such a large nose. Still I love her, and I keep her here as she was when she was young. To me she is always the girl I knew forty years ago."

And she tied the old pink ribbon tenderly about the letters again, and put them back in the yellowed box.

She made tiny explanatory speeches about other letters as she turned them over.

"Ah, Aunt Emily, dear Aunt Emily! Here she has sent me a recipe for home-made cider. She was an excellent cook, Aunt Emily."

"This is from my brother Francis, telling me of the birth of his eleventh child. I never could quite visualise Francis as a father. He was such a jubilant, headstrong boy—the sort of person one never expects to grow up. But he did. He went away to India, and married there and died there, and his eleven children are still there. One would expect Francis to have eleven children—he was always so thorough, too thorough—in fact, he often bordered on exaggeration. Let me see, that letter is dated 1880. Well, well, that eleventh baby they were so proud of is a man now with several babies of his own."

"This is an invitation to the garden party where I met my husband. I can see him now, tall and straight in his long grey coat, and his beard was as yellow as corn."

"His beard," I exclaimed, horrified.

"Why, of course, my dear, he had a beard. Everybody wore beards then. It gave him a sober grown-up look, which the man of to-day lacks. Though Peter was never grown up. He was like a boy playing truant from school. He always seemed so much younger than I. He came to me as a child comes to its mother, and I loved him for his youth and his laughter and his waywardness and his need

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of me." Her voice had crept down to a small wren's voice. "Women do sometimes love men for these things, my dear."

"And then you were married."

"Oh, I was very happy in those first days. He was so laughter-lit and the world was a very young and new place for us then. And then the children." There were nightingales in the voice of the old lady at that moment. "Then the children—Robin and Martha—made life into a glory. I did not care for anything but the children. They were the whole sum of my existence. See, see," her hands shook as she searched through the yellowed box, "here are Robin's letters from school. This one is all about the ferret and the silkworms he kept under his bed. This one is asking for more money because he was in debt to the extent of one and ninepence. Now he is growing older he wants a new cricket bat, and in this he has won the history prize. These round-hand, blotty ones are from Martha; Martha drawing huge kisses across the paper; Martha wanting doll's clothes; Martha giving me the valuable information in wobbly printed letters about a wonderful Lucille of her own whom she had vowed to love for ever. Read them, read them for yourself." And, half-sobbing and half-laughing, she poured the shower of scrawled letters into my lap. I touched them gently, tenderly, knowing her heart was there, and soon the forms of laughing Robin and dreaming Martha stood before me, recreated by the spluttering pens they themselves had used in dead years. I turned from contemplating these beloved children to glance at their so silent mother. Slow tears were treading wet cheeks and pain was in her eyes. She had two letters in her hands.

"Oh, my dear, my dear," said the old lady. "This is from Peter, telling me he was leaving me for somebody else." I bent down to comfort her, "No, no, I do not grieve for his leaving me, but because I had not been kinder to him. I wearied of his eternal foolish laughter and waywardness. I wanted a mate, and he was only a third child to me. It was my fault that he went away. I did not love him enough." Her eyes fell and she noticed the other letter.

"And this letter is the voice of a man crying to me across the years. A man who would have been lover, comrade and husband to me, had I been brave enough to go to him. But I was not brave. The children held me, so I did not go."

"And what of the children?" I asked, softly. Her voice moaned to me as a sorrowing bird calls across the sky to its mate.

"Robin—Robin, who loved all living things—went out to kill, and was himself killed. Lovely and straight as a young tree, he was a glorious ornament for life, and life threw him away. Robin, who used to cry to me through the dark of the night, to be for ever living in the darkness!"

"But what of Martha?" I said, thinking to steal the shadow of her grief.

"Martha was so little and so dreamy, so terribly eager for life, so gloriously unafraid of love. She was the song of my life: all my dreams were built about her after Robin left us. And then one night she came to me through the dusk, and I thought she looked like a flower swaying in a shadowed place. She came to me and told me that love had taken her from me. She went to love so fearlessly, her eyes two proud armies flying triumphant pennants, and love broke her. I, who had taught her that love was the best thing in the world, had not told her it was also the most cruel thing, so she was broken, and I had no child in my arms."

The eyes of the old lady stared out towards things I could not see, and her voice was a strange country to me.

But I went to her softly, and her eyes came back to me smiling. Her arms came out to me and her fingers were birds in my hair.

"Child, child, child," she murmured, mother-wise. "Let me change your words and give them a new meaning. I say that joy goes hand in hand with every sorrow in the world. For Martha and Robin are gone, but you have come to me." But as I kissed her, I knew it was not I, but Martha, dancing from the dead years, who had set lips upon her lips; and as I went quietly away, I knew that she heard Robin's footsteps going up the stairs. . . . .

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London Theatres.

Leicester Square, February 12, 1925.

After seeing Frederick Lonsdale's "Spring Cleaning," I can assure you that all the adulatory superlatives showered upon it ten days ago are thoroughly deserved. Mr. Lonsdale assuredly has given us meat as strong as Messrs. Maugham's and Coward's, but at the same time he has contrived to serve it up with a leavening of healthy adjuncts, and finally to leave his hero and heroine in a perfectly feasible state of "happy ever after." In addition to that he most adroitly titillates the feminine palate for flattery by his insistence on their "mystery" (he's likely to have G.B.S. on his track when the Adelphi sage returns from Madeira), and for that reason alone the play cannot fail to run for a twelvemonth.

The sum total of successes in last and this week's offerings in meagre: not one of them has had more than what amounts to a distantly polite reception, and at least a couple can be distantly polite reception, and at least a couple can be definitely reckoned as downright failures. "The Dollar Princess," without a doubt, will be certain to find audiences sufficient to carry her along for a few months until new operetta is ready. The music is charming still, and Evedyn Laye can "draw" her public as infallibly as Lily Elsie used to do at the same house. Carl Brisson, too, is something of a popular idol now (South Africa knows him as the masculine half of the Danish dancing duo, Les Brissons). Frank Tinney's appearance as a white-faced comedian (in "Sometime") materialised last mail-day at the Vaudeville. Mr. Tinney himself was ever so droll all the time, but whether the piece will meet with more appreciation than "Love's Prisoner," next door at the Adelphi, is doubtful. "Old Heidelberg" is just beyond Ivor Novello in his present stage of histrionic development. If he had got together a stronger company to support him, especially an actress to do even half as much as Eva Moore did for "Kathie" in the George Alexander days at the St. James', the tale might have been different: as it is we wish him luck with his next venture. On Saturday, when Matheson Lang again revived "Carnival," they had to "ring up" with an understudy in the principal part. Matters were quickly put to rights by Mr. Henry C. Hewitt, the said understudy, who triumphed with a capital T. His success in such unusual circumstances has been gratifying both to himself and the box-office. *Paul Pry.*

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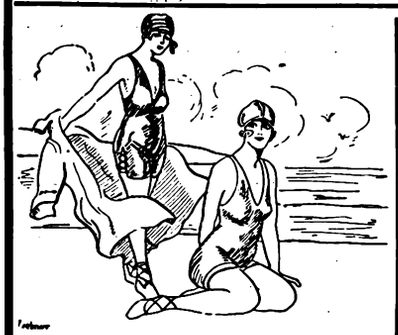

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Bijou.

Jazz films are all the rage at present; everybody is talking of them and seeing them. The BIJOU this week is giving us the most thrilling, most jazzmaniacal film of all and Mae Murray is heading a splendid cast, including Robert Frazer and Rod La Rocque. Mae Murray is taking us from the exotic Spanish setting of "Fascination," from the brilliant Parisian back-ground of "Peacock Alley" from the utter modernity of America in "Broadway Rose" to the curious country of Jazzmania, where as Queen Ninon she rules over a country of cornets and coronets in a romance of saxophones and sovereigns. And it is all at the Bijou during next week, from the 16th March onwards.

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Orpheum.

At the ORPHEUM next week "The Purple Highway" is heading the bill with Madge Kennedy, who has just returned to the screen after two years work on the stage, leading in the film while Beryl Beresford, England's newest star, Mario de Pietro and Joan Revel, are showing their talents to vaudeville patrons. A story of life as it can be, "The Purple Highway" tells a wonderful tale of artists, authors and architects: their failures and, yes! their successes. During the second half of the week Johannesburg is to see a thrilling picture of baseball as America plays it. It is a wildly hilarious comedy-drama, and Hoot Gibson makes the going hard and exciting from its commencement in the Wild West to its finish among the great Baseball League players of America, and frantic cheering crowds.

Carlton.

On the 16th of March, we are to see Marion Davies at the CARLTON as a flippant young flapper in New York society in "Enchantment." Marion plays a wilful part, and is at her best in this gorgeous society drama, but how she loses her wilfulness is for you to see, not for me to tell. During the second half of the week Jack Hoxie is starring in a fast moving picture of Bronco Busting, daring riders, and a tremendous cattle stampede, "Fighting Fury." Jack Hoxie's favourite white horse is almost as popular as this vividly popular star, and it carries Hoxie through a rain of bullets in a thunder of hoofs to a whirlwind finish of galloping horses and smoking guns.

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Thistledown and Thunder.

A Higgledy-Piggledy Diary.

By Hector Bolitho.

The writer has come to the age when memory is failing him, and he rescues incidents and impressions from the passing torrent before it is too late.

This series of articles, which may continue for far longer than either you or he may wish, is an effort to set down all the things he hadn't the time or the courage to write in the years the locusts have eaten; in New Zealand, Fiji, Samoa, Tonga, Australia, Italy, France, the parent England . . . and now Africa.

CHAPTER IV.

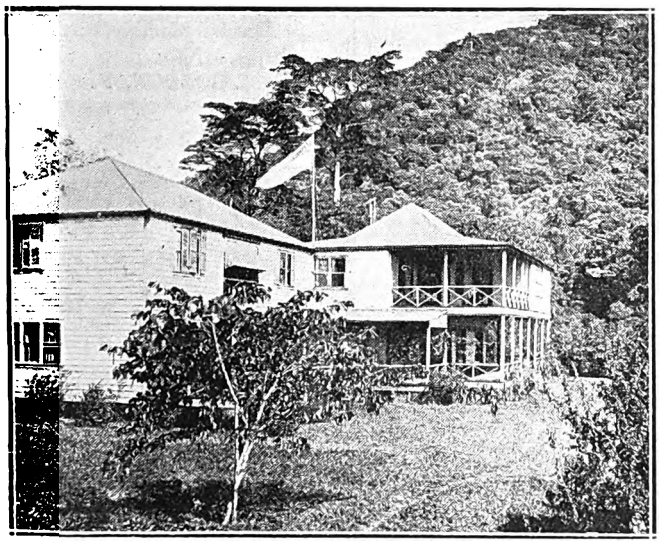
March 1919.

The story of Stevenson's grave has been told so often that I hestitate to add my scant tribute to the already over-laden record of Lusitala's life in Samoa.

But my island journey would be incomplete without at least a passing reference to the cloud-swept grave where Stevenson lies, on Mount Vaea, outside Apia.

Vailima.

Mount Vaea is some distance from the coast, and we first journeyed along the road to Vailima, which nestles close to the mountain. The roadway was wonderful. The great

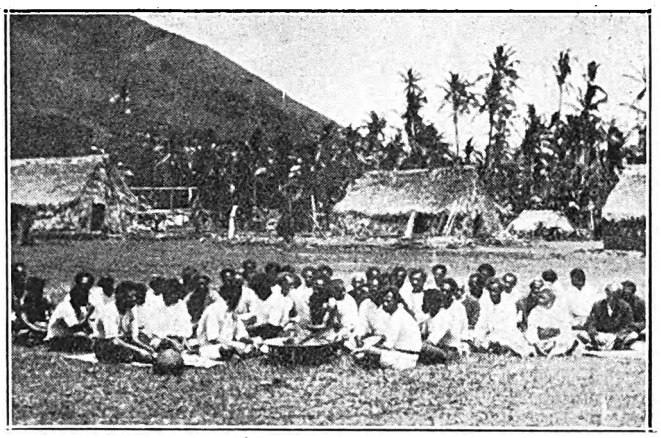


Stevenson's Home in Samoa.

sun beat mercilessly down, and to the right and left scattered water hyacinths bordered the road. Hibuscus flowers were everywhere. Sometimes we passed a lonely house, where a Samoan woman bade us good-day, and tiny brown children sifted the road dust through their toes and lowered their eyes as we passed.

Vailima had changed, and the air of a bookman's garden had departed. It was now the home of the Administrator, and the atmosphere in which "St. Ives" was created had given place to the march of disciplined men, the scratch of the official pen, and the dignity of the British Crown.

Mount Vaea was steep and forbidding. The climb gave some idea of what that band of natives faced when they bore Stevenson's body up the thickly-wooded mountain. Still at work on several manuscripts, Stevenson died with the calm dignity that marked the greater portion of his life. The Samoans strove to show their lasting esteem by forcing a funeral road up the mountain side. On and on, the dark islanders fought through the undergrowth, until a way was cleared the summit. The body was carried up the path and buried on a narrow ledge which dominates the surrounding country. This great task of burial was the last act of homage to a man who had crept into the affections of the thousands of the uncivilised but chivalrous Samoan natives, for the Samoans are chivalrous, and I count them as being the most charming native people I have met.



Pacific Islanders making Native Beer.

I stood near to the grave. Far, far down, the divine blue met the sand of the beaches and the green sloping cliffs.

Mount Vaea is a bird sanctuary, for the natives forbid the shooting of the songsters which add their note to the sad charm of this solitary grave. Round my head they reeled, casting shadows on the stonework of the tomb.

To Apia Again.

At noon I slowly made my way down the mountain and back to Apia town, reflecting on the joy that should be felt by every Englishman who has read Stevenson's books.

After being for many years buried in Germany territory, his grave, in common with the acres about it, has been declared Britsh ground, and the ever-glorious flag of Britain waves over the tomb of one of the foremost writers of the nineteenth century.

The distressing sickness to which Stevenson was a prey, made it impossible for him to tour the island of Upolu very extensively, but before settling down in Samoa, he made many South Sea Island trips, visiting most of the groups. The influence of his associations with the natives is found in his "Island Nights Entertainment," and in other stories which have their setting in similar lands. How truly island life is presented by Stevenson is quickly recognised after a few days with the people of the South Seas.

Stevenson showed great interest in Samoan affairs, and helped to introduce many improvements, aiding the natives in their wrestle with officialism. In their gratitude they built a road to his home as a tribute to his worth, calling it the Road of the Loving Heart.

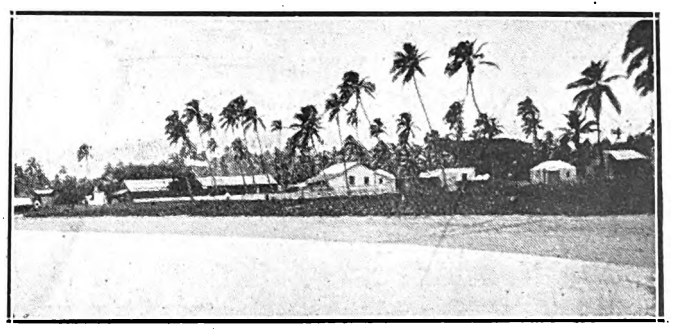
Hapaai.

What a day! What a place!

Hapaai seemed to be poised in the air—it was a mirage. It couldn't be real.

Small boats landed us on the sand. An ocean of brilliant trees quivered and whispered. The sunlight . . . . it was like fire heat. The little houses were just put there for fun. They were just pixies' cottages, lying beneath the trees. Nothing was real . . . . it couldn't be!

But I knelt down and sifted the silver sand through my fingers. The little dark-skinned marionettes outside the houses ran down to the water. Smoke came out of a wobbly chimney. Yes, Hapaai was real!



Hapaai, an island of the Tongan Group.

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Hapaai.

In short, you pronounce it "Har" as in harpoon and "pie" as eaten. It is low lying and just two days after we left it, the island was swept by a tidal wave. There is a deserted place there: it is rather like a Bloomsbury boarding house, except that the Royal coat-of-arms still hang majestically over the door. Once upon a time the Royal family of Tonga, coloured, but very different from the people of Africa or Australia, lived here and ruled with an iron rod (no doubt picked up from wreckage on the beach). But Downing Street stepped in; things are different now. I have been entertained by seven important natives. Each one insisted on my drinking a cocoanut full of milk. It is a very filling business. The little snapshot shows a low-lying shore. The whole island is more or less like this, and the great cocoanut palms wave their crowns in the air in the most regal fashion. When I returned to the steamer, I found that they'd put a missionary in my cabin with me. You must never travel with either commercial travellers or missionaries. The travellers will try to sell you something, even if you are seasick, and the missionaries inevitably tell you about their "flock," read Thomas à'Kempis and gargle their throats. I never knew anybody take medicines like missionaries . . . and bishops. Once I travelled up the New Zealand coast with a bishop. He had five bottles of tabloids and countless bottles of medicine. He took all of them, until he must have been like a Boots inside.

A camera seems to work wonders with the Tongans. It breaks down all barriers, and you have only to peer into your finder to attract a line of smiling youngsters. The people of Hapaai are too hospitable. I visited four native huts, and in every case was entertained to a cocoanut full of milk. The chief Tongan of the house insisted upon this hospitality. So we arrived back at the ship feeling almost drunk on the milk of the cocoanuts.

The spiders in Hapaai are enormous. They throw their webs across the roadway, and once our car had to break through a frail faery curtain of web. A magnificent coloured spider was swaying on his tinsel curtain, and he was dashed to the ground by the radiator.

I felt that I should apologise to the spider for bringing the car into his habitat.

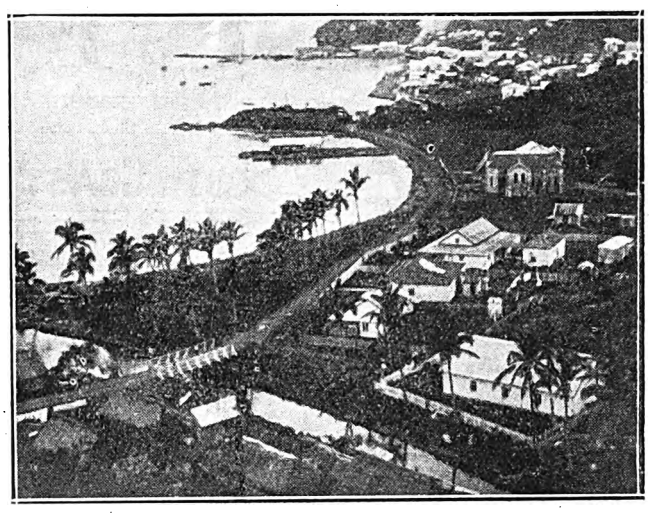
Hapaai is too open and candid to have much tropical atmosphere. It seems to be a very moral place, and it is so sleepy and quiet that it impresses one only through the eye. My senses remained undisturbed, and I was almost glad to greet those postcard-buying, thick-ankled, squeaky-voiced, candy-chewing school teachers when I stepped on board again.

April 1919: Vavau.

You must be growing tired of these tropical places, with all their colours and sunshine. So we'll skip quickly back to New Zealand again. Vavau has a glorious harbour and a strange cluster of buildings in which people "do business." At night, when we sailed away, hundreds of native girls crowded on to the wharf and sang us a farewell in their native tongue. It was really rather charming floating out on the night to us as we steamed away. But my missionary was still in my cabin, and he was darning a pink woollen undervest . . . in such a climate! The man must be a barbarian. Anyway, who ever wore pink woollen undervests? Ugh!

Nukualofa.

To-day we arrived at Nukualofa, the capital of the Tongan Islands. Here lives the Queen of Tonga, a native girl who speaks perfect English. We met her on the lawn of the "palace," the latter being still rather loyal to the Bloomsbury Boarding-house tradition. I hear that her feet are so big that she has to send to New Zealand and have her shoes specially made for her. When we arrived in the bay, a fish drive was in progress. Hundreds of natives were lined up, knee deep in water, each holding a coarse net made of woven leaves. This formed a complete net across the bay. Patiently they waited, these dusky fishermen, until the sea ran out. Then the flat coral sea bed was

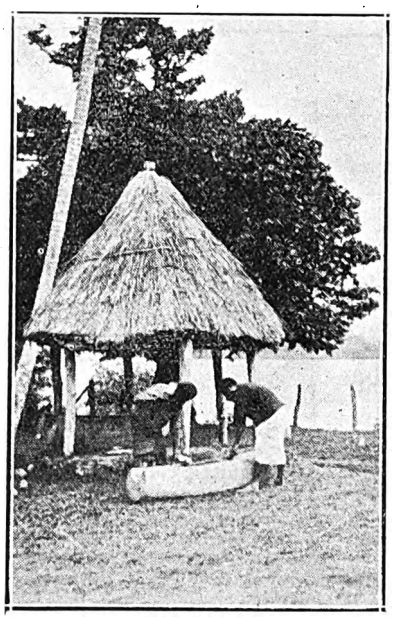


Levuka, Fiji Islands.

gleaming with thousands of sparkling fish, fish of all kinds, all colours and all sizes. They were quickly gathered into baskets and then carried ashore. It was really exciting . . . the sea ran out rapidly and then this pageant of dancing silver was revealed in the sunlight.

Suva Again.

I am back in Suva, back in the wonderful hotel where the baths are so palatial I feel inclined to sleep in one. All night the sea moans at the reef, all night you can hear it, and see the great majestic moon riding solemnly across the sky, like a high powered, silver canoe, on a lake of stars.



A Lali: A Native Gong.

Before I went to bed, I walked out and, with some Americans who were out to taste anything, I drank some kava. I may have told you before! Have I? No! Well! Kava is Fijian beer, and it is prepared from the root of some plant on the islands. In the old days the Fijians sat around the beer basin, in dozens, chewed the root and spat the result into the communal bowl. That was too disgusting. All is changed, and the Fijians are more and more hygienic every day. Before we go I must tell you about my lali. This is a native gong, made out of a hollowed tree trunk. The natives beat it with a baton, and the result is a strange, dull but far travelling note. In the old days, the lali was used in battle. Now it is used to summon the American tourists in the hotel to their midday meal. Ah civilisation! How barbaric you be!

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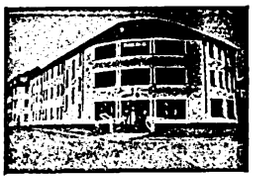

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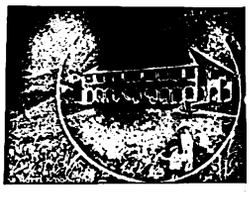

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Bath-Singing.

I am one of the people who sing of a morning in the bathroom. And after all, why not? Man is born to sorrow as the sparks fly upward, and man is born to sing in his bath as the shower-water is wet. Just as it is woman's birthright to be contrary, so it is man's heritage through the ages to be permitted to sing in his bath. If he does not exercise it, it will fall into desuetude, and from that, as everyone knows, no lawyer can rescue anything except his fees.

No man ever sings in a warm bath. He doesn't need it. We all like warm baths. None of us, no matter how we boast of our cold shower, summer and winter, like cold water. So we sing to keep our minds off the cold water—also to let everyone know that we are having a cold tub, and so show the world how much braver we are than the Continental races, who, preferring comfort, and being wiser than we, take their baths with the chill off. If we can't be wise, we can at least be courageous.

Nor does any bath singer ever try classical songs. If he could sing them he would not need to sing in his bath; he would be allowed to sing outside the bathroom. I fancy that the mixture of songs in our family is much the same as in most. My own taste is for songs of school and the 'varsity, plantation songs and war-time songs:

"Oh, Jo'burg, happy land, happy land,
I'm going to live in Jo'burg till I die."

* * * * * *

"The bells of Hell go ting-a-ling-a-ling
For you but not for me
The angels all will sing-a-ling-a-ling
They'll ring their harps for me,
Oh, death where is thy sting-a-ling-a-ling
Where, grave, thy victory?"

It is in boarding houses that the bath-singer is happiest. It is the only noisy accomplishment permitted there, for the men band themselves together in one body against the old maids, against their wives, even against the young maids, and refuse to countenance any stoppage of it.

At my last boarding house my fellow-boarders hated me: I hated them: they hated all singing: I bathed six times a day. *Neil Collins.*

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The Art of Jan Juta.

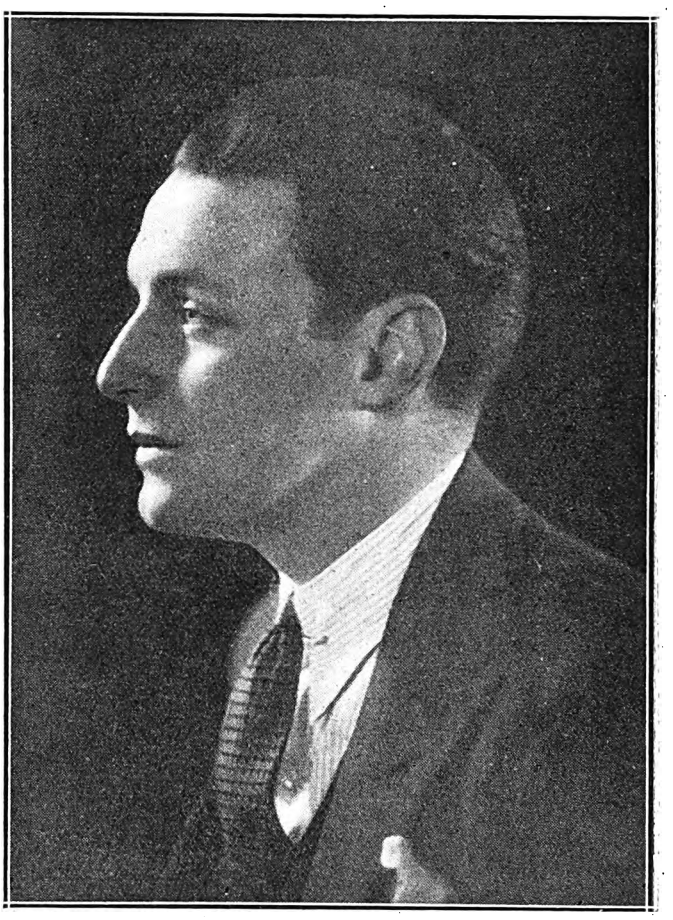
And an Article by Himself.

(*See Illustrations on Page 3.*)

Mr. Jan Juta is one of the South African artists who have achieved recognition in London, Paris and New York. His illustrations in the books published by Martin Secker, no less than his originals shown at exhibitions, have won him praise from critics who, to be brief, "know their job."

The following article was written for the SOUTH AFRICAN PICTORIAL *from the Village Eze Alpen Nanitives where Mr. Juta is at present living. With it we reproduce a number of his recent paintings which, we hope, will help to bring South Africa to appreciate and understand one of its sons who has shown the Old World that we are not entirely engrossed with the production of gold and mealies; that the transient things of life are also woven into our fabric.*

Editor, S.A. Pictorial.



MR. JAN JUTA.

"Through beauty cometh all happiness to Man."

By Jan Juta.

You ask me for something of interest. To give the many readers of your excellent paper anything concerning art, or the artist's life—or even the international world of "Bohemia"—this is a difficult thing to do, for were I to banish a few of the erroneous ideas the world has about artists, your readers might be disappointed; or were I to express a few of my own ideas they might not be interested or think one precocious, so what shall it be?

Shall I write of the struggles which go on all around me, towards success and possible fame, but mostly towards living and keeping off starvation? Shall I whisper of the tragedies of the failure to do this, of the extreme despair, which fills the heart and mind of so many an artist, and which brings to some that sacred fire of creative thought, or to others a dramatic end to a possibly brilliant, though unsuccessful career? Too much has been said of it already; rather I would gather for you, if I could, a handful of incidents from some recent journey in the southern area, mother them in sunshine and blue skies, and tie them softly with the scented wind that blows from North Africa across the Mediterranean. That very word has magic.

The world centre—almost the life centre of the whole earth—from here sprang all civilisation, art, religion, and from these sun-baked shores sailed the men who made the world. Here sailed Sennacherib in his great galleys, and the Phoenicians of the hooked nose and long thin feet, from here the Greeks with their broad clear brows sang from their riggings of purple and black, here the great Venetian boats set proud sail against Genoa; and here sang Sappho, from her golden island, songs that went to the brain like wine; and here fell Icarus into the blue sea; and how many more? Paul, sailing off Pamphylia, and Pontius Pilate, conscience-stricken, hurrying from Judea to undertake office at Marseilles, and hide his misery in the Midi dusk under the shadow of the olive trees! Surely Romance treads all the stories of this mysterious sea. And so I, too, set sail one sparkling morning from the old harbour of Nice; the long lines of the azure coast stretching away to either side, and before me the open blue sky and sea, and the hope of the cool, kind Corsican harbours beyond the horizon. To be conscious—as one is in sailing—of no mechanical impetus, no machinery; just to be carried silently, smoothly, by the favourable breeze, surely makes sailing the ideal form of locomotion.

Then more than ever I understood the great sailors of the seas, and in a moment I was sailing in my subconsciousness with Napoleon back to Ajaccio, his home; with Garibaldi away from Nice, with visions in his eyes, with Theodore von Newhoff, having Corsica in view as a new kingdom to conquer; all had sailed this very route and Corsica, my goal, had harboured, sheltered, encouraged, honoured, even bewailed, most of them!

Arrive in Corsica at golden Calor; sail quietly in the smooth blue bay; see the vision of the bright fortress town rise sheer out of the sea above you, strong, unyielding, faithful Calor—the only loyal city when Genoa was all betrayed!

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Nothing ugly or harsh disturbs the colour of Calor, not even the restless shade of Columbus that hovers round his now ruined house. And there, among those bright-eyed, music-loving, blue-clothed people, I met the real "Corsica" as darkness set in, for the shepherds were back from the mountain passes with legends of wonders in the snows to tell, and strange songs reminiscent of far-away Greece; and the fishers were back from the rosy-red coast where the lobsters are spawned in millions, with tales of adventure and hardship, of mysteries and deep sea marvels; somewhere a banjo is played, and somewhere the high voice of the shepherd declaims in a long, discordant melody the hardship and tragedy of the spirit—that is the Corsica of to-day.

If I had space I could tell of many a romantic journey up into the snows on mule-back, to the high peaks of Monte Cinto, where the shepherds dwell; or perhaps, through the great fine forests, whose high, proud trunks had furnished the masts of the stately galleons that sailed round the island; of exciting hunts after the wild boar, whose ferocity has bred much legend and romance; of steel blue nights spent with the fishing fleet to watch the lobsters being collected, inhauled, and packed; and then again of dances at the cattle fairs, among the wild horse dealers of the island, who have the glint of treachery in their eyes and hold life cheap when their bargaining does not lead to a successful and profitable outcome.

But one must go to Corsica to appreciate her; one must leave as always on going a journey one's complexes, one's troubles, one's pessimism, with most of one's luggage and go with a clear and open mind to see, and know and understand. And this is beauty found and captured, and "through beauty cometh all happiness to man"! And therein lies the answer to the many who question me on my journeyings the "why" and the "wherefore" I travel on the Newal quest. *Jan Juta.*

On the Trail of the Bushongo.

Out of Africa come strange tales, and travellers from Africa can be as honest as Moffat, as daring as Livingstone or as stay-at-home as John Smith of Yeoville, and their tales are all just as likely to be believed in old-established and seldom-excited Europe. Of the native tribes of Africa much has been written in the past, but most of the writings have had their scientific dullness brightened only by the peculiar and astonishing variety of the customs and habits of the black people of the Dark Continent.

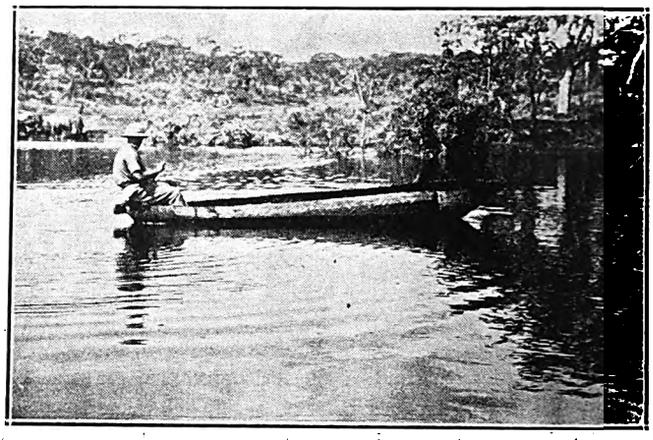
But now we have a book, "The Trail of the Bushongo" by E. Torday, (Seeley, Service & Co., London), which is not only written by a scientist, but also written by one who understands the art of presenting solid facts entertainingly and interestingly. For instance, what he has to say about love among the Black People is not only useful to the anthropologist but also interesting to you or me.

"It has been many times argued that younger races than ours are incapable of feeling love so nobly as we do, but this is not, however, the case amongst the Baluba; the verb expressing the idea of being in love is identical with being in pain, *kusanswa*. They recognise that:

"The throbbing heart is made to ache,
To suffer pangs of love—and break."

He writes of everything, pottery, potsherds, Belgian Governors, initiation ceremonies, cannibals (Yes! they still exist in Africa) and music. His description of their music is interesting:

"Luba songs are very pleasant to our ears, and the execution of their orchestras is splendid. The 'leader' plays the marimba, a xylophone consisting of a board of keys made of hard-wood and tuned in the pentatonic scale; under each key a calabash is attached which acts as a resonator.



A Curious Craft.

Mr. Douglas, of Mulungushi, crossing the river in a canoe made from a hollowed-out tree trunk. Mulungushi is 14 degrees from the equator.

Next in importance to him are the flautists; there must be at least five, but generally there are many more. Each note of the scale is represented by one or more flutes, and each flute can play but one note; the ensemble is generally perfect. The rhythm is accentuated by drums, gongs and rattles. The artist generally plays for himself; there may be people listening or there may not; that leaves him entirely indifferent. On the other hand, I do not remember hearing a person singing alone; generally there is a crowd. One makes up the recitation and the rest form the chorus."

The Author travelled four or five thousand miles round the Belgian Congo and the neighbouring Territories, in which the tribes he describes live and have their being among the huge trees and their parasites, the great tropical creepers. It was here he met a gorilla: his description is worth reading.

"It was an ape, a gorilla. That sent a thrill through me. Not only had I never seen one before, but monkeys and apes always made me feel uncanny; they are so very like myself, and yet so very different. He opened his lips, disclosing his terrific teeth. Then he pouted and stepped a little in forward. There he stood, motionless. Again he grinned and his features began to work nervously. I did not move. Now he gave a grunt, not unlike an old gentleman clearing his throat. He stepped boldly forward and finally rose on his two hind legs. He may have been about thirty yards from me, perhaps more. Down he came again on his right hand and hopped, three-legged, a yard or so nearer. My hand clasped the rifle tightly, I began to think he was rather crowding me; yet curiosity prevented me from making any movement. Suddenly he sat down, just as if he were going to say: "Come and have a talk!" I could not help smiling, and the slight alteration of my face made him retreat about a couple of yards; he now stood on his hind legs alone, with his arms, his huge arms, bent forward like a wrestler ready to come to grips. He smiled again, not a pleasant smile. He advanced, using his right arm to support himself. Then he stooped down, rose on both legs, stooped down again, rose, and so on, in ever faster succession. He was obviously getting excited. He stopped all of a sudden in the position of a sprinter ready for the start. His lips parted and his teeth chattered. He gave an awful wail. This was a little too much for me. It was a gruesome sound, which seemed to be echoed by the whole forest. I jumped up and shouldered my rifle. With one tremendous bound the monster retreated and disappeared in the thicket."

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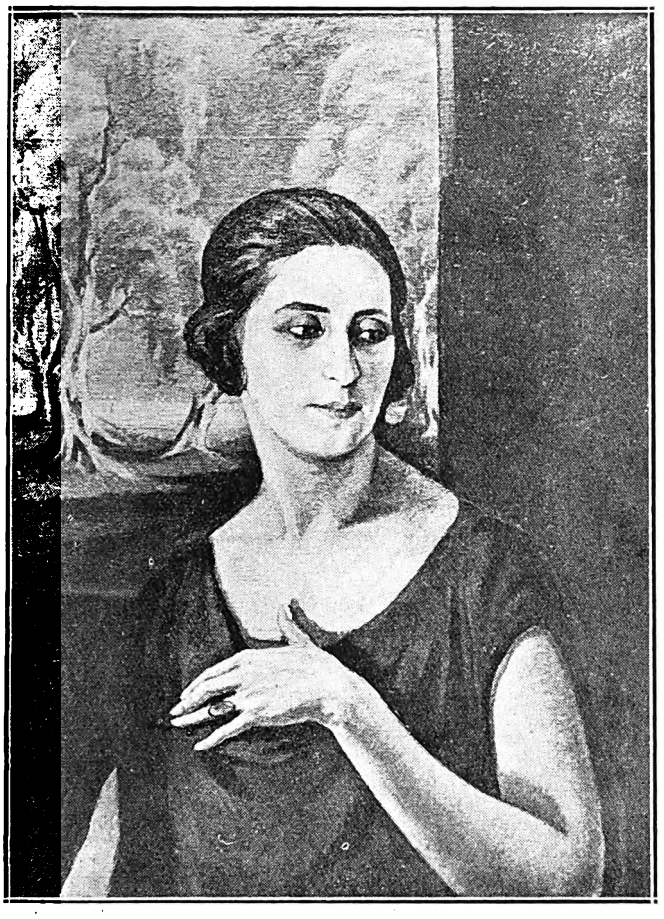
The Art of Jan Juta.

(See Article on Page 1.)



LA COMTESSA E. FRANSCISCI.
A portrait by Jan Juta.

A PORTRAIT.
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A PORTRAIT.
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M. TOSHI—KOWOBI, TOKIO.
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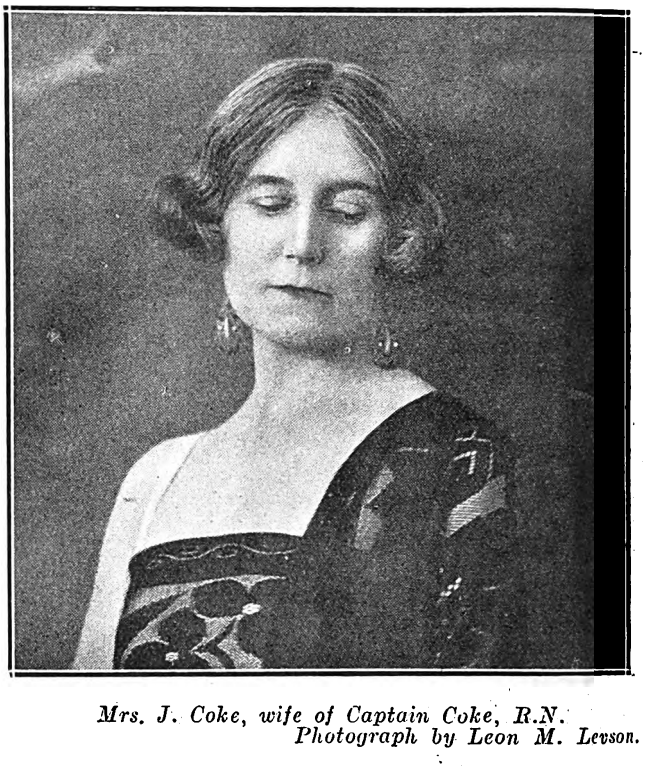

Mrs. J. Coke, wife of Captain Coke, R.N.
Photograph by Leon M. Levson.

A New Sabatini Novel.

"The Carolinian" is Mr. Rafael Sabatini's new novel. Mr. Sabatini has succeeded as no other writer has done in the revival of the historical romance, and "The Carolinian" is just as rich in colour and action as his earlier books. As the name suggests, the story moves in South Carolina, when the Colonials were revolting against the rule of the English, represented by George III. Few people can tell a really romantic story well. The growth of the psychological novel has done away with the real romance, more or less, and a tale like this, full of intrigue, plans and plots, heroes, villains, vice, virtue and brave deeds is withal intensely entertaining and, in this instance, very well told. "The Carolinian" is remarkably true to the history of the period . . . as far as a layman may judge. It is his ability to study and absorb the spirit of a period that makes these historical novels of Mr. Sabatini so wonderful and so complete. Harry Latimer, a revolutionary, marries the daughter of a staunch Royalist, and from this the story rises, dramatically and with a certain word beauty as far as the telling is concerned. "The Carolinian" is a good novel. Messrs. Hutchinson and Co., of Paternoster Row, are the publishers.

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Bloemfontein: Congress-Town.

By Ethelreda Lewis.

Why Bloemfontein? Why not Pretoria, our capital? Or Cape Town, where Parliament sits? Or wealthy, busy Johannesburg, through which half South Africa is constantly moving?

MRS. LEWIS.
Photograph by Jane Plotz.

The reason is very simple. This is a roomy country: so roomy that there is a place for everything: and if we did not keep everything in its place many things might get lost on what lady novelists call "the illimitable veld." So that while in England the affairs of state are conducted on a few morgen of ground called London, we in South Africa find it very natural to spread ourselves a bit: we are used to elbow-room. What is more natural than to keep Pretoria, for instance, as the capital, with an atmosphere which, in spite of, or perhaps because of, the palatial magnificence of the Government offices, suggests an insufficiently used drawing-room? As for Cape Town, Parliament must still meet there, not so much because the old house happens to stand there, dignified and mellow in the shade of Table Mountain, but because the members need sea-bathing once a year in the trying summer months. Yes, our legislators flock delightedly to Capetown for the session, carrying with them their bathing costumes and their wives and son's wives to the third and fourth generation. They talk daily in the House for three months on affairs of State. There is no hurry. It will be quite easy to make some really big political move, when necessary, at Bloemfontein where there is nothing to distract one.

Nothing to distract one. Can this be the real reason why Bloemfontein, which we had always thought must have been casually left in the desert by passing voortrekkers, is pre-eminent as the place for talk? For South Africa goes there to talk, as one would go to Harrogate or Carlsbad for the waters. It is a city of congresses, conferences, commissions. It is the office, the board-room, council-room of the Union. The amount of blotting-paper and pencils sold here is enormous—those adjuncts to dreamy thought in a garrulous world.

And why does South Africa go there to talk? Well, if you know the map of the Free State as thoroughly as you would have to know it in a Free State school you will remember that a number of railway lines, after coming slow and solitary some hundreds of miles, apparently get drowsy and careless and at last become hopelessly entangled at Bloemfontein. Some people think that this is what brings the stranger there; and so, at first, it may have been; to while away a few hours while the engines were separated. But now we know that if Bloemfontein were in the Kalihari, even there would flock the farmer, the female faddist, the politician, the Anglican parson, the Dutch minister, the commissioners big and little. Once let a town understand to the finest hair of a nicety the blotting-paper-and-pencil habit, the psychology of meetings, and it becomes as indispensable as a well-run club to a bachelor.

Then, in the Free State it is natural to think in terms of agriculture. Next to the politician, perhaps even preceding him, Congress-Town is familiar with the farmer: in many cases the farmer and politician meet in one man. The two professions are almost inter-dependent in this country.

Stock farmers Bloemfontein makes a special study of. And so, I am able to add to the alluring alliteration of articles produced locally the word cattle: cattle and congresses. Cattle-shows; stock-sales; not exceeded anywhere in the world for size and progress—these, with the other shows of talking humanity are the staple products of the Free State capital. This is the place where a casual-looking, not too well-groomed man with a soft hat tilted over one eye will give a scarcely perceptible nod which means £3,000 for a bull, and then go off for morning tea with some other dreamy-looking countryman who has probably just paid a thousand for a ram. Even the children breathe the prevailing stocky atmosphere, as when a young friend wrote to her father a few months ago that Lizzie, the black and white cat "had got three beautiful Friesland kittens in the shoe-cupboard." Here timid English ladies avoid shopping on stock-fair mornings, not having yet realised that the most formidable of these august, hump-shouldered oxen with a four or five foot spread of horns is a lamb compared with a small cow in an English lane—with her nerves and her cold, hostile eye; an insular eye.

Now and then it happens that Bloemfontein, in one crowded hour of glorious life, will discuss the moral, political and agricultural aspects of this big country. The little town is stretched to its utmost capacity, ears, beds and ovens undergoing a terrific strain under the combined forces of, it may be, Heriniging, Child Welfare and an important Farmer's Meeting, all three battling (as once I saw it) against the surging forces of a Jewish holiday.

"Do tell me, where is the hall where the meetings are being held?"

Thus a breathless delegate, stopping "one of three" in the crowd.

"My dear sir," the gentleman might reply, critically applying his eyeglass before offering advice, "if you will tell me first whether you require Social Welfare, Secession or the Day of Atonement I may be able to help you."

I have mentioned that even the children of Congress Town expressed themselves in terms of the stockyard. Far, far more emphatically may this be said of politics, on which the very babes and sucklings are nourished. And healthy they look on it. After all, there is nothing like those first impressionable years. Here a school is chosen, not because it is on gravel soil or is so many feet above the sea. Enquiries are made as to a school's political tendencies, not whether a pupil is likely to receive individual care.

"Now, Petronella, can you tell me why the children of Israel went up out of Egypt?"

"Because they were dissatisfied with the rule of the English."

Observe the sober, reasonable adjective: nothing hyperbolic about it, no wild hatred of England such as is displayed by incontinent Sinn Feiners.

"Why have you got a swelling on your nose, John?"

"Oh, well, mother, one of the chaps pulled out my little Union Jack from my coat and trod on it." Reflectively: "But of course he's got a black eye."

Little stories such as these give more information than the most alluring prospectus.

But it is very stimulating. I am inclined to think that to have politics as an "extra" in the curriculum is not such a bad thing after all. A bilingual boy, able to hold his own at a big Free State school, may be more of a man than the one-tongued conventional boy of a brand identical with his fellows in an English public school. As a *sauce piquante* in matters civic, social and educational there is nothing like an election element. For this reason, I would rather live at Bloemfontein than in dull peace at Putney or Paddleton-on-Sea, England.

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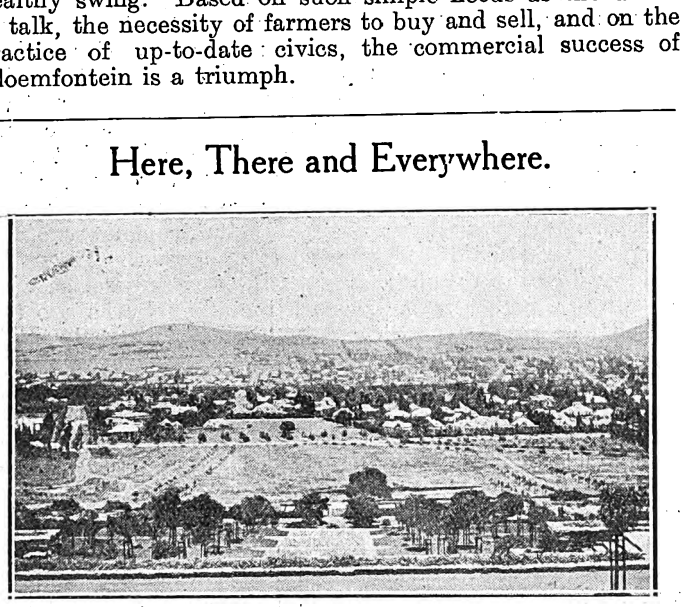
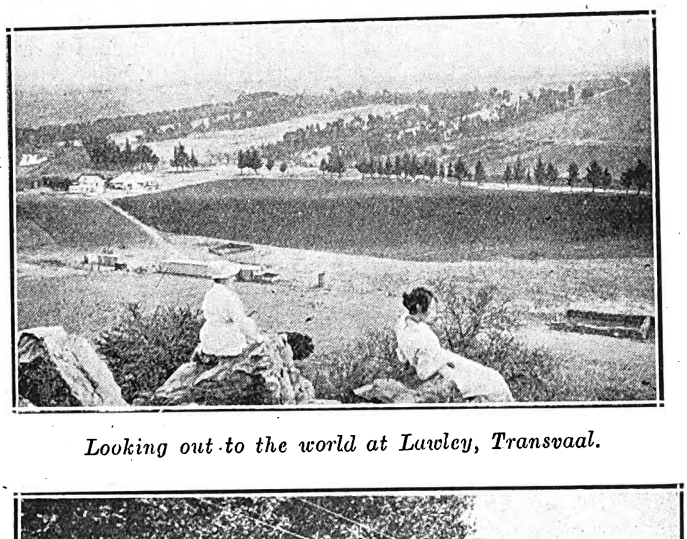
Yes, politics are in the air in Bloemfontein. And its death-rate is, I believe, the lowest in the Union. The Town Council probably puts this down to cleanliness, the third special line of the town. Applied Hygiene is the consuming passion of the city officials. Even the soda-syphons wear nose-bags. To microbes it must be a city of the dead, but to humans, whether it be from the stimulating political atmosphere or the filtered beefsteaks, life goes with a healthy swing. Based on such simple needs as the desire to talk, the necessity of farmers to buy and sell, and on the practice of up-to-date civics, the commercial success of Bloemfontein is a triumph.

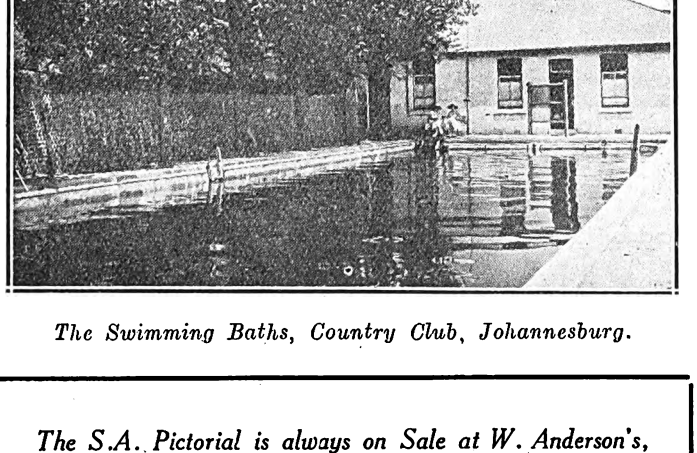
Here, There and Everywhere.



The view from the Union Buildings, Pretoria.



Looking out to the world at Lawley, Transvaal.



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On the Rialto.

By Antonio.

JOHANNESBURG, Tuesday afternoon.

Platinum may be rather a dull metal, but its shares have certainly sparkled during the week! This morning the outside brigade, and there is nowadays something resembling a "Street" market both before High 'Change as after the closing hour, started taking profits both on Lands and Townships. The former opened at 62s. in sharp contrast with a closing price of 66s. 9d. But there was a gradual improvement indicative of the inherent strength of the market, and the "call" price was 64s. "Townships" were sold at 25s. 6d., a drop of eighteenpence on the closing price, but the selling was arrested by supporting orders.

Sensational Rise in Platinum Proprietaries.

The most sensational feature of the week has been the advance in Platinum Proprietaries from 41s. to 47s. on Thursday, and further to 60s. on Friday morning, since when there have been transactions round about 55s. It should be remembered that these are sovereign shares in distinction to the usual "crown" variety. This morning's quotation was 50s.

Two New Concerns Fully Subscribed.

Lydenburg Consolidated Platinum Mines have been fully subscribed, and Doornhoek several times over. It has been decided to purchase the freehold of the farm; for this purpose and for providing additional working capital, the capital is being increased from £50,000 to £75,000. Yesterday there were buyers of these shares at 11s., and the excellent assays from the elephant lode have attracted a good deal of attention.

"Hendersons" Double Their Price.

Hendersons Transvaal Estates, a company which owns some farms in the neighbourhood of those held under option by Lydenburg Platinums, have pleasingly doubled their price at 10s., and have been dealt in on a huge basis between here and London. New Farms have advanced to 7s. 3d., and Lydenburg Farms, after being 9s. 3d. yesterday, are steady at 8s. 9d. Dominions have just improved from 8s. 3d. to 9s.

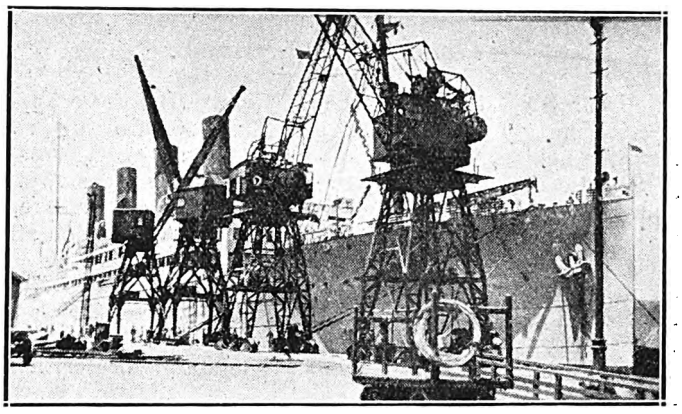
Speculation versus the "Intrinsics."

The speculative attractions of the platinum group have certainly caught the public fancy. A lot of people are "dead tired" of dissertations on the intrinsic merits of our solid gold shares. These "intrinsics" have a rotten way of letting you down, said one operator "well in" in the present boom. Something in the argument, as one remembers the "Consols of the Rand," East Rand Props, which have been over five sovereigns and down to five shillings. And, less extreme, Crown Mines, which have been in the dizzy verge of ten pounds and down to thirty shillings. Nowadays you run the risk of being unpopular if you talk of the influence of enhanced output on the selling price of platinum. Even in diamonds, it is pointed out that the finding of Du Toits Pan mine did not ruin De Beers, though it may have sent down the shares with a run, and that the Premier discovery did not shut down Kimberley.

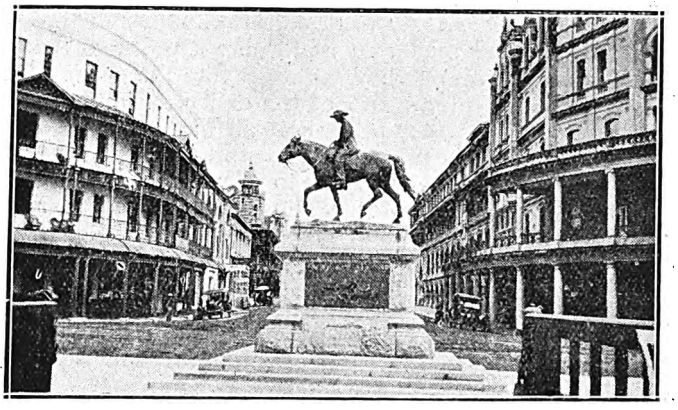
Gold Shares Steady Despite Budget Fears.

Gold shares keep remarkably firm and one hears less about Budget fears. There are reports of a sliding scale tax on profits, or, alternatively, another 2½ per cent. on dividends. Evidently some people are putting platinum profits into Modders at 84s. 6d. and Government Areas at 144s. 6d. Anglo-Americans have improved to 25s. in sympathy with the rise of their subsidiary Consolidated Diamond Mines of South-West Africa to 20s. 9d.

Two Durban Snapshots.



Whence great ships sail.



The Dick King memorial statue on the water front.
Photographs by J. N. May.

The Two Rattles.

By M. S. F.

The First.

A Pomeranian puppy bit playfully at her hand. She stepped out on to the pavement when the limousine drew up in front of the shop, and even her shoes were so superior that they turned up their noses, scorning common earth. She was a flamboyant, lavishly dressed woman with a faint perfume of Houbigant about her furs.

In the shop she walked up to the counter and asked for an ivory rattle, and from a case an assistant brought a delicately carved toy, which rattled with a rather aristocratic accent.

She bought the rattle, had it sent out to her car and, after she had admired some expensive satin bags, some perfume and a powder-box in blue enamel, she shrugged her shoulders and swept out of the shop.

When she arrived home the rattle was carried in by the chauffeur. When it was unwrapped, the woman handed it to a maid and told her to take it up to the baby in the nursery. Then she lit herself a cigarette.

The Second.

The other woman could feel the damp of the road through her shoes. Her baby was held tight against her breast and she hurried along the shadowy lane, and then into the crowded street. The street was full of shoppers, carrying baskets and examining the gay windows. Children were eating peanuts and throwing the shells into the gutter.

The woman went into a shop and paid sixpence for a little rattle that made a rather half-hearted tinkle when you shook it. And then she hurried out again, into the street, down the narrow lane and to her poor little room. That night the child would not go to sleep without the precious toy. So she held the child against herself in the dark and she could feel the rattle hurting her; but the pain was like the soft touch of the hand of God.

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Letters to the Editor.

Dancing Competitions.

Dear Sir,—In your issue of March 7th, there appears a criticism by W.A.C. on the Ballroom Championships recently held at the Carlton Hotel. In a general remark, your critic states that Johannesburg dancing lacks rhythm, and for this he blames the local bands. Furthermore, he makes special reference to the competition waltz, and states that "not one couple did a perfect waltz." Here he again blames the orchestra, who, he writes, "decided to change their time after the first sixteen bars." This, Sir, is perfectly true, but we would like to ask W.A.C. whether he made any inquiries concerning the details before criticising the band in the manner he did.

For the benefit of your readers, and in fairness to ourselves, we would esteem it a favour if you would kindly give space to this letter, and publish the details.

After the second and third dance a number of the competitors came and requested us to play a waltz so that (to use their own words) "they could get into the swing of it." This we did, but at the end of the dance, despite the fact that the competitors themselves seemed more than satisfied, a number of judges came to us and stated that for the competition waltz they would like us to play a little more slowly.

This we did, but after playing about sixteen bars the judges signalled to us to play more quickly, consequently we reverted to our original tempo, but strangely enough, even this they thought was too slow, so we had to play faster still.

The fact remains, that all along we merely acted on instructions, and consequently, we think you will agree that in the absence of the above details, the criticism was quite unfair. Another fact testifies to the unfairness of the criticism is that your critic, we understand, was one of the judges.

Yours faithfully,

EDGAR ADELER'S ORCHESTRAS.

H. S. Cohen, Business Manager.

A Paderewski Criticism.

Among the students at present in London is Miss Mary Lipschitz, of Johannesburg, who last year distinguished herself at the Royal Academy. Writing of interesting London concerts, Miss Lipschitz has much to say regarding Paderewski's re-appearance in the Albert Hall last month. There was an audience of twelve thousand people, and many were compelled to stand throughout the recital. Miss Lipschitz writes: "One of my Academy friends had a standing place in the front row, and I sat down on the floor. During the evening I changed places with my front row friend to give her a rest, and so we both got a good look at the great man. The Queen and her suite attended the recital." Of Paderewski's playing, Miss Lipschitz writes: "Never have I heard such wonderful technique or such a wealth of colouring. The most delicate pianissimos and the most astonishing volume of tone, with an infinite variety of tone shade between these extremes. Each piece, according to its character, received different treatment at the keyboard, and it was difficult to believe that it was the same player who kept the audience breathlessly listening to the whisperings of the Mozart Rondo or the Haydn Variations, and immediately after made the rafters ring to the rhythms of the second Liszt Rhapsody and the Don Juan Fantasie. The latter is a tremendously long work, full of the most astonishing 'fireworks,' and it was rapturously received by the tremendous audience. But, personally, I did not care for it very much. An astonishing achievement in octave playing was Paderewski's performance of the Liszt transcription of the Erl-King, but I enjoyed most some Chopin Waltzes and the Mozart and Haydn. I suppose it is presumptuous to say so—but I was not particularly impressed with the performance of the Beethoven Sonata, nor by a Schubert Impromptu or a Bach-Tausig transcription. He seemed so frequently to get his left hand in before his right, and whenever there was an opportunity he seemed to go too far in his desire for an original effect. He did not play a single modern work. Though some of the things he played did not appeal much to me, I nevertheless found the recital tremendously informative and exhilarating, and there is no mistaking the man's impressive personality. In this respect Paderewski sitting at the piano is unique. He creates the feeling in a listener that his intellectuality is something immeasurable—that it pervades everything he touches. Indeed, I was as much impressed by his personality as by his wonderful playing."

The opinions of the professional critic might not coincide with the foregoing, but it is refreshing to read a description that is backed by a deep love of the piano and by considerable knowledge of the requirements of modern pianism.

C.A.O.D.

The Sack Brothers.

Messrs. Borman, Cecil and Henry Sack, three brothers well known in musical circles in Johannesburg, left recently to take up an appointment in Bloemfontein. During December and January the brothers, who constitute a trio—piano, violin and 'cello—filled an engagement at East London. On the return journey they made a short stay in Bloemfontein, where they were heard in an informal performance. The result was an immediate engagement. Their many friends on the Rand will wish them a successful stay in the Free State capital. *C.A.O.D.*

The Way of a Maid.

Mr. Carlton Dawe can always be trusted to turn out a readable book with, what so many books nowadays lack, plenty of plot. When Richard Moraine met Fae Emslie by the slightest of accidents, he did what was really the most astonishing thing—he fell in love at first sight. And Fae, although she wouldn't admit it at first, did the same. She thought Richard Moraine just an ordinary man, and until long after she knew she loved him she did not even enquire what he did. And when she thought she knew, she didn't—which is a cryptogram for the solution of everyone who likes a book about which it can be said: It is eminently interesting. The jolliest little adventures take place: the saddest things happen: everything is as it should be at the end of the book, which is published by Messrs. Ward, Lock and Co., who have already published several of this author's successful novels, including *Desperate Love*, which was one of the best sellers of its year.

Next Week's Theatre Calls.

WEEK COMMENCING 23RD MARCH, 1925.

Tivoli, Capetown.—(Opening 25th March.) Beryl Beresford, Florence Rex, Jess and Tony.

His Majesty's, Johannesburg.—Leon M. Lion-Renee Kelly and full London Company in "Windows."

Empire, Johannesburg.—Maidie Scott, Jay Whidden, Pall Malls, Iris and Phyllis, Gould and Gordon, Aubrey and Hart, Calno Trio, Barker and Wynne.

Orpheum, Johannesburg.—Rosie Lloyd, Keeley and Aldous.

Grand, Pretoria.—Donald and Carson, Van Delfts.

Criterion, Benoni.—Mario De Pietro, The Pantons.

Rinko, Maritzburg.—Veterans of Variety.

Criterion, Durban.—Jass and Jessie, Fred Russell, Nick Morton.

Vaudette, Bloemfontein.—(Mon., Tues. and Wed.) J. J. Collins, Marie Lawton.

Apollo, Germiston.—(Thurs., Fri. and Sat.) J. J. Collins, Marie Lawton.

Grand, Port Elizabeth.—Pantomime Company in "Cinderella."

Opera House, Pretoria.—Iris Hoey and Company in "Clothes and the Woman," to be followed by "The Pelican" and "The Man from Toronto."

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Thistledown and Thunder.

A Higgledy-Piggledy Diary.

By Hector Bolitho.

The writer has come to the age when memory is failing him, and he rescues incidents and impressions from the passing torrent before it is too late.

This series of articles, which may continue for far longer than either you or he may wish, is an effort to set down all the things he hadn't the time or the courage to write in the years the locusts have eaten; in New Zealand, Fiji, Samoa, Tonga, Australia, Italy, France, the parent England . . . and now Africa.

May 10, 1919 : *The Maori.*

Maoris are strange people; strangely remote from all other people of the South. Their early history is very vague and even their coming to New Zealand is not definitely accounted for. Some historians say that about the time that William the Conqueror landed in England a lonely canoe appeared off the New Zealand coast. A native of Hawaii landed on the coast where the town of Wanganui is built to-day. He ate a hasty meal on a promonotory and then paddled off again across the vast seas back to Hawaii. For three or four generations none of his people thought much of his discovery. Then some of them set out and still fewer of them found the far-away country. In those days days the Moa strutted across New Zealand. He was a bird almost as tall as a Giraffe. But he is extinct now, and his place is taken by farmers and miners and citizens numbering a million and a quarter. For the first part of this story nobody can vouch.

A Maori girl wearing a mat adorned with feathers, a tiki or charm around her neck and carrying a greenstone (jade) mere or axe.

A Maori woman enjoying her cigarette.

The Maoris are beautiful in their way. They have a sense of humour and, what is more important, imagination which make their myths and legends as beautiful as those of ancient Greece.

During their war with the British, the Maoris showed astounding chivalry. In one escapade they had the advantage over the white enemy. The English had no food, but the Maoris wished for a victory by pure battle, so they sent out their bearers with food so that the enemy would be strong enough to fight. Once a Maori tribe was forced, because of the war which had been declared, to fight their white neighbours with whom they had been very friendly. So the Maoris stood above the barricade and shouted: "We must shoot at you; please lie down."

An old Maori Chief wearing a kiwi feather mat and carrying a Taiaha, a weapon denoting his high rank. The feathers adorning the mat are from the kiwi, a wingless bird, which still lives in New Zealand. It is not much bigger than a hen, but it has a beak from six to ten inches long. It comes out only at night, and it lives on worms dug out of the earth with its beak.

I don't want to bore you with long descriptions of a people in whom you cannot be more than remotely interested, but the Maoris stand so far above other native races that I always feel it my duty to give them their due.

May 30, 1919.

I have been reading Katherine Mansfield's stories. "The Voyage" is written of Cook Straits between the North and South Islands.

Eighty years ago, another woman wrote of this narrow highway. That was Mary Taylor, the Rose York of

Open air cooking.

"Shirley," school-friend of Charlotte Bronte, who came in the vague forties when the Maories were still cooking the missionaries. Mary Taylor wrote to Charlotte Bronte:—

> *I went to the top of Mount Victoria and looked for a ship to carry a letter to you. There was a little thing with one mast.*

The water across which she looked was the same as the water crossed in "The Voyage." It was in that narrow strait also that the once famous white fish, Pelorus Jack, used to swim. He piloted the steamers and was the only fish in the world protected by Act of Parliament. Now he is dead, and his strange white body no longer flashes across the straits, leading the little steamers that make "The Voyage."

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June 1, 1919: *Rupert Brooke in New Zealand.*

In the year 2019, most of the poets who have drawn inspiration from the first part of this broken century will have been forgotten, and the period will be represented by perhaps five or six verse writers who have survived time, the only unbiassed critic. Rupert Brooke will command a place in that group just as he commands the esteem of discerning readers and sane hero-worshippers of the present day.

In his early twenties, Brooke tired of the manacles of civilisation and allowed his genius to take colour from a long vagabondage in the South Pacific where he wrote with that delightful absence of academic tedium which is the anchor of so many and the sail of so few. Towards the close of his pilgrimage, he came to Auckland and it is well for Aucklanders to know that although his arrival aroused little more recognition than a word in the passenger list, he did not leave without recording a somewhat sweeping but definite impression of this "Fabian England."

The poet in him was not apparently stirred by the sights and sounds of Auckland: but he was probably denied the undoubted beauty of our country lands, the rugged splendour of the less-known territories and the charm of our natives with their picturesque lore and legend. He came here from Samoa and Fiji where "the long scented holy nights pass slow" and perhaps the memory of those beautiful islands blinded him to New Zealand's less radiant acres.

In the Edward Marsh Memoir, we read that Brooke arrived in Auckland sometime in December of 1913, when he described New Zealand as being:

> "Very upper-middle-class and gentle and happy (after Canada), no poor, and the Government owning hotels and running char-a-bancs. All the women smoke and dress very badly, and nobody drinks."

Brooke was obviously misinformed in regard to the ownership of the hotels, for he should have substituted "Politicians" for Government. The judgment of our womenfolk does not call for comment, and the statement that "nobody drinks" is not so much a fact, as a tribute to our secretiveness.

He was impressed by the "Englishness" of New Zealand, a fact that would be welcomed by him when so far away from where "the branches stir across the moon at Grantchester!" Other writers besides Rupert Brooke have remembered New Zealand for its being like the parent England, and in these days of the American invasion of freakish clothes, it is indeed consolatory to know that we retain enough of our inherent Englishness not to allow the passer by to forget from what race we are descended.

In Samoa.

Brooke was greatly stirred by Samoa, our new possession, and when leaving Apia he wrote, "Can't you imagine how scattered and fragmentary a heart I'm bearing away to Fiji and Tahiti?"

An Impression of Auckland.

In a letter written from Auckland, Brooke said that "Everybody seems rather ugly." It was a rather sweeping statement to make, but let us find consolation in the wisdom of the Greek writer who said that beauty was seldom found where labour and intellect abided. Writing to his mother, he declared that

> "The queer thing (about New Zealand) is that they've got all things in the Liberal or mild Fabian programme: eight-hour day (and less), bigger old age pensions, access to the land, minimum wage, insurance, etc., etc., and yet it's not Paradise. The same troubles exist in much the same form (except that there's not much bad poverty). There are the same troubles between unions and employers, and between rich and poor."

One naturally wonders how Brooke spent his days in Auckland. There is little to show where he went, and nobody seems to remember this "young Apollo, golden-haired." Those of us who care regret that he did not see the calm of dignity of our hills or stand on Rangitoto and see our little world floating at his feet. Did he see the harbour at evening when the sun dies behind the hills and leaves the gulf to the quiet of night? Did he walk along "the ribbed and shining sands" and watch the phantom fleet of hulks riding in the evening indefiniteness . . . . ?

July, 1919: *Of Carving.*

A little time ago, I wrote about the art of the Maori. Perhaps this little photograph, a design for a canoe head, will give some idea of the character of the carving of the Maori. In the old days, their carving implements were made from stone. I am afraid that the American jack-knife has done away with this necessity and, indeed, Maori art is not what it used to be. It is rather interesting to see how liberally the Maori used the spiral, the simple spiral, in their paintings and carving. They carve the simplest articles of domestic use. They even carve their pipes. Most of the larger carvings—such as panels for houses—are dyed red, and the only foreign material used in the carving other than the dye is pawa-shell which is ingeniously introduced into the deep-set eyes which characterise most of the designs.

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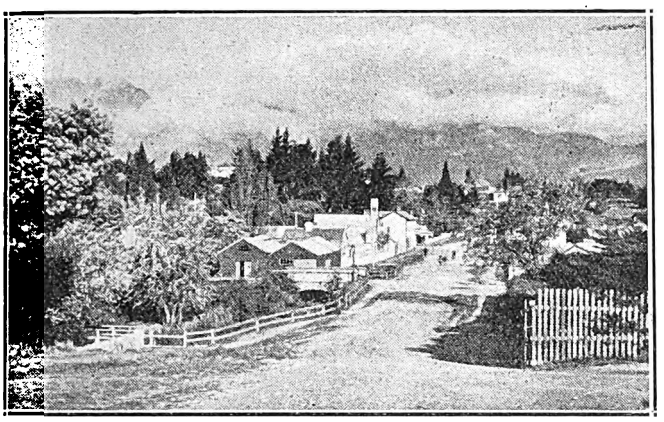
October 10, 1919: Another England.

Many of the small towns in New Zealand wear a strangely English air. It is mainly because they have been built by people who were accustomed to the English plans, and thus you may motor along the New Zealand roads and find contented little houses built around the church, a stream trickling at the back door and, strangely enough, at



A New Zealand Village, reminiscent of the parent England.

the foot of the hills orchards, with their boughs groaning with golden fruit in the season. When Northcliffe came to New Zealand, he said that we were more English than the English. Perhaps it is true! Ninety-eight per cent. of the New Zealanders are of pure British extraction and ninety-eight per cent. of our overseas trade is done with British countries. So Rupert Brooke was right when he called it "The Fabian England."

October 20, 1919: Stolen Childhood.

I remember a long time ago the late Bertram Stevens said that children were not discovered until the beginning of the last century. He meant . . . in a literary sense. And now, I see every indication of their being lost again. I do believe that there is a grim campaign against childhood as an institution. If I were asked to point out the greatest drawback in New Zealand home life, I'd point to the young people.

New Zealand children do not have a proper childhood. You find the precocious child of seven will laugh with derision if you mention fairies. There is every reason why a child should believe in fairies. I am grown old, but I thank God and the brothers Grimm that I am able to take down the book of stories which populated my child brain with fancy, and appreciate it still.

But it is of stair bannisters that I want to talk!

The builders of modern buildings are introducing a treacherous violation of their duty to childhood. I remember my granny's house, with a grand wide-sweeping bannister down which I slid into the arms of an indulgent aunt. But the modern building either has no curve in its bannisters, or the architect introduces little studs all the way, deliberately making it impossible to slide down.

If I had to live my childhood over again without bannisters, it would be hateful. And now our architects are making them into atrocities. It is brutal; cruel!

I remember the catechism of love of my childhood:

I love threading bluebells on to grass stalks.
I love shivery grass and everlasting flowers.
I love condensed milk, and the quinces on Mrs. Montgomery's (she's the lady next door) tree.
I love eating what's left in the basin where the cake was made.
I love swinging on the Atkins' gate, because it's wider than ours and has more swing.
I hate Grannie kissing me, but I love the bannisters of her stairs; they're the most slidiest ones that have ever been made.

And now, these fiends of architects are putting studs all the way down, so that the children of to-day can't slide.

No . . . No! All the atrocities of the century were not committed in Belgium.

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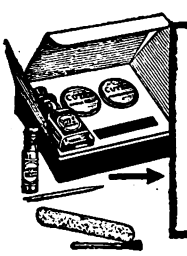

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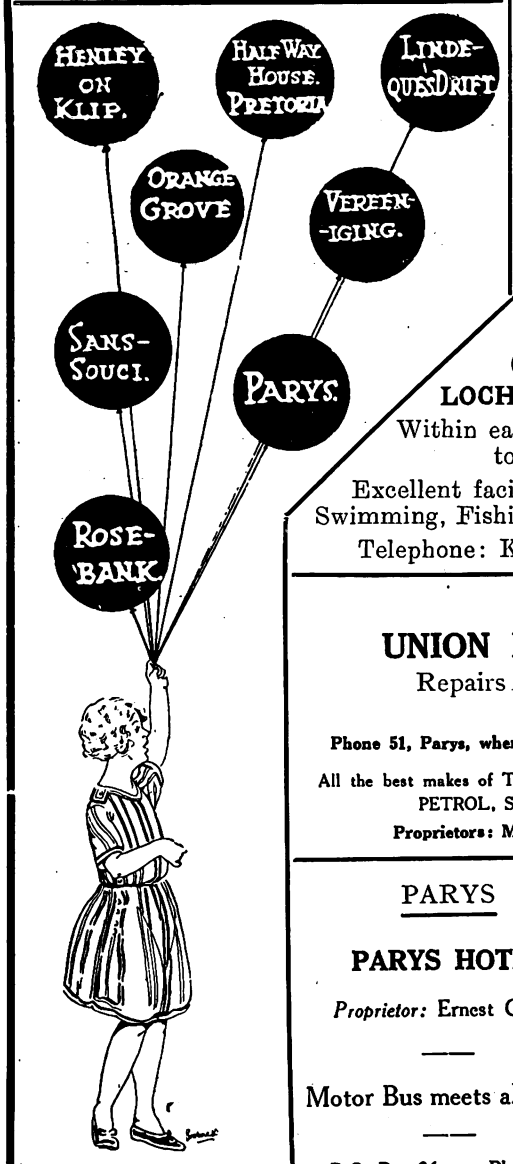

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A Weakness in Local Racing.

Catering for "Weeds."

By "Observer."

The attention of the Rand racing clubs might be directed with advantage to the growing number of worthless animals permitted to run in the bottom division of races held locally. If the clubs were prepared to attach less importance to the nomination-fees and more to the class in a race, we would not be treated so frequently to exhibitions which are out of place where the thoroughbred is concerned. A few years ago, when legislation was on the stocks which aimed at restricting the sport very materially, the chief argument for the defence raised by the votaries of racing was that repressive measures would extinguish the horse-breeding industry, in which thousands of pounds had been invested. Wisely, as events proved, the position of the horse, as a gambling centre, was not laboured. Anyway, those who kept to the national side of the question gained the day, and restrictive legislation was stifled for the time.

At present, with so many small owners trying to make a living, the "squibs" are to be seen in action every week, and a miserable showing they make. It would appear that those who finance the owner of a "squib" cannot be gifted with the racing sense which is part of the stock-in-trade of the unattached punter. It is commonly thought that every horse in a race has a chance to win. Against this, there are numbers of horses in commission to-day that have very little chance of emerging from the lowest grade; and some of these may be a positive danger in a race. The horse-breeding industry, forsooth! Most of these animals are running for stakes far in excess of their own value, and if the interested parties and our legislators come to grips again, fresh arguments will have to be advanced by the former.

I imagine the handicappers must sit up of nights and tear their hair—if any be left—in their endeavours to frame a fair assessment in the lowest division of a race. With a range of three stone they strive manfully to bring the candidates together, although "form"—save the mark!—goes to show that several starters are unlikely to trouble the judge with even the proverbial postage-stamp on their backs. When the race is run, three or four are backed, and they may finish in the order of betting, the bulk of the field, very often unwieldy, being tailed off early and finishing, perhaps, half-a-furlong to the bad.

If there is anything in the oft-repeated desire for better class horses, expressed by leading men in the local clubs, the first step should be towards eliminating the events for inferior animals. The opinion of the ring is, of course, of no value whatever on this point. To the bookmakers, one horse is much the same as another, although they prefer a poor lot or a classy field which includes one or two shifty customers likely to command public support. Syrian Prince belonged to the latter category, and was beloved by the ring; so was Pippermint in the "old days," when the quarterly meetings at Turffontein made up almost the whole of the racing on the Rand.

If the clubs are bold enough to strike out the events at present earmarked for trashy animals, and use the stakes for top-class races, the importer will get busy, with beneficial effect on the class and the sport. I fail to see how the clubs would suffer in revenue, seeing that a well-balanced programme of, say, seven races would be a greater "draw" than one numbering a race more, but endowing an event for "weeds," to the detriment of the owners of top-grade stock. Apart from the question of class, a seven-event card is big enough for an afternoon's racing.

In the event of the club deciding to continue the encouragement of "weeds"—for that is the position—might I suggest that no nomination be accepted for a horse that has repeatedly failed to win while handicapped at the minimum. I believe a process akin to this was in operation in the halcyon days of Auckland Park, when the fields had to be kept down to reasonable strength. That something will have to be done in this direction must be evident to certain local clubs, if public support is to be retained. The clubs are not expected to be benefactors. Their duty is to provide the best in racing, and this cannot be done until class is catered for on a more liberal scale.

Racing at Benoni.

The Eastern District Sporting Club provides the racing fixture this week-end, when a card of eight events will be submitted.

Selections.

12.30.—Stewards' Handicap, 6 furlongs.
St. George 1, Royal Poly 2, Orchid 3.

1.10.—Galloway Handicap, "B," 6 furlongs.
Sybil M. 1, Browse's elect 2, Great Karroo 3.

1.50.—Boksburg Handicap, "C," 5 furlongs.
Barretto 1, Thoughtless Beauty 2, Ocean Rose 3.

2.30.—Galloway Handicap, "A," 5 furlongs.
Browse's elect 1, Relief 2, Mifawny 3.

3.10.—Boksburg Handicap, "A," 1¼ miles.
Father Christmas 1, Intervention 2, Jacques 3.

3.50.—Boksburg Handicap, "B," 6 furlongs.
Rio Grande 1, Playtime 2, Antique 3.

4.30.—Boksburg Handicap, "D," 1 mile.
Royal 1, Jovial 2, General Hunter 3.

5.10.—Galloway Handicap, "C," 7 furlongs.
Drawing Pin 1, Thorima 2, Rose Gold 3.

The Red-Coat Waltzers.

The red-coats are gone! I thought sadly when the last Imperial troops left South Africa two or three years ago. Good-bye to green mess-jackets and gold epaulettes: to scarlet uniforms and the braided, pipe-clayed pomp of war!

But last Wednesday evening I saw two things I had thought gone for ever: red-coats and the waltz, the true, graceful waltz of long ago—so long ago. It was at the annual dance of the Transvaal Corps of Commissionaires, and when Mr. Jewett, their energetic secretary, led me to the Selborne Hall, I watched the old soldiers: great-hearted men, no older than their youthful spirits, leading their partners through the intricacies of the lancers as neatly as though they had been trained to the ball-room and not to the parade-ground. There was one stout old gunner with his chest shining with rows of medals, leading the youngest flapper round in the old-fashioned waltz, with which she seemed to find no difficulty. I suppose that I am as out-of-date as the dodo, but I found it much more pleasant to watch than the modern fox-trots. *R.S.*

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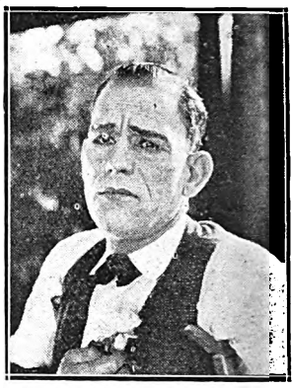
The Week
Paragraphed and Photographed.

Without offence to friends or foes,
I sketch your world exactly as it goes.

MAY MCAVOY,
in "Three Women," at the Bijou, Johannesburg, on March 23rd.

MISS ROSE ALPER,
a S.A. singer in London. See letterpress, page 15.



LON CHANEY,
in "The Shock," at the Carlton, Johannesburg, on March 23rd.

From England.

Old residents of Johannesburg have been warmly welcoming Mr. and Mrs. W. Webster, now of Lynfield, Sussex, who are paying a short visit to this country after thirty years' absence. Mr. Webster was very ill before leaving England, and had the old colonials' longing for the sunshine and brightness of South Africa. He was one of the real pioneers and knew and worked with the old crowd, first in Barberton, and later on the Rand. Both he and his wife were familiar figures in the social and business life of thirty years ago, and when they meet their old friends there is a perfect fussilade of questions and answers, and "Do you remember" is heard on all sides.

They stayed in Capetown for some time, but are now at the Orange Grove Hotel, Johannesburg.

It is most interesting to hear them speak of the changes in Johannesburg, which they find quite unrecognisable. They search for, but cannot find, old landmarks, not even their old home in Doornfontein, the one-time fashionable suburb where most people lived until enterprising spirits began to shift over the hills and far away to the wilds of Barnato Park and subsequently to Park Town.

Quite by chance, at a private social gathering of some of the old pioneer crowd, the other day I met Mrs. Rudolph Hoernle, mother of Professor Hoernle, who has been in in Johannesburg since November visiting her son, whose clever wife is the daughter of Senator and Mrs. Kidger Tucker.

Mrs. Hoernle, senior, has had an interesting life. Her home during the last few years has been in Oxford, where she settled with her husband, the late Professor Hoernle, who was a distinguished Orientalist and for many years Principal of the Mahommedan College, Calcutta. Most of her life having been spent in lands of ancient tradition, the newness of the civilisation of this very young town is profoundly stimulating to a clever mind such as hers.

After the death of her husband, she visited her son at Harvard University, where he was Professor of Philosophy before going to Durham University, in a similar capacity, and then later coming to Johannesburg on account of his wife's health.

In Johannesburg both Professor and Mrs. Hoernle are assets to such intellectual life as the town possesses. Mrs. Hoernle, senior, is an additional attraction to their circle, having profited as only the observant and intelligent traveller can from the wide experience she has gained in many countries. *A.A.*

The Shamrock in Johannesburg.

Tuesday was St. Patrick's Day, and the green of Ireland was to be seen everywhere, and not only on Irishmen! Real shamrock leaves were to be had at one or two enterprising florists' shops, and the sight of the little three-leaved sign of loyalty to Erin almost brought a choke into the voice of a friend of mine whom I met in Pritchard Street. It is Ireland's sad fate that there is never complete happiness in "the little bit of Heaven" set gem-like in the Atlantic. This year famine is showing its grim teeth there, and local Irishmen are making a great effort to raise funds to assist their distressed countrymen.

Success is sure to attend their efforts, for there is no race more generous, whether in the material way of money or in the higher, better sacrifices of spirit. Cheques should be sent to the Treasurer, The Irish Club, Johannesburg.

Hats and the Prince of Wales.

I wonder whether the visit of the Prince of Wales will have any effect on the head-wear of Johannesburg: indeed of the Union? A Johannesburg hatter told me the other day that he did not expect to sell many bowler hats on account of the visit of the Empire's young man.

"Johannesburg people are very strange in their hat habits," he said, "and have very pronounced tastes of their own. They divide into two groups in this way: the one, the younger, insist on the wide-brimmed American designs, and the other on very expensive English or Italian felt hats."

I know only one Johannesburger who wears a bowler hat as a regular thing: a press photographer, and his hat is rapidly making him known in the town. Of course, among the older members of the Jewish community bowler hats are still to be seen on special occasions, although the younger immigrants give them up with other habits of their birth-countries on their arrival. *K.D.*

English Sportswomen.

Our horizon is so swamped with the Prince's visit that lesser events are liable to escape notice, but quite a lot of people will only be lookers on from afar, and many of these are quietly making their arrangements for amusement and sport, irrespective of the Royal programme.

Considerable interest and active preparatioins are being focussed on the coming of the All England Ladies' Hockey Team, who will arrive in Africa during June on an extended tour of the Union. The Johannesburg programme includes a ladies' cricket match, a tennis tournament and dances, and a good deal of initial work will have to be carried out. *A.A.*

A Visitor.

It is an old saying that people who have once adopted or been adopted by South Africa, cannot stay away from it for long. Among those who have come out in search of health and sunshine this summer is Mr. Henderson Clark, formerly very well known in Johannesburg and Kimberley. With him came a large party of friends on the "Balmoral Castle," including his brother, Mr. James Clark, and his sister, Mrs. William Rose, who is staying with Sir William and Lady Dalrymple. They are old friends, in fact Mr. Henderson Clark was best man at the marriage of Sir William, then Mr. Dalrymple, to Miss Isabel Reddick.

Other old residents who are revisiting Johannesburg are Mrs. H. C. Winder and her daughter Phyllis. They have settled at the Cape. Mr. Winder will be remembered as a prominent and popular figure on the Stock Exchange in former days. *A.A.*

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Of Laughter.

Tennis enthusiasts in the South who watch the progress of the sport in France and England will be interested to hear that Mlle. Lenglen is to play again at Wimbledon this year.

"A year without Wimbledon would not be a year for me! And I intend to play in the three events, in which I had so unfortunately to scratch last season."

Thus writes Suzanne to a friend in England. And the letter continues:

"I am too glad to say that I am now quite well after my long rest since last summer."

She has been lately playing in the tennis tournaments in Nice and at Cannes. Unfortunately she hurt a muscle the other day, but she gaily asserts that it is not serious and only pained her for a week. Suzanne has determined, however, not to overdo things, so that she may keep strong and conserve herself for the Wimbledon tournaments, which are always the great events in her year. She is very much thinner, but is feeling very fit, and is expecting Lacoste, the famous French partner of hers, to arrive soon to practice with her on the Rivieria courts.

Expert opinion down South is unanimous that Mlle. Lenglen is again playing right at the top of her form and that, barring a recurrence of illness, she will easily defeat all comers at Wimbledon, as she has improved her tactics and her anticipation and speed are as good as ever.

This champion has not yet taken up the new divided skirt for tennis wear, and it does not seem as if she will do so. She always wears the same kind of frock—a slender white linen with a skirt in which a thousand small pleats are cunningly hidden. And, of course, the famous bandeau which everybody knows. *P.T.*

Saving Motorist's Fivers.

What every Motorist Ought to Know is a handbook compiled by L. Japhet and issued at two shillings. It is in the form of a catechism: a pleasant way to learn the law about motoring or otherwise. This really necessary compilation is splendidly indexed and contains a deal of useful information other than legal, such as the towns for which register letters stand. The various signals used by motorists are shown by illustrations.

A S.A. Singer in London.

One of the most promising South African students of singing at the Royal Academy of Music, London, is Miss Rose Alper. Her progress is such that she has now definitely abandoned her plan to return to Durban in July. Just at that time she will for the first time appear before the London public in opera, as "Pamina," in Mozart's "Magic Flute," at the Scala Theatre, Julius Harrison conducting. Miss Alper has an ideal voice and the right physique for such roles as Pamina, Butterfly, Mignon, or Micaila in "Carmen," and there is every possibility of her making quite a name for herself in them. Whether she is as good an actress as she is a singer remains to be seen, and I shall have more to say on this subject after I have seen her on the stage. But there is every reason to believe that she will do well in concert work, too, and for a beginning she has been offered the soprano part in Rossini's "Stabat Mater" to sing in March with the Maidstone Choral Society, under W. J. Whightman: Gwen Selva, John Collinson and A. Benham being the other soloists, a trio of excellent artists.

Allegro.

Brenda Entertains.

When I'm tired and Maureen isn't there to talk and say nice things to me, I like to read a Herbert Jenkins' book. *Brenda Entertains*, by A. B. Cox, is just one of the kind (like Bindle) which I like best. Brenda is the most delightful child of seven: she wants Mr. Smith to tell her the most delightful things: most delightfully. She thinks him more, far more knowledgeable than an encyclopedia, and he (having imagination) answers her questions.

It was most lucky for Mr. Smith that he had an imagination, for he valued Brenda's naive opinion that he knew everything.

A pleasant book for a pleasant, laughing hour.

Pygmies and Bushmen of the Kalahari.

Pygmies and Bushmen of the Kalahari, by S. S. Dornan, F.R.G.S., is a most interesting book, especially at this moment when Africa has yielded the Taungs skull as a contribution to the world's search for links with the vague and distant yesterdays of man's history. Dealing with Prehistoric man in the Kalahari, he says: "In South Africa the Stone Age existed until lately, in fact some of the Bushmen were living until recently in the new Stone Age."

He goes on to say: "So far as our present knowledge goes we cannot assign any vast antiquity to man in South Africa, and while the stages of early culture followed much the same general course as those of Europe, we cannot say they were contemporary. What the antiquity of man in South Africa may be, I cannot say. I am not inclined to put it high, perhaps one hundred thousand years."

Professor Dart could no doubt throw more valuable light on the matter now than Mr. Dornan, F.R.G.S.

We are inclined to attach far too little importance to the paintings and chippings of these Africans of the almost forgotten age. I was first interested in the paintings of the pre-historic and early peoples by the strangely crude but still strangely illuminating rock carvings of the Australian bushmen. Nobody who has seen the Cro-Magnon paintings, reproduced from the cave walls of Southern France, could deny a certain artistic quality in them. In his chapter dealing with Paintings and Chippings by the Kalahari Pygmies and Bushmen, Mr. Dornan reaches his most interesting moment for me. Mr. S. C. Turner's photographs of these paintings are particularly interesting, and I should imagine, still admitting merely the layman's knowledge of these matters, that this chapter must be a valuable contribution to the literature which is throwing light on the art of the people who roamed South Africa long before the miner came with his greed for gold, and the farmer came with his plough. Messrs. Seeley, Service and Company publish this important book.

Green and Gold.

At this time of the turning year there comes to me a funny little man (I'm sure that he wears a funny little cap) and he sits on the tip of my ear, whispering. He tells me Autumn is coming up out of the Indian Ocean to flood all the slopes of Table Mountain with gold and grey and rich redness of leaves, and to make all Wynberg and Newlands glorious with colour of Heaven.

"Leave dusty Johannesburg" he whispers to me "leave the city of Cash and Commerce! Come away and watch the death of Summer where they are pressing the wine in the hot vineyards of Constantia: come away and see the green of the oaks change to gold: see the silver poplars shed their leaves in a riot of regal purple: come away and wait among the trees for the naked Earth of Winter! And then rejoice, for Spring is soon to come again, immaculate, on the wings of beauty."

And it's Och, but I wish that I could.

Neil Collins.

Painters and the Proposed Academy.

Painter people in Johannesburg with whom I have talked are not as a rule very taken with the idea of a Natal man, who is at present touring the country, that a Dominion Society of Artists should be formed, with the object of establishing a sort of Royal Academy in South Africa. They point out that there is already the South African Society of Artists, which is rapidly becoming moribund because of the defection of the younger and most brilliant of our painters and sculptors to the K Club, although the latter is almost entirely a Capetown organisation.

"Art in South Africa" I was told, "is too vigorous to be bound by any Academy, for here even the most advanced Impressionists are considered academic by most of our painters, and, incidentally, by our picture buyers. What we do need is some organisation which will not attempt to dictate a standard of taste, but will help artists to sell their work.". *N.C.*

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"Windows."

This Highbrow Business.

By Hector Bolitho.

It was an unfortunate day when the word "Highbrow" was invented. It has antagonised the normal man against certain plays and certain books for no reason; just because people attach themselves with a form of idolatory to a word or a phrase. Who can tell what a Socialist really is? What is temperament? What is a Futurist? What is a highbrow play? They are all words with little meaning, and yet people classify world-shaking problems and works of art under such headings.

Now to this highbrow business! Somebody said to me a day or two ago: "I believe that Mr. Leon M. Lion is to produce a 'highbrow' play when he comes back here."

I said, "Oh!" Of course it wasn't a very intelligent answer on my part, I admit. But I asked him what he meant.

"Oh, well! Galsworthy, you know."

That is utter nonsense. It is the same nonsense that makes University Professors dissect Shakespeare plays until they kill the spirit in them. Shakespeare was probably the least highbrow person of his day. He wrote for money as sincerely as an Ella Wheeler Wilcox or a Charles Garvice. True, he turned out something different, but that fact does not drown the truth that he was a topical playwright, giving the public what it asked for. The Universities may have turned his plays into "highbrow" works, but Shakespeare never did it himself.

Highbrow plays are born of the Universities; good plays are born of the street; I mean that they are written around people who live and laugh and love with the million. Galsworthy has always gone to the people for his characters. "Windows" is less highbrow than "Outward Bound," but they are both good plays. It is less highbrow because it sets out to paint a certain picture of a very ordinary set of people. But it is a play of genius. The two things are different.

"Windows" is the story of a girl who is a mother but not a wife. She smothers her child and is imprisoned. She comes out again and a middle-class English family try to "save" her. The word is a hoax.

The morbid part of the story does not come into the play, so let that pass. The purpose of the play is to show how stupid, how blundering, how unintelligent, and, consequently, how intolerant, society and our scheme of justice can be in dealing with such a girl. We imprison her, she serves her sentence, but we are greedy, we are not satisfied. We want to see her suffer a second punishment. She must go to the streets. We don't admit this, but it is nevertheless our system.

So society patronises her, never realising that there are Madonnas of the by-ways as well as Madonnas in Park Lane. The type is universal. The little woman comes out of prison. She did not kill her baby—she saved it from living. There is a difference. She didn't want her child to crawl through its babyhood as a brat. She thought it better that it should slip off as an angel at birth, rather than go through the grim experience of being a "burden on the State." So she smothered it quickly.

Galsworthy throws the limelight of his genius upon the stupidity, the smug narrowness of modern justice. He probes deep with his pen, deep into human hearts, and he gives us the pathetic girl, the humane, eager journalist who wants to give the girl her chance; he gives us the son who wants to "save" the girl, as if she were a sack of oats washed out to sea. He gives us the cheap, horrible man-rat to whom the girl turns in her ignorance, and, at last, he gives us the mother who had remained so aloof,—he gives us this woman who, near the end of the play, discovers the fundamental truth of the girl: "She wants to be loved." *She wants to be loved!*"

And there it ends. One realises that love is not a thing between mother and child, man and wife, brother and sister,—not these merely. The play makes you realise that love is easy when it is between people of the same class, of the same sympathies; that it is divine when it is between the man on the top of the ladder and the unfortunate, helpless, groping failure who is trying to get his hand on to the first rung.

The play is not sordid. Don't imagine that there is to be a pageant of sex disclosures, because there is not. It is a play of extraordinary tenderness, extraordinary simplicity.

And yet—here the genius of Galsworthy asserts itself—the play is full of comedy. He presents his serious theme embellished with laughter. Ah! that is why Galsworthy is where I said he was.

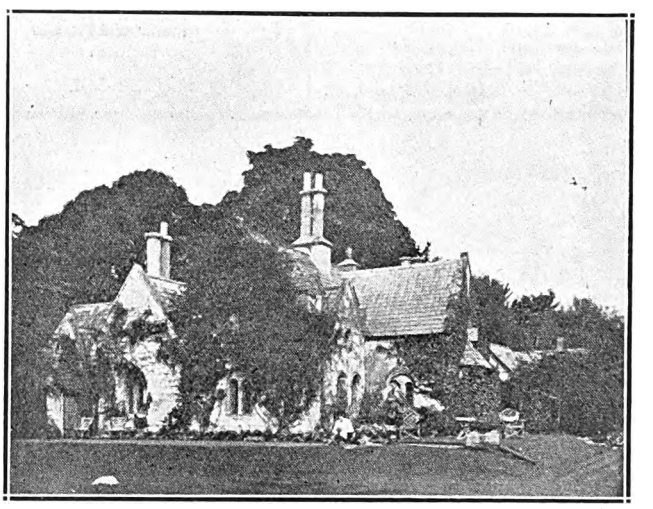
It's an entertainment. Don't suppose you're going to wade through the thick treacle of a philosophical play. You know the philosophers are not all they are cracked up to be. It is their business to find out about life and set it down, without any split infinitives or mixed metaphors. But the playwright has to do more than that. He has to find out about life, too. But he has to go one better: he has to present his philosophy in the form of an entertainment.

I remember when I was in Chelsea, the caretaker of Carlyle's house told me that the great man's ghost often kept him awake. "Ah!" I said. "Think of the great man's essays; they'll send you to sleep." And it is true.

Philosophy is life analysed. A good play is more: it is philosophy garnished with laughter, cooked in the casserole of art, and served as an entertainment. This you get with "Windows."

Maidie Scott.

No contrast could be greater than that between Maidie Scott on the stage and Maidie Scott at home, on the island of Magna Charta, which is her husband's property. On the stage she is a vivacious, sparkling little lady with bright songs and a personality suggesting the sunniest day in the sunniest summer. At home, at Magna Charta, on the famous ground where King John signed the charter on a date every school boy should remember, she is a quiet, domesticated woman, with a husband and twins. The twins



Maidie Scott's Home on Magna Charta Island.

are still very young and, while their famous mother is singing at the Alhambra and Coliseum for £250 a week, they are allowed to play away their first childhood years on the lawns of the famous island. Maidie Scott is now at the Empire, Johannesburg; she is a great artist, who has never before been lured away from her beloved London. She sings light and sparkling songs like "Kiddies," "The Naughty Little Bird on Nellie's Hat" and "If the Wind had only Blown the Other Way," and she sings them with a charm to which you will assuredly fall when you hear her.

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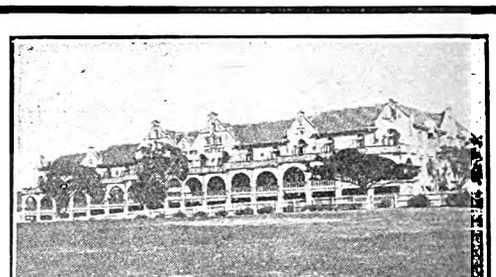

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Round the Bioscopes.

Bijou.

In the days of our youth there used to be a song, and the last lines of the chorus were "Now she's got to call him father." *Three Women*, at the BIJOU during the week commencing 23rd March, tells a story which has some relation to this old song. A mother, a hard, worldly mother, is in love with an alluring villain, who loves women as a child loves toys—to play with and throw away. But he loves her daughter (or says so) and there is an unscrupulous charmer who is determined that she will marry him. When I say that the players in the tremendous drama that this situation creates include May McAvoy, Pauline Frederick, Marie Prevost, Lew Cody, Mary Carr and Willard Louis, what else can I say?

Orpheum.

Hold Your Breath, at the ORPHEUM for the whole of the week commencing the 23rd March, will make you obey the title and "hold your breath." It is full of vividly thrilling and hilarious situations, in which Dorothy Devore shows the world how she is able to hold down her sick brother's newspaper job. She wakes up the whole town in the process, and continually avoids most catastrophic happenings by the narrowest of margins. At the end she decides that one reporter in the family is sufficient and falls into the waiting arms of her fat and distracted fiancé (Walter Hiers). We shall all go and see this picture, and get a new thrill in life. Ever seen a woman climb up the face of a skyscraper?

Carlton.

During the first half of next week the CARLTON is showing a picture which will strongly interest all who were shocked and thrilled at the news of the gigantic earthquake in Japan and in San Francisco in 1906. Chinatown, shadowy, tingling with mystery, is the scene of the earlier part of the Universal-Jewel thrill-drama *The Shock*. Virginia Valli and Lon Chaney are starring in this breath-snatching picture, which ends in heaving earthquake and roaring fire in San Francisco. During the second half of the week the film is *The Woman Who Obeyed*, which is produced by the best of all English producers, Astra-National Productions Ltd. There are four of the greatest English stars in this picture, Stewart Rome, Hilda Bayley, Nancy Price and Gerald Ames. I will not say more about this film than that it is an English film, by the best of English producers. There can be no higher praise. *Fantan.*

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A Social Note Book.

By "Carrie."

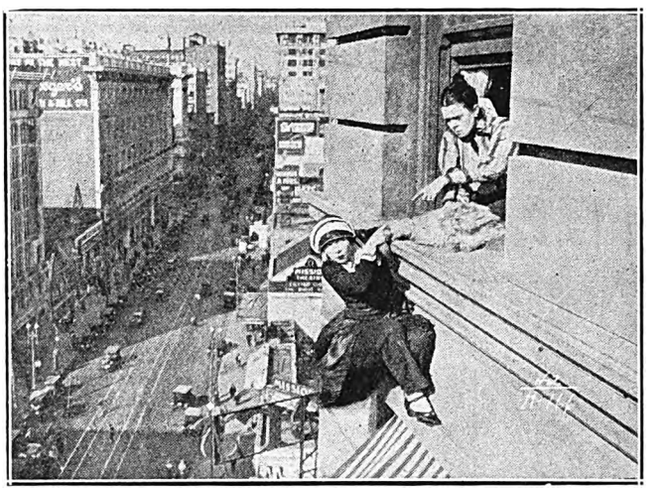
If there is a subject for controversy this week, it should be, "Should parlour maids wear scarlet frocks?" Ever since Monday evening select circles have been discussing Miss Iris Hoey and her uniforms, if we may call them that, in the "Man from Toronto." A confirmed bachelor behind me in the stalls murmured something about "not minding living in the Old Country if they had servants like that," but he never remembered them in his time. After the curtain fell on a flower garden of baskets and bouquets and exciting looking parcels tied up with coloured ribbons, many well-known society women were talking it over in Miss Hoey's dressing-room and came to the conclusion that it was no use trying to dress Jim, the houseboy, like that, and Jim, being a necessary vil of the country, is evidently here to stay. For myself, I liked the black dress best; black is very becoming (I hope that it is not the voice of the Editor I hear saying, "Of course, all stout people naturally think so") and the pretty rose one in the first act. It had such very lovely Richelieu embroideries on it in silver and blue, and Miss Hoey wore one of the prettiest pairs of shoes I have seen. They were pink, with blue flowers on them "for luck." During the intervals it was quite interesting, there were so very many well-known women in the house. Lady Andersson came with Sir Llewellyn, and I did admire her green gown with its wonderful crystal embroidery. Lady Wallers, who was with Mrs. E. G. Izod, in a handsome ermine wrap over her gown, was very smart in gold tissue veiled in black tulle and embroideries of embossed gold leaves. Mrs. Paul Selby, in black studded with diamante, brought her young daughter Rowena and Miss Marjorie Juta in mauve and pink. Among those who wore black gowns (to show how good my taste is, my dears) was Mrs. John Coke—I did so admire her wonderful green Spanish shawl and her necklace of opals inset with crystals: they almost made me break one of the commandments—Mrs. Nellmapius, Mrs. Wartenweiler, Mrs. James Neilson, and Mrs. Sherwell. Mrs. Douglas Christopherson had on an elegant silver tissue frock, and Mrs. Jack Andrew Cohen a very handsome white charmeuse beautifully embroidered in diamante and gold. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Marx were among the audience, Mrs. Marx in a dainty mauve georgette gown. Mr. and Mrs. William Anstey and Mr. and Mrs. Seaton Burne were with Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Jacobs. Mr. and Mrs. S. L. Sive, just back from Australia, had much of interest to tell me about the different people we all know who are at present over there. Scandal? Oh! of course not, we never talk about each other in Johannesburg.

The Younger Generation.

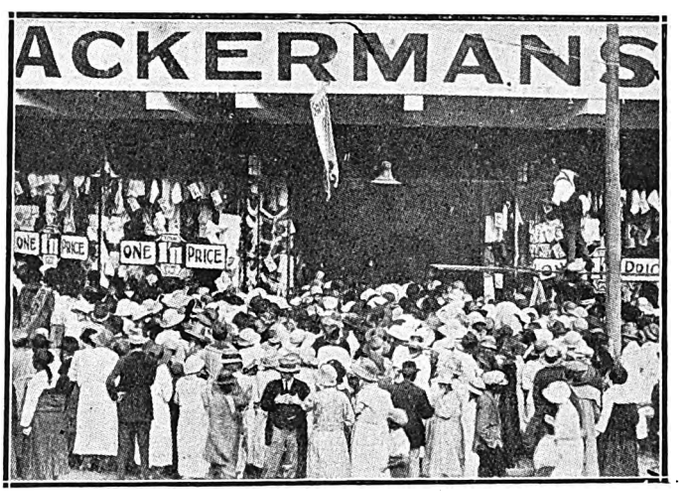
I am always glad when the younger generation get up functions, and generally they are very well run. Youth may be a careless, joyous time, but it is also very conscientious. So I enjoyed greatly the dinner given at the South African Party Club in Eloff Street in honour of Dr. E. B. Woolf, chairman of the Witwatersrand Council of the Junior South African Party. It was a cheery affair, and even the Charlotte Russe had a pink ribbon tied round it and was in festive mood. One gentleman brought his cross-word puzzle with him and consulted his friends in the intervals between the courses. At the guest table sat Mr. T. F. Allen, who presented a wireless set to Dr. Woolf during the evening as a small token of gratitude from the Juniors, Mrs. T. F. Allen, Mr. and Mrs. Woolf, Mrs. Charles Marx, Mrs. Leichman, Mr. G. Sacke, the vice-chairman of the Council, Mr. Donald, Miss Cohen and Mr. Ashfield. Afterwards the room was cleared for dancing, and a very enjoyable evening spent.

University circles are again getting busy and, so educated have we become since the establishment of our Font of Learning, that the sight of a few young fellows with high collars, green ties and long yellow "weepers" on their hats, causes no stir at all. "Freshers," we murmur, as we go our way.

Hold Your Breath.



A scene from the excellent film to be shown at the Orpheum, Johannesburg, on Monday, March 23rd.



The enthusiastic crowd of people at the opening of Ackerman's store in Port Elizabeth.

It will interest many people to know that in Jackson's Twelve English Dancers who appeared at the Command performance recently, was Miss Ida Patlansky (Mrs. Stern). A bright, vivacious personality, Miss Patlansky is well known in Johannesburg, where she and her late partner, Miss Dorothy Morrison, gave several very fine and original exhibitions of dancing. Ida went overseas; and Dorothy is still in our city.

The Capetown season is just over and everyone is coming back to the Rand, packing their bathing costumes regretfully away. They have been very gay in colour this year, but surely no one can beat an extract from a letter from Miami Beach I saw in one of the American papers. It said: "Everyone took in their breath the other day when a winsome widow appeared on the bach in a *mourning* bathing suit. Full weeds, nothing less—black veil, one-piece Lido suit, wide white ruching in her cap and black tights!"

The stir about the new sports costume is increasing at present, and we are told that it is better and easier to play tennis with stockings rolled down to below the knee, as the fresh air does you good. The Esquimaux women are pointed to as an example, for they always have an opening round the knees or the waist to let the air in and allow the skin to breathe. We are fairly progressive here, but I do hope we shall pause at the knee.

Mrs. Tennal, who is the woman editor of a paper in Kansas, has just been telling the world that every woman should have three husbands: one for society, one to make money, and one to look after the housekeeping. Methinks I would single out the one who could make money and make him harem favourite. Not, of course, that I am mercenary.

RED DAISY TEA IS THE BEST—TRY IT.

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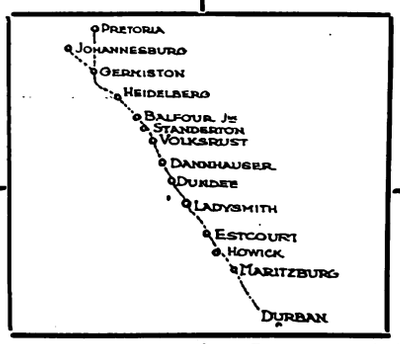

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London Calling!

By Pamela Travers.

London, February 24th.

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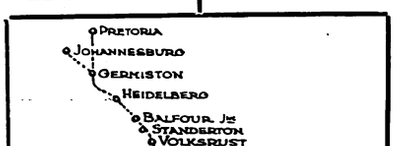

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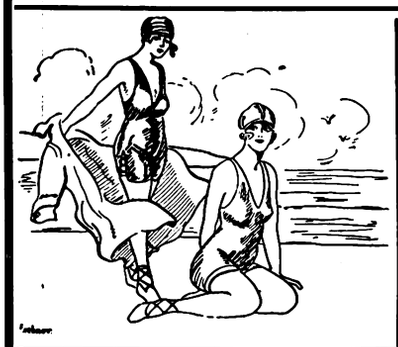

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ment, and even more lurid criticisms sprang up everywhere to greet him. "The Bright Island," luckily, was never meant to have a long run, and is only to be played at matinees. When these great men blunder their mistakes look so very large. Arnold, tearing a chop at the Café Royal, will probably think better of writing another play just yet since his two last have been, to put it very fairly, unco' bad.

And those who have been crying out for "all the good old plays we used to have" are now going to get one. "Sumurun" is coming back to London after fourteen years with a few modern words, and bits of slang and shingled heads to keep it up to the high water mark of modernity. It is funny how everybody—ay, even I!—as they grow older long for the good old days. One sighs for quiet evenings and carpet slippers, another for diamonds which have long since been turned into house-rent, bread and butter and woollen underclothes. Personally, I would rather be climbing trees, bare-footed and clad in the grubbiest, faded apology for a frock, than going to the greatest theatres in the world, sere and yellow!

Oh, my dears, I have been to the Cookery Exhibition at the Royal Horticultural Hall. What marvellous achievements in butter and sugar and pastry. Behold Anne Hathaway's cottage in pastry with little cherry-eyed windows, a garden of green angelica, and surrounding trees made from tinted sugar frosted over with sweet snow.

Bianchi, adored chef at the Trocadero, exhibited a model in mutton suet of the Wellington Arch. Every crack and cornice in the arch was faithfully and lovingly reproduced, and the beautiful winged lady at the top—how shall I tell of her exquisite suet grace, and the airiness of her suet feet? I shall never be able to look a pound of suet in the face again (not that I am usually on such intimate terms with that commodity) without thinking of Bianchi and his marvellous erection.

Oh, and there was a sugar bus about a foot long—beautifully glazed in reds and greens with white sugar wheels which only lacked, alas! a capped sugary driver and a sugary conductor to pull the warning bell. The small twisty stairway, the hand rails, each little seat on the top deck, the brakes and the exquisite round sugar wheels must have required only the most delicate and artistic handling. It would have been a sacrilege to eat that bus, even though it would have tempted a saint to greed.

But the *piece de resistance* was the lobster. Oh, the gallant monsieur, riding the sea in a coral-pastry barque, drawn by the loveliest pastry mermaids in the world. Roses of coloured lobster-flesh adorned the triumphant vessel, a small pastry page with winged heels announced the arrival of Monsieur Lobstere with unheard but piercing blasts from a trombone of red-barley sugar, and from the wooden stand rose tier upon tier of white sugary foam to bear the lordly, if blushing, creature to some lovely sea-heaven. Truly a mouth-watering spectacle. I had to be almost forcibly led

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"Hitch Your Wagon. . . ."

By William J. Makin.

They will tell you that Capetown is known as The Tavern of the Seas. It is one of those delightful little pretences with which we seek to hide behind an adventurous phrase the mundane civilisation of street-cars, and the army of clerks and typists who regularly descend from suburban trains every morning.

Yet the phrase, The Tavern of the Seas, leaped to my mind when I saw Claude Lambton sitting in a balcony tea-room overlooking the sun-dusted, languid Adderley Street. Just the same Claude Lambton that I knew in Paris, in our salad days, as we egotistically termed them.

"My dear boys," I recalled Lambton saying over the marble-topped tables of the Café Julien. "Does anything in this dung-heap of a world matter except Art? There are some who call themselves artists—*cochons*—who nose the dung-heap for the husks of popularity and fame. A miserable spectacle, my dear boys, isn't it?"

"It is . . . it is!" we yelled. "*A bas, les cochons.*"

How the fervid excitement of those days flashed through my mind, as I threaded my way through a congestion of tables towards the thin ascetic face with its rebellious lanky fair hair. Lambton was a student of sculpture, and it was he who took me to the Luxembourg and revealed the beauties of Rodin's "le Baiser," so that whenever I find a reproduction of it in some art journal, I still thrill to the sound of his ecstatic voice and the quick nervous gesture with which he flung that lanky fair hair.

"Claude Lambton in South Africa! God, but this is glorious!" I burst on him enthusiastically.

The blue eyes looked up and narrowed as they searched my face. Then he saw my outstretched hand. He took it limply.

"How d'ye do," he said carelessly; "but who the devil are you?"

I was nonplussed.

"Lambton . . . Lambton!" I murmured reproachfully. "Surely you remember our days at the Sorbonne together, the night we raided Duval's and poured *vin ordinaire* down the neck of a *garçon!* Why, who was it from whom you always borrowed ten francs just before the end of the month, eh?"

His head went back with a laugh.

"What! Frank Weldon! *Mon vieux Toutou.* Of course I remember you! Have you come to ask me for the ten francs—or was it forty?"

"I've come just to hear the glad sound of your voice again. You must be doing big things now." I drew up a chair and sat myself facing him. "You jolly well deserved that *Prix d'honneur* for your Judas Iscariot. It was the finest study in sculpture of greed that I ever saw. Do you remember the half-column the *Figaro* wrote about it? Tell me, you're doing big things now, eh?"

The thin ascetic face lit up with a smile.

"Yes, I'm doing big things."

And the old familiar gesture as he flung back the lanky fair hair which fell across his forehead. I could have fallen upon him in my enthusiasm.

"Better have some tea, *mon vieux Toutou*," he added. A waitress took the order with absurd nonchalance, while I excitedly lit a cigarette.

"And now I want to hear what has brought you to South Africa," I began.

His blue eyes again searched my face.

"Tell me first," he said, "what are you doing here?"

"I've been here six months," I replied. "I'm a police-court reporter on one of the local newspapers."

"My God!" he retorted. "And you used to write poetry in Paris."

"Yes, I wrote it. But I could never sell it. Editors don't want it. They want police-court stories. I know it's not a thing to boast about," I added, quickly, as I saw a cynical twitch come to his mouth. "But I've got to earn my bread and butter somehow. I wasn't a genius like you. You were bound to win through."

He laughed.

"Yes, one wins through. One has got to win through."

"I remember you saying that in the Café Julien one night," I murmured. "We'd been debating about Nietzsche, and you also said that it needed a madman's philosophy to make us think sanely."

"I daresay . . . I daresay," said Lambton, carelessly. "We were always quoting Nietzsche and pretending that they were our own ideas."

". . . . And how you hated women," I continued, dropping two lumps of sugar into my tea. "'Merry little apes without tails,' you called them. I wonder if that was original? It was damned good, anyhow. There wasn't a girl in the Café Julien dare sit at the same table with you. 'There's a cassock under his skin' they used to say. It made me laugh at the time. I suppose you still hate them?"

"Hate whom?"

"Women."

"Like the devil," he spat, savagely.

I laughed.

"Well, and tell me now, how long have you been in South Africa?" I asked.

"Six years," he said, quietly.

"Six years!" I was astonished. "Then you must have come here soon after you finished at the Sorbonne. Six years! But why?"

"I . . . er . . . like South Africa. It's a healthy climate here."

"But . . . but I remember you saying that . . . no artist could be thoroughly healthy and produce great art," I spluttered.

"What the devil does it matter what I said?" he snarled at me.

I sat back in pained surprise. I found myself looking away from those narrowed blue eyes into the sunshine glare of the street below. A blind man came tapping his way along the pavement, a dog tugging madly at the leash.

". . . And, of course, there is the sunshine . . . the glorious sunshine," said Lambton's voice quietly.

"Yes, quite so! There is the sunshine," I murmured, still fascinated by the sight of the blind man tapping his way along the street, mechanically. The dog's tongue was hanging out dreadfully as though it yearned to lick the dusty pavement.

I suddenly looked up to find Lambton's blue eyes regarding me with cynical amusement. There was always that look of cynical enjoyment in his eyes, as though the

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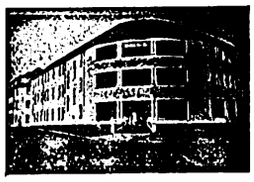

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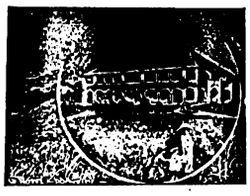

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whole world had been a spectacle prepared for his philosophical delectation. But we were all professed cynics in those days. We could not be anything else at the age of twenty.

"Where do you have your studio?" I asked. "I would like to come round and see what you are doing."

To my astonishment he laughed outright.

"My studio! Ha . . . ha . . . ha! You are still a disciple, *Toutou*, eh? You were always a worshipper of other people's art. Ha . . . ha . . . ha! My studio!"

I flushed at the jibe.

"My dear fellow," I began. "I have always believed in you. I've seen the work of Mestrovie and Epstein—but I know you can do better and have done better. I've said so. I've told a good many people about your Judas Iscariot. The finest thing in the century."

"Yes. I wonder where the devil it is now," he murmured.

"What!"

"I know, my dear *Toutou*," he added quickly, stretching a long, thin hand to pat me affectionately on the shoulder. "You always did believe in me. Instead of reading Nietzsche, you read Emerson, eh? 'Hitch your wagon to a star.' To a star! . . . Ha . . . ha . . . ha!"

There was a bitterness in his laugh, and I half rose.

"All right, *Toutou* . . . all right," he murmured, rising also. "I will show you my studio, where I am doing big things. I will show you my masterpiece. I finished it yesterday. It is all the result of following Emerson's philosophy, 'Hitch your wagon to a star.' Ha . . . ha . . . ha! Come along!"

He strode fiercely and impetuously out of the tea-room, myself following with astonishment behind. But then, Lambton was always a queer sort of fellow. I recalled an incident of our student days in Paris when, flushed with wine, we had attempted to storm the doorway of the Moulin Rouge. "You're drunk . . . drunk," growled a commissionaire in the face of Claude Lambton. Lambton pulled

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himself together with mock hauteur. "It . . . it needs . . . hic . . . a drunken man to appreciate your damned show here," he spluttered, and walked in past the astonished commissionaire.

I was still thinking of the incident as I followed Lambton into Adderley Street, panting to reach a street-car that he was pursuing with magnificent strides. I almost collapsed, out of breath, on the seat by his side, and was grateful for the long silence that followed. Swayed by the rattling, jolting car, I looked up for a few moments at the white face of Lambton, and was astonished to see the strained look that had imprinted itself there. If ever a man suffered agony, it was imprinted on the thin, ascetic features of my companion.

"This . . . this . . . masterpiece," I yelled, above the fiendish rattle of the car. "What . . . is . . . the . . . subject?"

"Death!" he yelled back, vaguely, and sank again into silence.

Half-an-hour later we descended from the street-car, and found ourselves in one of the Capetown suburbs. Not an attractive suburb, for the bleak Cape Flats across which the South-Easters roared stretched before us. And on our right was a long stone wall.

In a few minutes the stone wall began to obsess me. There seemed no end to it. And Lambton, though he was striding along with the old vigour I knew so well, seemed positively to hug the wall. It was a brutal wall, too, in its solidity and newness, stretching apparently for miles like an enormous dyke across this dead landscape of the Cape Flats.

There came a time when this interminable wall and the blank silence of Lambton roused a fury in me. Why the devil didn't he speak? Why was he dragging me for miles beside this cursed wall?

"Lambton!" I yelled at last, unable to control myself. "What is there at the other side of this damned wall?"

"Death!" he said, laconically. "It's a graveyard."

"But . . . but your studio?" I gasped.

He laughed harshly.

"We're here now," he said, suddenly leaving the wall, and striding across the road. I followed him breathlessly.

We passed through a wooden gate and padded along an asphalted walk. It was then that I suddenly became aware of monstrous things in stone on either side of us—broken plinths, harsh virtuous crosses, a sarcophagus in red sandstone, and voluptuously curved and ornate tombstones, all as new and rough-hewn as that cursed wall.

I stopped in amazement. Over the door of the red-bricked house which rose out of these monstrous things I saw a signboard. It announced briefly: *Claude Lambton, Monumental Stonemason. Orders promptly executed.*

"My God!" I uttered, involuntarily.

"There's my masterpiece," came the harsh, cynical voice of Lambton to my ears. "Just over there! I finished it yesterday."

I followed the direction of this thin, white hand. There was an atrocity in stone representing two vilely draped maidens bending with rheumatic ungainliness over a tombstone, on which they were about to place wreaths. From out the stone big black lettering boldly announced: "Sacred to the memory of John William Blackstone. . . ."

"What . . . what has brought you to this?" I asked, looking into those mocking blue eyes.

He laughed, in an agonising fashion that made me shudder.

"Hitching my wagon to a star," he cried. . . . But a music-hall star. . . . She is my wife. You must meet her."

A moment later I was bowing to a blowsy creature who fumbled desperately with hair-pins while she greeted me. An imitation gold pin held the dirty blouse together, and every time she moved her big slippers flopped noisily.

Lambton kissed her affectionately as he entered the house.

A Great Actress in a Beautiful Gown.

Miss Constance Collier, the famous English actress, in a Reville creation of wine-coloured velvet. The cloak is also of wine-coloured velvet, trimmed with fur.

Of the Maskelynes.

So many theatres have matinees every day nowadays, that one never wonders when the custom of giving two performances daily began. It was originated by the first Mr. Maskelyne over fifty years ago, when he first came to London to show the world how really important a conjurer was to the community.

It chanced that Sir Henry Irving, upon a raw Monday afternoon, walked into the vestibule of the theatre to get out of the way of the wind. He peered in through the curtains which screened the auditorium and discovered that a matinee was in progress. And a very crowded and well attended matinee it was, too.

He had a talk to Mr. Maskelyne, whose son Clive Maskelyne is coming to Africa, about it and the result was that the next week saw two daily performances at the Lyceum, Sir Henry's own theatre!

And that's how it all began. *P.T.*

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Andrea the Fisherman.

A Saldanha Bay Sketch.

By Roger Maurice.

Perhaps, some day, you'll find yourself at Saldanha Bay, and there, as ever, you'll find the sea rising and falling against the sand. It is a place of shadows and dust, a place of black and white and little boats straining their ropes, with their bows pointed towards the open sea.

Here you'll find Andrea the Italian fisherman, mending his nets and sighing for Napoli, whence comes a case of rough raw chianti now and again, to remind him of the great bay and of Vesuvius spitting blood at the blue sky.

And he'll talk to you, maybe, "abouter the time when he feesh" at a better the place than these of Saldanha Bay where the great dead whales are towed in from the outer water.

Andrea will tell you the truth about Capetown's fishing industry. He is really a rather amusing fellow, with large spreading toes that clutch at the net as if they were fingers. His clothes are patched, until the original material cannot be traced and his shirt, open at the throat, reveals a black, hairy chest against which hangs a silver medal. This is tied around his neck by a piece of oily string.

"It's gooder the summer to catcher the feesh," he will tell you. "Maker the niner pound the week in the summer, I tink."

"But the vinter . . . ugh!" and he'll shrug his shoulders in the approved continental way and tell you that "in the vinter you don't maker enuff to buyer the cigarette."

Andrea has bad luck with his nets. They have a habit of tearing before the silver horde has been gathered in. So you find him on the wharf, the almost skeleton little wharf, sewing up the maze of dark brown string.

And as his arm rises and falls with the great needle, he will tell you also that "there Sout Afreec not mucher the good for the feesherman; Americ the place where they maker the mun."

Andrea smokes his pipe, and his oily, gnarled fingers pause in their rapid handling of the mesh to pack a fresh wad of tobacco into the dirty bowl. The smoking is accompanied by a filthy gurgling, and an occasional ejection of brown spittle into the lapping water beside him.

Andreas' art is one of the oldest in the world, for the story of the fisherman goes a long way back. There were fishermen on the shores of Galilee, and one remembers stories of hardy Norsemen and their wives mending their fishing nets in huts beneath the lofty pines. You may think of a palm-fringed lagoon and lazy Hawaiian girls, dark skinned, singing over their nets of fibre. Fishing and net mending are not the monopoly of Andrea or the colony of exiled Italians with whom he lives in Saldanha Bay. It is an old and time-tried art.

So, when next you examine, with a critical housekeeper's eye, a silvery snoek or a seventy-four destined for the frying-pan, please remember Andrea, his fishing nets, and his quick-moving needle, his curses and his oily, tangled hair. But don't think too long about him, because he's a bit of an autocrat in his way, and he won't bother thinking for even a second about you.

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Thistledown and Thunder.

A Higgledy-Piggledy Diary.

By Hector Bolitho.

The writer has come to the age when memory is failing him, and he rescues incidents and impressions from the passing torrent before it is too late.

This series of articles, which may continue for far longer than either you or he may wish, is an effort to set down all the things he hadn't the time or the courage to write in the years the locusts have eaten; in New Zealand, Fiji, Samoa, Tonga, Australia, Italy, France, the parent England . . . and now Africa.

CHAPTER V.

March 2, 1920.

I have just learned that I am to accompany the Prince of Wales during his visit to New Zealand. It should yield an interesting book. How important I feel! I have already had two publishers on my doorstep asking for book rights of my account of the visit. Dear Heaven! Am I really going to be a *success?*

April 24, 1920.

To-day he arrived. It was all so very important and rushed and rather terrifying. Oh, that last great moment when I put on my first tall silk hat and motored so grandly down through the city, feeling half like a small-town mayor and half like a musical comedy star and not in the least like a young and promising journalist going to meet the Prince of Wales.

Around the shores of the harbour, on every hill and clearing, on every tower and roof, one hundred thousand people waited for him. Every eye was turned towards the projection round which the great ship would pass. The cliff suddenly moved! It was the bow of H.M.S. "Renown," which grew, as her full length was revealed, into the largest ship which has ever sailed in these waters. The day was a remnant of departed summer. The great pyramid loomed nearer and nearer until the foremast could be distinguished from the maze of grey superstructure.

As the vessel came sufficiently near for a broadside view, two figures were seen in the look-out, and the accompanying exclamations, "There he is!" from those who lessened the distance with binoculars, needed no explanation. The guns fired a Royal salute, and mighty cheers stole across the water as our first audible greeting.

We had known the Prince of Wales through the medium of the motion picture and the illustrated journals. We expected a youthful, slim Achilles, interweaving the strength of a man with the chivalry and grace of a King. We were not disappointed, for it was no delicate orchid of an artificial culture that we greeted. It was a sun-browned Prince, not spoiled by the unending tribute of his nation's millions.

Auckland was thrilled as it has never been before. The first cheer had been to an indistinct figure across the intervening water. Here he was within a few yards of them! The camera men had not deceived them; the postcards were right! And so the Prince commenced his conquest of New Zealand. We weren't sufficiently American to designate him as a "plush" in the way the Canadians did, but we all thought in line with the lady who called him "a perfect dear."

Evening.

In the evening I was able to explore the great ship with her six fifteen inch guns, huge turrets, towering maze of masts, and beneath, where an engineer bewildered me with facts and figures, a thousand miles of pipes and bars, tied and twisted into an engine and looking at the intruder through dozens of clock faces covered with cryptic figures and signs. A cheery sailor told me that the Prince was a "real good sort." I was told that his Royal Highness joined in the ship's band with no more ambitious an instrument than the clappers, which he plays with distinction. Cast your memory back through the labyrinthian years of English history and find a Monarch who could be imagined as a clapper player in a ship's band!

April 26, 1920.

The children's welcome to-day was marvellous.

A slim grey figure monopolised the attention of sixty thousand people. The children carried out their programme, but the disciplinarians were not going to have it all their own way, for a child's loyalty is not a thing of form and ritual. Their enthusiasm was not to be curbed, and when His Royal Highness descended on to the ground to thread his way among the children, the well-ordered lines were broken; the little people surged around the car, and the Prince stood up, waving his acknowledgment and giving every evidence of sincere pleasure.

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The boyish figure, to which we had already grown accustomed, seemed to be carried forward on a sea of children. The motor was unseen—forgotten. The vast grounds were encircled by an iron fence, and this afforded a still more impressive means of expressing enthusiasm. The long fence was turned into an enormous drum, on which thousands of legs kicked with disregard for the future appearance of the iron. It formed a circle of thunder for the sea of children inside. It was the most impressive sight of my life.

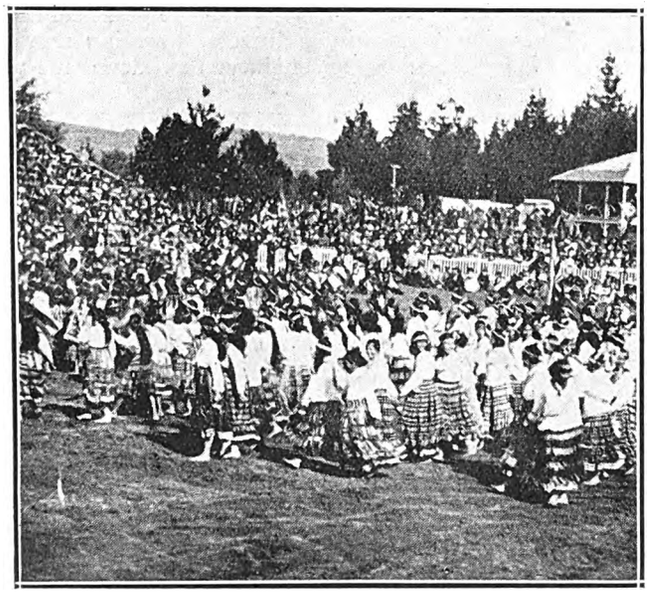
Cigarettes play a big part in the life of the Prince, and he relieves many of the tense, nervous ordeals through which he passes with the pleasure of the little white cylinder. He smokes an almost endless chain of cigarettes, and the question often arises, "What is his favourite brand?" Most people suppose that he indulges in some exclusive brand of Egyptian or Turkish affected by connoisseurs, but his taste lies with the Virginian weed.

April 27.

We left for Rotorua to-day. The Royal train, preceded by the pilot, and followed by an emergency train, passed into the open country, where farm carts, motor-cars and houses were turned into grand-stands for those who had driven to the railway line to watch the passing of the Royal train.

Motor cyclists followed the train for miles along the road, and one displayed large sheets of tin on his machine with the words "Welcome" and "Kia Ora" painted on them.

Rotorua is the heart of the thermal district of New Zealand. It is a Government town, and its hot springs and mineral pools are the centre of a very successful sanatorium in which nerve and muscular diseases are cured.



A Maori Dance of Welcome.

The Prince spent this evening at a dance and in an unpremeditated jaunt on a merry-go-round. He slipped away for a quiet walk and, with two of his suite, descended on the side-shows on the Whakarewarewa Road. The merry-go-round was not working, but the Prince was intent upon a ride and, after hunting out the owner, the Royal party had a thrilling ten minutes in the air. It was not until after the incident that the merry-go-round man learned the identity of his visitors. The little incident has apparently "made him" financially. I saw him with his side-show in Auckland a few weeks after the Prince had left New Zealand. The Royal "boat" was marked with an unmistakable announcement that it had been used by the Prince, and the school children were flocking past the toll gate with their sixpences.

April 30.

Auckland: This morning His Royal Highness went shopping in the main street, on foot and unaccompanied.

May 1, 1920.

We are all on the Royal train again—speeding South.

May 3.

We are at Wanganui.

His Royal Highness was present at two concerts and the Sargent Gallery reception during the evening. Wanganui made the most of its time, and dinner took a very minor place in attending so many functions. The rush of previous towns had not made it impossible for us to read of Wanganui's preparations in the daily papers, and we anticipated something of the glamour with which the events were presented. Somebody had arranged for claret cup at the reception and somebody else objected. One section wanted one concert and another desired another. It was at least exciting. We arrived to find that both parties had won in regard to the concert, as there were two of them. The claret cup was abandoned, and the supper passed in stern sobriety.

May 4.

We have abandoned the Royal train for the morning, and our procession of 15 motor cars is threading its way through quiet countryside.

After lunch we joined the Royal train again. A quarter of the tour was over. We, whose duty it was to chronicle the Prince's progress, had quickly grown to love our work. I didn't feel like a pressman mechanically recording happenings and incidents. I felt that here at last was a series of official functions in which the personality of the one central figure was strong enough to counteract the element of exclusiveness and inspire the proceedings with a human interest. I had long ago found that the reputed charm of the Prince, and his delightful freedom from any suggestion of indifferent aloofness was not a newspaper myth. It was a concrete fact that inspired that long chain of events with a pleasant interest. I felt a desire for a more skilful pen with which to picture in true colours this Prince of the people.

He was a quiet, unassuming figure on the train. His boyishness did not let him rest, even when his day was crowded with functions. In the little half hours between stations he wrote letters, read the papers, and took a keen interest in the farm lands which he passed. This feature is, of course, one of the greatest in his make-up. The least blasé person in the world would be justified in slight indifference after passing across continents at the lightning speed and under the conditions which the Prince toured Canada. He could not be expected to single out incidents from a million such and retain them with cameo clearness in his overtaxed memory. But he does. Apart from the distinction of his birth and position, he stands out as being a remarkable character for his extraordinary knowledge of the ordinary human being from whom the average

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Prince would seem so far apart. His brain is like a great card index in which faces and facts are stacked methodically; at hand when they are wanted to revive some recollection. We had an illustration of that fact at Hastings. During the previous day at Napier, the Prince had reviewed a large assembly of soldiers, among whom there was a Sergeant-Major, who later travelled to Hastings to attend the parade there. He was one of many non-commissioned officers on the ground, and one of probably millions that the Prince has seen. But he remembered on the following day and there was a special greeting for the "non-com." who had made a point of parading twice before the Royal guest.

The unrehearsed incidents added pleasure to our journey. At one place a youth shouted, "What's your weight, Prince?" "Nine stone four," was the reply. "Why do you ask?" "Had a bet on it," was the retort. "I hope you won," said the Prince with a laugh. "No, I lost. I bet you were ten stone."

At one town an old lady stepped forward to shake hands with him, saying, "How do you do, my dear; aren't you tired of being called 'Your Royal Highness?'" He assured her with a smile that it did grow rather tiresome.

May 5.

We were at Woodville to-day: A number of people were allowed to inspect the Royal train, and one girl romantically patted "his" pillow and said he was "some Prince." The word "some" is one which we have borrowed from America. School children thought it was the most beautiful train imaginable and the Jacobean furniture in the dining-car was greatly admired. Souvenir hunters were rather sacrilegious in Woodville. They were not contented with viewing the train, but one arm found its way through an open window on to the dining table. A glass of toothpicks was "lifted" and the arm disappeared. The glass was dropped during the adventure, and was broken, but there was a wild scramble for the toothpicks, which will no doubt be treasured for the fact that they reposed within the Royal carriage.

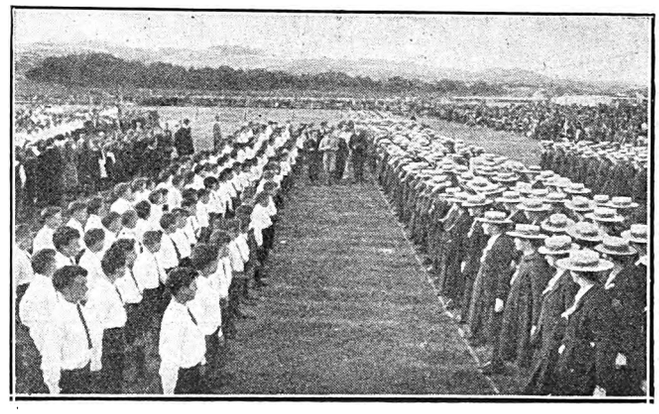
May 6.

We arrived in Wellington to-night.

There are about one hundred thousand people in Wellington and the surrounding district. The majority of that vast number semed to be densely packed into one long street. There was a thunder of voices from the minute when he arrived until, when nearly an hour later, he passed into the Government House grounds. The long line of cars proceeded slowly; the people surged around him in thousands, and the Royal car crept along, with the Prince standing, waving his greeting and receiving in return a reception which was stupendous. From our car, not very far behind the Prince and Sir Lionel Halsey, we could see an undulating ocean of heads. The brilliant lights made the scene all the more fantastic, casting a yellow glow on the upturned faces. The street was walled in by bunting and lights.

May 8.

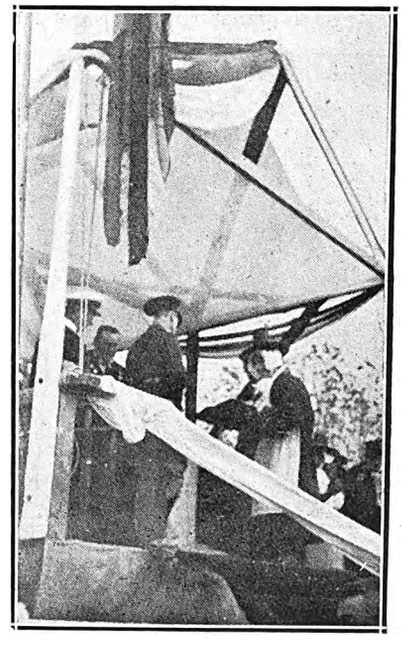
In the early morning every house where there was a school child living was astir with the milkman, preparing for the great event. It was the children's day. The carefully ironed white frock was taken from its safe corner and the perfectly new jumper and breeches were exposed to the full gaze of the family. The children of this great Colonial democracy were to greet their Prince. From distant country schools where history was taught within hearing of the milking machine; from suburban schools set amid winding gardens; from city schools whose chimneys and turrets were threaded by factory smoke, thousands upon thousands of little people marched into Wellington city. There was singing which must have reached the stars.



Every child saw him within a few yards; this was the rule in each town visited.

Friday, May 14, 1920.

At eight o'clock to-day the Royal Ensign flew for the first time outside the Christchurch Club. A Royal salute thundered over the Cathedral city and reminded the people that H.R.H. had spent his first night in Christchurch. One of the happiest incidents of the tour was enshrined in to-day's reception. We had seen the Prince as heir to the throne-symbol of the close association of the Colonies and mother country, but here we saw him associated with the exiled people of Wales; the land of hills from which he receives his title. The instinct which for ever sends the hearts of Welsh people home to their own land, had caused a handful of those who had wandered to New Zealand to form a Cambrian Society, by which memories of Wales are kept eternally alive. The national spirit of these folk found its fullest expression on this day. An address of welcome was read by a Welshwoman, dressed in her graceful national costume. The Welsh hymn was sung to a harp accompaniment. Then came the ringing chorus, sung by the Welsh people in their own tongue, with all the years of thwarted home affection turning to tears of rejoicing in their song. It was impossible that the Prince should not be moved by this peculiarly personal tribute from a handful of folks to whom he was something more than the heir to the throne; something more than he was to the rest of the multitude.



Welcomed by the Welsh people.

(To be continued.)

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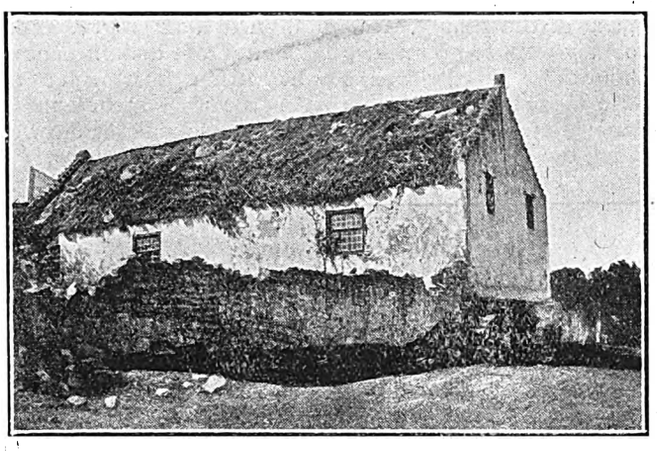
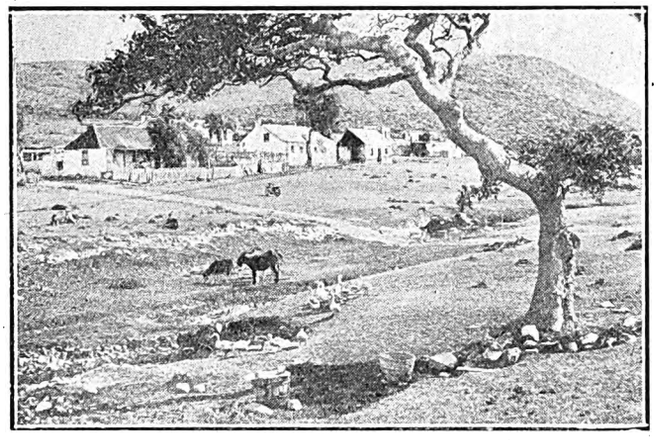
Bethelsdorp: An Old Town.



A church said to be more than 150 years old.



View looking up the kloof at Bethelsdorp: the tree in the foreground is 200 years old, and is a Kaffirboom.

The old poorhouse, dated "1822 A.D."

Photographs by R. L. Shanagan.

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The Street Cosmopolite.

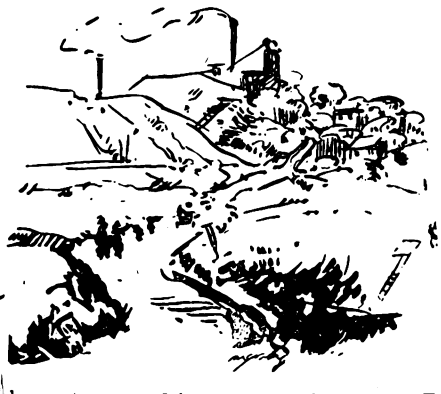
Commissioner Street.

It proudly claims itself to be the longest, widest, straightest street in all South Africa, save only that seven miles of road, avenued by tall stone-pines and broken by wide vineyards, which runs from Paarl to Huguenot, enshrining the memory of many a beautiful lady of the old-time and many a Governor, good or gross, of past Cape days.

But Commissioner Street is the antithesis of its only rival in length. In Commissioner Street life does not float by in dreams and the shadows of forgotten years. For Johannesburg lives, lives vividly and strongly, and its streets are a clean-cut background to the life of the City of Gold, to the life of Cosmopolis, of Babel rebuilt.

Where the Main Reef Road lopes dustily past the Robinson Gold Mine and through the queer little patch of struggling green which Fordsburgers call Ware Park, Commissioner Street starts, flung up, it would seem, out of the bowels of Earth.

At the bend here Chinatown has its being: at the bend here the mining area leaves the Main Reef Road and the town comes into its own: round this bend thirty years ago the defeated Jamieson Raiders straggled, saddle-sore and heart-sick, their great dreams of Empire faded like mist in the morning: round this bend swung a British column on Roberts' march to Pretoria: Doornkop had meant gaol and misery for the one, victory and glory for the other. Here in 1913 bullets spattered and blood stained the white dust crimson: for the possession of this bend in 1922 South Africans shot South Africans in war and bitterness. And now. . . . An idle group of Chinese lounges across from the Chinese Reform Club to the United Transvaal Chinese Club.



Behind the doors of some of the unpainted little shanties here strange things are to be seen: Lu Win Chow on green-and-gold slippered feet pads softly into a room laden with bitter-scented opium smoke: Sen Tso lies stupid, poppy-drugged, on a yellow silk couch, dreaming of a little rain-swept village in far-off Canton. Outside in the street small Celestials, still with the pigtails of their ancestors, fly strange dragon-kites and shout liquidly at passing motor cars.

A hundred yards further up the street is touched by the fringe of the Indian Quarter, which lies on its north side, and the widdershins Chinese characters on shop-windows give place to curved and twisted Gubajee: the beautiful, thin, delicate green and blue china of the Chinese shops gives place to dirt and squalor and low-caste Hindus.

It is a street of Quarters here: the Chinese Quarter, the Indian Quarter, and now what I call for want of a name the Immigrant Quarter. Just where the street becomes modern, Western, business-like, there is a part where English is scarcely understood. The long-bearded elders who go in and out of the dusty shops here are Jewish immigrants from Lithuania and Poland, Russia and Galicia. They talk in rapid Yiddish of towns they have left, of Chuvl, Cracow, Dvinsk and Lemberg. Mostly brought from Europe by their children, they have been too old, too weary of life to trouble to learn English, and here among friends in like state they talk in queer Russian cafés of other days and other things.

The glyphics on the shop-windows lower in the street were curious square-angled, written-backwards Mandarin Chinese, then they changed to curving, twisting Hindustani, then to Yiddish, a German language written in Hebrew characters, and now suddenly it is all English. We walk no longer past the shanties of pioneer days. Huge buildings tower to the sky: stone and concrete cling round steel girders to make office-room for the highly organised businesses of modern trades and mining companies. Here is Exploration Buildings, where most of Johannesburg's architects and surveyors foregather: here is the Corner House, tallest building in Africa, from which more than a quarter of the world's gold production is controlled. Here is the Carlton Hotel, ten stories high, housing Lords and Ladies, Magnates and Miners, Actors and Adventurers. Here are three of Johannesburg's theatres, the Palladium, His Majesty's and the Empire. Great warehouses of great merchant princes rise before us: we pass them: the street goes back to littleness and corrugated iron.

Where Commissioner Street draws down to the Jeppe Dip, soon to fade away into the suburbs, rifles cracked in 1922, for Jeppe, too, was held by rebels. There is a tale of a certain Portuguese in the Jeppe Commando who lay behind a curbstone not far from the railway booms and whipped bullets up the street at whatever dared to cross. Twelve men he hit in one morning, they say, and used twelve bullets for it, until he himself was killed by a bomb-splinter from an aeroplane.

There is no historian to write of streets, else Commissioner Street would take a long chapter of his work, from the days when Munnik, the Mining Commissioner, gave it its name, from the days when the gold fever made it a serried row of tents, when it was pregnant with whispers of the Raid, of the War, of strikes and revolution. Days when the crowd flooding about the Chains at the Stock

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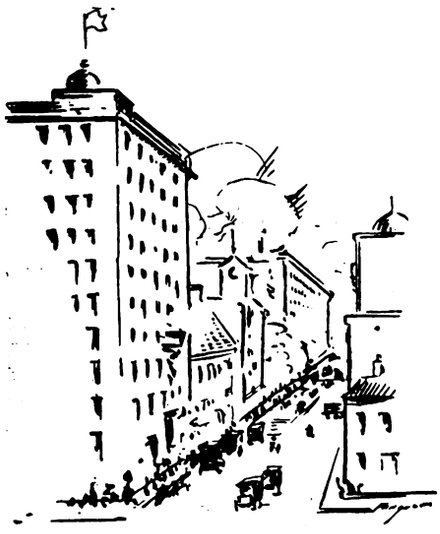
Exchange to buy Coronation Syndicates grew so huge that it flowed into it, where the little horse-trams with clatter and clank had their terminus: days farther back when the two farms through which it ran could be bought entirely for a few hundred pounds. . . .



But it is at the end of the day that the street takes on its loveliness. The red and crimson of coming night floods the tall buildings with beauty, and the black smoke from the chimneys on the horizon is vivid with strength against the red fire of sunset. *N.C.*

Book Reviews.

"The Quisto Box."

Before the war Mr. Horace B. Samuel, the author of *The Quisto Box* (A. and M. Philpot, Ltd.), had achieved something of a reputation as a psychologist in the ranks of the intelligentsia. He was a Nietzschean, by which I mean a follower of the most cold-blooded materialist modernity has yet produced. Nietzsche X-rayed life and humanity to such effect that eventually he was shut up, both figuratively and actually, in an asylum—an eminently sane ending. The world laughed.

Mr. Horace B. Samuel, probably with the fate of his master in his mind's eye, does not X-ray life in the philosophic sense; he makes life X-ray itself in a practical way, with the result that it is humanity which verges upon the abyss of insanity, while the philosopher sits back and laughs.

The trouble started with the death of old Professor Quist who had devoted a life's work to the sisyphean task of perfecting a machine which would X-ray the human mind. No psycho-analytical fumbling with some cryptic combination. But, hey-presto! While you wait, every thought, every thought conscious or unconscious, opened—photographed, recorded, transmitted to the brain of the operator, while the subject remained in the most abysmal ignorance of the manoeuvre. It was a little machine which could be carried in the pocket. An aluminium machine, oblong in shape, of an inoffensive exterior, but inside all a-tingle with potency. One had but to press a steel button . . . .

This machine, together with its formula, is stolen by Lalage Marne, a chic, self-assured, ultra-modern student of psychology. Zaffrouli, a millionaire banker, and Lucian Swode, journalist are, in synoptic parlance, "in the know," and the outcome is a triple alliance for the profitable exploitation of the invention.

The triple alliance make much profit out of certain political information, as is to be expected, besides precipitating a first class political crisis resulting in the resignation of the government.

It was after this that the idea of supreme devilry took definite form. To put the Quisto Box, as it was called, on to the market. Civilisation made to sit up. Millions and millions of perfectly respectable people, absorbed in the duties of life, in love affairs, in the business of hospitality, politics, commerce, in the most glaring state of psychological nudity. Perhaps the most interesting feature of *The Quisto Box* is the vivid description of the gradual popularisation of the infernal instrument and its corrosive effect upon the political, social and domestic fabric.

Political intrigues flourished and failed on a gorgeous scale, while ministries collapsed and were formed every few days.

Stripped from all its formal trappings, hospitality suffered. The social amenities became impossible under such conditions and rapidly wilted. Few were the friendships that survived the acid test of the Quisto Box. People at last saw themselves as others saw them. The sight was not merely unpleasant but ghastly.

Skeletons, too, of all kinds, came sacrilegiously out of all kinds of family cupboards. Important skeletons, vile and hateful, trivial skeletons grinning ridicuously but executing no end of damage among the fastidious collection of the conjugal crockery.

But enough! I have extracted sufficient from "The Quisto Box" to show that Mr. Samuel is an expert satirist, if a somewhat sardonic philosopher and that his theme is of the sort calculated to awaken the risible faculty of most readers. I can recommend the book to all interested in an unusual subject treated in an unusual way, to which it has the additional advantage of giving a genuine sensation—the sensation of sheer relief with which one closes the book. And I do not say this in derogation. For it is entertaining, every bit of it. But I would not have Blank know what I think of him for the world and if I could look into Crank's mind I might find . . . . .

Ugh! The prospect is appalling. *M.M.S.*

The Yellow Spot.

Now-a-days one hesitates before purchasing novels about life in China, for the mysteries and scenes are usually obvious and "far-fetched." "The Yellow Spot," by Miss Lily Stack, however, is handled with so intimate a knowledge of Chinese character and customs that the book is true and convincing. One interesting fact is that in spite of the Western attainments of the Chinese, they still remain wholly Chinese. They accept the Western teaching of the laws of matter, of motion, of force. But side by side with these is the native explanation of all phenomena—the god of spring, the Emperor of the dead, the fire devil, etc.

The chief people of the drama are English with the exception of an American tea-buyer, Jerry Turner, who guesses "he's found many a white man with a yellow spot in his make-up, and he's sometimes found a chink with a deeper yellow spot in him, a spot that even the Gold Dust Twins couldn't get off!"

The novel is set in China, and later the scene changes to the Chinese quarter in San Francisco. The story is human and powerful, and one feels that the authoress has not drawn upon her imagination but is writing what she knows. The publishers are Messrs. Ward, Lock and Co.

M.D.

Katharine Tynan's "Miss Phipps."

There are some books which should be read (and are read) by all those nice people who do not live in the fever of excitement which the prospect of midnight cabarets induces. *Miss Phipps* is one of these: it should be given to every one of those calmly gracious women who are at their most charming before a fire of a winter's afternoon. It is a clearly written, quiet love story—Delia Sarsfield's love story. Love is always chequered, and hers is no exception. *Miss Phipps* was Christopher Talbot's nurse and was the most strange woman. She was a wonderful nurse and loved her work passionately, but she had this most curious effect on all her patients—under her influence they seemed to lose the "will to live." She over-shadowed Delia's romance, but everything turned out happily enough in the end. Katharine Tynan's characters are always well drawn, and her short description of places and scenes and the emotions they rouse are delightful to read. Ward Lock and Co. are to be congratulated on being the publishers of her pleasant novels.

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Elizabeth Scuttle.

By Roger Maurice.

Mrs. Scuttle wiped the soapsuds from her hands, dried them on her apron, and after stirring the clothes with the copper-stick, she walked into the hall. The postman's whistle had sent a visionary stream of possible letter writers through her mind, and when she saw his silhouette on the door glass she had decided on nothing more romantic than a gas bill. After glancing at her reflection in the hall glass and stroking her hair unnecessarily, she opened the door and gave the postman a sharp "Good morning," in exchange for a small parcel. It was importantly tied with blue tape, and it bore numerous American stamps and post-marks.

"Well, I never," Elizabeth Scuttle whispered, as she sat on the hall chair. "If it ain't me book."

Some months before this, Mrs. Scuttle filled in a form, and, with two shillings enclosed, had posted it to an address which occupied six lines on the envelope, as all American addresses do. She was to receive in return a book entitled, "The Spirits About Us," and this was the very volume which was then lying on her galatea apron. Blue bags, wringers and boiling clothes were forgotten as, with two shillings' worth of paper and print, Elizabeth Scuttle swept aside the curtain to the great unknown.

Hers was the dull routine of married existence. She had viewed marriage as the beginning, and had found it to be the end. Like the eternal blare of a cheap gramophone with but one record, she sang her song of life; but there were many moments when the gramophone needle scraped and the music went out of tune. No cradle had rocked on the Scuttle hearth, and this was, perhaps, the reason that the ways of Elizabeth and her husband were so far apart. Mr. Scuttle was interested in local affairs, but his wife's mind was for progress and uplift. She tried to solve the problems of Spiritualism, and the only result was a succession of nervous breakdowns to which she was a faithful subject. Her life was dominated by "Voices of the Past" and "Lights on the Future," and her nights were peopled by visionary characters who could have been summoned quite as effectively through the medium of the gin bottle.

This new book was to introduce Elizabeth Scuttle to further secrets of the spirit world, and during that day she read it and re-read it until its fifty pages were so many vibrations disturbing her manipulation of the blue bag and spoiling the colour of the clothes. Her mind was so steeped in the supernatural that her feelings on encountering practical things were similar to those of an ordinary person donning a wet bathing costume.

The day wore on and evening came. The clothes had muttered for the required number of hours and were now lying on the kitchen table. Mr. and Mrs. Scuttle ate their dinner, and the husband left for one of his council appointments. Elizabeth was tired, but she spent the evening in reading up her "Spirits." The room became a sea of spirits; the sideboard was a temple door through which one peeped into the past; the pedestal was the figure of Saint Somebody-or-other nodding regally with his crown of arum lilies. Her chair became a dream chariot on which she floated into the great beyond with all the slide and rhythm of a telegraph boy on the bannisters.

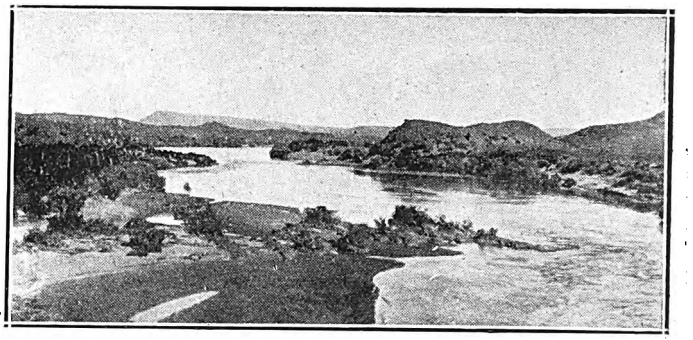
When they tire of love women often turn to Spiritualism, hoping to find in it some new experiences and emotions. It was thus that Mrs. Scuttle glowed with the desire to speak with people who had abandoned the flesh for the other world. She had conversed with her aunt—a dead lady who spent her spare time flying through the air like a piece of thistledown. On cold nights she often talked with a grand-uncle, who took up his residence in the flour bin. He addressed her by rapping on the lid in the Morse code.

On this particular evening Elizabeth Scuttle read through her new book and decided to "concentrate," and thus summon her dead grandmother, who possessed a wonderful scone recipe which had been buried with her. Elizabeth therefore turned out the lights, and went to bed with a hot-water bottle. To create atmosphere, she dwelt upon intellectual subjects, and was soon passing into the abode of sleep. The spirits were apparently rather busy on this evening, and there was no immediate response. Any person standing beside her bed would have taken her for a normal woman having a normal sleep after a hard day at the wash tub. Who would have dreamed that her soul was rushing through space in pursuit of a scone recipe? Who would have known that she had defied the undertaker, the marble slab and the grave, and sought the dead in their hiding places?

Elizabeth sought out the grandmother department of the spirit world, and saw in the distance an ethereal, greenish light, moving and weird. It came nearer and nearer, until it was like a great, green eye peering into her face. Something grasped and shook her, and she wakened sitting up in bed. The green light was still there, and the unknown something still shook her. A male voice said: "Wake up, Lizzie, you fool; you've been talking in your sleep." But the green light still hovered!

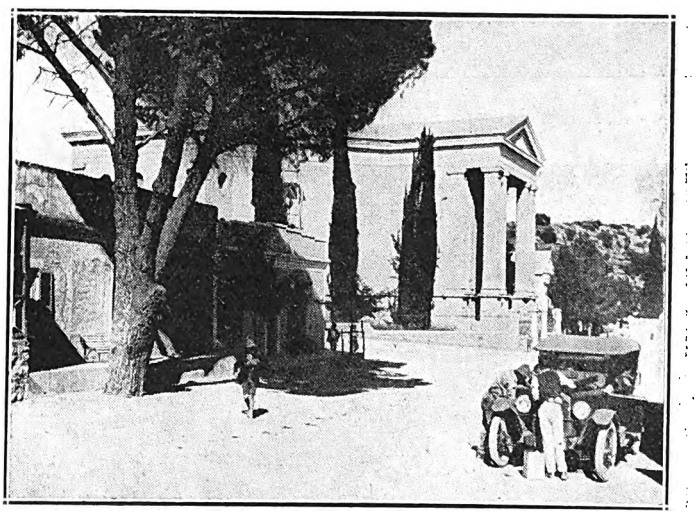
Her husband's arm moved, and with it, the light. She then realised that it was the illuminated dial of his wristlet watch.

Here, There and Everywhere.



A bend in the Orange River.

The main street, Edenburg.



The Dutch Reformed Church at Colesburg.

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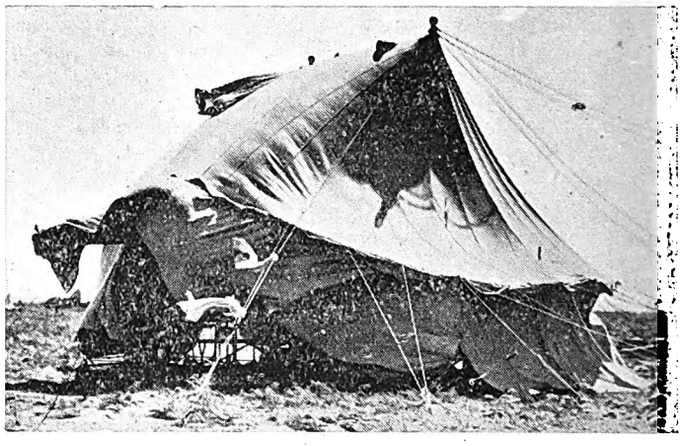
Camp at the Cape.

On the opposite page is an article by "Beachcomber" on the recent camp at the Cape which was so seriously disturbed by the wind. The first photograph shows some of the men resting and eating melons, and below this paragraph is a photograph which gives some idea of how strenuously the wind blew during the time of the camp. To those for whom war is merely a memory, these photographs will come as a faint reminder of the merry days in the camp at Potchefstroom, although there was more cause for merriment in this recent camp than in that last in which the men had such a grim adventure looming before them.

Rest and melons.

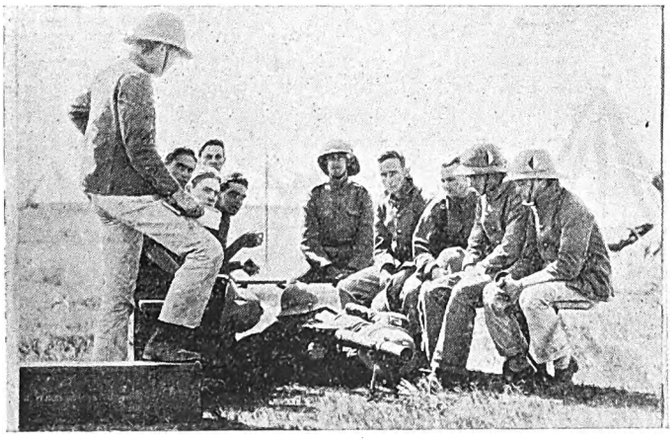
Nature's soft nurse on Nature's hard ground.



The wind blows.

Even officers rest.

Scotland forever.



Machine gun instruction.

After the bath.

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Camp Life at the Cape.

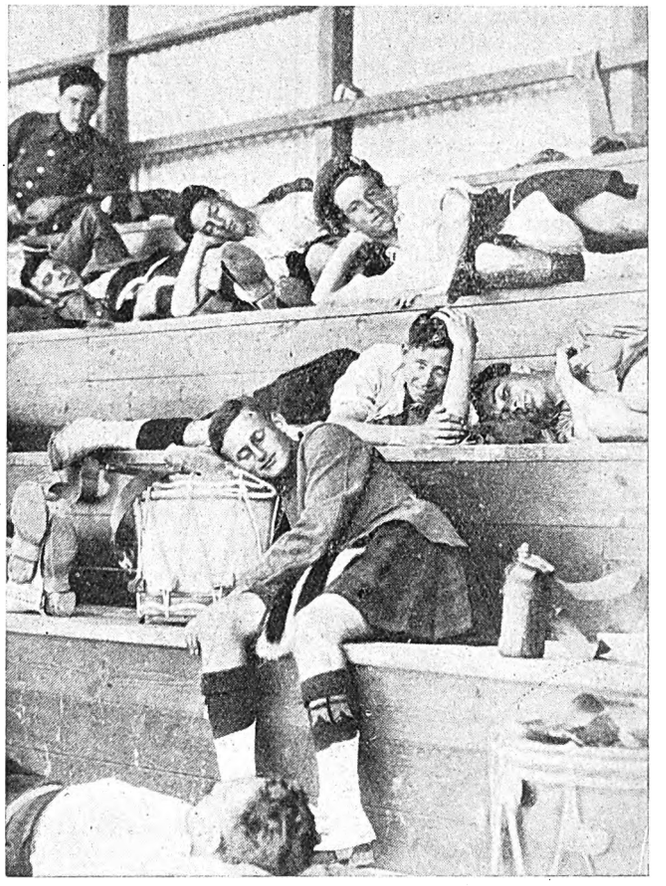
Ten Days of Windy Horror.

By "Beachcomber."

A French writer recently coined the apothegm: "If a man is not an anti-militarist at forty, it's because he has never been in the army." A good many South African youths must be thinking in the same spirit, as they review their ten days' training in the Defence Force camp at Gordon's Bay in the Cape Peninsula.

Those ten days have been one long effort at endurance. Settled again now at their ledgers in offices, at their desks in University class rooms and behind the counters of Adderley Street stores, the youths can look back upon the ten days' training with a certain amount of humour. There is a good supper and clean sheets awaiting the youth to-night; the hard, rocky ground, the two blankets, the flapping canvas tent and the marauding scorpion are just a bad dream of yesterday.

These 1,500 youths set out cheerfully enough from Cape Town the other week. They crowded into the special trains, kissed their sweethearts and wives good-bye, and played their mouth-organs vigorously as the train steamed out of the station. A few hours later, and these khaki-clad youths were surveying an expanse of veld where a south-easter had devastated a whole field of tents and marquees. They set to work to peg their tents again, and night time found them discovering that they were sleeping on rock ground and that an undue number of scorpions were in the vicinity.



After the march.

Still, it was all in the game, and the soldiers accepted it as such. Very few slept that night and the bugler sounding reveille had a good many fully dressed and interested spectators. But that south-easter continued to blow. The spot where the camp was pitched is notoriously the windiest spot in the Peninsula, and although the winds were not expected so late in the year, the camp had been pitched and the damage done.

"Naturally the troops have had a great deal to endure," said General Tanner to me. General Tanner was in charge of the camp and suffered from the south-easter as much as anyone. "One man said to me the other day," General Tanner continued, "that if this wind is the Cape Doctor, he preferred a dose of castor oil. I could only reply by telling the men that they came from Cape Town and so did the wind. One cannot argue against a south-easter."

A review of the troops was held by the Governor-General, and a special march past arranged. But the wind still howled across the mountains and towards the sea, and the little group of officers who stood at the saluting base while the troops marched past, had to cling to their hats in a fashion which always looks rather undignified among officers. However, the Governor-General complimented the troops highly on their appearance and the march past, which, considering the weather conditions, was really splendid.

But the worst had yet to come. A big sham fight had been arranged for the last two days of the training, but the night before the battle the wind came roaring across and gave the troops a night of windy horror. In the evening tents were flapping wildly like a battery of machine-guns in action, while huge marquees were ballooning in menacing fashion.

Several officers sitting down to dinner suddenly found themselves flattened to the ground and groping in a sea of canvas. They crawled forth to safety. Tent after tent was suddenly ripped from the ground and blown seawards, eventually to be impaled on fencing of barbed wire.

The night was one that the troops remembered. Hardly a marquee escaped being blown down, and one of the first to go was the hospital tent. Several sick patients had to crawl out into the night and seek temporary shelter elsewhere. Men whose tents had been blown down huddled into other tents, only to have the same experience a few minutes later. The wind roared triumphantly through the camp, devastating everything.

The next morning a scene of wreckage met the eye, and the troops gazed dubiously at a day's hard work before them. The sham fight was abandoned, and the day spent with mallet and pegs hammering into the ground. A day's route march was managed just before the troops returned to Cape Town, but the general opinion seems to be that the camp gave very little training, but a good deal of hardship. However, the men returned to town fit enough and with a better appreciation of the comforts of civilian life.

The units taking part in the camp were the Cape Town Highlanders, the Dukes, the Railways and Harbours Regiment and the Cape Peninsula Rifles. For the benefit of those who remember the old army songs, and still hum them secretly when the wife is out, I append the most popular of all the camp songs:—

The C.P.R. are happy,
The C.P.R. are free,
The C.P.R. are sober
When they go on the spree.
They never, never quarrel,
They never disagree,
For the motto of the C.P.R. is:
Come and have a drink with me.

LEON M. LION. RENEE KELLY.

"WINDOWS"

JOHN GALSWORTHY

HIS MAJESTY'S, JOHANNESBURG.

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Summer.

By Angus Dromell.

I cannot recollect what I had been doing for the greater part of that late summer's day. Maybe, in the singing morning I had set out with the other "workmen" to do a whole day's labour in the hay, and turned the burnt grasses with a lazy fork until, with the sun at its hottest, my mother crossed the field with a steaming enamel jug in one hand, and a heaped basket of brown scones, hot from the oven, in the other. Then most assuredly would I go back with her to the farm-house, to cool small burnt feet upon its floors, then dark with noonday shade.

And maybe the afternoon brought me home again from adventures among little hills, with lips stained to a deep purple by ripe blackberries.

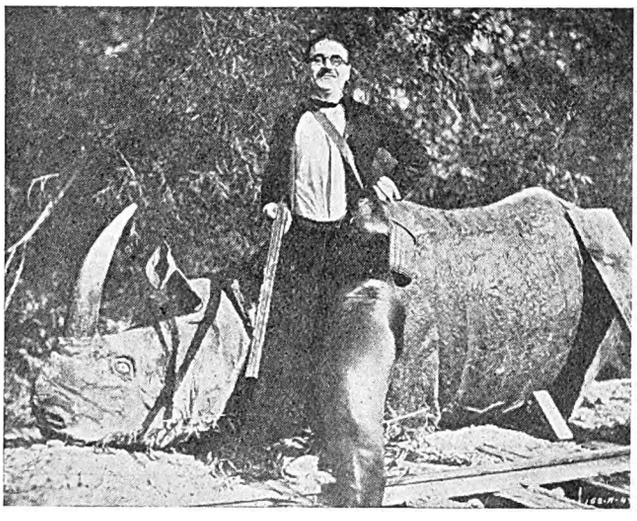
In my youth there were many such days.

But this I remember, as clearly as a child his birthday. In the early evening I found myself standing close against a tumbled wall of lichen-covered stones,—which were even then growing cold with night's coming—standing alone and watching the lowering sun. There is hung a great red jewel on the breast of the flowering earth, laced with wreaths of blue smoke from the bush fires which, like golden points of smouldering incense, were lighting up on the far hills behind which it was sinking, imperceptably, but so inevitably. That slow, relentless movement in the west, a movement not measured by Man; the spiritual beauty of the passing day; and the unearthly stillness of it all, seemed to be a manifestation of a Power in which some men boast that they have no belief. It was as though a wandering breeze, unseen, had played in the folds of God's cloak, and while I still watched the sun, had lifted for a moment the golden fringe that lay upon his hand.

And for that moment Man seemed turned to nothingness, to a shadow that mechanically walked the earth, to dust that hid from his own eyes the greater beauty of the sun. And what matter! There could surely be no further life, no to-morrow. The red ball of day, as it swung lower in the net of evening, seemingly must take all the sweets of life back home to God.

But no! Long after the day had crept away to his western hills I heard the low murmur of friendly voices across the garden, and a cricket peeping in the hedge.

And then the dear night, beside one whom I loved, close under the stars.



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On Tour With Shakespeare.

The Recollections of Pamela Travers.

Miss Pamela Travers has become very popular in the Union because of her articles and stories in the "S.A. Pictorial." There is a whimsical charm and humour about everything she writes, be it a story, a verse or merely a topical paragraph. In this series of articles she is writing her recollections of earlier days (she is still in her early twenties) when she played with a Shakespearean company in Australia, for she is an actress as well as a writer, and I have never forgotten her brilliant performance in Ibsen's Ghosts. —Ed., "S.A. Pictorial."

Shakespeare in the Antipodes.

By Pamela Travers.

To be or not to be? That is the great question when, after years of yearning for histrionic laurels, you come to the age of seventeen, and consider yourself ripe for adventure. But in this case the question is put forward by no doubting Danish prince but by a formidable body called "The Family." To the Family the fact that you can recite the whole of Juliet and the best part of Lady Teazle is a matter for grief rather than pride, and for one uncle who advocates "giving the child a chance, anyway," there are always at least three aunts who "consider the whole thing preposterous." At seventeen one is inclined to consider the delight of having a family considerably overrated.

My own family, having for years treated my dramatic ambitions with contempt, were outraged at the suggestion that I should go on the stage. The adjectives they used when they spoke of it were many and varied, yet withal restrained and genteel. Then gradually they became used to the idea. They no longer went bounding along the hill-tops (metaphorically, of course) when grease-paint was mentioned, and soon they could hear the names of Bernhardt and Duse spoken without shivering. It is wonderful what the powers of suggestion will do. I suppose if I had forcibly demanded to be allowed to go on the stage at seventeen I should immediately have been sent back to my boarding school. But, you see, I knew the family.

After a little while they allowed me to take part in some amateur performances, and when I returned from the ordeal, not quite ingloriously, they credited themselves, on some obscure authority, with my success. They even refrained from stiffening when somebody suggested that I should be allowed to try the professional stage. The thin edge of the wedge was slipping in but I was getting older—seventeen and a half!—and when I was offered a small part in a musical comedy at a large theatre their objections were fragile little things and went meekly down under my pleading.

From there it was but a step to a realisation of my first dream—playing in Shakespeare. A friend of the family mentioned my name to an actor-manager who was about to produce several Shakespearean plays in Sydney. Yes, the great man *did* need another girl to make his company complete. Would the friend of the family bring me to see him? The friend of the family would.

I remember walking down a sunny street in Sydney, oblivious to the fine sunshine, the laughter of the day, the smiling, white-haired old man beside me. I was seeing my first interview with the great man. In imagination I walked along a broad and gracious corridor with a thousand replicas of myself flashing from countless mirrors as I passed. A man came towards me—a splendid creature with a stalwart body (which Tarzan of the Apes might, with reason, have envied) and a face like the treasured picture of Sir Johnston Forbes Robertson, which I had at home. He gave a start when he saw me—that splendid start which men give when they recognise genius—and, taking my hand, led me down broad, carpeted stairs to the stage. The rest of the company shrank back at our approach, knowing that here at last was a woman nobly fitted for every part in Shakespeare. I could see that they realised what worms they really were.

Then the great man turned to me.

"We shall rehearse Anthony and Cleopatra," he said. "You shall be Cleopatra."

So we began, and from the first of the great love poem, "I'll set a bourn how far to be beloved," until at last Anthony died and there was "nothing left remarkable beneath the visiting moon" we two were Anthony and Cleopatra. . . .

"Wake up, Pamela, here we are!" the smiling voice of the friend of the family shattered my dream, and I found that we were outside a mean little door upon which the word "Stage" could be dimly discerned under the grime of years.

We went through the doorway into a dark narrow passage, and from there into the wide, ill-lit stage where a melancholy body of people were rehearsing the carnival scenes of the "Merchant of Venice." The friend of the family pointed out the great man to me. He failed lamentably to look in the least like my dream. There he stood, with a felt hat jammed down on his head, shouting fiery directions to all and sundry. Clinging to his lower lip was a damp and desolate cigarette butt. It trembled each time he spoke, but managed to retain its perilous position.

The friend of the family waited in the wings and hoped he would soon notice us. I felt as Alice in Wonderland must have felt after she had drunk the fluid from the little bottle—smaller and smaller. I hoped the G.M. would speak to me before I became too tiny for his august notice.

A weedy Lorenzo was crying his love to a stout and elderly Jessica who appeared at a window. Her looks gave no credence to his ardent wooing, and she must have had some very ulterior motive for fleeing with such as he. But at last she agreed to "make fast the doors, gild myself with some no ducats, and be with you straight," and she blew him a fat kiss as she disappeared to appear again a moment later below. Into the limbo of the wings they sped, followed by Gratiano and Two Gentlemen. A crowd of revellers came noisily on the scene, making merry with that frantic and violent hilarity which stage carnivals seem to demand. It was at that moment that the G.M. spied the friend of the family and me in the wings. He came towards us and I became smaller. My fate hung in the balance.

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"Is this the girl?" boomed the G.M.

"This is she," murmured the friend of the family meekly.

"Well, we'll try her anyway." The G.M. turned to me and took me forcibly by the arm.

"See that man?" he demanded fiercely, pointing to a person in a blue suit, who was at the moment running across the stage in an orgy of wild hilarity.

I intimated, trembling, that I did see him.

"Well, on you go. Run round that cluster of chairs—it's meant to represent a fountain. The man'll run after you and catch you and kiss you. When he does, you turn and smite him across the face and run off laughing."

The G.M. gave me a little push forward and I was on the stage, running for dear life round the cluster of chairs which was really a fountain. Behind me came the man; he caught me (knocking down part of the fountain in his frenzy) and kissed me, and I ungracefully smote his cheek.

"Not that way," roared the G.M. "Hit him hard." I struck out again and left a flaming hand-mark upon the little man's face.

"Good. Now we'll do this scene again."

I did not count how many times we did the scene, I only know that each time I smote the poor cheek harder, in my desire to stand well with the G.M., and that each time the little man kissed me with considerably less abandon.

At last it was over and the G.M. pronounced the rehearsal at an end. As the others trooped away he put out an arm to stay me.

"Well?" he demanded, "What can you do? How much do you know?" and with the most gentle forbearance he listened to my long list of accomplishments which tripped off my tongue with much trepidation. Juliet, Lady Macbeth (at which he smiled. I now know why, but I could not guess then), Rosalind, Miranda, Portia, Beatrice, Mistress Ford.

When I had finished he looked at me solemnly in silence and then rapped out,

"Afraid of work?"

"No!"

"Want to try it "

"Oh, yes . . .yes!"

"Very well. You're engaged. Two pounds a week."

And he smiled and went away with the friend of the family, leaving me standing on a hill of rose petals, with the winds of happiness running through my hair.

He had not come up to my dream—true. He had not started on first beholding me, nor put the part of Cleopatra into my hands. But he had engaged me, at two pounds a week to run across the stage and smack a man's face, and I was to play in Shakespeare. A road of loveliness was unrolling for my feet, and the dirty stage was the very core of the world.

That's how the story begins. For a fortnight I lived on the outer edges of Paradise. The family approved of me because they felt that I could come to no harm on the stage as long as I was playing Shakespeare—it was such an uplifting influence.

And then I was completely happy, for I was chosen as under-study for the leading parts. I lived in a world of iambic pentameters, getting about eleven Shakespearian parts printed on my brain. Sometimes I even rehearsed them in the mornings with the company. During the performances at night, I sat in the wings, drinking in every gesture and inflexion, committing the words to memory. When I was not on the stage I was watching the stage. Gradually the parts became familiar to me—not merely as a jumble of words, but as living moving characters. I wept with Ophelia, as she gave her gifts of rosemary and rue, cried aloud with Juliet, that "It was the nightingale and not the lark!" and, with Rosalind, commanded Orlando to "Woo me, woo me, woo me."

For the rest—well, if I did not pray that the leading lady would be suddenly taken ill, at least, I hoped that she would find it necessary, sooner or later, to take a holiday from her arduous tasks.

I now realise that it was very lucky that she remained in perfect health. A Portia of seventeen and a half or a Lady Macbeth would have been sadly out of place, and when they gave me Anne Page from the "Merry Wives of Windsor" to play, I was sick with fright until I had said my first speech.

But I had achieved my first ambition to play in Shakespeare, and upon the day when my two pound notes achieved the company of a third, I was inflated with a pride which the family must have found very galling.

(To be continued.)

Paul Kruger Remembered.

Lately there has been much talk of removing President Kruger's statue from its position near the President's old house at the Pretoria West end of the town, and placing it in a central position opposite the station entrance. Indeed, the Mayor has started a fund for this purpose. While fully agreeing with the historical appropriateness of affording the statue of one of South Africa's leading figures of the past a more prominent position in the town, there are many people who think that the present statue is not sufficiently a work of art to merit its being placed in such a conspicuous position. Could not Van Wouw or some other South African sculptor create a life-inspiring figure of the old President, corresponding in excellence to that of the late General Botha that stands outside the Technical College at Durban? *T.*

Again Gold Fish!

The famous dining room at Polley's Hotel has, during the last fortnight, been changed out of all recognition; or rather, it no longer exists. It is not a question of "shades of departed glory," however, for the delightful lounge that has taken its place is yet more beautiful. A marble fountain filled with water crowns the centre of this room; but why, oh why, no gold fish? The head waiter solemnly informed me that he hoped to get some soon. I suggested to him that the manager of Polley's might creep out one night and kidnap some male and female fish from the public fountain in Church Square. Would they spawn, I wonder? They are so tardy in that respect in the open air, you know, that the artificial atmosphere of Polley's lounge might make the race entirely celibate. *T.*

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"Windows."

By Hector Bolitho.

Mr. Leon M. Lion has answered Johannesburg's loud cry for "better plays." He produced Mr. John Galsworthy's play, "Windows," at His Majesty's Theatre, Johannesburg, on Monday last, and all those good people to whom the word "highbrow" was known have suddenly found out that it is a myth—that Galsworthy is not a "highbrow."—that Galsworthy plays are not highbrow plays—and that Mr. Leon M. Lion has produced the comedy *as a comedy* because Mr. Galsworthy would have it so. It is the special trend of his genius that he can present a fundamental serious social problem in the form of a comedy, dressing his deep theme in epigrams, light dialogue and particularly amusing characterisations.

The story of "Windows" has already been told in the *South African Pictorial*. Its great purpose is to illuminate through Mr. Galsworthy's genius the unintelligent attitude of Society and justice towards the girl who becomes the mother of an illegitimate child. In this case "Faith" has smothered her baby, been imprisoned, and is now free and thrown upon the mercy of the world. Never in our history have there been so many people anxious "to do good"; so anxious to lift the "fallen" woman as now. Yet, never have these willing helpers been so unintelligent and misunderstanding in the *way* they help. So the play brings out the ever important fact that such a girl needs *love* rather than *uplift*, and that she must be treated as a *human being* rather than a "*case*" or *problem*.

"Windows" is so full of joyous, amusing dialogue that it is bewildering to try and realise how it is that the seriousness of the play is not lost. Yet it is so.

Of the acting! It is the best I have seen in South Africa, and yet that is not sufficient compliment. Mr. Lion is such a master of light, such a master of stage technique and, with these, such a brilliant producer, that he gives this play a "roundness"—a completeness—so that it is free of any stagey atmosphere.

Mr. Leon M. Lion said to me once: "I do not believe in art for art's sake. I believe that art is art only when it is applied to man and the common clay upon which he walks."

And that is why anything he produces possesses a rare quality. He produced "Windows" not merely to give you a great play, not merely to give you an entertainment, not merely to give the highbrows an intelligent banquet. He produced "Windows" because it is life, and the people who live it are brought within the realm of the theatre. It is life moulded into the play. All the way through there is this impression, that the characters are not trained puppets interpreting the ideas of the playwright and the producer; rather are they interpreting life *through* the playwright and the producer.

Mr. Lion has always been a pioneer in the theatre. Ibsen, Maeterlinck and Galsworthy owe him much. He has also been the discoverer of many of the greater artists playing in the West End to-day, who were brought out of small and unknown companies through his power to discover talent as well as encourage it.

Mr. Lion was exceptional as Mr. Bly, the philosophical window cleaner. In the latter part of the play, where he was drunk, he went through the necessary comedy without ever losing the sympathy and understanding of the audience. I think it is the best part I have ever seen him play. Mr. Lion is so much a philosopher himself that he leaps to such a part, as he did in "The Chinese Puzzle," where he cast pearls of Chinese wisdom before the unheeding Anglo-Saxons.

Miss Renée Kelly played a different part from any I have ever seen her in. In London and in Africa I have always seen her as the beautiful heroine with the entire sympathy of the audience. This part is an experiment for her, and it is also a success, for it shows that she is so sound in her craft that she can become the wistful "Faith" as well as she can become the vague figure of "Outward Bound," the charming heroine of "The Mask and the Face" or the totally different "Judy" of "Daddy-Long-Legs."

Miss Margaret Damer gives an exceptionally fine performance as Mrs. March. The coldness which she put into the scene where Faith is dismissed was absolutely perfect.

Miss Dorothy Reeve played the part of Mary March with intelligent charm; and Mr. Frank Freieman was the son. His playing was as strong and true as that of Mr. Jackson Wilcox, who had little to do, and yet enough to re-establish our pleasure in seeing him back again.

Miss Ethel Ramsay was the cook, a homely, humorous body with more faith than figure.

Mr. Hylton Allen was excellent as Geoffrey Marsh, a rather stodgy, well-meaning, yet blundering father who has spurts of intelligence. I have seen Mr. Allen play many parts in London and here, but none so well as this.

I have left Mr. Ambrose Flower's performance to the last, because I wanted to pay a special tribute to his astounding impersonation of the objectionable young man who "lives on the earnings of women." After seeing him as the sophisticated, faultlessly dressed Frenchman of the first play, this crude bounder showed him in a particularly brilliant light. His make-up, his clothes, his walk, his voice—in fact everything he was and did were as unlike him as the proverbial chalk is unlike the proverbial cheese. Yet he submerges himself so completely that Blunter was a reality transferred from the street to the stage.

"Windows" was preceded by "The Joyous Adventures of Aristide Pujol," a one-act play by Mr. W. J. Locke. This is a quick, amusing curtain raiser, in which Mr. Leon M. Lion plays the part of Aristide, the gentleman of fortune. He gives a brisk French spirit to the scene. Mr. Jackson Wilcox, Mr. Hylton Allen and Mr. Ambrose Flower all appear and lend distinction to the little play Mr. Peter Baxter, whom we remember in the previous Leon M. Lion season, plays a small part effectively, and Miss Helen Coram is a very feasible and untheatrical flapper. She is not the flapper of the magazine cover. She looks charming and she acts well.

Miss Madge Carlin does not appear very often, but when she does she is the maid with all the repose and self-effacement which one asks of stage maids and seldom gets.

Johannesburg asked for better plays. It would be difficult to find better plays than these, and certainly impossible to find better players.

At the Empire.

Ambrose Barker and Peggy Wynne are two of the most original people I have seen in a very long time. They are people who are popularising the theory that a good variety act should not be one act only, but several very differing performances run into one turn. And so? We are given a little series of brilliant sketches of the Brown Family at the piano, in which Peggy Wynne shows the most remarkable ability to sing baritone and alto all in the same breath, and to keep the audience in roars of laughter all the time. They both can do strange things with their voices, and their little quarter-act comedy of the hen-wife extracting cash from the cock-husband is toppingly amusing. Barker and Wynne went over, as the saying has it, from the first moment of their appearance, and they will go on going over all the while they are here.

Iris and Phyllis have got for themselves a "public," and are increasing it every night. Phyllis, the little member of this duo, has personality in the most specialised sense of the word. And she knows her types of humanity, and has brains to back her knowledge, to say nothing of a collection of the most amusing, laughing songs, from which she and her partner get every jot of effect possible.

Maidie Scott is there with a repertoire of entirely new songs.

The Calno Trio are Comedy Equilibrists, and their balancing stunts are thrilling and laughter-making.

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The Week.

Paragraphed and Photographed

Without offence to friends or foes
I sketch your world exactly as
it goes.

Mdlle. Zetterquist, Danseuse.

Mrs. Bowman, the enthusiastic gym. and sports mistress of the Pretoria Girls' High School, told me the other evening that her great friend Mdlle. Zetterquist, the renowned eurythmic danseuse, hoped shortly to come to Pretoria and act a musical tableau in the grounds of the school. Mrs. Bowman explained to me how eurythmics, which are so popular in Europe and America to-day, are quite distinct from ball-room dancing. Last time Mdlle. Zetterquist was in Pretoria she gave us a rendering of Sibellius' Valse Triste in movement. The slow pathos of the first movement with its threatening distant drum-beat, she exhibited to us a strange Dance Macabre. Her interpretation yielded a similar plot to that of Pavlova in the dance of the Dying Swan. Mdlle. Zetterquist was a pupil at the world-famous open-air school of dancing at Geneva. *T.*

The By-gone Curfew of Pretoria.

The Pretoria National Women's Council seemed to be unanimous on the subject of providing hostels for native women servants. Native women, unlike the men, are not allowed passes after nine o'clock; but unfortunately this rule is often evaded. Talking of night passes puts me in mind of what an old Pretoria citizen told me the other day. For some time after the Anglo-Boer war the curfew was *de rigueur* in Pretoria, not only for natives, but for all white people as well. Anybody out after nine o'clock had to show a permit signed by the local magistrate or the district police commissioner. Sometimes careless theatre-goers would be caught outside their own gates, and would either have to pass the night in the local gaol, or pay a two-guinea fine. Soon after this order was issued, the then Minister of Justice, who was the creator of the by-law (and combined with his office that of Director of Prisons) chanced to be out after nine one night without a permit. He was promptly arrested and taken to the Arcadia Police Station where, in spite of his protests, he remained apparently unrecognised for the space of two hours. Eventually a tardy identification came his way. *T.*

Shaw for Africa.

A particularly delightful bit of news this week is that of the definite conclusion of arrangements for a season of Shaw plays in South Africa, to be given by the now justly celebrated Macdona " Bernard Shaw Repertory " Company. Mr. Macdona, for the past three or four years, has been doing exactly the same for Shaw as Sir Frank Benson does for Shakespeare. Alike to the beginnings of so many enterprises, it was an uphill job at first. Not long ago, to admire G.B.S. meant your being set down as hopelessly high-brow; the chuckling, sardonic and paradoxical Irish genius was, in short, caviare to the general. Mr. Macdona slogged away, and very soon the news spread that " You Never Can Tell," " Pygmalion," " Fanny's First Play," etc., etc., were roaring farces, but with an added satirical bite, and far more amusing than all the door-slamming, Palais-Royal, *maris infidèles* stuff " adapted from the French of MM.—— and ——." Thus was caviare transmuted into prime fillet steak for the world at large. Besides covering the British Isles, the company has also had two highly successful seasons in Paris, during the second of which they gave the first public performance in Europe (in the original English) of " Mrs. Warren's Profession." I understand that drama will also be staged during the South African season, in which case you will have the advantage of us for, although now passed by the Lord Chamberlain, it has not yet been publicly presented in England. At present the company is enjoying a top-notch season at the Chelsea Palace, putting on three or four plays weekly and being forced to " turn money away " at nearly every show, in spite of the large seating capacity of the ex-music hall. Sybil Thorndyke's revival of " St. Joan " at the Regent is doing likewise, a fact which prevents her arranging for the fulfilment of provincial contracts and settling a date for a South African tour. Altogether, there is a heavy boom in Shaw stock on theatrical 'change.

The Feminine Touch.

" Well, how do you like that new mare of yours? "

" Oh, fairly well. But I wish I had bought a horse. She's always stopping to look at herself in the puddles."

White in the House.

Wearers of white are more frequent among the members of the House of Assembly than in almost any other public gathering. That at least was the impression I formed as I sat in the gellery one day last week looking down on the long, well-filled rows. Three Cabinet Ministers—Col. Creswell, Mr. F. W. Beyers and Dr. Malan—wore Assam silk suits, chosing comfort to a regard for their appearance; for white suits never look so smart as a well-cut lounge suit.

Mr. Arthur Barlow, the Labour member, wore, to complete his effect, white shoes with his white suit, and I saw the Rev. Basil Bourchier, also in white, watching the proceedings from a bay interestedly

A fellow clergyman of his, sitting in the S.A.P. benches, the Rev. Wilkinson Rider, had not forsaken his dark suit of clerical cut, with a nonconformist collar and heavy watch chain, and Gen. Smuts and Gen. Hertzog were among the others who made no compromise with the heat. Gen. Smuts, however, wore a soft collar, while Gen. Hertzog wore a very stiff one of great depth.

Most conspicuous of the other members was Mr. Charlie Pearce, who wore a flaming red buttonhole. *The Gossip.*

A Coincidence.

Miss Alice Lloyd, the English comedienne, discovered an old friend when she walked into the Tivoli, Cape Town, on the morning of the day she opened there.

The first person she met was Jake Friedman, of the Veterans of Variety, and the two discovered that they were together in a pantomime that had had a record run in London some years ago. Miss Lloyd was Cinderella to Jake Friedman's Baron.

Miss Lloyd has spent her time since she has been here looking around Cape Town. She declares that she found Johannesburg very much changed since she was there last. " Nowadays," she told me, " they are family audiences in Johannesburg. When I was there before I played to audiences of nearly all men. I liked the family audiences better."

It is many years since she was last in Cape Town, but she remembers the wonderful scenery, and is looking forward to surfing at Muizenberg. *The Gossip.*

Roadmending.

As he swings his pick the Kaffir roadmender sings. " Oya! Yoati—Ya! " The rise and fall of the monotonous chant keeps rhythmic time with his swinging shoulders. Outside my window fifty native boys are picking at the roadway. In the blazing African sun they have worked for three days now, and their song goes buzzing through my brain when I try to sleep at night—" Oya! Yoati—Ya! "

In a long row they stand, loose clad, their greasy skin shining. White teeth flash as the pick goes up—" Oya! Yoati—" Then with a great swing down come the fifty picks together—" Ya! "

In between tea times there is always an interested crowd watching the work. Tea drinkers on a café balcony opposite look down lazily, and then order more cakes.

The Gossip.

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London Calling.

By Pamela Travers.

London, 26th February.

Mes enfants, I salute you—each of you on either cheek in the approved way.

At the moment I am sitting in a positive pool of beauty. The first sun of the year is streaming in from my square, through the great window, on to the blazing flame of daffodils which surmounts the table in the corner. In this gold light the crackling fire looks pale and sickly; unfortunately, the time has not yet come when we can do without fires.

Outside in the road sunbeams are dabbling yellow feet in the pools and gutters, the black, bare branches of the trees in the square are outlined in gold. There is bullion for the taking on the curved path which is flanked by the square hedge. The iron, spiked palings which surround my old house are spears held by a host of invisible young Michaels all shedding glory about them like a fire. The old curved steel lamp-holders, which are no longer in use, are cranes of gilt metal that soar high and then bend graciously in courtly recognition of the similar gilt in the streets.

Oh, you never saw such loveliness. You who live with the heart of the sun close to you always cannot guess the piercing sweetness of the glimpse of the sun's pale curls which we get in London just before the spring comes.

King George is better and has gone a-sailing. I imagine that he is now sitting up in bed, in a chaste dressing-gown of blues and purples, singing huskily—

If I had ninepence
To spend every day,
I'd buy a little yellow boat
And sail far away;
And all I'd have for cargo
Would be sweet mown hay,
If I had ninepence
To spend every day,

But, on second thoughts, I don't think he knows that little song unless a faery heard me singing it and taught him the tune and the way of it. However, he, alas! can never have such a simple boat as that. Yellow boats that cost ninepence are for the dear people who have not reached the sophistication of ten years old.

Last Tuesday I was amazed on entering a restaurant for lunch to see everybody there busily embarking upon pancakes—which are rare things to find on a menu now-a-days. Then all my old teachings came back to me. Of course! Shrove Tuesday—pancake day! The day when everybody in the olden time was allowed to feast and make merry before the dreary weeks of Lent began. So I, too, ate my little pancake and was glad. I also made a resolution for Lent. I decided to give up chocolates. Not a chocolate would I eat until Easter Sunday—so there. But alas for the weak will of man. When at the theatre last night—the new revue, "By the Way," which is one of the best I have seen—I was offered chocolates and had eaten two gingers and a cherry before I remembered my vow. What to do? There was nothing to be done. So now I am eating chocolates as usual and hoping that next Lent my memory will be stronger.

Last Monday was a great day in the House of Commons. It was Woman's Day and the fighting—pardon, the discussion—was on the subject of votes for women at the age of twenty-one. English women at the moment have to wait until they reach the ripe middle-age of thirty before they can put their crosses against the name of the handsomest applicant for their votes. The Labour Party and some of the Conservatives do not think this fair. The women members in the Commons are all for allowing people of twenty-one to vote even though they are of the undiscerning female sex. Lady Astor and Miss Wilkinson (socialist) lifted up their voices on behalf of the young person. The former, as usual, was all excitement and so impatient did she become with interruptions that the Speaker had to ask her not to make her speech in jerks. Alister Macdonald, the son of Ramsay, and Oliver Baldwin, the son of Stanley (who has not followed in his father's steps, but is an ardent socialist) led the appeal to the members of the parties to support the Bill. However, the worthy conservative gentlemen, though agreeing with these hotspurred youngsters, vowed that they would not consider the Bill until 1929. So there it stands. We shall have to wait for four years before the issue is decided. In the meantime the altruistic, serious-minded twenty-ones will continue to bemoan their lot, and the powder-puffies will go their usual sweet way and wonder what all the fuss is about.

A new model from Revilles.

I saw Lord and Lady Oxquith—a coinage of Oxford and Asquith adopted by the irreverent—in a box. His lordship, upon the arrival of a press man to take their photograph from the stalls, pulled his not unwilling lady forward by both hands so that she could have most of the limelight—a not unusual occurrence for Margot.

This week's *pièce de resistance* in the Law Courts has been a comic breach of promise case between a lady, whose grandfather was an Earl, and a gentleman who has not been sober for the length of a week for years and years. As many denizens of Mayfair and Park Lane as could be squeezed into the tiny uncomfortable court watched the proceedings, and they were all sorry when the case was over. One look at the gentleman in question would, I think, have made me very glad if he had rescinded his offer of marriage, had it been to me. But, "each to 'is taste, as I always says, Mrs. Peabody."

Some of the more little-minded of the Labour party have, within the last week, put up a very manly protest against the constant tripping round the world of the Prince of Wales at the expense of the British Exchequer. However, Mr. Ramsay Macdonald and Mr. Jimmie Thomas have wider hearts and have harangued their followers most soundly for this latest complaint. Poor little Prince! There is probably nothing he would rather do than settle down quietly in the English country side, and open no Grocery Commissions, preside at no Knitting Needle Manufacturers' Luncheons, collect no more golden keys giving

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him the freedom of different cities and, above all, suffer no further from the babbling gossips of Chiswick and Putney, who have for the last ten years married him off to about thirty different females.

As it is, he is now setting out for South Africa, where he will at least be away from carping ironmongers and dustmen.

Oh, but girl is turning into boy as quickly as she can. Even middle-aged and hefty ladies are trying to look like over-fed medieval pages. Now that the horn-rimmed glasses have been added to complete the shingle, the next thing is the Eton collar. These are being sold by the hundred in Bond Street to enterprising damsels who want to look like their brothers. It is no good holding out much longer for trousers for women. They will come eventually. But I beg of you, dear ladies, who are not slim, to think well before you try to look boyish. There is no method in such madness, I assure you I have seen such sights in Bond Street and in the Row that would set those glossy curls of yours standing upright on your forehead like quills upon the porcupine.

And the new hats are *Hideous*! I saw some advance copies the other day and they seemed to have been inspired by the policeman's helmet, or to be descendants of the head-dress worn by medieval pikemen. The crowns were not only high but invariably peaked to a point on top, this point being exaggerated by some sort of ornament. Brims have dwindled into nothingness and I fully expect that before the summer is much more than a chicken we shall be wearing bowlers.

As for me I shall not buy a new hat. I shall make my old ones do until I can get to Paris.

Captain E. F. C. Lane, Union Commissioner for Wembley this year, arrived in London on Monday, and was received by Sir Edgar Walton. It transpires that the Union is going one better at Wembley this year than last. The chairman of the South African Exhibition this year is Sir William Hoy, and the vice-chairman is Mr. Warington Smyth. The committee feel that the very efficient spade work carried out last year must be followed by a more extensive campaign in the direction of marketing South African products. The Pavilion is being renovated and made more attractive. The gold-mining exhibit is to be larger and more in proportion to its importance to the country. The Prince of Wales will, though he will be in South Africa when Wembley opens again, be frequently seen on the films. His reception all over South Africa will be chronicled by cinema men and the films shown at Wembley every week. Cape flowers will also be shown in something like their native abundance.

A dinner was given last week at the Trocadero to the engineering students and professors of the University of Capetown, who have just completed a six weeks' tour of the North and Midlands. The students, full forty of them, left for home the next day.

Now the good light has gone from the streets and the spears, which stood high upon the shoulders of an invisible golden army, are now merely iron palings.

Ah, spring, spring, loveliest, dearest, come soon, come soon!

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The Managing Director.

By O.P.

The Managing Director was drawing squares and octagons on the blotting paper. It was late afternoon. The blinds were drawn and, past their edges, the sun sent obelisks of light on to the opposite wall. The office was elaborate.

The clerk handed him a card. He read the name . . . *Mr. Norman Carrick.* "There is a lady with him: his wife," remarked the man.

"Right, show them in."

The Managing Director leant forward and looked at the card more intently. Then he picked up a slender ivory paper-knife and drew an imaginary line under the name, as if to accentuate its importance. *Mr. Norman Carrick* . . . the name took him back twenty years, to a little office in which they had both worked; a drab little office with faded maps and a fat, unwashed manager, whose room always smelled of the ham sandwiches he ate for his lunch and the samples of bone dust arranged along the mantelpiece. Norman Carrick and he had sat at the same high desk, sliding off their leather-topped stools, in turn, to speak to the clients who rapped impatiently on the glass slide marked "Enquiries."

They had both loved Kathleen Truman, the typist, who tapped out invoices and short, metallic, business letters on an old-fashioned typewriter, in a corner of the office. They were both eager to stand over her and dictate letters: to watch her fingers skip over the keys, and imagine the more intriguing beauty that lay beyond the line where her soft throat disappeared into the billowing frill of her blouse. Norman Carrick married her.

He wooed her with economical pleasure in the evening, while Ingram himself went to the university. Ingram had loved Kathleen Truman with as much fervour as Carrick had done. But that was all over and done with, although there had been no other woman since the last time he saw Kathleen. He had visited them in their little cottage, a few weeks after the wedding, and had seen his own wedding present, a silver teapot, sitting like a brooding hen on the top of a cheap sideboard. He had gone to another office where hard work and success occupied all his time: where he could only afford little mental journeys back to that smelly office, with the fragrant Kathleen tapping the typewriter in one corner.

And that was twenty years ago!

He put the card under one of the leather corners of the writing pad, arranged the ivory paper-knife with ostentatious care until it was parallel with the edge of the pad, and then sat back in his chair. He pulled down his waistcoat over a stomach comfortably resigned to the proportions of middle age.

The door opened. Mr. and Mrs. Carrick walked across the room to him. He stood up, shaking hands with them across the table, and saying, "Well, well, this is indeed a pleasure, Carrick, after all these years. And you, too, Mrs. Carrick! Sit down, sit down. Well . . . well!"

They sat down, looking at each other nervously.

"Well, well, Carrick. What has been happening to you all these years?"

He looked at Mrs. Carrick and smiled. Then he ran his eyes in a straight line towards Carrick himself. Then he raised his eyes towards the alabaster globe of the electric light. Its air of comfort and luxury pleased him. So he smiled again.

Mrs. Carrick dropped her bag. Carrick attempted to pick it up, and even the Managing Director stood up and dangled his gold watch chain against the glass top of the desk. Mrs. Carrick picked the bag up herself, settled it comfortably on her lap, drew her veil away from her nose and spoke.

"We came, Mr. Ingram, thinking you might do something for Norman, for old time's sake."

The Managing Director turned his chair back until it squeaked. He looked at his stomach, saw that his waistcoat was corrugated, pulled it down, and said. "Yes, yes, for old time's sake we must do something. Mustn't we, Carrick?"

He looked across the table at the almost old man, like any one of the twenty clerks who wore the same shining coats, the same clean but threadbare linen, in his office outside. Norman Carrick could have been neither more nor less than a clerk: efficient to the point of monotony. And his tired face, looking as if he had just closed a ponderous ledger with a five o'clock thud, seemed to say to him, "Twenty years ago I beat you in a little game and I still have the prize. She is sitting on that chair and now I have come for you to punish me by giving me the crumbs that fall from your table."

Then the Managing Director looked across at her and remembered the sweet smelling Kathleen Truman of that dingy office where they had worked together. He remembered her hands. They had been nimble and pretty as they skipped over the keys of the typewriter. He looked at them now. They were fat and shapeless as his own. There was a wedding ring, and another cheap little ring that was less than an ornament. Her skin was clean without looking fresh, and she was fat; perhaps not so much as plump . . . the plumpness of physical disinterest. Her clothes looked home made. Everything about her was plain and economical.

"I want office work, if I can get it, Mr. Ingram."

"Most certainly, most certainly. For old time's sake. Carrick. That will be alright. Come to-morrow morning and see the chief clerk and I shall fix it up. I am sure we can do something."

"I knew you would not fail us, Mr. Ingram. It took me a long time before I could induce Norman to come. I knew you would not forget us. Those were great days in Mr. Thorpe's office. We had some happy times."

"Yes, of course," he said, as he looked towards the alabaster globe again.

It frowned at him rather coldly. He must not be sentimental. They rose from their chairs. He stood up and shook hands again. "Very pleased to have seen you both. Very pleased, indeed. Glad to have you with us, Carrick."

She was near the door. She turned around and spoke. "There's none like old friends." Then they were gone. He sat in the chair and pressed the bell at his side. A clerk appeared.

"Ring the club and tell them to have a fire in my room. I won't be going out to-night."

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A Social Note Book.

By "Carrie."

Rain, rain, nothing but rain! It is so depressing. No sooner does the sun pop out for a minute than he goes in again. "He really ought to strike a balance," as Bly says in "Windows." I am so depressed by the rain that I have developed a peculiar sinister joy in motoring past cemeteries and reading obituary notices in the papers. It all seems to fit in with the weather. Who ever heard of a cheerful funeral, except, of course, in the "Mask and the Face." Strange how I seem to get back to Mr. Leon Lion each time!

I want to tell you how much I enjoyed "Windows." There was a good house for the first night, although most of the people must have swum in and very hastily discarded their soaking mackintoshes in the cloak-room, emerging as bright and delicately beautiful as ever. Only women can achieve this quick transformation. I saw Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Neame, Dr. and Mrs. Orenstein, Mr. and Mrs. Percy Sherwell (she was wearing such a lovely cream shawl embroidered in black), Mr. and Mrs. Nellmapius, Mr. and Miss McLeod were in one of the boxes, Mrs. Percy Leon, Mrs. Salomon, Mrs. Jack Andrew Cohen and her pretty daughter, Mr. T. Clapham, Mr. S. Alexander and Miss Hudson. Mrs. Millin and Mrs. Lewis—novelists both—were in the same party, also the husbands of these famous ladies, Advocate R. Millin and Dr. Lewis.

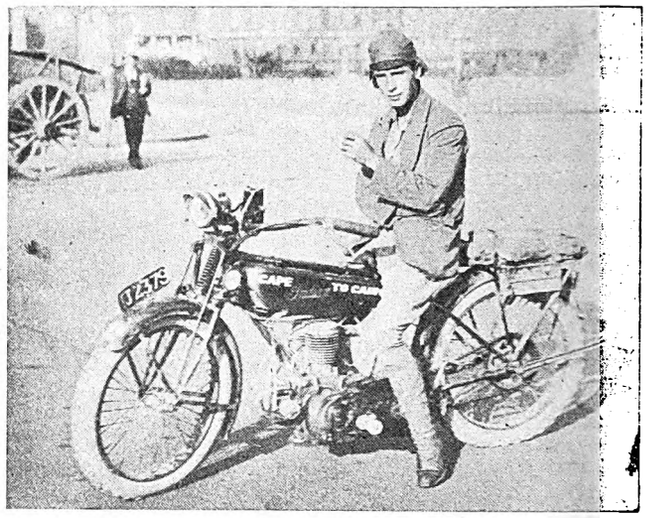
If one has a quarrel with "Windows" it is that Miss Renée Kelly has not a chance to wear pretty clothes. I did notice, however, that as soon as she had discarded her black frock with its white chemisette and sleeves and her grey maid's gown—that was after the show was over—she changed into a wonderful cyclamen gown over charmeuse of the same shade, embroidered in beads.

Miss Kelly told me that her mother and daughter are coming out for a trip. There are, as in all Mr. Lion's productions, arresting bits of colour here and there, the peacock blue of the Chinese dragons on the chimney piece, the yellow curtains making a frame for fragrant peach blossoms on the trees outside.

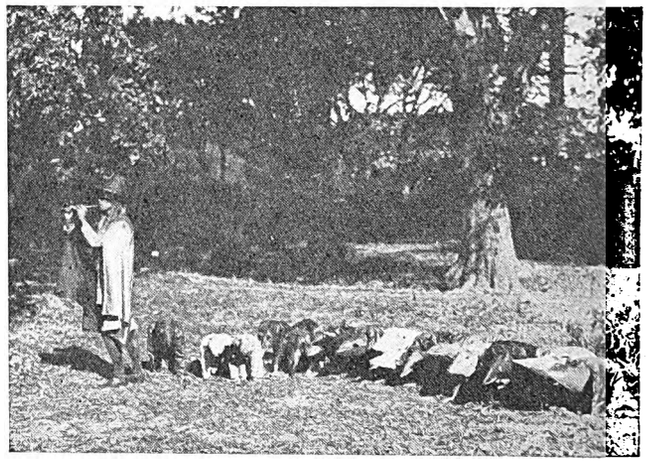
But here I have got right off the state of the weather! Really I should be sitting down to write an article on "How to look beautiful in a mackintosh." It would be the most appropriate subject. Yet—instead—I want you to sympathize with me. I invested in one of those special new perfumes to match the complexion and, shades of Monsieur Patou, it was all washed away! I was *so* annoyed! I had been on a tour of the shops (merely for shelter).

Did I buy anything? Certainly not! But I saw some wonderful gowns of lovely material. There was one of cuisse de nymphe, the name is enough to lead one from the straight and narrow path. It is beige with a rosy tint. Then came pervenche blue and rose de bois. Don't you love the sounds of them all?

Miss Hoey has gone to Pretoria after a splendid "last night." At the end of the performance, flowers, and yet more flowers, and an enormous white ostrich feather fan with mother of pearl handle. On Friday she motored over to Pretoria as the guest of Mrs. J. C. Smuts. The rendezvous was the New Lounge at Polley's Hotel, where one sits so comfortably and drinks tea, and, maybe, gossips. Mrs. Smuts was wearing a handsome black gown with cuffs and collar of silk, traced in purple and white. The tea was in aid of the Louis Botha Home. Lady van Boeschoten wore a smart black maracaine gown trimmed with Oriental embroideries. Mrs. Hofmeyr, wife of the Administrator, came in grey fuji silk with a narrow stripe, and a black hat. Mrs. George Heys wore grey, with sleeves of georgette and a large grey hat with feathers. Mrs. de Burgh Whyte had on a gold coloured gown, made with a Paisley corsage and a black hat. Mrs. Chas. Maggs looked very well in black georgette made with numbers of tiny tucks and a small black hat wreathed in silver plumes. Mrs. A. P. Brink wore white crepe de chine, and Miss Nina Murray, the well-known artist, was also gowned in white with black silk embroideries. Mrs. Godfrey Ross was very handsome in black with touches of jade green and a beige hat. She brought her young daughter in white with a mauve hat. Mrs. du Toit, wife of the Colonel, wore black, and Mrs. Perrin, who is leaving shortly for New Zealand, a grey gown. Mrs. Veale, Mrs. Whale, Miss Driver, and Mrs. van Velden in beige georgette inset with fillet laces and a hat to tone, were among other well-known people present. And Mr. Cyril Raymond was the only man! Looking a little shy, it is true.



Mr. W. J. Fuller, who is riding his Indian Prince from the Cape to Cairo.



A performance of the Pied Piper of Hamelin at Ednam Convent School, Rondebosch. The Piper leads the rats to the river.

From Overseas.

One notes with pleasure the career of Mr. Michel Balcon, who married one of our prettiest Johannesburg girls, Eileen Leatherman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Leatherman, who are staying at the Carlton Hotel. He has just finished a big film, "The Blackguard," an International production. It was directed for Mr. Balcon by Graham Cutts. It is said of Mr. Balcon that, "although only 29 years old, he is the only Englishman who has been successful in putting British-made pictures over in the U.S.A."

The Carlton.

Of the Carlton and Friday evening! What a lot of dances there were on that night. At Warrington Hall, which used to be the lovely home of Mr. and Mrs. Sam Evans, there was a dance in aid of the Arcadian Fete given by Mrs. Jacobs, who wore a chic brown lace gown draped over silk of the same shade. Mrs. Teron came in a handsome grey toilette, and Miss Teron wore black edged with chinchilla fur. The Young Israel Society danced at the Freemasons' Hall. Miss R. Gingold made an admirable

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hostess in a charming blue gown. Miss Bessie Abrahamson, in black edged with silver and diamante, Miss H. Amoils, in red crepe de chine, and Miss R. L. Steinberg, who wore orange and black, were the ladies on the committee. Then to the Carlton! Among the dancers I noticed the new Consul-General for France, who was with a party which included Madame Emil Levy, in an exquisite pale rose gown over silver tissue, with dyed fox fur at the hem, and her husband, and Miss Enid Cohen. Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Youldon were dancing, Mrs. Youldon in a white embroidered frock threaded with beads. Mr. and Mrs. S. L. Sive were in the Palm Court, also Mrs. Nathanson. Miss Irene de Leeuw was also dancing. Miss Miller, of Cape Town, Miss Kluver, Mr. and Mrs. E. Marks were in the ballroom, and Sir Evelyn and Lady Wallers were with some friends in the restaurant.

A Wedding at Benoni.

A pretty wedding took place at Benoni last Sunday, when Miss Rose Friedland, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. Friedland, of Benoni, was married to Mr. Bennie Goldman, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. Goldman, of Germiston. The parents of bride and bridegroom acted as unterfuhrers, Messrs. B. and R. Sang, L. Camerof and M. Cohen being the poleholders. Mr. Sam Friedland, a brother of the bride, was best man; her sister, Miss D. Friedland, being the maid of honour. The Misses B. Krantz and A. Rootenberg were the flower girls, and were escorted by little Edgar Milwidsky as page. The honeymoon is being spent at the Victoria Falls.

The Jeppe High School Old Boys' functions are always enjoyable, and so one looks forward to the garden fête they are holding in Tsessebe House Grounds on the 4th of next month. Sir Julius Jeppe will perform the opening ceremony ,and the proceeds are to be devoted to the Sports Ground scheme of the Old Boys' Club. Tsessebe House adjoins the Jeppe High School, so is easily to be found. Mr. Leslie V. Hurd is the hon. secretary, Box 1667, and will be glad to give any further information to anyone interested.

Round the Bioscopes.

Bijou.

Pleasure Mad! Out of the Valley of Content into the Maelstrom of New York Society, where happiness is forgotten and only pleasure sought, where children are merely nuisances, and home is a name which matters little. The children in *Pleasure Mad* go pleasure mad with their father, and the mother alone remains faithful to the old, simpler life which the family had led before wealth came to bring misery. But the hectic months cannot last for ever: unhappy complications through the pretended love of a worthless woman cause husband and children to realise the true worth of life that is quiet, the hollowness of pleasure, and the lasting good of happiness. This powerful picture is showing at the Bijou during the whole of the week commencing Monday, 30th March. Among the cast are starring Mary Alden, Norma Shearer and Huntly Gordon.

Orpheum.

William Farnun is the star of *Brass Commandments*, which is showing at the Orpheum during the first half of next week. It is a story of the West, sizzling with action, and the riding scenes in it would have done credit to Buffalo Bill himself. Tom Santschi is acting the part of the villain in the film, and Wanda Hawley and Claire Adams are the two women who bring romance into this thrilling tale. During the second half of the week there is to be a comedy-drama, *Galloping Fish*. And the hero? A seal! The new star's name is Freddie, and he is described as a flapper. The picture is a laugh from start to finish, which is not surprising, as the characters include a diving Venus, a newly-wed, a wicked she-alligator, and a bailiff. Donald and Carson with Marie Lawton make up the rest of the programme.

Pretoria Reception.

Miss Iris Hoey, who is playing this week at the Opera House, Pretoria, is meeting with splendid success, and the people of Pretoria have taken her to their hearts.

On Tuesday evening Mr. Nichles, of the Aeolian Hall, gave a very enjoyable reception after the theatre in her honour, dancing being kept up, to the music of the Tramp's Orchestra, until the early hours of the morning.

The Mayor and Mayoress were present, Mrs. Brink wearing a very charming white floral silk gown, gauged on the hips and having a fall of pastel shaded chiffon from the shoulder at the back to the hem of the gown. Miss Hoey wore a chic black gown, the apron effect, which was tied at the back over royal blue charmeuse, being heavily embroidered in Chinese beads of wonderful hues. Miss Burnside, looking very pretty in pink edged with swansdown and a handsome lace shawl, presented bouquets to the Mayoress and to Miss Hoey.

Among well-known people who were present was Mrs. van Velden, who came with the Colonel, and had on a lovely pervenche blue gown under silver laces. Mr. and Mrs. George Marais brought their pretty daughter, Pauline. Mrs. Marais had on a handsome black gown and Miss Marais wore flame-coloured embroidered in silver beads. The shading of the gown ranged from almost white at the neck to the deeper colour at the hem. Mrs. Cramb looked very well in rose charmeuse made on graceful lines. Mrs. Eric Beckett wore one of the smartest toilettes, of white charmeuse, cut in long petals and embroidered in pearls, over fine black laces. Mrs. T. R. Lewis had on a black frock with silver laces, and Mrs. Cyril Benson also came in black with diamante trellis on the skirt. Mrs. Kenward wore primrose inset with silver insertions. Mrs. Walter Watson had on a black gown, and Mrs. Ottley wore black made with a long tunic over gold tissue. Miss Eileen Schoch was among the dancers in deep blue charmeuse with a gold rose set in the side sash. Miss Sarah Stent came in gold over white net and laces, cut in front to allow them to show as a panel. Miss Ruth Williams wore black georgette beautifully draped, and Mrs. Ina Bagle a primrose gown. Miss Eugenie Sacks had on a very smart gown of rose trimmed with bugle beads and came with her brothers. Miss Sadie de Zwaan was very smartly gowned. Mrs. Zackie Taylor had on a handsome sea-green frock with touches of silver at the waist. Miss Rose Innes, of Barberton, came in flame colour edged with blue feather trimming. Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Pritchard, Mr. Cramb, Mr. Myburgh, Mr. Epstein, Miss Taylor, Mr. Hinds and Mr. Kenward were also present. Of Miss Hoey's company were Mr. and Mrs. Campbell Gullan, Mrs. Gullan in a handsome gold embossed tissue gown, Miss Drury in gold georgette embroidered in crystal, Miss Lucy Sibley in black and floral silks, Miss Margaret Riddick in a charming black gown, Mr. Rex O'Malley and Mr. Leslie Laurier.

The Aeolian Hall is the latest acquisition to Pretoria and is a delightful place in which to hold functions.

Carlton.

The tragic wreck of the Natal-Cape mail at the week-end adds interest to the William Fox play that is to be shown at the Carlton for the first half of the week beginning March 30th, for there is a scene in it of a thrilling train-wreck at sixty miles an hour. *The Village Blacksmith* is the name of this absorbing melodrama, and, as may be guessed it starts with the village smithy and spreading chestnut tree of Longfellow's verses, and it ends . . . ah! During the second half of the week we are to see one of the saddest, most human stories that has ever been filmed. *The Steadfast Heart* is the tale of a boy of ten who faces life under a terrible handicap. His father is a thief, and he himself is accused of the murder of the sheriff of the county. True, he did it, but it was to protect his worthless mother. If you are susceptible, I sincerely advice you to take more than one handkerchief with you when you go to see this film.

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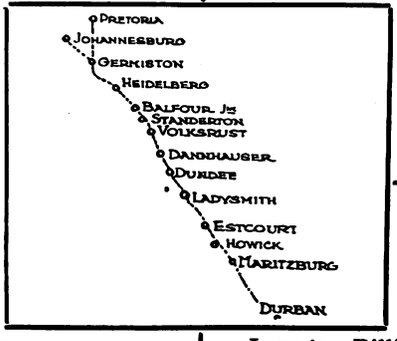

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Is Johannesburg Honest?

Do They Filch the Forks?

By Neil Collins.

Unkind people have often in the past doubted the honesty of Johannesburg, and the *South African Pictorial* determined the other day to see whether there was any foundation in fact for the heartless allegations which have been hurled at this unfortunate City of ours, which has been too engaged until now wrestling with its Town Council and house-boy problem to pay much attention to its detractors.

What better authorities on the honesty of Johannesburg than the citizens themselves? Let me quote one of them.

"The people of Johannesburg," said a tram-conductor on the Yeoville line to me when I asked his opinion, "are really honest. When we want to be otherwise, we tell the world that we are being wicked, but when other towns want to do that which they ought not to do, they—er—hide their lights under their bushels."

This was most encouraging, so I proceeded to the telephone and asked for *Jeppe 367*. I do not know who rents the telephone at Jeppe 367, but she had a clear and youthful voice, most Irish. I asked about a particular point of the town's honesty, "Do Johannesburg people take the spoons and forks and crockery from the tea-rooms they visit, without paying for the privilege of having taking ways?"

"And phwy do you want to know?" enquired the voice, but a burst of merry laughter must have quite drowned my reply.

"I'm *quite* sure *I* never take any spoons away!"

"Oh, but with such a charming voice you would surely take hearts away!"

There was another burst of laughter, and then another voice came on to the end of the wire, still feminine, but a little older and a little quizzical.

"Well, I'm an Australian . . ."

The conversation had to cease. The *South African Pictorial* is willing to saddle itself with the responsibility of finding whether Johannesburg takes the family crockery from its tea-rooms, but it cannot invite the wrath of the whole continent of Australia.

I then tried another telephone number, *Central 327*, and again I found a young and charming voice, again that of a young lady. She said:

"In my opinion it is a terrible thing to do—to take away what does not belong to you. I was having tea with an acquaintance at a well-known Johannesburg tea-room some time ago, and suddenly she said to me, 'Will you put this milk-jug in your bag? I want to take it home.'

"I said, 'Haven't you any milk-jugs of your own at home?' and refused to do anything of the sort. I think it's absolutely awful when these things happen."

My next number was *Central 6366*. Are all telephones in Johannesburg answered by young ladies? This time I was answered by a most ingenuous voice, apparently that of a girl who had scarcely left the seclusion of her convent school. With shocked surprise she answered:

"Does anything like that *ever* happen?"

I could not disabuse such a fresh mind of its high ideas of humanity, so I rang off, and went round to the tea-rooms to see what they thought of their customers.

The manageress of one of the largest tea-rooms in Pritchard Street said:

"Sometimes people do take away some of our cutlery, but we never see it done. It is only natural that they should occasionally, but we do not find out until we take stock. Spoons are the things which disappear oftenest, and sometimes a lady takes a flower for a button-hole. We like them to do this, as it adds a homely touch to the tea-room, and makes our customers feel more at home."

At another tea-room in the same street, the manageress told me:

"Spoons may be lost in the kitchen sometimes, but I certainly don't believe that Johannesburg people are ever dishonest. The only time that we ever lose anything is during the holiday rushes, and then perhaps they're taken by the Christmas spirit we hear so much about."

I then tried two of the biggest bioscope tea-rooms.

"It happens occasionally," the manageress of one told me, "but not often. Sometimes after lunch we find a sugar-basin gone, but our chief losses are due to people not paying the waitresses, or getting too much change and keeping it. The loss, of course, falls on the waitress, and an average over a long period shows that this costs them each almost five shillings every month."

At the next bioscope tea-room I was told:

"Such things never happen here. Johannesburg people are absolutely honest, and wouldn't dream of doing such things. The only case we ever knew of here, was that of a well-dressed woman who came in almost every day at one time. We noticed that after she had gone the sugar-basin was usually empty, and we watched her one day. She always carried an umbrella, and our waitress noticed her pouring the contents of the basin into it. No, we didn't say anything. Why should we? What is a basinful of sugar, after all?"

A member of the Transvaal Corps of Commissionnaires said:

"People don't even take away other people's umbrellas from dances, although I've met people here who, if they had the chance, would go away with the polish off your boots!"

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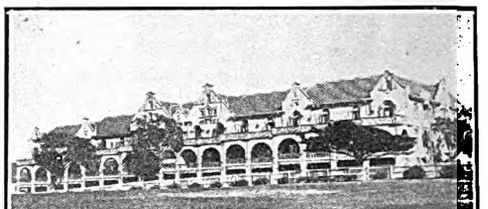

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Great Snakes!

Miss Renée Kelly and Miss Lion, sister of Mr. Leon M. Lion, scorn the example of Eve and make friends with "Serpents." In the right hand picture Miss Kelly is photographed with some small monkeys. These photographs were taken while Mr. Lion's company was at the coast, but now Miss Kelly is playing with Mr. Lion in the marvellous production of "Windows," at His Majesty's Theatre, Johannesburg.

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By Mr. Reville,
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My Lady's attire was never such an important proposition as it is to-day. The all-absorbing Cult of Beauty—of Colour, Line and Form, together with an amazing choice of exquisite textiles—gives me much inspiration and many, many thrills for a very thorough expression on this subject.

My voyages of discovery to the Far East, the United States, and the countries of Europe, all convince me and give me the satisfactory courage to state that in England we are to-day by no means behind in creating all that is beautiful for our Women.

And since nothing is *too* beautiful for our Women of England, I can indeed con-ceive that we are on the threshold of a wonderful new Era of sheer Beauty in all that appertains to "Women's Wear."

The alluring modes of the moment are pre-eminently apropos for these inex-pensive, yet luxurious and exclusive artificial silk fabrics, and there cannot be the slightest doubt that for every delightful function on the social calendar there now exists a beautiful British origina-tion to enhance the joy of participation.

Those who would be in Fashion rather than following in its wake (and since we can lead the World in quality of textiles, why not lead it in Fashion?), may attain, with absolute correctness of detail, Perfection of Appearance, combined with beauty, at prices that are within the scope of all.

The vast selection of interesting novelties in British artificial silk materials launched this season has given me much scope to broaden out and extend my activities in designing and Creating an entirely new and practical col-lection of gowns to meet all the requirements of our Spring and Summer Seasons.

Certain colours are particularly good for our English women, noticeably exquisite shades of soft Blues, delicate Greens, the ever-popular Beige and Grey in new tones, as favoured by Her Majesty the Queen and H.R.H. Princess Mary; also those dainty shades of Orchid-Mauve, with silvery lights in their folds, beloved and favoured by that great and graceful lady, H.M. Queen Alexander. Then again, there are lovely tints of Ivory, Lemon, Indian Reds and Chinese Blues, worn by the artistic Queen of Roumania and the elegant Queen of Spain.

Altogether, "Colour"—which tends so much to our happiness and enjoyment—is surely with us in this year of grace, 1925.

The perfection of a fabric can in no way be better demonstrated than when a gown of that fabric is created for an individual wearer whose personal charm and beauty it enhances, and provides the ensemble of perfect harmony —"For Beauty lies in kindness"—and certainly the wealth of new colours finished by the new Clay process, which have been submitted to me for my considered judg-ment and recommendations, are exceedingly kind.

There are fairy-like colourings and textures for Morn-ing, Afternoon and Evening wear that suggest all the glamour and merits of misty chiffons, cloudy georgettes, glistening crepes, and the sheen of satins.

Some frocks made from artificial silk, the fabric which is revolutionising dressmaking in England.

For the eminently practical, and, therefore, the safe aspect of dress, the darker or more sombre colours are a very great boon, since these are the colours without which we cannot exist in our particular country owing to the peculiar climatic conditions prevailing. The perfection of the new "coal" black dye, the Navys, Jades, Greys, Browns, Pink Pearls and Beige is in every case so wonderful that this embarrasing choice can only leave me strangely bewildered and bewitched as to which I must impulsively snatch to evolve those garments of which "My Ladies" of the British Empire shall wear.

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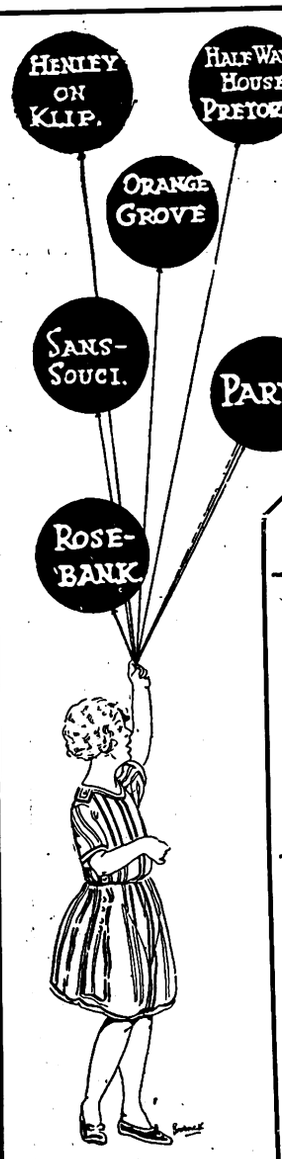

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The Magic Family.

The Maskelyne Sorcerers.

By Pamela Travers.

It goes down from father to son like a title—this trickery business. Yet perhaps it is not quite fair to call it trickery. Illusion would be the better word. And where would we all be to-day if it were not for our illusionists?

The story of the rise of the Maskelyne house of mysteries reads like a romance. A little over fifty years ago two young men from Cheltenham, John Nevil Maskelyne and George Cooke, presented for the first time to a West End audience the entertainment which, with various changes, still exists to-day.

They booked the old St. James' Hall in Piccadilly for a month, intending to take the show on tour when their London season was over. But it proved so successful that they stayed three months, and then took over the Egyptian Hall in Piccadilly, where they stayed for thirty years—the longest run on record.

Maskelyne was then known as the world's greatest conjuror. His box trick was the most talked about and most imitated illusion ever presented by a magician, and the phenomenally successful magic playlet, "Will, the Watch and the Witch," was performed thousands of times. He could also make a lady float in the air from a floor which had no trap, and could keep her suspended there without a wire and without any visible support. Even to-day there are people who remember the garrulous person outside the theatre who shouted, "This way for Maskelyne and Cooke and the Floating Lady."

That was years and years ago. Gradually the old Maskelyne gave up and retired in favour of young Maskelyne, his son, who for years, ever since he was fourteen, had studied legerdemain and illusion and mechanical contrivance. He was responsible for the further development of the enterprise. He was the inventor of some of the world's best illusion and magic acts. His imagination knew no bounds, and one of the most imperative demands upon him came from Beerbohm Tree.

"I want an apparition in that corner, and another in the opposite corner, by to-morrow," said Tree, when he called in Mr. Maskelyne to give his advice in the production of a certain play. And sure enough the apparitions were there, looking as unreal as any body which sobs round the corridors of old haunted houses.

This same Maskelyne also supplied apparitions for "The Charlatan" and Anstey's "The Brass Bottle," but not with a wand. It was not as easy as that. They were only carried out with difficulty and much care and forethought.

His greatest trick, "Will, the Witch and the Watch," took two years to perfect. Among his other famous magics was a trick which was eventually christened by the public at the first performance of it. The inventor had not thought of a name for it, but such a chorus of "Oh's" greeted it that he adopted that little exclamation as its title. In this illusion a man was strapped in a chair surrounded by a canopy on four poles. His left arm was strapped high up over his head. A string fastened to the wrist was thrown over the top of the canopy and held by a member of the audience. The right hand was strapped down and similarly held. The legs, arms and body were strapped. The curtains of the canopy were then drawn, but in such a way as to give an uninterrupted view beneath. As soon as they were drawn the word "Go" was given and the man disappeared. Those outside holding the string felt no movement of the string whatever. Nobody yet has solved this last trick.

But now Mr. John Nevil Maskelyne, junior, is dead, and there are four young Maskelynes to carry on the business. The eldest, Captain Clive Maskelyne, went through Sandhurst and then through the war, coming back with the M.C. and a great distaste for soldiering. Settling down to a quiet life of magic and illusions appealed to him. He had always wanted to be a magician, and now behold him in his father's place, making billiard balls out of air, and causing stalwart ladies to disappear into space! His younger brothers, Noel, John and Jasper, are all magicians in the making, all thinking out how to create new illusions for the stream of people who pour into the theatre to be taken from the workaday world into a fairyland of sorceries for an hour or two.

Captain Clive Maskelyne is to visit South Africa in June with his little troupe of magic-making people, and if you can guess how he puts the egg in the bag and brings out a rabbit—I think he does that!—then you are cleverer than I, and you ought to be on the halls yourself!

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S. A. Dancers in London.

By "Allegro."

I spent a most enjoyable and instructive afternoon at Miss Flora Fairbairn's Mayfair School of Dancing (London) the other day. If I am to summarize my whole impression into one word, I should say: thoroughness. Rooms, floors, appliances, temperature, ventilation, office, teaching and business routine, all are exactly what is required in helping to obtain the best results with the least effort.

I saw, in the short space of two hours, exhibitions of every branch of stage dancing: ballet, Greek, classical, character, national, and what not. What impressed me most was that in every instance the thought underlying the

Miss Delma van Wiese.

dance was brought out very forcibly. There was no mere tripping and strutting and performing acrobatic stunts, but an intelligent interpretation of the music of the subject being portrayed; it may sound strange, but the pupils dance with their mind as much as with their body. And that is the secret of their success. There was a dancer rehearsing at the time who impressed me enormously: Audrey Ashby, whom South Africa no doubt remembers. I was told that only the other day Mr. Basil Deane, of the Drury Lane Theatre, secured her as a principal dancer with five other girls for his forthcoming production: all the five were pupils of Miss Fairbairn; nor has this been an exceptional occurrence. Myrtle Peter, after being the Tiny Fairy at the Old Vic in "Midsummer Nights' Dream," and then playing "Betty Blunders" in "Where the Rainbow Ends," being an actress as well as a dancer, has been engaged by Ethel Irving to play the part of Little Willie in "East Lynne." Margot St. Leger is principal dancer at the Theatre Royal in Birmingham; Betty Scorer will be with Nigel Playfair in "The Rivals," which is in preparation after the "Duenna." Miss Fairbairn told me a lot more of her successful pupils; but I have forgotten the details. But this I must add: The Royal Academy of Music has for the first time in its history appointed an Instructress of Ballet for the Opera. The appointment went to Miss Flora Fairbairn. A great feather on her cap . . . and on South Africa's cap, too! Another most graceful and promising little dancer whom I saw is Miss Delma van Wiese, a young South African from Capetown; and I believe that some famous people who saw her foretell a great future for her.

Allegro.

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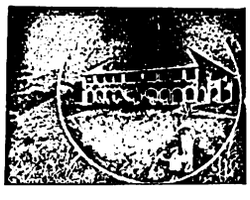

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"The aim," said Mr. Penfold in an interview, "has been to avoid as far as possible the present loss of air owing to leakage through the joints, the plug, and the rubber wall itself.

"In manufacturing a tennis ball of the plug type, the plug, which has to be punctured in order that the ball may be inflated, cannot be sealed with any certainty. Moreover the rubber used is not air-tight, nor are the joints, and in consequence a manufacturer may store on his shelves, until they are tested for size, between twenty and thirty thousand tennis balls a week, of which total possibly half may require to be scrapped.

"We have got over these difficulties by using two thin gutta percha shells cemented together to form what appears to be a large size ping pong ball, and, in order to cut out the disadvantage of the plug, certain chemicals and a few spots of water are placed within the two shells before they are sealed together. This hollow sphere, covered with soft rubber, is then placed in a mould and the whole is heated up to a temperature of about 300 degrees Fahrenheit. That not only vulcanises the rubber, but sets up chemical action between the gas-forming ingredients and inflates the ball.

"After that the moulds are plunged into ice-cold water from a special refrigerating plant having a yield of four tons of ice a day. Afterwards the rubber ball is covered with felt in the ordinary way. The result is that for the first time since tennis balls were made, standards of compression and 'bounce' can now be established with scientific exactitude."

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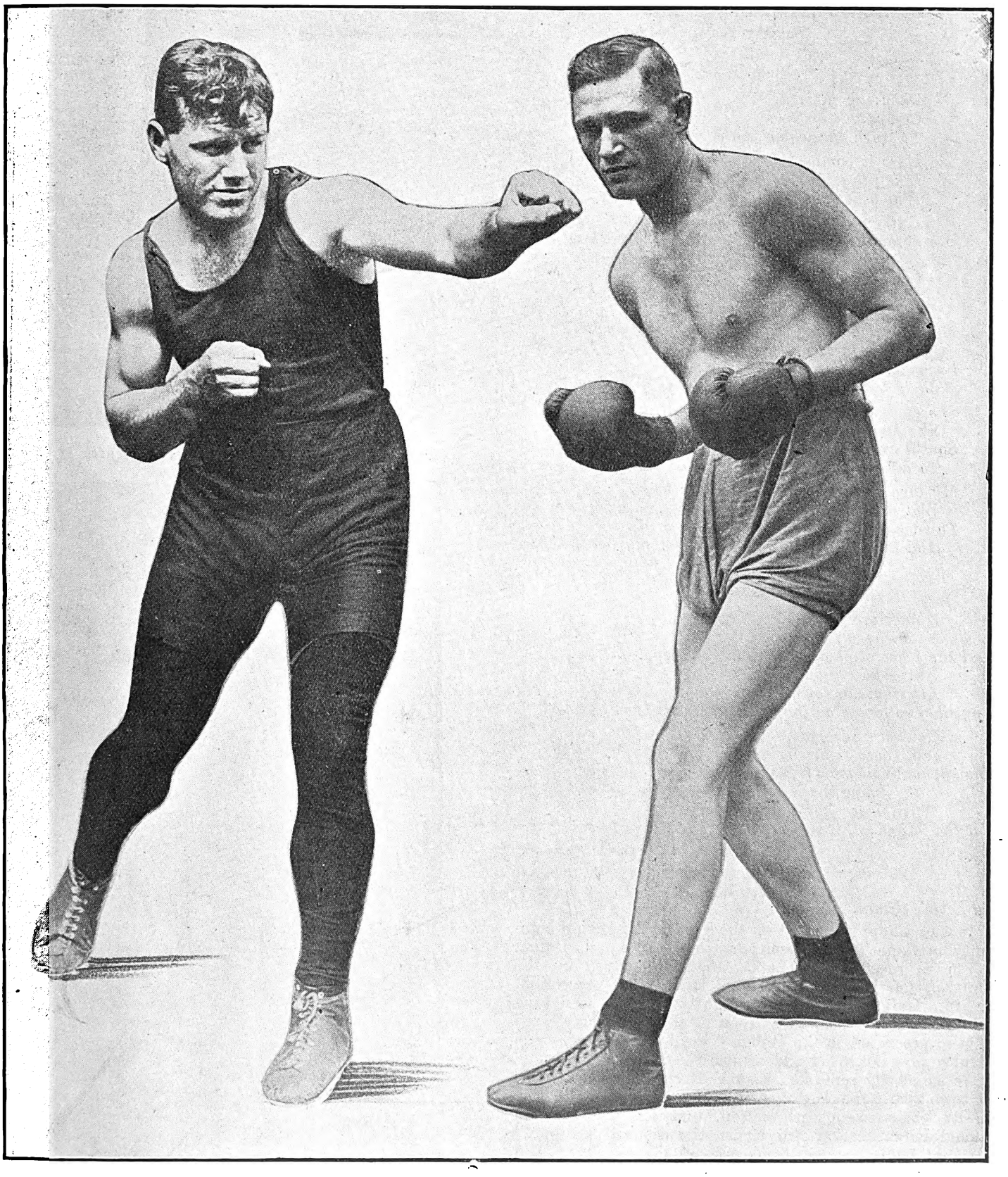
"The Union's National Weekly."

VOL. XX. No. 505.] SATURDAY, APRIL 4TH, 1925. (Registered at G.P.O. as a Newspaper.) PRICE 6D.

The Great Fight.



Tom Heeney (N.Z.), who is to meet Johnny Squires (S.A.) at the Town Hall, Johannesburg, on Thursday, April 9th under the promotion of Mr. S. Starkey.

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S. A. PICTORIAL

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Songs for Merry Ann.

Rain.

They say the rain
Comes out of Spain
To wash the whole world clean again.

Here it comes,
Like fairy thumbs,
Which beat on little, tiny drums.

But I won't be
Afraid—not me!
Because I'm warm in bed, you see!

The Hen.

The little black hen with the red, red crown
Is telling tales to her children three.
I wonder if I were to ask her now,
She'd lay me a little brown egg for my tea.

She couldn't be fierce, that little black hen;
She has the tenderest eyes, you see.
So I'll ask her, whispering ever so soft,
To lay me a little brown egg for my tea.

My love you are, little soft black hen;
Will you leave your darling children three,
To sit in the warm white nest I've made
And lay me a little brown egg for my tea?

Little Girl Next Door.

Apples are green,
Nutmegs are brown,
And there are rainbow colours in the carpet on the floor;
But I have not seen
Anywhere in town
Anything so lovely as the little girl next door.

Gold are her eyes,
And there's gold in her hair,
Though her linen gown is faded and they say she's very poor;
But I know she is wise
When I see her dancing there,
For the fairies tell their secrets to the little girl next door.

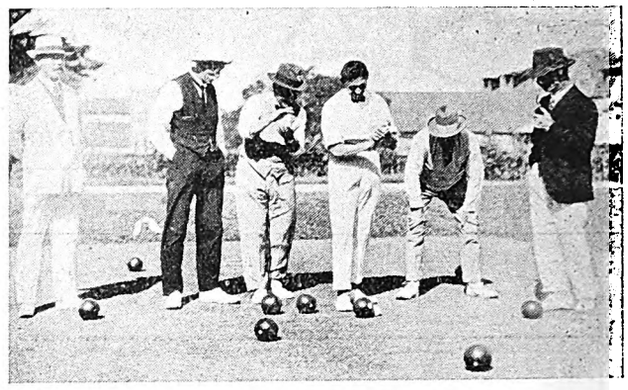
Pamela Travers.

Count Labia's Return.

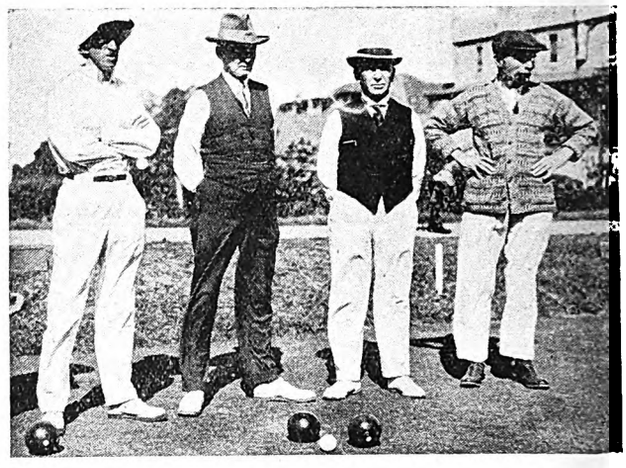
It was a happy thought on the part of the Italian community in Cape Town to send a party of small Italian children to meet Count Labia when he arrived by the *Edinburgh Castle* from England. In a small procession, with the Italian flag waving brightly at their head, the children marched on board as soon as the ship was cleared and were presented to the Italian Consul-General, who was evidently very surprised and a little touched.

As somebody remarked to me afterwards, "It is only in a town like Cape Town, in a country like South Africa with its heterogeneous population, that one would see a sectional demonstration of foreign national spirit like that."

Count Labia, in the midst of a circle of friends, looked very happy to be back in South Africa, though his stay is only to be short. "My eyes," he told me, "need more attention, and I must go back to a specialist." *The Gossip.*



The recent contest at Capetown. Major Ballantyne and Mr. T. Boydell applaud a good shot.



Sir David Harris and Colonel Creswell in centre of group.

Boy scouts placing a wreath on the Cecil Rhodes Memorial at Groote Schuur.

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A Social Note Book.

By "Carrie."

The sun!

My salaams, it *is* nice to have you back again. Really, though, you know, you have almost disgraced us, *and* Sir Pieter Bam, in the eyes of the world, by turning the slogan "Sunny South Africa" into "Sopping South Africa." The recent downpours take such a lot of explaining to tourists who have been forced to dig out the mackintoshes and goloshes they last wore in Manchester.

Of course, the great event of the week in Johannesburg has been the Arcadian Fete. The Town Hall was enriched by bowers of greenery with marvellous coloured flowers growing in profusion, and Shepherdesses to lure the money from your pockets. From the press point of view, fetes and "sich like" are an unmixed blessing. You wander in, your note book and pencil well hidden, but it avails you not. A list is thrust into your hand, and on it are inscribed all the people who—according to your informant, and she should know—have "done" things and can't be left out. You go back to the office, you know your Editor is not feeling too well—he's lost his blue pencil, and you sit for an hour at your desk feebly trying to cut out a few names. "Surely," you say to yourself, "she does not count, and what a long name she's got." Then you see a note against it, "sister-in-law of such and such," and all hope fades. Then you decide to cut them all out, firmly and once and for all, and the next time you meet several hundred women, you try to think of an excuse.

With these few remarks, dear ladies, I will apologize to you for not putting in all your names, for you did work, wisely and well. Mr. B. Alexander was the chairman, and Mrs. Joe Cohen, without whose name no large effort is complete, with Mr. M. Udwin, were the joint honorary organizers. All the best known women in the town lent a hand and the result—a very large cheque for the S.A. Jewish Orphanage. The vestibule of the Town Hall was a bower of roses and green trees, and gay Chinese maidens flitted here and there enticing you to buy, of all things in the world, a bedroom suite or a dining-room table. There was a flower stall; and, inside, some twenty-five stalls and side shows. The Mayor, Councillor Chas. Walters, declared the fete open on Tuesday evening, and Mrs. Joe Cohen, a handsome Shepherdess in blue and mauve, presented the Mayoress with a bouquet. Then for hours people spent liberally. One met flushed young men with numerous parcels, emerging from a perfect sea of charming girls all bent on selling him just one thing more. Lucky the man who escaped with his car fare home. Still it was all in a good cause, and who cared? At the flower stall was Mrs. F. F. Allen, who showed me the lovely gold and enamel brooch the 3rd Detachment of the V.A.D. had given her. Miss Alice Durrant, by the way, was the winner of the Allen Trophy for general efficiency, and it was presented to her at the Lounge Tea Rooms the other evening by Mrs. Berman, Deputy-Chief Commandant of the Union. The V.A.D. movement has grown apace and is meeting with great success; those who joined for the lure of the uniform (shall I be torn limb from limb for writing this?) remaining to work really hard. Safety first is a great slogan and learning how to practice it a splendid thing.

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This delightful, select and altogether restful resort is situated at the mouth of the Karridene River, 23 miles from Durban by rail, and within 70 minutes by car.

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The grounds, 35 acres in extent, take the form of a lovely natural park, and lend themselves to all the usual outdoor amusements: Tennis, Croquet, Shooting, etc.

Boating here is excellent, and the resort is specially noted for fishing and safe surf bathing.

A Golf Course is in course of construction, and guests may be fully assured of every comfort, attention and amusement being provided for them.

The Netherlands in Pretoria.

While in Pretoria a few days ago I was invited to a reception at the house of the Consul-General for the Netherlands and Mrs. Lorentz, in honour of Mr. Paul de Groot, the well-known Dutch actor who is visiting our country. "Oranjehof" is a really delightful house, set back in its own grounds and with oak-panelled reception rooms and hall round which runs a gallery way up near the white-washed, raftered roof. Mrs. Lorentz wore a very charming gown of gold mesh laces with finer lace over the arms. A handsome jewelled buckle was fastened at the waist line. The Baroness von Tuyll, who is staying with Mrs. Lorentz, received with her, and was gowned in charmeuse of sea-green with a berthe collar of silver laces. Besides the Consular corps there were very many well-known people present, including Sir Arnold and Lady Theiler, Dr. Marguarite Henri, Miss te Groen, Colonel and Mrs. van Velden, Professor Bremekamp and Dr. Rolf Reitz.

The Coming Show.

With the Agricultural Show so near one looks forward, not only to the many exhibits of interest, but also to the ring events. Each year introduces us to new riders. After a heated discussion the other day on the merits of side-saddle *versus* "astride," I was utterly squashed by a learned youth (he must have been at least eighteen) who, during his researches, found out that the side-saddle was only invented because the reigning Queen had hip disease and so could not sit astride the horse. Certainly not, we did not contradict him, because we were not there at the time.

Pyramid teas are all the fashion in Pretoria since Mrs. J. C. Smuts gave one last week. I did have the system painstakingly explained to me by several good ladies, but, while sounding very simple, it has to do with multiplying and subtracting, and arithmetic was never my strong point. Only plain women need be clever! Mrs. Charles Maggs was the latest hostess and her tea at "Greystoke," Arcadia, was very enjoyable. Mrs. E. H. Lewis sang delightfully during the afternoon. Mrs. Maggs, who is always beautifully gowned, wore a handsome black marocaine edged with fur and a small toque of black with silver quills round it. Mrs. Owens, her sister, helped her receive the guests, and among those present were Lady Weir-Mason, Mrs. Hofmeyr, mother of the young Administrator, Mrs. Geo. Heys, Mrs. V. Poole-Rees and Mrs. Denoon Duncan, a charming young bride.

The Light Fantastic.

Dancing? Well, we have not danced so much lately, not as much as we usually do, but there are many big dances still to come. Teas? Yes, several; they always remind me of the two ladies sitting over their tea and toast. The first one said, "My dear, do you know Mrs. H——?" "No," was the reply, "only to talk about."

Clothes? As far as I can see we are all going round with wild and weird patterns all over us, and each garment seems to have tufts of fur spread on it. The Prince of Wales was really responsible for that fashion when he wore a Fair Isle jumper for the first time. The latest figure reducers are the Pretoria Harriers, who held their first race this week, in spite of much rain. Biss M. Aldworth and Miss E. Rudolph finished in a dead-heat.

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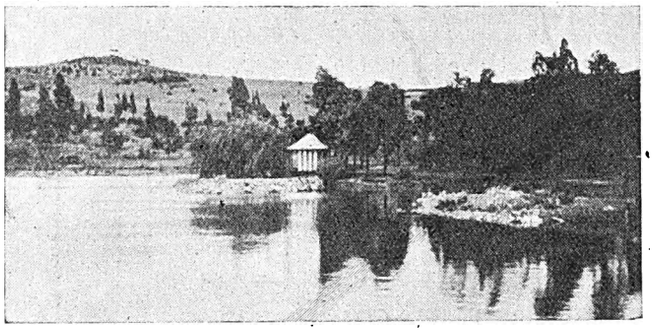
The Pretoria Country Club.

By Fleetwood Bentley.

"And a river ran out of Eden." One can imagine the beautiful garden set between the Tigris and the Euphrates.

The phrase conveys more than a mere "pleasaunce" oasis in the desert. One imagines lawns, spaciousness, strutting peacocks; and all this, of course, brings one to Versailles, to the gardens of the Trianon . . . to Louis and Marie Antoinette. "But what has this got to do with the Pretoria Country Club?" the reader will ask. Well, that is to a certain extent the impression this Waterkloof Estate produces on the mind of the visitor staying in Pretoria.

To begin with, the Club and grounds are outside the town, beneath a section of the Magaliesberg mountains, and your 'bus, of which Pretoria boasts a ready service, will take you all the way for the noble sum of 1s. The 18-hole golf course has one point in common with the world-famed St. Andrews, in that most of its tees are built high, banked up artificially to enable the golfing acolyte to sample that added thrill (gained only by initial elevation of the tee) when he savours repeatedly the pleasure of a long soaring drive.



The lake in the club grounds.

But the visitor's impression of the Country Club Estate is not merely that of a beautiful 18-hole course, and of a spacious verandah-girt Club House, which dominates a surpassing lovely expanse of hill and dale; a more subtle impression of charm is suggested to him than that. As he passes through the two white gates—the pillars of Hercules, as it were, of the Estate—it is conveyed to him that he is entering a distinct piece of territory, an area of land mapped out for idyllic amusement.

He can well imagine how the jaded business man would cast off a load of cares as he swings a supple brassey on the first driving tee of the course, how a party of young people, flannel clad, would find the position of the half-dozen tennis courts situated above the lake, and beneath the sloping rose-gardens, an added inducement for the entry into that spirit of *joie de vivre*, which the intimacy of these courts seem to distil.

Then there are the rondavels! What can be more appropriate to the nature of the place than these thatched, rounded bedrooms. All the walls are whitewashed and the floors paved with a suitable dry composition. Some are exquisitely furnished by their owners who have lived in them for half a dozen years or more. You wake in the morning to the song of the birds. A tree with yellow, pollen-laden flowers kisses your window pane and creeps inquiringly around the staple post of your door. And how many people know the divine rapture of slipping into a bathing suit, of running down, down through the rose gardens, through a small belt of wattles, then past the tennis courts to the lake? The first plunge into its cool early morning waters is sheer ecstasy! Seven a.m. and a swim across the lake—it is good to be young!

Half an hour later our youthful Leander will be seated at breakfast. Twenty miles away from his steaming plate of porridge, across the clear cut veld, he can see a thin spiral of smoke drifting quietly up into a blue sky. It is the Premier Mine at work.

In the main buildings, beside the huge stoep, there is a goodly sized ball-room, a card-room, a comfortable living room and, last but not least, an inviting bar. The latter is the place *par excellence* for "Sundowns." A giant silver trophy cup, presented by Lord Woolavington, crowns the centre of the bar counter. It is as if this silver goblet winked at you and invited you to cool your thirst with yet another *aperatif*, or with harmless lemos and soda.

But it is under the magic spell of My Lady Night that this Club must be seen to be thoroughly appreciated. What is pleasant by day becomes oft by night a delicate fantasy.

Let us picture a dance night. A night when the mocking lips of carnival meet in half-seen corners in furtive kisses. And thus shall we lay our scene.

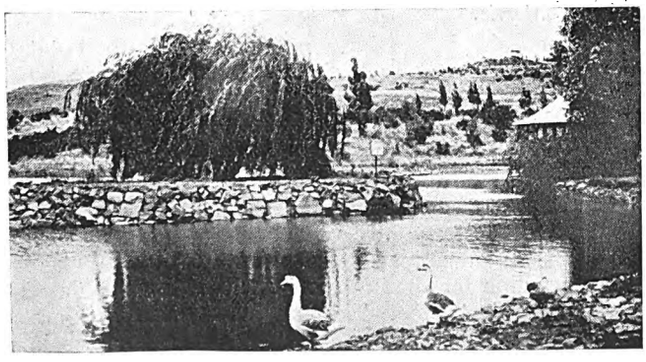
Through white gates and down a long, widening drive, a score of cars sweep to rest finally before a broad stoep decorated with gay, swinging Chinese lanterns—lanterns which shed pools of multi-coloured light on the gleaming cutlery of a score of dinner tables spread here and there on the outer edge of the red-tiled verandah.

Let us suppose a brilliant moon—and how seldom is it on these occasions when there is not such a moon?—produced, of course, for the benefit of the dancers.

A fairy scene stretches beyond the circle of artificial light in which the little white tables stand.

First comes a gravel terrace, then a few well-cut lawns which in turn lead down to the deserted golf course. Imagine the mystery of the greens and the fairways bathed in silver moonlight, while the crouching sombre bunkers shoot strange shadows over the sward. To the right lies the dam, to-night a quiet, rippleless sheet of silver, and beyond—an undulating country-side, mercurial, silvery uncertain.

More cars flash round the bend of the hill and halt in the circular sweep of drive to the sound of crunching gravel, and white shirt fronts and delicate evening gowns emerge from the outer shadows and their owners form the units of the throng of actors in a moving tableau of Arabian nights. A tall, fair young man with one foot resting on the back of his chair is playing a saxophone, and the catchy, lilting



Another view of the lake.

The rondavels near the lake.

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syncopated air seems to draw the dancers to responsive movement, and bewitch with sound an environment already bewitched with colour.

Later on that evening, the same tall, fair-haired young man will rise by successive stages to the top of the piano, where, dominating the throng as he does, he will sway an agile body from side to side to the accompaniment of his own saxophone.

Supper arrives, and formality departs! Separate parties unite and table greets table with cracker and penny whistle. The tall lady with the golden, fuzzy hair and stiff cardboard eyelashes smiles amicably at her neighbour in the low-cut dress of chiffon-velvet, crowned at the neck by a thick rope of pearls. Up to now their glances, when directed at each other, have been merely critical. But time mellows all things, that, and a curious atmosphere of *bonhomie* that the Country Club seems to produce.

Twenty minutes later the combination of saxophone, piano and drum will crash out once again into their discordant harmonies and an animated throng of dancers will once more take the floor. Some hours later the sleepy actors of the Arabian Night tableau will betake themselves to their chortling motors and so, no doubt, to their beds; while the gay lights over the red-tiled stoep go out one by one and the quiet moon still smiles on a deserted golf course and a rippleless dam.

Next Week's Theatre Calls.

WEEK COMMENCING MONDAY, 6TH APRIL.

Trivoli, Capetown.—(Opening Wednesday, April 8) Maidie Scott, Irene Forde, Grant & Faber, Mario De Pietro and Joan Revel, Adelaide & Sydney, Les Augustines, Ross, Barker & McLennan.

His Majesty's, Johannesburg.—Leon M. Lion—Renee Kelly and full London Co., in "Outward Bound."

Empire, Johannesburg.—Bert Errol, Barker & Wynne, Bradley & Hamilton, The Harrisa Bros., Jess & Tony, Nick Morton, The Van Delfts, Frank Fay & Dixie Lady.

Orpheum, Johannesburg.—Jass & Jessie, Donald & Carson.

Grand, Pretoria.—The Pantons, Marie Lawton, Keeley & Aldous.

Criterion, Benoni.—Fred. Russell, J. J. Collins.

Criterion, Durban.—The Calno Trio, Jay Whidden, Frieda Gross, Dio Pia.

Vaudette, Bloemfontein.—(Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday) The Pall Malls, Goul & Gordon.

Vaudette, Kimberley.—(Thursday, Friday and Saturday) The Pall Malls, Gould & Gordon.

Vaudette, Krugersdorp.—(Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday) Aubrey & Hart, Iris & Phyllis.

Apollo, Germiston.—(Thursday, Friday and Saturday) Aubrey & Hart, Iris & Phyllis.

Standard Theatre, Johannesburg.—Return visit of the "Cinderella" Pantomime.

East London (City Hall).—Iris Hoey and London Company in "Clothes and the Woman," to be followed by "The Pelican" and "The Man from Toronto."

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Round the Bioscopes.

Bijou.

One of the greatest films which has ever come to South Africa is to be shown at the BIJOU during the week commencing April 6th. *The Moon of Israel* is a huge, a stupendous, an enormous film. No fewer than twenty-five thousand people were engaged in the production of some of the scenes: one of the wonderful episodes represents the crossing of the Red Sea by the flying Children of Israel. Through a vision of Egypt in the time of the mightiest of the Pharoahs is woven a love-tale, tender, delicate, lovely. It is Sir Rider Haggard's famous book which has provided the theme for this film, and Adelqui Millar as *Seti*, the Prince of Egypt, provides an intensely well-acted part opposite Maria Corda, the heroine of the picture. Sir Rider Haggard himself has written the titles to this marvellous picture, and it is looked at by the Stoll Company and the Sascha Company, by whom it is produced in Vienna and Palestine, as the finest, greatest picture that they have ever filmed.

Orpheum.

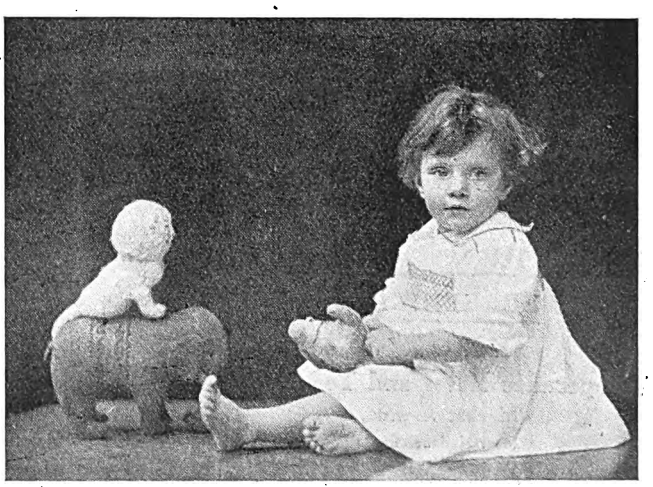
Pola Negri is the star in *The Cheat*, which is to be shown at the ORPHEUM during the first half of next week. It is a highly dramatic picture, with the most enthralling of situations running through it all the time, and the ending is happy. For myself, I much prefer a happy ending, and the happy end of *The Cheat* is satisfying to that sense in us which makes us all want drama, but do not wish to go home feeling tired and unhappy. Jack Holt and Charles de Roche are the other stars in this film.

During the second half of the week the picture is to be *To the Ladies*, a domestic comedy, sprinkled with laughs. It is a story of ordinary people like you or I, and James Cruze, the famous Paramount producer, tells us in it a happy, merry tale of how humanity was introduced into the piano business.

Carlton.

The human touch is an essential in a good film, and it is the human touch which is predominant in *Why Men Leave Home*, the principal picture during the first half of next week at the CARLTON. Mary Carr, the "mother player," Helene Chadwick and Lewis Stone are heading the bill, and they are portraying parts which are threads in the web of marriage, happy or unhappy. In an interesting study of love, of wives, husbands and sweethearts, we are given the solution of the cause of many divorces and even more unhappy marriages. The film which follows it is *Salomy Jane*, a sweet, droll, human screening of a love story which runs through the Californian gold rush of the days of "Clementine;" whom the song-writer said "Thou art lost and gone for ever." One of the sub-titles is "I'm a gambler, Salomy—I've learned to lose and smile." It offers the best explanation of the picture that I can give.

Fantan.



Pamela Paton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. David Paton, of Kalkfontein South, S.-W. Africa.

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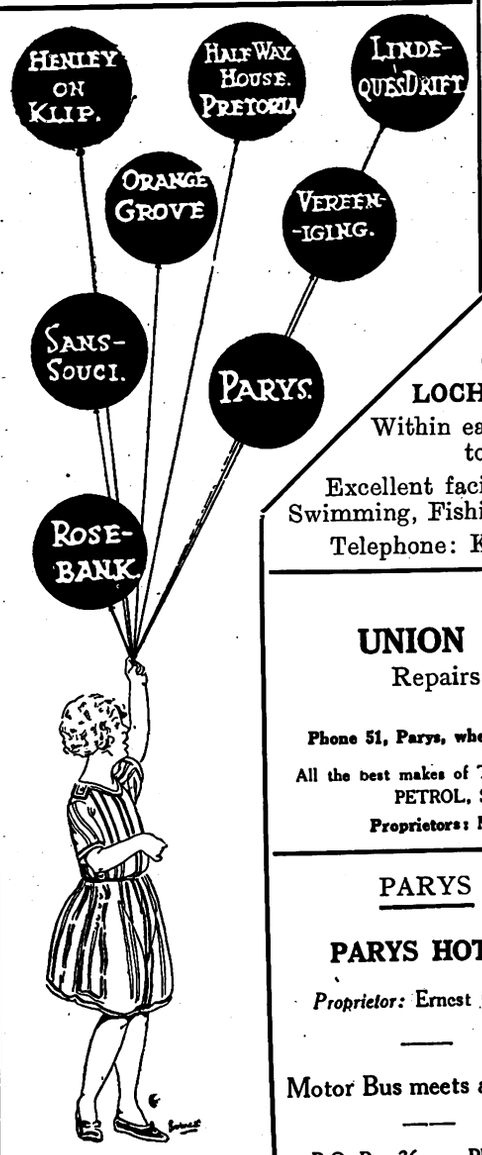
WEEK-END PLEASURE SPOTS.



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Music or Dancing.

An Art With a Dual Aspect.

By Alice Grant-Smith.

Watching a class of young children being instructed in the elementary stages of the comparatively new Rhythmic training is fascinating and instructive.

To begin with, one is immediately reassured as regards the oft uttered accusation of opponents of the system that the exercises are too great a strain on the mentality of the young.

I first saw a practical demonstration of the method in a school in the West End of London in 1913. It was under the direction of a very modern woman, a student of the Montessori system, which, as is well known, is based on the natural development of individuality in a controlled but free atmosphere.

The study of Eurythmics seemed to play a natural part in the school curriculum, and the children showed a happy and apparently effortless response to practical demonstration of the elements of tone and rhythm.

The almost unconscious development of the powers of concentration seemed to be one of the most valuable features of the training. Concentration on the job in hand at the moment is very characteristic of early childhood, whether at play or work; it is only under dullness and monotony that the attention strays. The average child is keen and interested in everything new.

Miss Annalisa Zetterquist, Miss Beatrice Eckhard and Miss Freda Scott in a plastic pose.

For abnormal children, where the mind is vacant or dull, the study of Eurythmics is becoming an established fact in many European towns. The beneficial results are said to be marvellous.

It is difficult to explain without practical demonstration the working of the Dalcroze method, how the body beautifully balanced and poised is so well controlled by the technique underlying the exercises, that it is able to respond to every change of some lovely and difficult musical theme. Allied with the musical side of it, Dalcroze has evolved a very scientific system of physical culture, not unlike in grace and posture the classic or Greek Dancing, the object of which is to attain such physical control that the body can respond to every nuance in the music, from complete relaxation to contraction. Gone to the limbo of forgotten tortures are the five-finger exercises and parrot-like instructions on names and values of crochet, quaver and semi-quaver, the dreary tap-tap of the teacher's pencil, sometimes on the piano, and sometimes (if he is bad tempered) on the knuckles, beating the 1, 2, 3, 4 of a tiresome task.

Another pose by the same dancers.

The children of this enlightened age can be taught by posture and movement, marching and clapping of the hands to enjoy the meaning of harmonies, rhythm and notes, before they are expected to touch a musical instrument. A few of the headings under which Dalcroze classifies his exercises and course of training will give an idea of the wide range covered:

Conception of Rhythm by Muscular Sense.

Development of spontaneous will Power.

Exercises in Concentration. Creation of mental hearing by Rhythm.

Exercises of Corporal Balance to produce continuity of Movement.

Realisation of music note values.

In the display which is being arranged by Miss Annalisa Zetterquist, assisted by Miss Beatrice Eckhard, at the Town Hall, on Wednesday, 8th April, we are told to expect a demonstration of the aims and methods of the Dalcroze System rather than individual interpretation.

Their work, as seen in an ordinary morning practice for the public display, shows some beautiful illustrations of classical music in plastic dancing.

Straight, graceful limbs, perfectly controlled arms, feet and head responding to every light and shade, every dotted note, every crescendo and pianissimo of the music so that to the sensitive lover of music the two arts, Music and Dancing, seem to be blended into one harmonious expression of tone and movement.

Ghosts on Films.

The same old quarrel between Spiritualists and realists has been dug up again for the umpteenth time, and an American film merchant is now taking in hand the commercial possibilities of filming a ghost. He is advertising for one at the moment, and offers the spectre £200 per week as emolument. If he finds his ghost the salary should not tax his coffers exceedingly, since a ghost would only want a very ethereal pay-envelope filled with sovereigns of thistledown. Sir Oliver Lodge, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, Camille Flammarion, and several other scientists who have seen spirits have been approached for the names and addresses of mediums who may care to close with the tempting offer of the film merchant. The essential and only stipulation is that the spirit must not be fraudulently produced.

If the summoning of ghosts to play parts becomes a common habit, I can see the Actors' Association having a legitimate grievance at last, unless, of course, the ghosts join the A.A. and pay a subscription.

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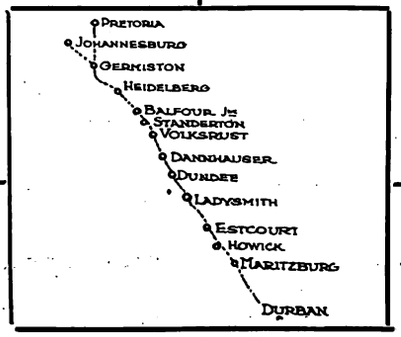

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Thistledown and Thunder.

A Higgledy-Piggledy Diary.

By Hector Bolitho.

The writer has come to the age when memory is failing him, and he rescues incidents and impressions from the passing torrent before it is too late.

This series of articles, which may continue for far longer than either you or he may wish, is an effort to set down all the things he hadn't the time or the courage to write in the years the locusts have eaten; in New Zealand, Fiji, Samoa, Tonga, Australia, Italy, France, the parent England . . . and now Africa.

May 18, 1920: *Dunedin, N.Z.*

While the procession was making its way through the crowded streets to-day, we were hailed by a unique company of medical students, each carrying some part of the human skeleton, and the leader armed with a complete set of bones, wearing a cap and doing his best to keep up to the spirit of its owner. Those students didn't stand on ceremony. They crowded around the car and showed the Prince that theirs was a keen welcome and a noisy one. After this, we visited the hospital. The Prince insisted on driving the lift; I am afraid that he lacked the requisite skill.

May 19.

Among the hundreds of bouquets thrown into the Royal car to-day was a bunch of leeks, evidently the gift of a Welsh patriot who wished to make his tribute characteristic. The vegetables were thrown from car to car and eventually carried to the Fernhill Club, where maybe they were—and maybe they wern't—consigned to the Royal stewpot.

May 20.

It was late in the afternoon when we felt somehow that we were on the bottom corner of the world. We were numb with cold, but the people were so splendid, so eager to show their appreciation that the Prince in Invercargill was no less interesting a subject than the Prince in Auckland.

May 24.

The month is ended! It is now possible to organise the mental chaos of the tour through the Dominion, for the whirl of two hundred events in fifty different towns had defeated my perspective.

Those of us whose honour it has been to travel on the Royal train have developed an affection for the unassuming youth whose fortune it is to be the heir to Britain's throne. After a month within almost continual sight of the Prince, one realises that the literature of England did not lie when it acclaimed him in the glowing terms which heralded his coming to this country.

It is often the function of a journalist to reveal the pleasant features of a happening and hide the least complimentary. Even if the Prince of Wales had come here as a disappointment we would no doubt have avoided the fact. How glorious it is, therefore, to know that of many thousands of words prepared for the columns of the newspapers, not one was mere journalese, and that not one jarring note has been concealed from the publicity of print!

All the dignity of his position, and the knowledge that he will some day be King of our Empire cannot remove the more human element of interest in him as a youth, for his twenty-six years sit lightly upon him, in both appearance and manner. The tour has been brightened by hundreds of occasions on which the people have been able to see the man behind the title. His chivalry and regard for old people; his unostentatious consideration for those who are, in the accepted sense of things, far beneath him; his sheer, unspoiled boyishness have endeared him to the hearts of the people in a way no other King or Prince has ever been.

His shyness is not weakness. Rather is it a sense of responsibility. It must not be supposed that his every movement and word are dictated by his background of officials. His personality and judgment are too strong to permit that. He has an astoundingly impressive way of asking for a thing. A request from him is a happily expressed order. With his servants, and the least of them, he is a hero.

The Prince on the platform, the Prince of the ballroom and the procession was the Prince on the Royal train; the man himself, incapable of false action or a studied effort to do "the right thing." No personality in the world to-day has been the subject of so much personal journalism as the Prince of Wales. The majority of these printed tributes have been voluntarily written, not because the articles were "assignments," but because the writers felt the Prince's personality to be an inspiration to write, sincerely and without prejudice. The admiration of the entire press of the Empire, even to the political papers least Royalist in their policy, is perhaps the second greatest tribute that could be offered him. The greater is the stupendous acclamation of the people which has followed him through the Empire.

One can sincerely thank the power which rules the destiny of nations for the birth of this man who is going to rule Britain and her Dominions during the greatest commercial, social and religious rennaissance in her history.

September 1, 1920.

To-day I arrived in Gisborne.

"You see that monument over there!" I followed the arm of a sturdy young squatter to where he was pointing. "That is where Captain Cook first landed in New Zealand."

Where Captain Cook landed in New Zealand. The people celebrate the anniversary of the event in this manner every year.

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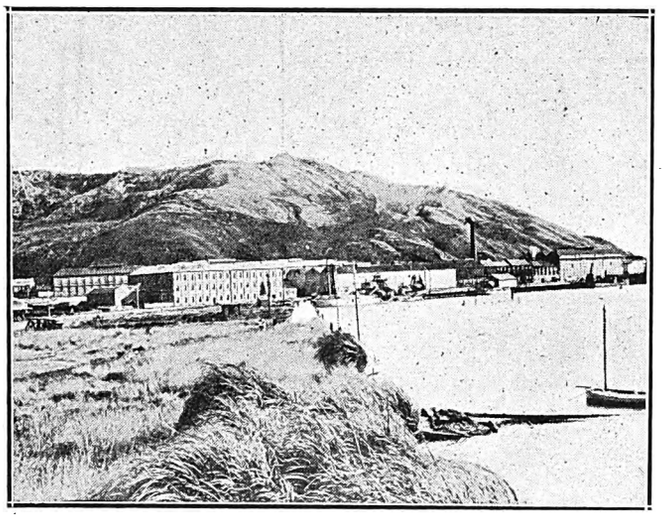
Three ramshackle structures behind the monument robbed it of its natural glory, but I was able to appreciate the fact that Captain Cook had chosen this corner for his landing. That was a long time ago. Captain Cook jumped ashore, sought water and supplies and found none, and then sailed away after calling the great inward curve of land Poverty Bay. The name is ludicrous to-day.



The shore line of Gisborne: unbeautiful but very profitable freezing works.

It was about a century and a half ago that Captain Cook landed on the spot which is now marked by a granite obelisk. The primitive Maori ruled the land in those days. He resented the landing of the navigator on Kaiti Beach, and Captain Cook left with a poor impression of the hospitality of the Poverty Bay Maoris.

As in the case of Wanganui, the first traders to disturb the silence of Gisborne came in search of flax. That was in the year 1829.

Gisborne since then has been delivered from the chaos of native warfare. The hills and valleys are turned into pasture land.

January 8.

I am in Australia.

January 10, 1922: *The Day—6 a.m.*

The day creeps in and the street smiles. A Chinese hops along with a see-saw pole. Like pendulums, his baskets sway from side to side. Fresh green lettuces and red carrots lie on top, dreaming of other mornings . . . mornings of open fields and fresh dewy breakfasts.

A hollow-eyed fool, with nodding stupid face and last night's dinner clothes mangled and soiled, drives past in a hansom.

A milk cart, wooing music from the cobbles, rattles down the road and turns into a lane. The driver's face glows with the health of discipline.

A baby cries from a little smudgy-faced house.

A thin lad, with boney knees, runs past hugging morning papers. Like the angel of modern journalism, he drops one over each fence. Some are caught in rose bushes. Others fall—plonk—on to verandas.

An old man draws a thin coat close against his empty stomach. A charwoman, with "labour-loosened knees," drags past to scrub the marble steps of Commerce.

A broken bottle lies in the gutter . . . there are remains of a crayfish, and a greasy newspaper.

Somewhere up the street a door bangs, and a lad sets forth with lunch parcel under his arm . . . down the road, the clock strikes six and ushers in the disciplined day.

January 14, 1922: *The Jew.*

It is a peculiar fact that the Jew on the stage is usually the figure of derision . . . the villain of the story. The fact is as peculiar as it is unjust.

Shylock, whatever the critics may think of the interpretation of the character, is an unhappy figure; the tragedy of the play.

And in the recently produced repertory play, "Loyalties," the Jew was again the unfortunate character, hated, sneered at, outcast.

Even in lighter moments, the stage never makes a hero of its Jews. We often have the appalling spectacle of comedians, who hold the Jew up as a contemptuous caricature, without wit or humour to forgive the patter.

It is a totally unjust conception that is a reflection on the justice of British thought.

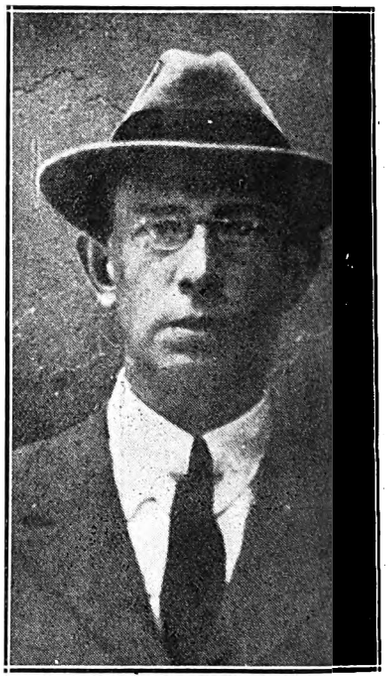
The Jews are examples to our community.

Whatever racial objections people may have, I cannot discuss here. That is a personal matter. I speak of the community attitude. Jews are law-abiding, honest people. Their code of morality is high, and I have known Jewish schoolboys with a code of honour and an allegiance to truth that would shame many a Christian.

During the war the Jews fought well, and gave liberally. In peace they make good homes, and they pursue culture of thought.

They are great patrons of art.

They are examples as citizens.



Robert Keable.

August 21.

Such a day! I sat up in bed with a taxi bill and a letter from Robert Keable. So I sipped my tea, lowered the bill religiously and delicately into the waste paper basket and read the letter. He is on the "Manganui," sailing away to Tahiti. And very soon he'll be roaming along beaches like those I saw in Fiji. And I am here, victim of the tyrannical press . . . writing in the employ of papers. Heavens . . . I do want to move and breathe and see. One does none of these things in a city.

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TOWN CLERK

Ladysmith, 16th February, 1925.

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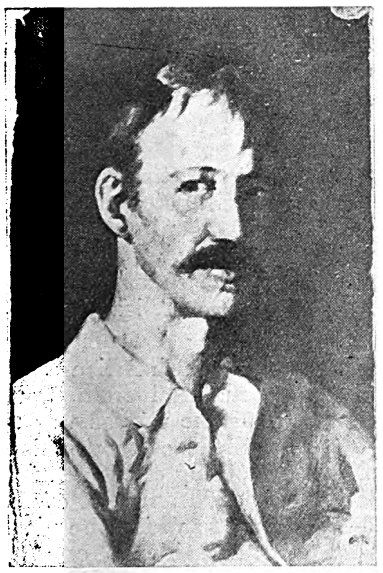
September 4, 1922.

This afternoon I met Mr. Walter Bentley, the veteran Shakespearean actor . . . in his rooms filled with old autographed photographs and musty papers that suggested the grand old days of the theatre. I believe he has *always been a good* Shylock . . . he is certainly a grand old man to talk to. He is full of good, healthy prejudices, and I wouldn't have an actor without them. He is surrounded with the atmosphere of the theatre, even in these rooms where he teaches budding Ophelias how to say their lines.

November 10, 1922.

Lady Anderson Stuart showed me the Nerli portrait of Robert Louis Stevenson to-day. I went to her home to tea.



R.L.S.: the Nerli portrait.

Professor Anderson Stuart, her late husband, was the friend of Stevenson, and he owned several interesting associations with the days when R.L.S. lived in Sydney.

Lady Anderson Stuart is selling the portrait to a Mr. Malcolm, of Castlereagh Street, and he again is, I believe, selling it to an American millionaire.

The portrait has quite a story.

Nerli, the Italian, drifted into Apia and went to see Stevenson while he was living at Vailima. There he painted Tusitala's portrait and, in turn, Stevenson wrote Nerli some jingle verses, which have been reprinted many times. The verses run—

Did ever mortal man hear tell of sae singular a ferlie
As the coming to Apia here of the painter Mr. Nerli?
He cam: and O for a hunner pound, of a' he was the pearli—

The pearl of all the painter folk was surely Mr. Nerli.
He took a thraw to paint mysel', he pointed late and early;
O wow! the many a yawn I've yawned in the heard of Mr. Nerli.

Whiles I would sleep an' whiles would wake, an' whiles was mair than surly,
I wondered sair, as I sat there, fornenst the eyes of Nerli,
"O will he paint me the way I want, as bonny as a girlie,
Or will he paint me an ugly tyke, and be damned to Mr. Nerli?"

But still and on and whichever it is, he is a canty kerlie;
The Lord proteck the back and neck of honest Mr. Nerli.

Robert Louis Stevenson

Vailima,
Samoa,
September, 1892.

Then, with the manuscript of the verses and the finished portrait, Nerli travelled to Sydney, and sold them to Messrs. Angus and Robertson, who are publishers here. Professor Sir Thomas Anderson Stuart, who had known Stevenson during the days he was living in Macquarie Street, Sydney, bought the painting and the manuscript, and these belonged to Lady Anderson Stuart until a few weeks ago, when she opened negotiations for their sale to Mr. Malcolm.

The only other oil portrait of Stevenson, that painted by Sargeant, now hanging in the National Gallery, shows R.L.S. as a much more ideal figure, for Nerli painted Stevenson during those last sad days of Vailima, when he was a very unhealthy man.

This fact dominates Nerli's portrait.

I suppose the Americans will buy the painting . . . they always do. I have never felt the greatness of Stevenson . . . not in the way most people seem to do. I was conscious, even when I was very young, of the mathematical care in his writing . . . to me he has always been the Euclid of essayists. I am afraid he has developed into the suede-backed-Christmas-gift class. His going to Samoa was good publicity . . . and now, of course, he has Sir Sydney Colvin to keep him alive . . . just as Mr. Clement Shorter has been such an ardent publicist for the Brontes.

November 16.

The Mercury is here, with Mr. Reginald Berkeley's one-act Grand Guignol play "Eight O'clock" printed. Major Berkeley, now a member of Parliament in England, was born in Fiji and educated at the Auckland Grammar School and University. I heard an amusing story about his childhood from H—— C——, who knew him in Fiji.

Reginald Berkeley, at the age of four, had a penchant for a small tub and a puddle of water which developed in the yard when there was rain. He would push the tub into the centre of the puddle, three inches deep, and shout, "*Save me, save me, I am in a pewilous position!*" With him, the dramatic instinct came very early.

His play, "French Leave," is to come to Australia. Probably Reginald Berkeley is one of the biggest people produced in this hemisphere.

His one-act play in this copy of *The Mercury* is startling . . . full of strength and not the least bit "posey" or unreal.

February 3, 1923.

To-day in the Mitchel Library I saw a portrait of Baron Field, who was a Judge of the Supreme Court of New South Wales from 1817 to 1824. It is rather interesting to note that, before he came South to judge us, he was a life-long friend of Charles Lamb. He dabbled in literature and published a volume of verse in 1819. Although he was the friend of literature, I do not think he could have been its mouthpiece, for Lamb dismissed the book of verse as a very "Barren Field" indeed. While Baron Field was in Australia, and later in Gibraltar, he and Lamb exchanged letters.

February 7, 1923.

To-day comes a letter from Robert Keable, who is writing his new book at Punaanuia, Tahati . . . whither Rupert Brooke and Gaugin went. He "has a house in one of the most lovely spots he's ever seen. On the sea, where the reef reaches the shore, and with a little stream wandering through the cocoanuts to the beach, thirteen kilometres from Papeete, as lovely as possible, and yet with a telephone and a car. One can do absolutely what one pleases, and I please to swim and bathe and canoe and fish and write and read. Complete opportunity and leisure unlimited, with ice delivered daily and a cupboard of drinks. I propose to charter a schooner and sail out into the blue about June or July."

Strange . . . how the writers of the old world are coming into the new for their material. Stevenson . . . I always feel that half his fame came from his being in Samoa. I wonder if I am too courageous in thinking him so overrated. To me, he always hovers around the occasional tables of spinsters' flats in suburbs. I can see him there, bound in suede, with a book-mark placed there by "loving hands" in "some of the sweetest pages." Ugh!

February 10.

The usual crowded Saturday, with two or three actresses to brighten the morning.

An actress is a paradox.
The reason I can tell:
While she can farewell on the stage,
The stage she won't farewell.

It's weak, but true. Mr. G. P. Huntley is at the Tivoli, with all his English success behind him, and yet not able to impress Sydney very much. But I think the fault is his. He is very English, and extreme Englishness does not

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please the Sydney theatregoers. They resent his repose and manner. But he has been a great artist. The fact appears rather like a skeleton than an actuality. He is very wonderful . . . also the slim Mistress Lettie Paxton, daughter of a well-known London actor, here with Mr. Huntley.

February 11.

I have met Miss Pamela Travers, who has been with Mr. Wilkie's Shakespearean Company for some time. She is an electric person, with a shock of excited hair, and she whispered to me, quietly, that she wrote verse. She has a remarkable personality . . . very vivid and alive and very human. I remember seeing her as Titania, and she was very good in the part.

August 12, 1923.

Another letter from Mr. Robert Keable to-day. He is still at Punaanuia, Tahiti. I told him in my last letter that I was going to England, and he replies, "The dear Lord go with you! You will need him."

September 5, 1923: *Gertrude Elliott Drinks Tea.*

It is good for a woman to be a great actress, but it is still more wonderful for a great actress to be a great woman. I discovered the greatness of Lady Forbes-Robertson to-day during afternoon tea, high above the average housetops, upon which the setting sun emulated Brangwyn in splashes of purple, orange and scarlet.

Lady Forbes-Robertson is so definitely English that it is hard to believe that she was cradled in America. Many actresses are charming on the stage, and off have only one accomplishment—that of self-praise; and self-praise is no entertainment from an interviewer's point of view. Lady Forbes-Robertson has as many qualities over the teacup as she has over the footlights, and her charm was woven into the afternoon like a silver thread.

Since Samuel Butler came out to this part of the world and lived in New Zealand, it is interesting to know that before either of them was famous, Butler and Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson lunched together at one of those thousand places where the little great men of London share their high hopes and meagre pockets.

One day Samuel Butler appeared with a manuscript—it was the manuscript of "Erewhon," and Butler said, "I've written a book your people might like to read." He outlined the plan of it, and a few weeks afterwards Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson received an advance copy inscribed by the great Butler. This book is in the Forbes-Robertson collection in England. They were both students at the Royal Academy School at this time, and it was Samuel Butler's fond hope that he'd paint a picture grand enough to be accepted by the Academy. But in this he failed.

Lady Forbes-Robertson knows both Sir James Barrie and the eminent and wonderful George Bernard Shaw. She says that they are both curiously shy, and that Shaw's reputation for being an explosive cynical monster is hardly deserved. He has the precious art of being able to pat you on the back while he slaps your face and, when he wounds, the wound has a certain pleasure in its pain.

Barrie is still a shy lad—he is the Peter Pan of London's writing folk. He has never grown up.

Of these and other great people, Lady Forbes-Robertson talked for an hour or more, and then we went out on to the balcony to see the setting sun pouring colour over the city, and even the drab little cottage down the road was a momentary palace. And we forgot the serious business of interviewing in the colour and quiet of late afternoon.

London Notes.

Among those recently arrived from South Africa are Mr. and Mrs. H. Goodwin, Major M. H. Milner, D.S.O., Mr. and Mrs. G. Ackerman, Lord and Lady Milner, Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Denny, Mr. John Jeffrey, and Captain F. C. Lane.

Miss Garda Hall, who has been singing so successfully in London, leaves England, on March 20, for six months' concert tour of South Africa.

At the Barber's.

Rows of gleaming cut-glass bottles, scents from the East, Spain, France; cosmetics of every kind stand on shelves before me. Behind is the Barber, white-coated, not too garrulous, efficiently bending over my outstretched neck and face, which seems lost like a very small bear beneath a load of Polar fur.

The Barber moves his razor steadily, surely across my bristling cheek, and the foam of white comes cleanly from it. In a minute he will say, "Hot towel, sir?" and I shall say, "Yes." Clouds of steaming vapour will eddy and swirl about me, and I will emerge freshly red-faced, pleasantly scented with bay-rum and the waters of France.

Meanwhile across my upturned neck the razor moves steadily, surely. Suppose this Barber is a life-long enemy of mine, a bitter enemy of mine, and I do not know it? Suppose he turns his cold razor through an angle of sixty degrees and draws the sharp blade firmly and pitilessly across my jugular vein? Suppose . . . . Ugh!

The Flowered Veld.

I went over from Johannesburg to Pretoria yesterday, and as the car raced merrily (and bumpily) along the rolling road to the Capital the eye was delighted continually by the soft waving whiteness, pinkness and glory of the cosmos. Everywhere they billowed in long streaming masses, and the country side was suffused with the soft delicacy of the flowers.

They were introduced, I believe, to South Africa during the Boer war in a consignment of material from South America for the British troops, in the same way as was the rhenoster-bush, which now covers hundreds of thousands of morgen in the Little Karroo, to say nothing of the Mexican aloe and the marigold. In the Argentine, I am told, cosmos do not attain the height and luxuriance to which the plants grow in our not too inhospitable veld, and, indeed, one may see them wild here and there in the Western Province, where they are poor, puny, miserable little wildnesses among the hard rocks of the mountains.

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RED DAISY TEA IS THE BEST—TRY IT.

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The Empire.

If it were the intention of the Empire management to cheer everyone up after the dismal days of pouring rain, they certainly succeeded, for an enthusiastic house greeted the new programme on Monday evening. Maidie Scott's fourth week finds her as big a favourite as ever, and although she gave several new songs in her inimitable style, she had to sing many of the old numbers, assisted each time by the audience, who joined lustily in the chorus, especially for "The Bird in Nellie's Hat."

It is many moons since a sketch has been presented on the Empire stage and with excellent dialogue and a good idea behind it all. "Unearthly," a Spiritualistic Laugh, scored an immediate success. I am afraid "Jim" (Frank Bradley), the gentleman who made a point of coming home late every night to his wife, and then in a somewhat excited condition, due, no doubt, to the weather, had everyone's sympathy. Frank Bradley was ably supported by Alice Hamilton, as the wife, and George Mountford, as the friend of the family. The Harrisa Brothers, in their Roman-Gladiatorial act, were the other newcomers on the bill. They did astounding things. Their act is remarkable for the ease with which they perform the most difficult feats.

The Calno Trio, Nat Gould and Val Gordon, Iris and Phyllis, and Jay Whidden remain on the bill and are as popular as ever, with last, but by no means least, Ambrose Barker and Peggy Wynne, who were deservedly recalled time after time. They sang a number of extremely clever songs and gave a farmyard imitation that was quite one of the best of its kind I have ever seen. Then Peggy, with her mop of red, gold hair, large eyes and elfin smile, gave an imitation of a fiddle solo and brought down the house. Apart from her marvellous gift, she is the true, spontaneous comedienne one is never too tired to watch. The African Mirror showed some fine pictures, and I noticed several prominent boxers in the audience watching the flashes of themselves training. Mr. Dave Foote and the orchestra enriched the programme—as ever.

Greatest Cinema Drama Ever Screened.

"Moon of Israel," to be screened at the New Bijou on Monday, April 6th, takes us back to the period 1230 B.C., when Meneptah, Pharoah of the Egyptians, sat upon the throne of his fathers. Pharoah's ruthless severity towards the Israelites was not countenanced by Seti, his son and heir, to whom the thought of power was almost abhorrent. He preferred to spend his time with Ana, the poet. Meneptah, feeling old age creeping on, insisted upon Seti marrying his half-sister Userti. One evening while Seti was out with his friend Ana, he met Merapi, "Moon of Israel," and fell in love with her, but the beautiful girl was sent to her people in the land of Goshen, where she was affianced to one Laban. Seti sought permission to journey to Goshen, but before going was compelled to marry Userti. While in the desert on his travels he met Merapi, who, while running from him, fell and injured her leg, and he therefore carried her back to her uncle, thus incurring the wrath of Laban. Soon after Seti accidentally defiled the Israelites' Tabernacle, and Merapi came and warned him that Laban and other men were waiting to murder him, thus saving his life, and, in order to save Merapi from the vengeance of her people, she went to live in Seti's Palace at Tanis, where her presence enraged Userti. All this led up to the many plagues that desolated Egypt, and the wonderful crossing of the Red Sea, when Moses called upon his God and the waters rolled back. Between great walls of water the children of Israel passed in safety. Then the waters returned and the mighty waves of the surging sea enveloped Pharoah and his hosts.

Adelqui Miller, as Seti, Prince of Egypt, in "The Moon of Israel."

Jack Holt, in "The Cheat," at the Orpheum, Johannesburg, on April 6th, 7th and 8th.

Tom Mix—Omniferous.

It was raining thoroughly, methodically, and so we decided to cheer ourselves up by a visit to the Grand Bioscope and by Tom Mix, cow-boy, dandy and practical joker.

How does one lassoo a man from twenty yards distance without needing even one trial shot? How does one dive from the face of a cliff right into a motor car travelling at sixty miles an hour without breaking one's neck? How does one manage to snatch the young girl one loves from an express train dashing to destruction over a damaged railway bridge without shattering one's whole nervous system for ever afterwards? Above all, how does one successfully contrive to thrill a whole theatre full of people night after night with adventure and still remain avid for more? Perhaps Tom Mix and his broncho are the only two who know. *T.*

Exit Mr. Churchill.

Passing the Government Central School in Van der Walt Street the other day, I searched in vain for the small hole in the outer wall through which Mr. Winston Churchill was supposed to have effected his famous escape from the prison that it then was during the Boer war. I was assured prior to this that the exit was still recognisable and was preserved as an interesting link with the past. However, damp red bricks met my gaze and a commonplace iron railing kept me at a respectable distance from their monotonous redness.

It is a far cry to-day between the versatile, middle-aged Chancellor of the Exchequer, who is controlling a lion's share of the international financial policy of Europe, and this commonplace little Government school. But if he had not escaped . . . well, Winston might have died of boredom or typhoid fever! *T.*

PREVENT DISEASE. USE JEYES' FLUID DAILY.

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The Week.

Paragraphed and Photographed.

Without offence to friends or foes
I sketch your world exactly as
it goes.

The Lion Tamer.

Donald Fraser, the great Central African missionary, had some amusing lion stories to tell during his recent visit to Pretoria, where he was staying with the Rev. E. MacMillan, at the Manse.

A short-sighted Scottish missionary, with a nose like a beak and a pair of steel spectacles perched on the end of it, was walking along a jungle path in Central Africa, accompanied by his two native boys. As the party rounded a corner they were confronted by a pair of magnificent lions lying full length in the path. The missionary, nothing daunted, approached to within twenty paces, staring fixedly at the beasts over his steel-rimmed glasses. This proved too much for the lions, for they got up snarling and trotted away ahead.

Another quarter of a mile further on the same performance was repeated, and again the lions decamped. Once again the missionary and his two boys rounded a sudden bend, and this time they almost trod on the animals.

But the priest stared long and fixedly once more, and this time the lions returned his glance.

Then the missionary waggled his nose so that his spectacles joggled up and down on it. This proved altogether too much for the King of Beasts, for with a howl of fear the pair made off hurriedly into the bush.

At this the native boys broke into a beautiful hymn of thanksgiving, and turning to their master, chanted, "The Lord is our salvation . . . Our help."

But the missionary, looking them up and down, very suddenly said, "Ha?" *T.*

Now is the Time.

Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of their party.

Do you know that sentence? If your business has ever caused you to learn to use a typewriter, I am fairly sure that you do, and I am fairly sure that you can type it about three times as fast as any other sentence that was ever written, for (in case you have never learned the art of those ingenuous young ladies who never, never powder or wear their hair bobbed or shingled) it is the sentence which is practised most by all who wish to teach their fingers how to play a typewriter as if it were a piano. The sentence is from a speech of Gladstone's during the somewhat tumultuous political history of the last sad years of the last sad century in England. It has for typists only one equal, which is popular because it contains all the letters of the alphabet:

"The quick brown fox jumps over the lazy dog."

And the shame of it all is that I have never learned anything more about the quick brown fox. What happened to it after? Is it still quick? Or is it dead? It is all very depressing. *N.C.*

A Man on Doll-Dressing.

My small sister being in hospital, it was my duty last week to take her a doll for her amusement. But being a mere man, it did not occur to me that there was any need to have it dressed, and was severely scolded for not seeing to it that the doll appeared in the ward in a sufficiently modest condition. "Never mind, Neil," said my sister, "I'll turn her into a nurse. Open my locker and get me out three handkerchiefs."

I was intrigued: I was to solve the problem of how dolls were dressed! A, er, a pair of knickers was quickly made by folding a mouchoir into a triangle, wrapping it around the doll, and then pinning it at the back. Then another mouchoir was spread on the bed, the doll laid on it, two corners were drawn over the shoulders, the other two corners drawn round to the front, and the whole tied on with a thin piece of ribbon round the waist.

Then a third mouchoir was made into a triangle, the loose corners of which were drawn round to the back of the head and pinned at the neck. Lo, and behold! there was Sister Belle Dolle.

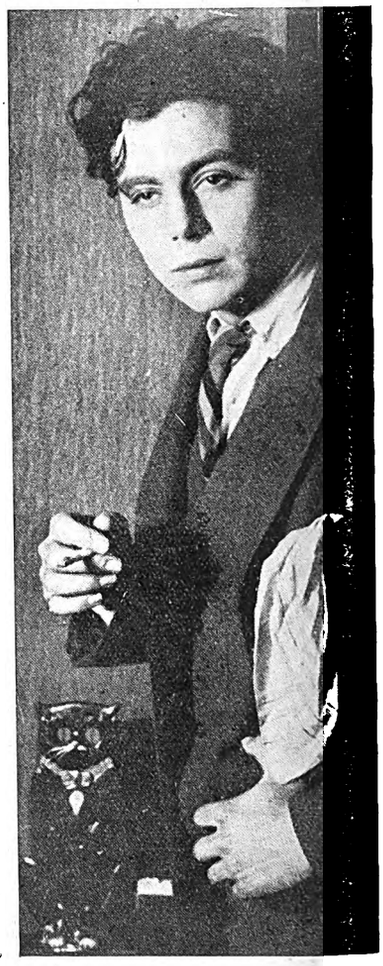
And I think that for a mere man I have told this little tale with remarkable delicacy. *N.C.*

The East in Capetown.

"Why spend money on passenger fares if you want to visit the East?" said a Cape Town friend to me the other day. "There is no need to do anything of the sort. All you need do is to walk three hundred yards from the centre of Capetown and you will find yourself as completely out of Western civilisation as if you had gone to Singapore or Burma."

What he said to me awakened memories, memories of days when I trudged up the steep road which leads from Greenmarket Square, past the Old Town House with its wonderful collection of old Dutch masters, up into the Malay Quarter. There are five mosques here, and in the little green-grassed cemetery flat-backed stones have curving Arabic characters upon them in memory of the dead; slaves of the old days, lying far from their birth-places in Java and Batavia.

There is a weird beauty about this quarter of flat-roofed white-plastered houses, and as sunset paints the sky with a riot of colour we seem far removed from the hurry and bustle of trams and typewriters. A muezzin leans out from the thin balcony of the mosque in Chiappini Street, and there is a pain and a pleading in his voice as he calls the Faithful to prayer. Slowly Signal Hill falls into darkness. *K.D.*



William Collier, *in "Pleasure Mad," now at the Bijou, Johannesburg.*

Captain Clive Maskelyne, who is soon to go adventuring in South Africa, and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, have been making fresh contribution to the controversy which has lately been raging over spiritualism. It has arisen out of the famous illusionist's challenge to Margery, the American medium, who is being brought to this country by Sir A. Conan Doyle.

Captain Maskelyne has been interrogating Sir Arthur on his trips to different parts of the world in the cause of spiritualism, and Sir Arthur answers that every penny earned by his lectures has been given to the cause.

Captain Maskelyne, of course, has his own illusions, and is very unwilling to believe in spiritualism, and believes that Margery is merely another spoof. He does not believe that spirits can be made to exist as tangible beings, and demands absolute proof from Sir Arthur.

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Margery has not yet arrived, but Captain Maskelyne is keeping an open mind, and has said that he is willing to be convinced if the seance is really successful psychologically. He says that were he converted to the doctrine of spiritualism, his conversion would be promptly followed by that of thousands of others who are at present wavering and unconvinced, but he demands absolute proof.

However, he has offered Sir Arthur this challenge—that if Margery can without question put him in touch with any one of the four relatives he has lost during the last ten years, he will surely become a believer. We are now only waiting the advent of Margery.

William Makin's New Novel.

One of the busiest literary men in South Africa is William J. Makin, whose new novel, "Two Moons," published by T. Fisher Unwin, has just reached South Africa. He is known to readers of the *South African Pictorial* by his short stories which have appeared in these pages on various occasions.

"Practically the whole of my novel was written in South Africa," said Mr. Makin when I met him in Cape Town the other day, "although it deals with Malaya and an English cathedral town. I had actually begun the novel in London after some years spent in the East, when the wanderlust seized me again and I came to South Africa."

Mr. Makin is well known to the newspaper reading public of Cape Town as W.J.M. of the *Cape Argus*, a music and dramatic critic whose outspoken notices have helped to create something like real criticism where previously there existed only amiable appreciation.

"I am just completing a book of South African short stories," Mr. Makin told me, "which I hope will be published in the near future. I have come to be fascinated by his country, and when in England a year ago I counted the days until I should be back here again."

He also tells me that he has written a South African play, about Johannesburg and the Rand revolt. It is now being considered by a well-known actor manager.

A Johannesburg Concert.

No doubt because it lacks an orchestra like those of Capetown and Durban, Johannesburg has in the past often been accused of being unmusical and Philistine. But in my own case this opinion was reversed last Thursday evening, when, in spite of the most deplorable weather, a large audience attended the concert given by the pupils of Mr. Margottini, the popular Johannesburg music and singing master, at the Selborne Hall.

There is more musical talent in Johannesburg than one would imagine, and the concert on Thursday evening gave me indication of this, for the singing and piano-playing is certainly above the ordinary standard of excellence. We hesitates to draw comparisons as to individual quality, each performer contributed to the high level which was maintained throughout.

Miss Meg O'Callaghan sang two songs very delightfully, and Anita Epstein has a very full, melodious voice. Among the others were Madame Tomaselli, who gave an emotional rendering of Menzen's *Selbat Trout;* Boris Rome, Mrs. Lily Brink, Miss Jean Sutherland and Madame Wedge Santanera, who is a pianist of great technical ability and considerable feeling.

One may congratulate Signor Margottini on the concert his pupils have given us, and hope that the next one may be very soon, for musical entertainments like this are all too rare in our town. *K.D.*

"Windows."

By W. Seals-Wood.

Saw from his windows nothing save his own.—Tennyson.

A bad play may entertain; a good one may not; but a good play that entertains is the play for the theatre. And such a play is "Windows."

Drama may be the realism of the mirror, or an expression of the dramatist. Within the wide range between good and bad, it may represent some phase of real life as we know it, or it may express the ideal as we would wish it. Whether it be life as seen through a mirror, or as in a glass darkly, the medium for expression is human emotion. One dramatist will write a good play by reproducing life faithfully, so that we laugh and cry with the humour and the pathos of those we know and recognise, as they merely unfold an entertaining story. Another will use the same people to express some central idea, and he will so choose them and so enmesh them in the circumstances of life that make for action and its consequences that, like the symphony in music, its movement is threaded with a dominant motive.

Mr. W. Seals-Wood.

If there be a dominant motive which runs, like a thread of scarlet, through the plays of John Galsworthy, it is that of pity; and especially pity for the bottom dog. It never descends to sentimentalism, for it is not only sincere as an overmastering emotion, it is sincere with the sincerity of the master craftsman.

It may be unrelieved tragedy, as in "Justice," or it may be lightened with the very natural comedy of "Windows," but the same central idea belongs to both. In "Justice" it is the harshness of prison for the first offender; in "Windows" it is the intolerance of those who have broken all the commandments but the eleventh. It is much more, of course, but Falder and Faith are twin children of Galsworthian imagination.

There is nothing "high-brow" about Galsworthy, for he belongs to the realists, at least in method. If for a play to have a serious theme or purpose (even when it is rich in comedy) is to label it "high-brow," then revues have brought us to a lower level of intelligence than we imagined! No, "Windows" is interesting as any play must be that provides us with natural people set to work out a well-constructed story that holds the attention, the while it impresses the mind with conflicting emotions, now grave, now gay, sending one contemplative away, yet pleased withal.

With farce one often feels one has been "had"; with melodrama (does anyone ever wittingly go to see it now?), that it was stupid and unreal; with revue, that one has been excessively bored. I have just put down Galsworthy's "Windows" (I have not yet seen the play), with a strong desire to see it upon the stage—a fairly good test for one for whom the stage has no illusions. The play has an appeal for all—in its story, in its vein of comedy, in its humanity, and in the destiny of She (and Faith is but one of many nameless others) who is a mother yet not a wife.

It has its appeal, too, to the artist and the philosopher. To some it may be a dramatic essay in Determinism and the inexorable strength of the laws of heredity and environment. To others it will be a dramatic poem on the well-worn theme of sympathy and love, beautiful as Galsworthy makes it. To many it will be just a story of the value of common sense—to see people as they are—to place no ideals upon pedestals that will topple and crash.

But to everyone who sees the play it will be a story of absorbing interest. And, for a while, one looks through windows other than one's own.

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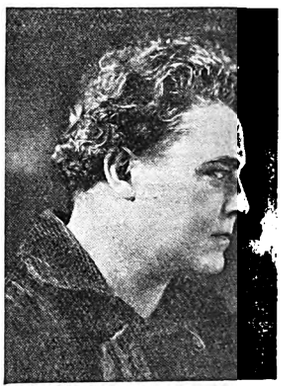
The Week in Paragraphs.

The article written by Jan Juta and the reproductions of some of his fascinating portrait work which appeared in *The S.A. Pictorial* the week before last put me in mind of a certain dance given by his mother, Lady Juta, last time Jan was at home at the Cape.

The dance went with a swing, as did every sort of entertainment at Lady Juta's beautiful home in Kenilworth. But I remember particularly that Jan both surprised and delighted his guests by appearing successively between dances in a chain of gorgeous Eastern kimonos and Oriental robes. He and a friend had just returned from a tour of the Far East, and along with the painting of those rich-coloured, arresting portraits of noted Japanese characters, he had found time to collect a wonderful wardrobe of Eastern silks and oriental garments. He told me that he had appeared in a beautiful Mandarin costume, complete with jewelled nail guards, at the last Chelsea Arts Ball in London. *T.*



WILLIAM FARNUM,
star in "Brass Commandments," at the Criterion, Durban, April 6th.

The Bird!

We have a roomy chicken run at the bottom of our garden, and every morning a flock of grey fantail pigeons joins the larger birds and steals a goodly portion of their grain. One day last week, Piet, the garden boy, carried into the kitchen one of the grey pigeons. One of its wings had been slightly bruised on alighting, but otherwise it was unhurt.

We put her in a large, deserted aviary near the run, giving her a hen-coop for shelter, but leaving the top of the aviary open to the skies. Our little visitor rested for three days, but early in the morning of the fourth, she rejoined her companions of the air, and so left us. For ever? *T.*

"For the rain it raineth every day" could be safely applied to parts of the Transvaal and poor Natal during the last three weeks, as it was assuredly applied to Stratford-on-Avon by Shakespeare.

On Sunday, on the way to Hartebeestpoort Dam, fully a dozen cars were to be seen water-logged by the roadside, their despairing owners waiting with as much patience as they could command till the torrential downpour should abate. It is no use opening the bonnet, of course, in a futile attempt to dry your magneto when the sky is raining cats and dogs. Even if a few drops have caused a choke, it would be silly to allow hundreds of cats and thousands of dogs to turn that choke into actual suffocation! Let us hope, however, that nobody had to spend the night under the protective aegis of the Magaliesberg range. *T.*

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Cape Town.

"Cape Town? Oh, well ,of course I shouldn't care to *live* there. Very nice for a holiday . . . so beautiful, isn't it? But expensive, I always think. Why, I had to pay fourpence a yard more for Government silk in Adderley Street than I do here in Eloff Street. No, for real *living*, there's no place like Johannesburg, is there? Let me see, what did you say trumps were?"

That is one point of view: with the high light on the idea that natural beauties are only necessary while on holiday.

Then there is the Eastern Province point of view: "Cape Town . . . well, I always feel smothered by the mountain. Narrows one's views too much, in every sense. Give me the open spaces every time."

That looks as if the Eastern Province man had never stood on a mountain-top for the widest space of all . . . again in every sense.

As for the Free Staters, they return to Pepperfontein simply seething with indignation because a Coloured Person sat next to them one day in the tram. They never saw the mountain, so big did the Coloured Person loom. A great fuss, indeed, about a little bit of Cape history as inevitable as the cloud on the mountain and as naturally a part of the Cape Town background: a bit of history of no such particular discredit to the early settlers of the seventeeth century, if you let your imagination rest quite honestly on the conditions under which those tough and homesick pioneers struggled to establish a colony.

But there is little profit in comparing towns. A town has a definite soul, a personality. It may be either a Canterbury or a Birmingham: you may as well compare these two cities as Cape Town with Johannesburg. A town is either a hare or a tortoise: it cannot partake of both natures. And while a mining city may leap and bound along in nervous energy, there come, and will come, times of slump and troubled sleep. While that jumpy sleep is going on, Cape Town pursues the unruffled tenor of its way.

The fact is: a town with a grand harbour is safe for all time. Where the big ships come in day by day is Life, and life of a finer vintage than drifts up from the richest and deepest mine. Mines are apt to be worked out: the sea is a constant highway for commerce.

A Cape Town man moved up-country feels to himself, 'Good Heavens, I'm cut off from the world! I can't get at the ships any more." Even gentle old Sir George Foster from Canada, when speaking in Johannesburg last year, reminded his audience that they lived "very much out of the world in Johannesburg." It all depends on what is understood by the world. In the Transvaal not only is one cut off from the sea, but even more are we cut off from the three centuries of human experience that make the Cape soil a rich one. Forty hectic years against three hundred calm ones!

Cape Town is richly foreign rather than cosmopolitan. The eye is intrigued and excited by the very first glimpse of the white, flat-roofed old houses on the higher slopes, by the silk-clad, brilliant figure of a Malay priest, by the outline of an old date palm against the blue sky. A little bride, newly come from some English town where it is an adventure to talk even to an Irishman, now finds all the world about her. "Wood, missis," says Selim Abdullah, that hawk-nosed old Malay, "blood-young, missis. Not burn so quick."

He scrutinises her with bold but not disrespectful eyes . . . as if he were mentally comparing the quality of this newcomer with that of his load of wood. Blood-young . . . not burn too quick . . . The smell of the wood on her hearth has something foreign about it she had not noticed at home. She is learning a new alphabet.

She goes to find the caner of chairs, Talieb. Talieb's old mother, gazing at the white girl with piercing eyes above the veil, calls, "Fateema! Asia!" Why . . . that's *Fatima* she's calling! A Fatima lives here and dusts that fine brass

The Resident Commissioner of Basutoland, Sir Edward Garraway, K.C.M.S., and Lady Garraway, who will entertain the Prince of Wales while he is in Basutoland.

bed and straightens those antimacassars . . . The two wives appear—two handsome, sisterly young women.

The education of the English girl has gone another step. One moonlight night she wakes in the small hours to hear a high, beautiful voice floating mysteriously across the flats. She has a confused thought about the morning stars singing . . . it makes her shiver. But no, it is only some young priest worshipping Allah from the mosque-tower far away . . . some festival.

She has now got so far in her education as to feel she has just heard a poem in a new tongue.

Italian fishermen, each bent under the weight of a great snoek that trails its tail on the ground and gazes glassily over the bowed shoulder . . . A tickey each, one year, those big fish that mysteriously leave the coast for a decade or two and then return in their millions . . . some strange, seasonal routine of deep sea life.

If there is life at the Cape, vivid foreign life, there is also the leisure to be conscious of it. But that is changing a little: no longer does the whole of Parliament Street shut up at two o'clock on a Tuesday to go to a football match at Newlands. But there is still enough leisure to make it likely that Cape Town will outlive the hurried, younger towns. Leisure, and the Mountain. A man in Johannesburg said to me once, "If there was a mountain here, or a river, we should feel more settled down, shouldn't we?"

Cape Town's dignity is a reflection on three things—mountain, sea and time. Long before orchestras and piers were thought of, or the voice of the highbrow was heard in the land, there was a certain atmosphere of refinement, an atmosphere owing much to the long, unbroken association of Dutch and English, on natural, social grounds which the professional political disturber of to-day will find hard to sow with tares. *Ethelreda Lewis.*

Miss Lilian Natali.

News has been received in Johannesburg that Miss Lilian Natali, the Durban soprano, who has been in London for some time, has been engaged by the Ashford Concert Party for a season of twenty-six weeks. She will tour the Provinces for six weeks and then sing at Margate for twenty weeks during the season. It is rather interesting to remember that Miss Carrie Tubb, who came to South Africa a little time ago, was introduced to the English public through this same Ashford Concert Party. So who knows but what Miss Natali might achieve similar success through this new venture.

Miss Lilian Natali.

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A Morning in the City.

At eleven o'clock the sun was shining. From the balcony of a fashionable tea-room I watched the gay throng in Eloff Street below. Characteristic Johannesburg! Women in rich, expensive-looking frocks . . . all colours . . . tastefully blended . . . silk shimmering in the sun's rays . . . a bright, wonderful picture. The men alone hurried . . . they had to pay.

* * * * * *

At 11.30 I was still there. The sun was no more. Clouds gathered rapidly . . . threatening and foreboding . . . impressive heralds of a coming storm. Chatting, laughing, the women sauntered on. Their vari-hued frocks made a brave show . . . visions of lace . . . expanses of shapely stocking . . . setting the nerves tingling, a warm glow round the heart. But the men hurried the more . . . frowns on their faces deepened . . . calculating, wondering . . . when would the storm break . . . its effect on business engagements . . . for they had to pay.

* * * * * *

A few minutes later I saw it break. First a tiny, lonely drop . . . then another . . . they grew heavier . . . the numbers increased . . . multiplied a thousand-fold. Little clouds of dust the forerunners had created disappeared . . . soon there was just one sheet of hurtling, driving rain . . . polishing the macadam as clean as a mirror. Streams laden with mud, ruddy brown, sprang up from nowhere . . . rushed by . . . rushing nowhere. Running, scurrying figures . . . to the nearest shelter. The women, gay still, imparting brightness to the leaden world, smiled . . . and smiling, showed their teeth, beautiful, white . . . like pearls. Only the men seemed concerned. Taxis hailed . . . the women stepped in gracefully . . . again glimpses of intimate silk . . . carelessly, jauntily revealed. Not a worry, not a care. Safe in the cars. Warm, comfortable, out of the wet. The frowns of the men deepened . . . *They had to pay.* *J.G.*

Potted Life.

At the Johannesburg Early Morning Market:

Chinese, fezzed Malays, Indians, long-bearded Boer patriarchs, Englishmen, Cape boys, Arabs, Kaffirs and Italians jostle each other in the fervid throng of buyers round the auctioneers' stands in the vegetable market: a thunder of barrows is almost drowned by the cries of the crowd and the shouting of the auctioneers: through it all women carefully pick their way towards the stalls.

Round a butter-seller there is a group rather larger than the most of them. The butter-man is cutting and weighing butter with feverish haste: his customers are coming up faster every moment.

"Two pounds of butter, madam?" He hands the parcel to a well-dressed woman, and turns to note the purchase in his book. In a second he has turned to receive payment: the woman has gone. In the crowd it will be impossible to find her.

Under his previous entry he writes, "Customer absconded," and goes on cutting butter even more feverishly than before. *R.S.*

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London Calling!

Levees, Ghosts, Bernard Shaw, Mrs. "Pat" and other such.

By Pamela Travers.

London, March 5, 1925.

I had hoped to be able to begin this letter with a note or two on leaping lambs in fields of emerald, on mountains dancing for joy in the youth of the world, on newly-budding trees, on muslin gowns and the delight of thin-soled shoes, on salads and ice-cream, on the sweetness of country lanes, on pan-pipes perhaps, and on the glamour of young primroses nodding out of the earth.

I came to keep tryst with Spring and found an old wintery dame who laughed at me in mockery.

For Spring has not yet come to England, although Harrod's have daringly advertised their Spring fashions in to-day's papers, probably in the hope that they can entice Spring back to England from whatever hiding place she is in at the moment.

London keeps to her weather time-table very accurately. We know for certain that we will get fogs in November and December, floods in February, a little fine weather in January, and winds, winds, winds in March. The first day of this month was ushered in by a wind which has been blowing at about the rate of seventy miles an hour ever since.

So as Spring has broken her tryst with me I must leave my note on young lambs and green things and rejoicing mountains until a sweeter time, and talk of other things.

The Earth Trembles.

London has lately been made very nervous by the news of the little earthshake in New York and other American cities. Certainly the damage was slight, and in the taller buildings they say the shock was not felt at all. Still, it has made Londoners a little anxious, especially now that St. Paul's is so very shaky in the dome. If England vibrates that will be the last straw, and a sad day for those architects who have voted, not for a new dome for the cathedral, but for the strengthening and regenerating of the old one. Besides, nobody likes to feel that if he walks in Trafalgar Square Nelson may fall on him at any moment. So we are all praying that this tight little island may be spared earthquakes.

The question that is absorbing fashionable London just at the moment is whether it is quite proper to have cocktails at mannequin parades. Some of the leading costumiers think it is, and so do their customers. These, however, are mostly of French persuasion. The English dressmakers do not incline so readily towards the idea. There can be no doubt, however, that where the cocktail is included in the entertainment, it is a very popular item.

There is always a slightly bilious air about a mannequin parade; the entertainers all on their best behaviour, like people who are taking their first meal at sea and want everybody to see what good sailors they are, and the spectators all on their worst behaviour—very stiff and unbending. So that a cocktail does help to brighten things up, and adds a sort of leavening glow to the occasion.

However, the sight of an ancient-and-modern old lady, such as I saw at a dress show yesterday, enviously eyeing knee-length, sleeveless garment over her fourth "Manhattan," was instructive and ominous.

For feminine eyes meeting this paragraph, let me add that the coming colours will be heavenly blue, and that ethereal grey-green which, if you stand upon a southern hillock in the sunshine, you may see in a pale silvery haze about the olive trees.

Frocks are to be shorter—just below the knee, in fact. The silhouette remains slim and boyish modes predominate, chiffon is the material chosen by the gods of fashion for evening wear and dance frocks.

Doris and Phyllis, at the Empire, Johannesburg.

So much for fashion—but no, I forgot. There has been a rumour, I believe, that shingling is going out of fashion. Never believe it! It is more than ever popular in England, and no less a person than the Queen of the Belgians had her hair lopped off the other day. She is forty-eight, and the first crowned head to be shingled. If a Queen does it, then Jane and Joan need have no fear of following in her steps. It has caused a sensation in London. The papers have been full of pictures of the sleek head beneath the coronet and the Queen—our Queen, I mean—has been heard to signify her disapproval of the whole business.

Of Levees.

Now is the time when certain anxious gentlemen are beginning to think uncomfortably about swords and velvet and steel buttons and cocked hats, and all the regalia of royal gatherings. For the first levee of the season is due. As the King is still only allowed to get up for an hour or two every day, the Prince of Wales will preside in his stead.

You may remember the delicious description of the "levie" in "The Young Visiters" by the child author, Daisy Ashford. According to her the Prince spends most of his time "lapping up his strawberry ice" and declaiming mournfully that all he wants is "peace and quiut." I love the bit, too, when he takes farewell of Mr. Salteena.

> *"Well now I must get along back to the levie anounced the prince putting on his crown I have booked a valse with the Archduchess of Greenwich and this is her favourite tune."*

I'm afraid that our Prince of Wales does not have such a giddy time at *his* "levies."

Going to Court may be expensive enough to satisfy a girl debutante and her mother, or it may be done—and is done by many highly reputable citizens—in an outfit borrowed or hired for the day at about one-eighth of the price (forty guineas or so) of a new regulation suit. I believe full lace and scarlet for a higher dignitary will run into a hundred guineas or more, and these may also be hired. I think the costumier probably turns over a pretty penny every year on the "levies."

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Besides, what chance would a present-day theatrical production have against a play in which, say, Sir Henry Irving, Charles Macready, Edmund Kean, and Mrs. Siddons took the leading parts, and the lesser parts were played by such luminaries as Peg Woffington, Sir George Alexander and Nell Gwynne ?

The mention of Sir George Alexander reminds me that Mrs. Patrick Campbell has found a new play, and returns to London and her adoring public very shortly.

There is a story told that when these two were playing together, Mrs. Pat's continual mockery of him told on Sir George's nerves, and he sent her a note to this effect:—

" Sir George Alexander's compliments, and would Mrs. Campbell kindly refrain from laughing at him on the stage ? "

And the reply came back:—

" Mrs. Patrick Campbell's compliments, and she will try to wait till she gets home."

We have been promised a grand opera season at Covent Garden in May. The " Garden " is at the moment a jazz palace, and horrible tunes horribly interrupted by jarring saxophones have hunted away for a time the old music-loving ghosts which haunted its shadows. But May will seen them all back again. International grand opera will be produced—German, French and Italian—for which the best singers from all countries are being engaged. The orchestra will be all-British, so that there will be no opposition from trades union gentlemen as there was a couple of years ago.

Ellen Terry—77.

Ellen Terry, still the darling of the English theatre-going public, as she has been ever since she was a small thing with long, thin legs and short full skirts, celebrated her seventy-seventh birthday last week at her home village, Letchworth. The small children of St. Christopher School presented her with a birthday cake, and had for thanks that ever-lovely, dimpling smile of hers. She made a small speech at the theatre which she attended in the evening, and with a little bird-like out-flinging of hands, said sweetly, " Please remember that I am your humble servant always." And again the smile of smiles.

Controversy has arisen in England over a remarkable experiment in education which is being carried out in Suffolk where, at a private school, boys and girls run about the fields naked and in mixed classes draw and paint from the nude, the pupils taking turns as models. The boys are all under twelve and the girls from a few years up to sixteen. The staunch adherents to antimacassars, Landseer pictures and other such Victorianisms, have denounced the school in no very gentle terms. Others, less inclined to decry modernism, and seeing that co-education is probably the nucleus of a large new scheme for the proper teaching of the coming generation, rather lean towards the idea of the new school. So they are waging wordy war through the medium of the daily papers. In the meantime the school continues. Being a private one it does not come under the jurisdiction of educational inspectors. The only thing is that if the children are running clothesless about the fields in this weather there will soon be no school at all. Even an Early Briton, hardened to the rigours of winter by the repeated applications of woad, could not stand this inclement March weather.

Since G.B.S. seems to be getting a bit of publicity from everybody—being represented as a typical specimen of the fourth era of the race of man in the last *Pictorial* I received—I think I should give him a little bit, too. It was given out by some newspaper that Shaw had threatened to write no more plays. That has stung the belligerent Irish in him to a retort. He swears he will go on writing plays as long as he likes, or at any rate, until he dies. At the moment he is engaged on a new book on Socialism which he says won't be finished for ages.

People.

Mrs. Charles Chudleigh, Mr. and Mrs. F. Birkett, Vice-Admiral Sir Rudolf and Lady Bentinck, Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. J. W. Fuller are among those who have lately arrived in England from South Africa.

If I were a wireless enthusiast I should know how to congratulate those amateurs in Johannesburg who are reported to have got into touch with London, Bournemouth and America on several occasions recently. Unfortunately, I do not know the right words. But I think it must be rather wonderful to suddenly realise that those little things over your ears are transmitting a pier concert from Bournemouth, or a taxi-man's oaths from London, or the voice of an American saying, " Snow again, kid, I didn't get yer drift ! "—especially from so far away. There's no knowing whether, if I were a wireless enthusiast, I might not hear the galloping of horses on South African veld. I must try it, I think.

I hear that Mr. B. J. Rynie, M.B., Ch.B., has resigned his lectureship on Morbid Anatomy and Histology at the Manchester University on his appointment to the Wernher Beit Chair of Pathology in the University of Capetown. But what—let me whisper it—is histology ? A re-hash of history ? And morbid anatomy sounds dreadful. I am very glad he has resigned from such pursuits.

The R.M.S. "Arundel Castle" which leaves Southampton on March 20, will carry southwards:—Mme. E. F. Bethouart, Major C. Moldfield, Mr. W. A. Bussey, Mr. and Mrs. Cockhead, Mr. S. Evered, Mr. S. Fisher, Mr. B. Goldfoot, Mr. H. C. Foulger, Mrs. J. B. Hart, Mrs. A. V. Henderson, Mrs. G. Hering and Miss Hering, Mr. and Mrs. Lezard, Miss K. O'Brien, Mr. and Mrs. B. Price, Dr. G. R. Ross, Sir T. Rowbotham, Mr. Senier, Col. Smith, Mr. R. W. Streer, Mr. Tiedmann, Mr. A. Urquhart, Mr. and Mrs. Wild, and Mr. A. Wilson Wood.

And that is all for the moment.

I shall have to put off my tryst with Spring. I dare not venture outside my front door or I should be blown sky-high by a March wind.

Until the dawn—I mean, until next week, dear people!

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"Outward Bound."

The following criticism of "Outward Bound" is the best that has been written in South Africa. Mr. Foster is the Dramatic Editor of "The Times of Natal," and he has very kindly permitted us to reprint what we consider to be the best piece of dramatic criticism in any South African paper for some time.

"Outward Bound" is to be revived at His Majesty's Theatre on Monday, April 6th.

"Strange, is it not? that of the myriads who
Before we passed the door of Darkness through,
Not one returns to tell us of the road,
Which to discover we must travel, too."

But, although not one returns to tell us, we never weary of asking the question. When the Great War kept the door of Darkness swinging day and night, the question became more insistent. Our little theologies comforted us no more. It was all very well in peace time to be told that as a man lived upon this earth, as he believed or disbelieved, as he made preparation or neglected to prepare for his departure, so would his destination be determined.

But lads who had hardly begun to think of life, far less of death, were swept without warning through the gloomy portal in their thousands, and sorrowing parents rebelled at the thought that those who had not begun to live should be judged upon their life and handed tickets for hell or heaven according to the side of the passbook on which their balance showed.

The Afterworld of the East began to lose its charm. Round and round its walls marched the hosts of the bereaved, their grief piercing trumpet-shrill to the skies. And the walls of that hazy Jericho fell. For those who weighed them in the balances, the glittering pavements of the Golden City, the bubbling asphalt roads of Tophet crumbled to the dust of disillusion. Should the profiteer, who six days a week raised the prices of his goods, and on the seventh raised his voice in the responses, be borne aloft to an Eternity of happiness; while the youth who marched lightheartedly away without repenting his peccadilloes, was blown in pieces to the place of perpetual torment? Faith tottered at the appalling thought.

Men and women began to ponder the eternal question afresh, discarding old theories and seeking fresh. Out of their thought was born the vogue of Spiritualism—and "Outward Bound." Over Sutton Vane's "Mystery in Three Acts," fierce controversy has raged since first it set London theatrewards and talking. Played by Leon M. Lion, Renee Kelly and their company, it has brought the conflict of opinion here. Some see i nit sermons of greater power than are preached in the somnolent surrounding of many of the churches to-day. Others condemn it unreservedly as three hours of gloom, having neither meaning nor message.

"I can't see any point in it," one man said last night outside Scott's Theatre. No point? He had seen the curtain rise on the smoke-room of a liner. The steward behind the bar polishing the glasses. He had seen the young man come in after "rather a thick time the night before," wondering whether the bar would be open before the ship left the harbour. He had seen him gulp down the "hair of the dog that bit him" with a shudder, followed by a sigh of relief from nerves threatening to snap for want of it. Human enough, wasn't it? He had seen the Society woman with the brazen swagger and the brassy voice of her pestilent kind enter with the air of one who condescended by even setting foot upon a ship which had not been specially reserved for herself. Human enough, wasn't she? He had seen the curate, a real man, struggling behind the limitations of the clerical collar, pathetically eager to be friendly, mercilessly snubbed by the ornament of Society, the charwoman, bewildered and courteous, but thirsting for guidance and contact with human beings similarly treated. All human, weren't they?

Points in Plenty.

He had seen the couple linked by the bond of passionate love, yet fearful lest they should be separated, wandering uneasily about the ship, watching to see the land and its limitations recede, listening for the siren that would announce that they were passing out of range of the pointing finger.

He had seen before the first curtain fell, the young slave of alcohol awakening to the reality of his position and that of his fellow passengers: had heard the voice of Scrubby, the steward, utter the awful words: "Dead, quite dead," and had gone out into God's fresh air with the picture lingering in his memory of a young man facing the fact that for him there would be no more fresh air, no more thick nights, for the earth, so far as he was concerned, had vanished. No point in it? Rather a point so keen and piercing that one shrank from its stab.

He had come back to see realisation come to them all—to the Society woman whose thoughts had never gone beyond the next engagement, to the merchant whose thoughts of the future had never travelled beyond next dividend day, to the young couple striving to persuade themselves that it was not a crime to leave a gas tap turned on, to the charwoman torn from her familiar surroundings, untroubled of conscience, not particularly worried about her liberation from the daily task, but unable to readjust herself to her changed conditions, and t othe curate, the first reaction over, grieving that he had been sacked from the job that was his joy in life.

The moment of blank terror when out of the darkness behind the door of the smoke-room had come the message that they were aboard a vessel without captain or crew, save the white-haired steward of five thousand voyages, who moved in and out among them smiling the sad smile of one to whom the fears and anxieties of the voyage were as a book that had been read until it no longer needed reading to recall the story—that poignant moment had passed him by.

For him there was no point in it.

So far there had been nothing that was not within the compass of human experience. If in the third act he could see no point, none could blame him. Those of us who sat in the theatre last night have yet to meet the Examiner, and try to recall what we may quote from our book of life to support our plea for special consideration. It has been objected that the third act is by way of an anti-climax. That is perhaps because the Examiner is outside of earthly experience. To me the first scene rammed hard home that the judgment of the world is not the judgment of the Here-after. Lingley, of Lingley, Limited, was stripped of his *alias* by the Examiner, the first criminal brick of his worldy fortune and success laid bare. Mrs. Cliveden-Banks, who could not breathe the same air as the common herd, stood revealed when he had done with her as the bad woman of still commoner breeding who had not yet learned the depth of her depravity. But also the Examiner stripped away from Prior, the dipsomaniac, the rags of his vice, and left him standing in his clean honesty of purpose, and from his mother the handicaps of speech and environment, to show her clothed in the shining garment of mother love. And the second scene drove home equally hard the lesson of the fate of those who have not endured to the end and the strength of the bond of true love.

I do not intend to deal with the players individually. It would be superfluous to do so. There are no stars in "Outward Bound," in the sense that one part overshadows the others. But every part is taken by the company as it ought to be taken, and although it is absurd to say, as one critic has, that it is a bad play saved by good acting, it is true that it is a good play that could too easily be spoiled by bad acting.

It was not spoiled last night. *R.F.*

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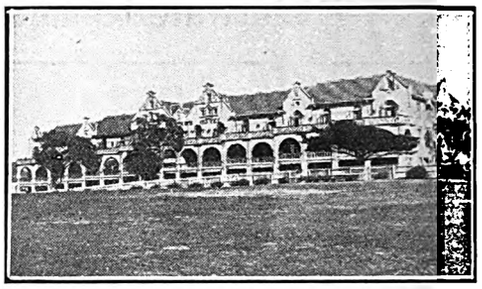

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Miss Iris Hoey continues to achieve new success on her tour of South Africa. She is at present playing in Bloemfontein. Then come East London, Port Elizabeth and, on April 21, her Cape Town season will open at the Opera House. This photograph of Miss Hoey was taken by Jane Plotz, of Johannesburg.

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On Tour With Shakespeare.

The Recollections of Pamela Travers.

Miss Pamela Travers has become very popular in the Union because of her articles and stories in the "S.A. Pictorial." There is a whimsical charm and humour about everything she writes, be it a story, a verse or merely a topical paragraph. In this series of articles she is writing her recollections of earlier days (she is still in her early twenties) when she played with a Shakespearean company in Australia, for she is an actress as well as a writer, and I have never forgotten her brilliant performance in Ibsen's Ghosts. —Ed., "S.A. Pictorial."

Shakespeare in the Antipodes.

By Pamela Travers.

II.

The end of my first Shakespearian season—about twelve weeks—came all too soon. A very dolorous maiden watched the train, which bore the whole company, steam out of the station without her. For I was not yet considered old enough to travel with a touring company so far from home. They were going all over Australia, then to Tasmania, and later on, to New Zealand, a five days' journey.

"Wait another year!" counselled the family, and were not impressed when I gave them to understand that to me a year was an eternity. Besides, the G.M. would have got somebody else to take my parts by then. I thought the world a very bitter place.

But it took on a cheerier aspect a few weeks later, when I received an offer to tour through New South Wales with a small company of actors. Their repertoire consisted of five or six masterpieces, chief of which were "Charley's Aunt," and of all things—"East Lynne." These, however, were of secondary importance, since the usual bill would consist of a Shakespearian play. The best-rehearsed and most popular among the company was the "Merchant of Venice," in which I was to play a boy's part—"Lorenzo." In addition, I was to play "Ophelia," and probably "Juliet," and the "Portia" of the company expressed herself willing to act as my duenna.

The family sat in council with me, and the upshot was that upon a very starry evening I set out from Sydney with nine other actor-people to get six months out-back experience.

For the most part, we played in town halls or picture theatres in the country towns of New South Wales. We stayed about three nights in each place, and were conveyed from town to town in a motor lorry.

Imagine an unfortunate lorry, piled high with baskets of costumes and our rudimentary curtain-scenery, and on top of that eight people—six men and two women—seated as proudly as if they were in a Roman chariot. "Portia" and "Ophelia"—the leading lady and the juvenile lead—always sat on the seat in front with the driver, and I'm afraid that poor little "Ophelia" was often brought to task by the hardier "Portia" for asking questions of that same driver just as he was rounding a very difficult bend on the side of some precipitous mountain.

Those were glorious days, and the weather was perfect. When it did rain it was nearly always on a Sunday, and did not interfere with the peregrinations of our modern chariot.

I remember once, however, when we were driving over the Dorrigo mountains, on the northern coast of New South Wales, our charioteer became very nervous, and insisted that the women should be taken into the next town by a passing car. We piled in, and were driven in comfortable state to our destination, over a devious and very muddy route. The caravan arrived in the town some hours later, and we heard that soon after we had forsaken it, the roads became very bad, and at one spot both of the side wheels slipped over the edge of a precipice, and it took all the strength of seven men to set her to rights again.

Often we arrived in towns just in time to play the evening performance. At such times the men—who were scene-shifters, stage managers and ticket collectors as well as actors—would proceed straight to the theatre—or, rather, hall—armed with hammers, string and the other necessaries for rigging up the scenery and making dressing rooms. Often the performance did not commence until 8.45, but that did not matter to the audience, who had come prepared to wait and to enjoy the lemonade and peanuts and oranges which they had brought to stay the pangs of hunger.

I remember one town where the populace was more than ordinarily sentimental and responsive. We had already exhausted our Shakespearian repertoire, and the bill for the night was "East Lynne." Throughout the melodrama there were unhappy sniffs, which told us the audience were "lapping it up." Usually, I never felt myself in the least convincing in the part of "Joyce," the handmaiden of "Lady Isobel." I felt so utterly ridiculous saying to "Lord—" I forget his name, but anyway, he was "Isabel's" husband—when he received his wife's letter: "Oh, Sir—is she dead!" But on this particular night, I felt that the audience was with me, and felt that there was no snigger in the air as I made my ridiculous remark. The play went magnificently, and the sobbing grew more audible, "Isabel" died, and her unhappy lord sped her soul to Heaven amid a perfect forest of sobs. But the gratifying grief rose to its apex when the curtains at the back of the stage parted to disclose me, dressed in the white gown of "Ophelia," and with a wreath of flowers made from the paper of an exercise book, pointing upward in angelic guise. "Little Willie" knelt at my feet in an attitude of fervent prayer, and on either side of me, behind the curtains, an actor, transformed for the moment into scene-promotor, set fire to red sulphur, and completed the picture. The band, playing "Nearer My God to Thee," with melancholy variations, was almost drowned by the sobbing audience. The splendid moment was broken, however, when the sulphur (and why sulphur? I cannot tell!) set the very fleshy ghost of "Little Willie" coughing vigorously.

Another time, when we were playing the same bill in another town, we were at loss for a "Willie." It was our custom to pick up an intelligent child upon arriving, and teach him a few lines of the part. But this particular place seemed to be bare of intelligent children, and the night was growing on apace. What were we to do? Go without a "Willie?" Not at all. I saw nine pairs of eyes turn in the direction of my curly head. I knew I was doomed.

"You shall play "Little Willie!" they said.

Surely I was the tallest "Willie" there has ever been! I think the age of the child must have been about five. However, I was not required to dress up as a boy-child. Most of "Willie's" part was cut, and he only appeared in bed, my length being hidden as much as possible by a row of chairs, and only my head being visible so that the lamenting "Isabel" might weep over it. No corpse in the world has ever looked so healthy as I did when "Little Willie" gasped his last breath and closed his eyes forever.

Those travelling days were very happy ones for us all. It was summer time, and the summer in the country places of Australia is a very lovely thing. As our chariot sped along the roads between the arching eucalyptus trees, flanked by paddocks sown with the young, searing green of crops, we sang and told stories, and rehearsed new parts, and were the merriest group of barnstormers in the world. Wattle peered at us with little golden eyes as we passed. Occasionally we stopped at farm houses to drink milk and buy oranges on the way. Sometimes we did our journeying at night by the light of the moon. Into the sleeping silent world, peopled by the white ghosts of ti-trees and gum trees, our chariot shot an arrow of mellow sound, whose echoes were taken up and repeated by the hills. A feathery whirring told of birds wakened out of their first sleep as we

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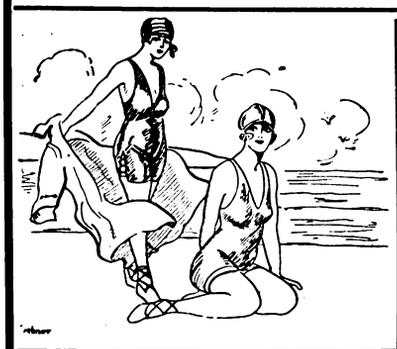
Capetown and Peninsula Comfort Centres.



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went skimming by. Occasionally, when the charioteer got down to look at his engine, the oppressive, magic silence of the bush came down upon us like a cloak. The cry of a mo-poke, or of a wild cat only added to the exquisite lonely stillness. I have hazy pictures in my mind now of long, winding roads, white under the moon, of creeks flowing silver through the dark undergrowth of wilderness, of stars that danced in and out of the highest tree branches, of black darkness dappled with a quivering pageantry of white and silver.

Once we lost one of the party, the juvenile lead—a sad young man, with the face of a very thin horse. We arrived in a certain town without him, early in the afternoon. One or two of us seemed to remember that he had been sitting with his suitcase on the back of the chariot. We looked for his suitcase. That, too, had disappeared. Our anxiety grew as the hours passed and the juvenile lead had not turned up. At last, just about half an hour before the play commenced, he arrived carrying his suitcase, his feet and legs brown with dust, and his face almost indistinguishable beneath its grime. In answer to our questioning he replied, laconically: "I fell off—thirteen miles back!"

He had had to do the rest of the journey on foot. After that, I noticed that he always took very good care to get a seat just behind the charioteer. He was determined that he would never have such an accident again.

When I first set out upon the trip I was all eagerness, and longed to be in everything. It was a fatal day when I suggested that "Lorenzo" should be allowed to be present at the "Trial Scene" at the "Merchant of Venice." "Jessica," after eloping with me, had to go to the piano and play a march for the entry of the "Duke," and I did not like being alone in a dressing room which was nearly always infested with mice. So I made the suggestion which I ever afterwards regretted. "Lorenzo" was welcomed to the "Trial Scene" with zest, and was told to look as much like a crowd of men as possible. This last is a different business, and a wearying one, and to stand for an hour doing it on a burning afternoon is no joke. I soon begged to be let off looking like a crowd of men, and would have preferred communion with twenty mice rather than do it. But I had evidently been successful, and nobody would hear of poor "Lorenzo's" departure from the scene of action.

I must tell you that I also played "Salanio" in the same play. I changed my hat and shoes, and devoutly hoped that the audience was taken in by it, and that they imagined I was a different person. The "Duke," in moments snatched from settling the fate of "Shylock," was my friend "Salarino." He was a very old man, and had up till the present tour, never played in Shakespeare before. He could not get the blank verse into his head. When he played the "Duke" he was able to read his lines from a paper before him, but as "Salarino" he was hopelessly at sea. Sometimes he wrote his lines inside his dilapidated

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What London is Wearing.

Two new frocks and some hats: photographed at Messrs. Reville's recent show in London.

lizabethan hat. Once, however, he forgot to do so, and e paraphrased the passage

"Why, man, I saw Bassanio under sail;
With him is Gratiano gone along.
But in their ship I am sure Lorenzo is not."

ter several attempts, in this way;

"Look here, little chap—I mean, Salamis, that man assanio's booked his passage, and Gratiano's in the same inking ship, but I swear to God Lorenzo isn't with them."

Each day he had a variation of the theme, and I can member praying just before I went on as "Salanio" that would be able not to laugh. My prayers never had any ect, I'm afraid. Our scene was always hopelessly mirth-. Luckily, the audience usually laughed with us thinking were putting in the little bit of comedy for their sakes.

So, for six months, I went riding over the country in e snorting chariot, getting glimpses of life out in the bush, rning how to rough it and make things do, taking each y as it came, and greeting it with ardour.

And at the end of six months, I was so used to being a le chicken that has journeyed far from the maternal wing, it when a letter from the G.M. came, asking me to rejoin company in Melbourne, I packed up my toothbrush and little stock of experience I had gained and took to the d again in search of new adventures.

(To be continued.)

neymoons.

I saw the new bride of Lord Suffield on the deck of the dinburgh Castle" as she steamed into dock at Cape Town. Lady Suffield, daughter of Lord Kylsant, was married y a few days before they sailed.

From the number of honeymooners whom I have met the mail boat in Capetown of recent weeks it would pear that South Africa is becoming a popular honeymoon ce. And in addition, shipping officials have told me, re and more visitors are arriving each month.

The Gossip.

Two New Novels.

A Mystery Book.

It was all innocent enough, that hour on board the yacht of the man she loved, although it was against the orders of her war-profiteer of a husband, who treated her as the choicest of the fal-lals he had bought because they were in keeping with his bought knighthood. But her lover was in the running for a Ministry, and the murder that took place at the house where she was supposed to have been might easily have caused international complications, and, who knows . . . ? There are mysterious doings in this book of thrills, and a great deal of an involved murder problem is solved with the aid of a chance-taken strip of cinematograph film.

Gambling at Monte Carlo, a magnificent yacht, a millionaire, an Under-Secretary of State, a beautiful French-Polish woman, and a murder. What better materials for a mystery book? *The Forbidden Hour*, by Maude Crossley and Charles King, is published by Herbert Jenkins.

Telephone Blackmail.

You may beat a man blue: you may hammer him any way you will: you may not get on his nerves. If you do, you have him beaten. This was the way in which Warren Willmer, head of an immensely powerful Wall Street combination, was blackmailed. At all and every hour of the day and night the telephone rang for him, and a voice, a different voice each time, said the words, "Do the right thing!" and rang off. His nerves gave way, his reason was imperilled, and in the end Charlie Fenswick, twenty-one, telephone engineer and detective, solved the mystery of the voices: a most astonishing solution it was,

Herbert Jenkins publishes *Voices*, and the author is G. J. Brenn, who writes brightly and readably, his story being truly described by the publisher as gripping.

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EAT FISH
and
MORE OF IT.

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AND
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Making Artificial Flowers.

Every now and then some South African woman writes a book which should be in the library of every good mistress of a house. *Hilda's Where is It?* was one: Jeanette van Duyn's Cookery Book was another, and now I want to add a third. Janet Baskin has written it, and its name is *Artificial Flower Making.* It has just been published by Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons, Ltd., and as Miss Baskin is the Lecturer in Domestic Crafts at the Natal Technical College in Durban, we may be sure that it is as good a book on the subject as will ever be published. But, indeed, the books speaks for itself: the illustrations which so plentifully bestrew its pages are the best recommendation of her ability to teach others the art she has so well learned herself. Most of the really beautiful flowers illustrated are the work of her pupils at the Technical College, and some of them have been exhibited at Wembley.

In the older, stronger years, when South Africa lived on the land, and did not flock to the town with its cheap shops and cheap goods, every Tant Sannie saw that her nieces could not only make their own dresses and hats, but could also decorate them with gay reproductions of our heaths and lilies. Alas, the day has gone when we lived in the country, but there is no reason why young South Africa should not learn the crafts which its mothers practised. There is both interest and profit in learning how to make artificial flowers and fruit, and here we have Janet Baskin telling us in plain and clear terms how it is done, omitting not the slightest detail, so that to try after studying her book and not to succeed is almost to accomplish the impossible.

The materials needed, it appears, are of the simplest: boiled flour paste and a brush, lace wire and pliers, a few knitting needles, a candle and some coloured chalks or paints. These are what Miss Baskin recommends: I should like to add her book, for the most experienced of makers will find much to learn in it, and the beginner in this fascinating and useful craft will find it the best of all books from which to learn, for it is simple, practical, and above all, direct. And a word of advice: it not a book to borrow, it is a book to buy and keep for reference. The price is 10s. 6d.

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My Big Sister Goes Out.

By "Mere Fourteen."

When my big sister goes to town I really have a terrible time, for she will insist on asking me to do so many things for her—especially when I want to read.

"Oh! Babs, do get my brooch; it's on my pink dress that is in the wash-clothes basket."

"Just a jiffy," I answer, and fetch the dress, only to hear her saying:

"Oh! Babs, I left my stockings on the line. Do get them, darling."

"Oh, yes! I'm always darling when you want something."

I accomplish the task of getting the stockings and settle down to read. And then I hear:

"Babs, dear, please clean my shoes. I forgot to do it this morning."

"Oh! get them for me, then," is my only reply.

"There they are in that box, and there is the stuff to clean them with, on the window ledge."

"Oh! hang it!"

I start cleaning the shoes, but I hear:

"Oh! you can never do anything properly. Look how you are cleaning them."

"Oh, hec! Do it yourself then, and never-ask-me-to-do-anything-for-you-again."

"Well, just finish them, dear."

I finish the shoes and just settle down to read again, when:

"Fish me out a needle and white cotton, please," is wafted down to me.

I rise hurriedly, calling her all the names I can think of.

"Oh, look! My petty is all crinkled at the back," says Louise Rose.

"It isn't. You look so nice, one would think you were going to be married."

"Well, it is nice enough to be married in, so don't worry, miss; but—er—I don't exactly fancy this dress to-day."

"Well, take it off then: it looks awful. *I* wouldn't be seen out in that dress."

"It doesn't look awful; it looks jolly pretty to-day, so!"

"I knew that if I said it looked ugly you would say it looked pretty!"

I then leave the room to see if I can get a little bit of peace; but, alack and alas—

"Oh, Babs, come quick!"

"What's up now?" I ask, arriving on the spot.

"Look, I've spilt the water, and I can't wipe it up in this dress, Babs, it would spoil it."

I fetch a cloth, wipe up the water, and go on to the veranda—and, thank Heavens, I see her just closing the gate behind her.—But oh!—groans—she's coming back.

"What do you want?" I ask her.

She takes no notice of me, but turns to my mother:

"Mum, do you think I can go in *quietly* and ask Dad for some tram tickets or—Oh! Babs, you go; you know Dad will give them to you."

I go in to my Dad and return shortly with a book of twopenny coupons.

"Here you are," I say, handing her the coupons.

She goes once more and there is happiness and sweet content in my heart when I hear the gate creaking and know that she has well and truly departed.

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Thelma's Gramophone.

Calamity has descended upon our house, and the family totem is bending low under its load of crêpe. Kathleen is dead; Half-bottle is dead; Flufe is lying stark and cold in the passage; little Gregory is dead in the pantry; Cathal, Maureen, Padraig, Michael and Aunt Bridget are dead in various places; Father is having paralytic fits in the bath-room; Mother is wildly frying a pair of silk stockings in Flufe's milk-bowl; and Thelma, evil genius of it all, shrieks accompaniments to her gramophone, in the music-room.

She bought it at a sale this morning—"*Saxophonia Gramolina with twelve records, mostly jazz*"—and it has been tearing the nerves and brains of the neighbourhood since four o'clock this afternoon. At four-thirty there were only eleven neighbours on their knees on the stoep, begging her to spare, at least, the women and children. At five the after-office rush commenced, and in five minutes the number had risen from seventeen to forty-three, and they were pouring in fast. For the next half-hour deputations found room on the lawn, but as I write (8.45 p.m.) the farthest distance is black with the beseeching crowds, and most of the early comers are already killed by the pestilence. Every bleat of the cornet adds one to the death-roll, every blare

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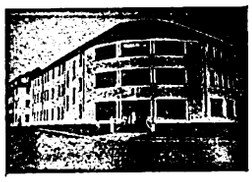

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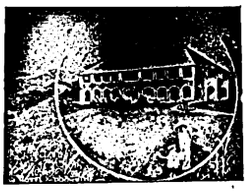

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Terms on Application.
Mrs. MILLS, Proprietress

of the saxophone adds a dozen. Filled with the instincts of their trekking forefathers, many wiser families are emigrating, and along the great causeways which lead to Turffontein and the Cape and the Antartic, pours a roaring torrent of motor cars, wheelbarrows, houseboys and buck-wagons.

The music-room is a scene of desolation. As the records revolve and the Jazz pours out, Thelma stamps time to the varied discords of the trombone, the cornet, the Hawaiian guitar, the Jew's harp, the bones, the big drum and the saxophone. The furniture lies on the floor, overturned and broken, and plaster from the ceiling spatters the whole sad scene with grey sorrows.

It is 8.50 p.m. Thelma, maniacal, her hair wildly streaming behind her, puts on once again "Why did the Chicken Cross the Road?" Yet louder wails rise from the terror-stricken multitudes outside. I must, the modern Roman sentry of Pompeii, be a faithful journalist and give the public a full account of the Horror.

The records grind slowly to the last beat of the big drum, the last blare of the saxophone, and now I go across the room for my bottle of cyanide, to fly on the wings of wireless and swift poison to a happy land where there is neither sight nor sound nor sighing nor a *Saxophone*. *Gramolina, with twelve records, mostly Jazz.* N.C.

A New Novel.

Gerald Burrard's book *The Tiger of Tibet* (Hutchinson & Co.) starts in Port Said. All books which start in Port Said are exciting, but not all are as good as this, which is a book of thrills from the second page to the end.

Gerald Burrard tells us of how Lieutenant-Colonel Geoffrey Barraclough takes Phyllis Merridew with him on a breathless hunt after The Tiger of Tibet, who is a mysterious leader of a mysterious Chinese gang, with international tentacles. Hardship and difficulty in the Himalayas and Tibet make a vivid and strong story.

I have not read any book by Gerald Burrard before, but I certainly shall read all he writes in future, for this one kept me enthralled and enthrilled to the end.

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Chinese!

By Helen Blackmore.

Marie Lowther was feeling unusually tired, but then it had been an unusual morning. She had been up since half-past six, had had an early breakfast, and driven down to the station with her husband, who left by the 9.15 train for Durban. He was going to spend a long week-end there, combining business with pleasure, and had taken it for granted that Marie would prefer to remain at home in their charming house at Parktown.

"You must have some of the women in to bridge to-night, and spend to-morrow at the Country Club with the Westons. I know they expect you to-morrow evening—you'd better make a day of it."

Those were his last words as the train steamed out, but above all things she knew he wanted her to read "A Passage to India," and a book on Chinese art that he had left ostentatiously on her dressing table. The Ainslies, who had just arrived from the East, were coming to dine with them on Gresley's return and he was anxious Marie should be thoroughly equipped with the latest literature.

She took up the books and made a face at each in turn. "The Passage to India" looked a deadly dull one, and even if the coloured plates in the other book were charming, how could Gresley expect her to memorise the different periods in which the various pieces of pottery and china were made?

Yet it would be fatal if she had not some appropriate conversation; fatal in so far as her husband was concerned. Did he not pride himself on the refinement and exclusive tone of their dinner parties? She gave a little shudder as she thought of the ordeal. It was not that she was vulgar, but to her there seemed to be a self-conscious superiority about their house which was almost ill-bred. She recalled an incident at dinner the previous evening when her husband, with his usual sarcastic lift of the eyebrow, had corrected her before their guests for a slip she had made in attributing an old plate to the Ming Period. The Blanks were good, simple people, they would never have noticed her slip but for Gresley's pedantic correction.

His constant corrections, the vigilance with which he kept watch over Marie's words and actions were depriving her of all initiative. In his presence she was beginning to lose her poise. When he discovered her loss she would cease to be of value to him.

When he had married her, a typist in a well-known firm, she had admired him for marrying "out of his class." Only *love*, she felt, could have overcome his natural prejudices. She had since realised that he had chosen her as he chose his furniture and china, because she seemed worthy of a place in his establishment. And her own fastidiousness rose up in revolt against what seemed to her a blatant exaggeration of "good form."

She looked in the mirror at the little lines that were beginning to appear about her eyes and mouth, lines that spoke of tears shed in the darkness, hours of loneliness in the midst of her beautiful home. Ah! this was not home; it was a museum in which she ate, slept, and tried to amuse her indefectible husband. Looking back on the long hours at the office, at her horrid little room in Kapitijn Street, she realised that with them she had given up her freedom.

Perhaps she would not have realised this so clearly if it had not been for her old friend James Marsdon. She had known him when she was a girl, but he had gone with his parents to America, and only during the last year had he returned to the Rand to take charge of some mining interests. They had met several times, were drawn to each other by old memories and similar tastes, and now, to-day, Marie was trying to decide whether she would accept his offer to take her for a drive or not. She felt that this Saturday afternoon would decide her future. She loved Jim, but she felt she owed something to Gresley. She knew that his conscience was clear of any intention to hurt her, nor would he ever realise how unbearable he had made her life. His self-satisfaction prevented his seeing any point of view but his own, and she felt grieved that she must, if she gave way to Jim's importunities, suddenly expose his life to the limelight. Because Gresley would dread any such exposure, Jim hoped the matter might be settled *in camera*.

She glanced at the little clock on her table: ten-to-twelve! She must ring Jim up at once before he left the office. Her voice quivered a little as she asked for Mr. Marsdon, but his deep, firm tone restored her equilibrium, and she was able to repeat his words: "at quarter-past two, at the corner of Simmonds and Commissioner Streets," without faltering.

Hastily she packed a suitcase and put some things into a trunk. She had thought of everything she might need; only her jewels she put away where Gresley would be sure to look for them. Her clothes were bought with her allowance—they were hers, the jewels were Gresley's wife's.

She tried to eat some luncheon, but her throat felt constricted. Then she tidied up her room, pushed the trunk and suit case under the bed, and hurried out to catch the tram. She had fastened a thick veil round her small hat, but even so, the passers-by turned round to have a second look at the dainty figure in dark blue standing at the corner of the dusty street.

At last, she saw Jim's car coming along Simmonds Street. Without a word she got in beside him. Even now she was not certain of the answer she would give him that afternoon. But as they drove on out of the city she began to feel more at ease. From time to time Jim looked at her; she could feel his kind eyes searching her face, her heart.

It was when they were some miles out that Jim stopped the car beside a little stream over which a weeping willow hung its long, green tresses.

"Now, dear," he said, "take off that veil and let me see what you want to do."

The answer he read in her eyes must have satisfied him.

Holding her shoulders he searched her face for corroboration of the love he hoped he had roused in her. He felt an immense tenderness for this young woman, who was prepared to encounter opprobrium, all the disagreeables of a divorce case, for his sake. At the same time, he would have felt more at ease could he have been reassured that her love was as elemental—as clear-sighted as his own. He felt how disastrous it would be if she were to be disillusioned in her second as in her first marriage. And yet, he fancied he understood her needs. A quiver of her pale lips interrupted his thoughts.

"Marie, I will do all I can to make you happy. Come, dear; I must drive you back to the house. You must get

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your things ready and I'll send a taxi for you later on. I have made all the necessary arrangements."

They were to go out to his farm on the high veld. She was glad they would be away from the city for a time.

When they got to her home she said: "Wait a minute, Jim; I feel nervous. Perhaps Gresley has come back!"

He waited while she unlatched the door and went inside. A couple of minutes later she ran out to him. She was laughing, although there were tears in her eyes. She held out an open telegram:—

Don't forget to study the catalogue on Chinese art.

It had been sent from Kromdraai. An hour later a taxi drove up. She gave the boys their orders. Her luggage was put into the cab, and Marie Lowther left her husband's house for the last time.

Is Johannesburg Superstitious?

As I was walking down Eloff Street this morning I noticed a ladder leaning against one of the tall buildings of this Street of Shoppers. Watching it idly for a few minutes I counted the number of people who avoided walking under it, and the number of people who did not notice it, or were too contemptuous of superstition to take any notice of such a commonplace thing as a mere ladder standing against a wall.

A stream of people flowed under it—it was the busiest hour of the morning—and as they walked, chattering volubly, I looked at the expression of their faces as they passed. Three or four little typists walked under; they went on talking of last night's dance or to-morrow's tennis. Of fifty-six people who passed under that ladder in a little more than five minutes, only one avoided it, and that with a guilty, half-ashamed air of shyness. It was—a man. A hard-faced, obviously busy, worried business man!

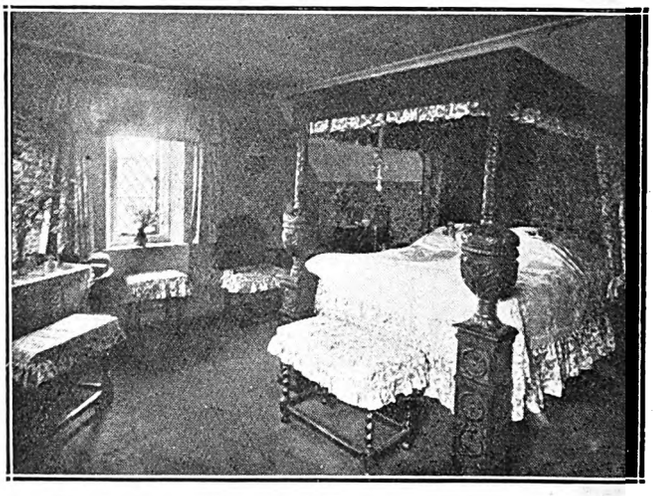
On the whole it would seem that Johannesburg is not superstitious. For myself, I confess that I cannot be a good Johannesburger, for I would rather have walked seven blocks out of my way than have walked under that ladder. The women were all too engrossed with—well, the shop windows—to notice the ladder; the men sometimes glanced at it, hesitated, looked at it, and then went on under. And as for our business man, he was probably a member of the hustling race across the Atlantic—an American. *R.S.*

The Mystery Man.

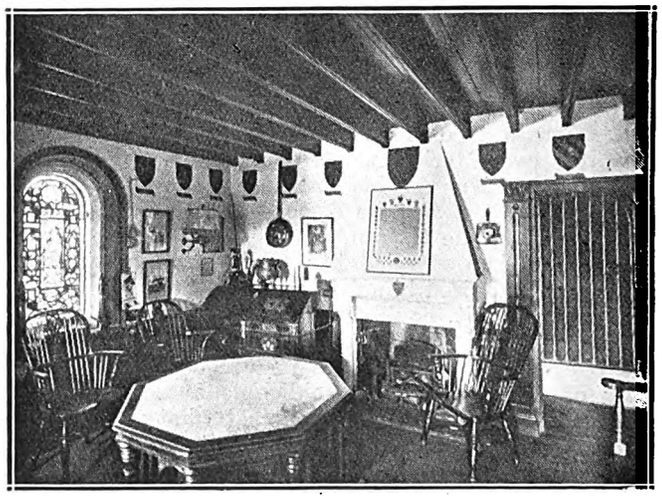
Captain Clive Maskelyne, M.C., who will arrive in South Africa in June, is the present head of the famous family of Maskelyne, whose London house has been the shrine of British magic for over sixty years. During the course of their history, no Maskelyne has ever appeared outside the British Isles, and only occasionally has one of their number been seen outside London. It is a decided innovation, therefore, for Captain Maskelyne to tour South Africa. Although he has been engaged at Maskelyne's Theatre of Mystery from early manhood, Captain Maskelyne was not originally intended for the career of an illusionist. He was meant to be a soldier, and entered Sandhurst as a cadet. Whilst fencing there, however, Captain Maskelyne strained his heart and had to abandon all hopes of military life. He became an illusionist, in succession to his father, the late Mr. Neville Maskelyne, and appeared in a series of magical turns at Maskelyne's Theatre. When the war broke out Captain Maskelyne answered the call of his country immediately, and was given a commission in the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders. He fought with great gallantry on the Western front, was wounded, and won the M.C. Upon the termination of hostilities, Capetain Maskelyne returned to the stage, and has produced a long succession of novel illusions. He embodied several of these in a magical revue "Hey Presto," which ran throughout the year both in London and the provinces. Captain Maskelyne intends giving an entirely magical show in South Africa, and among his illusions will be several "classics" which, in their day, have drawn all London to Maskelyne's Theatre. *P.T.*

Our Stars in England.

Miss Renee Kelly, now playing in "Outward Bound" at His Majesty's, Johannesburg, photographed in her Sussex garden.



Miss Maidie Scott's famous home on Magna Charta Island: one of the bedrooms.



Another room in Miss Scott's home.

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Gossip from London's Theatres.

LEICESTER SQUARE,
5th March, 1925.

So far the customary Lenten slackening off in theatrical business and the self-denying austerity of playgoers here has not been very apparent. All the houses with really successful attractions are as hard put to as ever to provide accommodation for their patrons, and this in spite of the big draw the "Ideal Homes" Exhibition is again proving itself to be. A virulent attack of "theatrical musical chairs" had as victims four prosperous plays ("Fata Morgana," "The Vortex," "Just Married" and "The Pelican"), but they are all now comfortably housed in their new abodes and the public is rapidly getting to know their whereabouts.

Although we already have nine musical plays, including revues, thriving in the West-end, their ranks will shortly be swollen by the advent of Jack Buchanan, June & Co., in "Boodle" (based on "The New Clown") at the Empire, "The Bamboula" at his Majesty's, "No, No, Nanette" at the Palace, "Rose Marie" at Drury Lane, José Collins in her new Léhar operetta at a theatre not yet settled on, as well as the new revues at the Fortune, Hippodrome and Palladium. The earliest of the Oscar Asche-Lily Brayton Eastern phantasies, "Kismet," is to be brought from the storehouse, possibly because of the success of the revival of "Sumurun"—a revival which disappointed me on the whole. Costumes and scenery run the whole gamut of the chromatic scale, yet by no means attain their predecessor's striking loveliness. Although no secret is made of the fact that this is a German company playing in a German production, a section of the audience at a performance last week protested vigorously and rudely—serenely oblivious that considerably more British artists are earning their living in Germany now than German artists are in England.

The New Oxford's run of ill-luck still prevails. After the failure of a musical comedy, a Xmas panto. and two rather stupid plays, an erstwhile "twice-nightly" touring, slap-stick concoction, "Khaki," was brought in from a suburban music-hall and presented there on Monday, with Ernie Lotinga (formerly Hetty King's husband and one of the original 6 Bros. Luck) as "star." It is difficult to guess the reason for the venture. Why anybody should consider the habitués of the New Oxford would relish such fare is, and remains, a mysetry.

Another theatre which has suddenly swerved from its usual policy is the Grand at Putney Bridge. The "Partnership Players," after ousting the cinema that had held sway there for a number of years, gave us a succession of serious plays with West-end casts. Unfortunately none met with any notable success, and the season finished last week. On Monday an American melodramatic thriller, "The Market Price," was presented there, a play on the old Adelphi or Lyceum lines, but with a dash of Broadway's pep and zip about it.

After about three years' absence, Gertrude Elliott (Lady Forbes-Robertson) is returning to the London stage in a fortnight's time. She is to be supported by Godfrey Tearle and Leslie Faber—a most powerful trinity—in an American play, "Dancing Mothers," at the Queen's Theatre. She is certain of a hearty "welcome back." Stalls for the first-night, I notice, are set at 24s. each.

Covent Garden Opera House is now a dance-palace. The whole of the stage and auditorium have been transformed to make one huge floor. The evening sessions are less expensive than the "Palais de Danses" themselves and evening-dress is *not* insisted on. Altogether the experiment has every appearance of turning out "thumbs up." Fortunately for music-lovers, however, the opera people can use their old home whenever they want it, and, in fact, I hear that we shall have another German-Italian season in May, on the same lines as last year, but with an even stronger list of "international celebrity singers" (as the gramophone companies call them).

Paul Pry.

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What Ostrich Feathers Are Doing.

A graceful S. A. Ostrich feather fan designed by Reville's for Marion Forde, the famous American vaudeville star.

On Tour With Shakespeare.

The Recollections of Pamela Travers.

III.

Miss Pamela Travers has become very popular in the Union because of her articles and stories in the "S.A. Pictorial." There is a whimsical charm and humour about everything she writes, be it a story, a verse or merely a topical paragraph. In this series of articles she is writing her recollections of earlier days (she is still in her early twenties) when she played with a Shakespearean company in Australia, for she is an actress as well as a writer, and I have never forgotten her brilliant performance in Ibsen's Ghosts. —Ed., "S.A. Pictorial."

Now I am in Melbourne, seriously beginning my career as an actress.

I arrive to find the old company, augmented generously with new young blood, rehearsing "Julius Caesar," which is our first bill.

Welcome! That's a lovely word, especially when it comes from a group of theatrical die-hards to a novice who has little more than a year's experience behind her. I loved that welcome the company gave me.

But the satisfaction vanished from my face under the sarcastic utterances of the G.M. at rehearsals. I do not think I heard him speak more than three words of praise to anybody all the time I was in the company. He nodded his approval occasionally, but his nods were rare, and never came at the moment when one felt that really one *was* rather sweet. They were always unexpected, and therefore very cherished. The only way anybody—or rather, any of us young ones—could gauge his pleasure was by the number of parts he allotted to us. I once had the temerity—after a long, hard season in New Zealand, when I had leapt into one or two breaches—to suggest tentatively that he might admit that he was pleased with me.

"Why?" he demanded, and his eyes and mouth seemed then as wide as a giant's, "You're getting better parts in every play—isn't that enough praise?"

And with that I had to be content.

But I am putting the cart before the horse. The company is still in Melbourne, and my chief aim in most of the plays is to look decorative as I "drop down behind the garden seat" as a handmaiden to Olivia, as lady to Portia, as forest boy in "As You Like It," as a scarlet-garbed attendant to Lady Macbeth.

The old garden seat! I don't believe there was ever a play put on by our company in which the garden seat did not figure very largely. Lorenzo and Jessica sat and sighed there in a Venetian garden, "when the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees and they did make no noise." And if the Venetian garden was made of painted canvas and a few curtains, what did it matter when musicians waked Diana with a hymn and all the beauty of the world was in the words the lovers spoke? Seated upon the same garden seat, Portia heard her unsuccessful suitors cry out upon their fate, Olivia listened to Viola telling a tale of love that rent her own heart, Juliet importuned her nurse for news of Romeo, Casca and Cassius plotted the death of Caesar, Lady Macduff spent one sad scene with her little son, Othello took the face of Desdemona between his hands and searched there for a sign of guilt—oh, if that garden seat, made of wood and painted to look like real marble, could speak with words, what tales it could tell!

A tale of Andrew Aguecheek, with his wig insecurely fastened on, stooping to set his sartorial decoration more

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firmly on his head behind its benign, broad back; a tale of two girls, a red-haired one and a fair-haired one, and a rosy-cheeked youth whispering very un-Shakesperean things behind Rosalind, and ceasing suddenly as they caught the eye of the stage manager glowering at them from the prompt corner. These, and many an other.

But soon came the days when I no longer dropped down stage behind the garden seat. That piece of wooden marble was to know me no more. Because, you see, I was getting the enormous sum of four pounds a week, and I was beginning my career in earnest.

That season opened, I remember, with "Julius Caesar," and it was on the morning after the opening night that I got my first dramatic criticism. I had not played a part—not even Lucius, the boy in the tent—but I had been one of the crowd in different scenes. I had also performed the opening dance. I have never seen any other performance of "Caesar" opened with a Roman dance, but it was customary in our company. So, clad only in a very abbreviated green garment, with flowers in my hair, cymbals in my hands, I stood trembling amid a crowd of revellers, and waited for the first note of my dance, which was also the signal for the rise of the curtain. Two, three, four—there it was ! Clash of cymbals, clamour of the stage crowd, flowers tossed into the air, and the curtain up ! How I kept time with the music I don't know, as my ears were dulled with the roaring of vigorous supers, each determined to earn his night's wages of six-and-eightpence. The dance ended, the crowd acclaimed it, and a busy youth in a short, scarlet Roman tunic ran forward and put my sandals upon my feet. Then came Caesar desiring men about him that were fat, and I disappeared into the wings with the crowd, hoping against hope that the G.M. would not sack me the next day. I felt I had danced so very badly. Imagine, then, my delight when, meeting him later in the evening in a passage, I got one of the rare nods. And next day, amid the eulogies accorded to Caesar and Anthony, Brutus and Calphurnia and Portia, there was a little line for me. I cut it out and sent it to the family, feeling as complacent as do those people who say, "I told you so."

Hot on the heels of Caesar came the "Merry Wives of Windsor." Delicious play, and the G.M. as Falstaff, so large that he had to go through the wings sideways. I was Anne Page, in the most hideous pink dress in the world.

It was on the third night of the "Wives" that the catastrophe happened. As no right-thinking lady in Shakespeare ever had short, curly hair, I had to wear what the wig-maker called a "ser-witch" of lyog curls attached to my own very short ones. All went well for the first half of the evening; in fact, until nearly the end of the play. But in the wood scene I had to do a dance with the village children round the cowering Falstaff, and I suppose that in my merriment and zeal the hairpins must have become loosened, for as some minutes later I ran in with my stage lover, Fenton, and knelt before my father and mother asking forgiveness for eloping, my lovely "ser-witch" broke loose from its moorings and slipped gracefully down to the stage. I felt a sudden coolness upon my neck and realised what had happened. So also did Fenton, for with great presence of mind he knelt upon the offending curls and placed himself in front of me so as to shield me from the mirthful eyes of the audience. Fortunately, their attention was centred for the moment wholly upon Falstaff, and I do not believe that anybody, except those with me on the stage, noticed the dreadful happening. So when Mistress Page bade the revellers in the wood come home" and laugh this sport o'er by a country fire—Sir John and all !" I slipped behind a canvas tree-trunk and pinned the fugitives safely in place again and was back in position for the old country dance which always followed the "Merry Wives."

The Mistress Page of that production was the most delicious I have ever seen. She had the most infectious laugh in the world—it trilled up and down a scale of little bird notes. I think she loved to hear herself saying, velvetly:—

"Good-a Hamalet, cast-a thy nighted colour off,
And-a let-a thine eye look-a like a friend-a on-a Denmark !"

She belonged to the old school of acting, and was inclined to make all her scenes instinct with melodrama. Her gestures were all on a splendid scale and very pompous, and she had a clever knack of making the younger girls of the company feel what worms they were theatrically. But in spite of her grandeur and importance there was something immensely pathetic about her. She had wandering, unsatisfied grey eyes, which alighted like moths upon certain people. Upon these one by one she set her affection, but soon the moths would hover away, taking her affection into new places.

There was not one part she played to which she did not lend a certain air of distinction. To us, the young ones, she was a continual joy to watch. She would round off a phrase with perfect precision, would sweep about the stage in her flowing Shakespearean robes with such assurance that she was setting the tone of the scene. She was always a little absurd, always a little pathetic. Nobody knew her intimately. Perhaps there was no very intimate on eshe could know. If there was, sh herself certainly never fathomed it. A not-quite-happy person striving desperately to pluck happiness from life and always the wall of herself came up between her and attainment. She intrigued our budding perceptions profoundly.

It was during this same season that I began to realise the importance of supers to a scene. Only rarely were the supers for our productions rehearsed. The stage manager would take three or four aside and say, "You're the French army. Stand over there and look warlike!" And the poor dears would walk meekly to a corner of the stage, looking like lambs at the slaughter rather than warriors and (probably) carrying their halberds wrong end up.

I remember one night when the bill was "Julius Caesar," Brutus entered with his train of short, tall, fat, thin, old, young supers (a motley crew who looked more like the pirates in "The Spanish Main") to find the dead body of Cassius strewn upon the stage battle field. At the words

"Come, therefore, and to Thasos send his body,"

two warriors sprang forward and hoisted Cassius ungracefully to their shoulders, after much ado about how to dispose of their weapons the while. But apparently they were in two minds whether to carry him off Prompt or O.P. So they stood in the middle of the stage swaying as each of them pulled the unfortunate hero a different way. He would probably have soon been in two equal parts had not somebody shouted from the Prompt wings. "Bring him off here, you ——— ——— ———!" I believe that the middle part of Cassius was unhappy for days afterwards.

(To be continued.)

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The Jade Bangle.

By Roger Maurice.

I remember the night that Jasmine first pressed her lips to my mouth. When the music in the distant dancing room had ceased, she said "Yes" to the question which I had asked a dozen times in a dozen weeks.

"I'll marry you, Angus, but I must go away from this place. London is hot and the people are tiresome. I can't bear the endless bombardment of aunts and bridge parties. I want America or the East."

And so, because Jasmine was my goddess for the moment, I married her, and we sailed for China. I remember the day well. Southampton retired behind us, the heads loomed up, we passed, and then they became the background for our scarf of forgotten smoke. At last there was nothing except the eternal circle of the sea . . . and beside me . . . Jasmine, with her exquisite head framed in a petulant apricot scarf that fluttered and occasionally hid the eyes that meant everything to me.

The days on board were—as ever. There was bridge, and sometimes we danced at night, and my young heart nestled in quiet comfort against Jasmine's sequin gown. She was shorter than I was. I always looked down at the crown of her head, and her hair was as black as the night, which hung like a curtain about the ship.

And then, after the bustle of landing we found ourselves in Shanghai. It all happened very quickly. We were scarcely conscious of the time that had passed since the hour in which we became engaged in the little alcove where we sat on that wonderful night. I was young enough to realise the full emotional beauty of a romance, and not old enough to see the end when it was in sight.

I had not realised, as I have now, that love is merely a period of ignorance which precedes the true knowing of a person.

The days in Shanghai were a delight. We descended on the native quarters every day, and spent idle hours in the tiny shops bargaining with the almond-eyed salesmen, and drinking in crazy tea houses. Jasmine was a changed woman. She peppered her vocabulary with Chinese phrases; she bought Chinese silks, and adopted little Chinese mannerisms of dressing.

But I shall never forget the glory of those nights when we dined together in the hotel after a tiring day. She would appear, exquisitely dressed, with her pale beauty framed in black hair, and the curved neck of a soft, smoked-grey gown.

We had been in Shanghai three weeks when we found Chin Hing's shop. It was at the end of a quiet street, and Chin Hing had very little stock. A guide told us that it had been stolen and brought here by boats that crept in from the open sea. Jasmine came back to me one morning and asked me to look at a bangle in Chin Hing's window. It was a remarkable piece of work. It was carved from a block of jade, and there were three bangles twisting themselves around each other, each finely carved with designs of flowers and swimming fish.

"Please let me have it, Angus," she asked.

And, with a heart much bigger than my purse, I immediately stepped inside with her, and asked the Chinese shopman to show the bangle to us.

Chin Hing was much the same as any other Chinese. His eyes were slow moving and sinister, and his hands—they were like knotted twigs. He drew the window curtain aside, and brought the bangle out for us.

It was a magnificent, delicate piece of work.

The talon-like hands moved across the counter. The green jade bangle moved from side to side under our eyes. Chin Hing spoke at last.

"It is good bangle for hand of lady. It lie on pale hand like green butterfly rest on pale petal of water lily."

Jasmine looked at him, and the wretched yellow thing looked at her. I was conscious of the fact that Jasmine shuddered a little. I felt her arm quiver against my own.

"Yes, yes," I replied, "How much is it?" I hated his veiled and poetic compliment.

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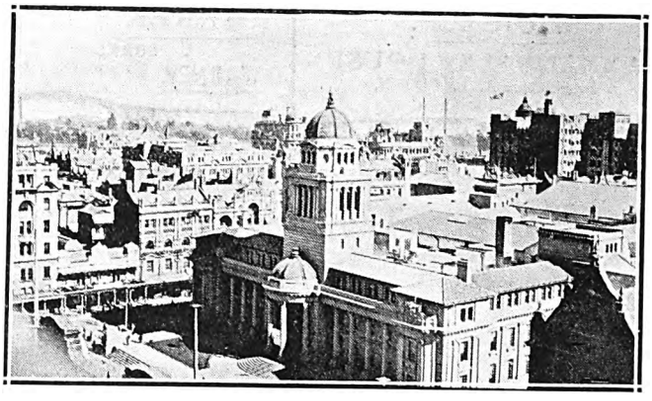

A recent snapshot of the Johannesburg Town Hall.

As I drew out my pocket book, I looked at Jasmine. She was paler than usual, and she was staring straight into the eyes of the hideous little fiend behind the counter.

I did not know what to say. I put the money on the counter, and, taking Jasmine by the arm, we went out of the shop.

All the way home, my little lady was silent.

"Jasmine," I asked, "why don't you say something; are you angry?"

"No, Angus, but I'm tired, and don't want to talk."

So we finished our journey in silence, and all through that evening we sat in the hotel lounge, reading absurd novels, and avoiding conversation. It was a hideous ordeal for me.

I noticed that Jasmine was not reading, and that the pages of her novel were unturned during the two hours we sat there.

At last she stood up and said, "I am going to bed, Angus. I am terribly tired. I'll say 'good-night' now in case I'm asleep when you go to bed."

So I said "good-night," and it was the last time I saw Jasmine.

I went up to the room an hour later and found that she had gone. Her dressing-table was cleared, and there wasn't even a note to tell me why.

The chaos of that night and of the following day was agony for me. Police officials, hotel managers, inquiry agents, and sympathetic friends in the hotel only increased the pain, and did nothing to solve the mystery.

It is only now I know that Chin Hing has a place—a definite place—in my tragedy. I went to his shop the day after Jasmine disappeared, and although the shop was closed, and the window cleared of what curios and jewellery

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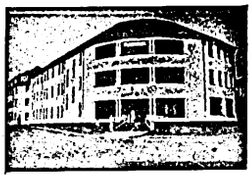

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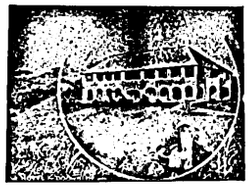

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it had contained, I did not definitely associate the yellow fiend with Jasmine's disappearance. I thought I knew her too well.

But I stayed on and on in Shanghai, and although the police followed up little threads of evidence, they did not approach truth, or a solution of the mystery. Jasmine had disappeared into the mystery of Shanghai, with its hideous lepers and its shadows, its nauseating stenches, and its cruel, bitter fatalism.

And one dreamy April noon, the steamer left Shanghai, and I came back here, alone—alone; and I knew that somewhere, dead or alive, Jasmine stayed in the city of Shanghai or its outskirts, and that neither time nor power that held her there would give her up.

Fifteen years tramped past. Experience and affairs left their mark on me. I crossed the world twice; I drank kava with the copra growers in Samoa; I rode into the heart of Africa, and moored my boat on the banks of the Zambesi; I saw dark-eyed women dance to the music of the castanets in sun-laden courts of Mexican hotels, and then, a little tired of travel and the romance of "every-woman," I journeyed back to England. It was fifteen years since I had left it with Jasmine on our wedding journey.

I stayed at a hotel in London for two weeks, and one night, seeking amusement, I went into a theatre where a vaudeville company was playing to immense houses.

But the parade of acts annoyed me. A thin-faced fool played a banjo, and a painted woman danced across the footboards and gave us a song about her mother's grey hair. It was rather trying.

After the interval, the curtains parted to show a display of hypnotism. A figure was seated in one of the chairs. It was obviously a woman, but heavily veiled in grey, shimmering tissue. A thin Chinese entered from the left wings and approached her.

He was dressed in a gorgeous costume, weighted with glittering embroideries.

He went up to the woman, extended his hands in front of her veiled face, and said, "Stand up."

Slowly, very slowly, the woman stood up, and raised her arms above her head. They were pale arms that revealed themselves from the folds of the grey tissue; pale, long arms, and on one was a jade bangle.

I think I heard the three intercarved bangles jingle as they fell from her wrist to her elbow.

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London Calling!

By Pamela Travers.

LONDON, 17th March, 1925.

I have torn myself away from Aldous Huxley's newest book to write this letter. It was a wrench, for the wretch has a way with him—a way of intriguing the brain, and in some strange way getting a perfectly unwarranted hold on the heart. In these days of fulsome publishing of mediocre outpourings from mediocre pens it is rather comforting to be able to find a book that intrigues and invigorates.

And that brings me for the moment to the question—Where do all the books GO? There must be millions published yearly, and the poor old British Museum must have been stretched to breaking point by now, since, I am told, one can find there a copy of every book that has been printed since the days when William Caxton was thought such a wonder. What happens to unsuccessful books? and where are their bodies decently laid to rest? Even the successful ones stale after a few years. Who, then, disposes of the surplus copies? Are they burnt in a wood at dead of night? Are they taken out to sea in fishing smacks and dispatched downwards for the elucidation of mermaids? This is a matter for much grave conjecture—it frightens me. I think that, after all, I shall leave all my books unwritten. That will save them from the doom which otherwise must fall to them eventually. Poor little books!

His Majesty is better. (Note how I follow in the footsteps of the *Morning Post*, and give the Court circular first.) He has not yet, however, been allowed to leave his bedroom and we are to know that, though the affair was kept dark at the time, he very nearly had pneumonia. He is to set sail with his lady in a few weeks' time. His doctors evidently do not trust the weather prophets, who say that Spring is at hand.

But it must be true. Spring is not far away. She can't be because yesterday at Kew Kardens a thousand crocuses pushed inquiring heads out of the green earth to look for her, and they never do that unless they hear her footsteps in the distance. Kew is, of all the gardens in London, the most endearing. It is wide and spacious and dignified, with absurd whimsical corners that refute determinedly its dignity. All the trees are swelling up into little yet-unseen buds at Kew just now. The gardens remain open until six o'clock instead of the wintry half past four. The British public has not yet started to roam among the woods of Kew, scattering orange peel and chocolate wrappings in its wake. Very soon it will be lilac time in Kew Gardens. You remember the old song—

"Come down to Kew in lilac time, in lilac time,
In lilac time;
Come down to Kew in lilac time,
It isn't far from London!"

A darling summons which nobody with a heart within them would disobey!

To-day the Prince of Wales holds his first levee, but I can tell you nothing about it as I shall not be there. You see, I don't get up until half past ten and the great affair takes place at eleven, so I could never manage it. You understand, don't you?

Of course, you've been reading about the Dennistoun case. We have been plunged into the thick of it these last few weeks. The affair of the murdered lady, whose remains have been exhumed at least three times for examination, has been quite over-shadowed by this new cause for gossip. Every day the queues outside the law courts are miles long, and stalwart custodians of the law keep reiterating to late comers: "No good waiting, lady, Court's full!" And yet—the faith of them?—they wait and wait from grey dawn to nightfall, and usually they go home with aching legs without having seen anything more exciting than a policeman's wrath. But I suppose they comfort themselves with the thought that at least they have had the pleasure of anticipation, and with the gory and intimate details of the case supplied by the evening newspapers.

Judges have lately been suffering from an outbreak of discretion with regard to mentioning famous names in court cases. We have already had a "Mr. A." and "General X" and a "Mr. F." Soon we shall have exhausted the whole alphabet unless this discretion disease wanes. The absurd part of it all is that the discretion is useless, as a precious name always comes out after a few hearings.

If you want to see the late King Edward as he really was, you must read Sir Sydney Lee's biography of the gentleman. I, myself, have not read it, but I should think it was fairly a innocuous recital since the King and Queen and the Prince of Wales all approve of it. That is the first volume, of course. The second is due shortly, though, as the writer says, some of the people mentioned therein are still living, and he does not wish to hurt them. Personally, I think it would be kinder to wait until they are under the soil. None of us want to be reminded, especially in black and white, of the "piccadillies" of our early youth. Ahem!

Oh, but the Prime Minister. Mr. Baldwin himself! Isn't he the fine man! Last week he made a speech which set the House on fire. "Peter Pan" politics with a vengeance. With Baldwin playing the part of "Pan," and the British public his Captain Hook. The House rose at his last words: "Give peace in our time, O Lord!" and cheered him. I know many who are still beating their heads against the dining-room table in their regret that they did not hear the speech.

A contretemps arose in the House a few nights ago when a little socialist, Kirkwood by name, was impertinent to the chairman, and insisted on interrupting speeches with derisive cries. He was told twice to sit down and be good—or the parliamentary equivalent for that injunction—but he wouldn't, so at last they suspended him. Metaphorically he has been dangling very high and dangerously ever since. Ramsay, after consultation with his confederates, got up at Kirkwood's suspension and solemnly and pompously led his party out of the house as a protest against what was to them dire injustice. Can't you see them? All a little gawky, all aggressively asserting in their very bearing, "We're as good as you!" trailing out behind Ramsay and little Kirkwood.

You who are planning to come to England this summer (which, we hope, will last longer than a week) must not neglect to visit the Riviera Club. Oh, my dears, some cer-lub! I have seen it, but not danced in it, as it is only to open this week. This is certainly chilly weather to lounge on the terrace which overlooks the Thames—the club is in Grosvenor Road, not far from Victoria Station—but the Riviera is one of the few dinner and dance clubs which have anything picturesque about them. The view over Battersea Park is delicious, and one can imagine that when the little boats go flicking their lights about the Thames on hot (?) nights the scene will be almost Venetian. Best of all, the famous Italian chef, Mariani, has been engaged to make the petit fours and titivate the lobster, so it looks as if all would be very well with the London Riviera.

Sabbath shows are the rule in London rather than the exception, and wonder of wonders, they are uncensored! Which is something to praise God for in these very regenerate days. The other night I saw "Tunnel Trench," a play which contained about twenty actors and—do not gasp! —not one actress! Truly, a phenomena in these days of feminine surplusage. All the actors and actresses in London

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take 'busmen's holidays and go to the Sunday night shows. It is the only chance the poor dears get to see any other acting but their own.

Next Sunday, Sybil Thorndike is to play Susan Glaspell's "The Verge," which is a vague play without any reason or plot. This actress is at the moment still playing "Joan" to packed houses, and putting on Euripide's "Hippolytus" at a matinee once a week. She is also studying her new part, "Judith."

Other theatrical pickings which I can set before you are "Dancing Mothers," in which Lady Forbes Robertson and her daughter, Jean, will play together next week, "Hamlet," with "John Barramoore" (as his countrymen call him) as the melancholy Dane, and Fay Compton as a very child-like "Ophelia," "The Rivals" at the Lyric, Hammersmith, where once "The Beggar's Opera" wound its fingers into the heart of London, and where it is still remembered as an incomparably wonderful production. Oh, and all sorts of new revues and leg-shows, which come and go, and leave no mark on the theatrical palate except a slight smudge of nausea at their fulsomeness and disgust at thenr appalling dancing. Really, the English choruses cry for annihilation, and a pretty quick one. They cannot sing, they cannot dance, and their sense of team-work is notable for its absence. These jaded ladies do their work with a sense of dreariness which is hard to watch. Their faces never brighten up for an instant, and one feels that the jokes of the comedian weigh heavily and sorrowfully upon their minds. They are all very emaciated, and one feels that if they were touched they would snap, and be glad of the snap, too. Oh, a dreary body of people are the English chorus girls. Of the chorus men I will not speak. You know to what heights of dreadfulness a colonial chorus man can go. It will suffice to say that an English chorus man goes a good twenty feet higher.

And while the cursing vein is upon me, let me pour out my abuse upon the people who take the music of the masters and turn it into jazz. Chopin has, perhaps, suffered most of all. The recent production of "Lilac Time" was a crime of the worst kind. In London one catches a phrase of music through the bleat and howl of saxophone and trombone. It sounds familiar, though distorted. What is it? Schubert! Mendelssohn! Wagner! It is the same everywhere. Surely the poor skeletons of these men must be gyrating terribly in their graves.

Broadcasting becomes more and more a dominating feature in the world of entertainment. All the big people are using it as a medium. I heard John Barrymore, and members of the company, giving excerpts from "Hamlet," and Henry Ainley, with the towering, lovely voice, and Cathleen Nesbitt, the actress whom Rupert Brooke loved. Tetrazzini is to sing into the instrument next week, and the week after has Paderewski booked upon its tablets. Goodly fare, but it is exasperating not to be able to SEE the performers. A wandering, bodiless voice is unsatisfying at the best of times.

The South of France has claimed many S.A. visitors. Sir Cecil and Lady Neumann are at Cannes, and Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Davis are at Monte Carlo, Lady Ludlow also left for the Riviera yesterday.

Amongst others, the "Saxon" brought to England Prof. and Mrs. H. C. Gaye and Lady F. W. Moyniham.

Lord and Lady Milner have returned from their South African tour, and Lieut.-Colonel F. D. Behrend came over in the "Sophocles." Colonel Sir P. Marling, Bart., V.C., and Lady Marling have also returned to London, and Mr. and Mrs. T. Cooper and their family came over in the "Garth Castle."

The "Balmoral Castle," which leaves Southampton on March 27th, carries southwards:—Mr. R. M. Currie, Mr. W. B. Darley, Mr. R. S. Denham, Mrs. Garlick, Mr. Lawrence, Mr. and Mrs. L. F. Lezard, Mr. P. Murray, Mr. and Mrs. A. Oedbury, Mrs. W. Rockey, Mr. C. Simonetti, Mr. E. J. Sture.

I come now to the end, not of news, but of space. As it is, I believe, the Editor will find it a very tight squash getting all this in.

I leave it to him, anyway! And to you my greetings!

P.T.

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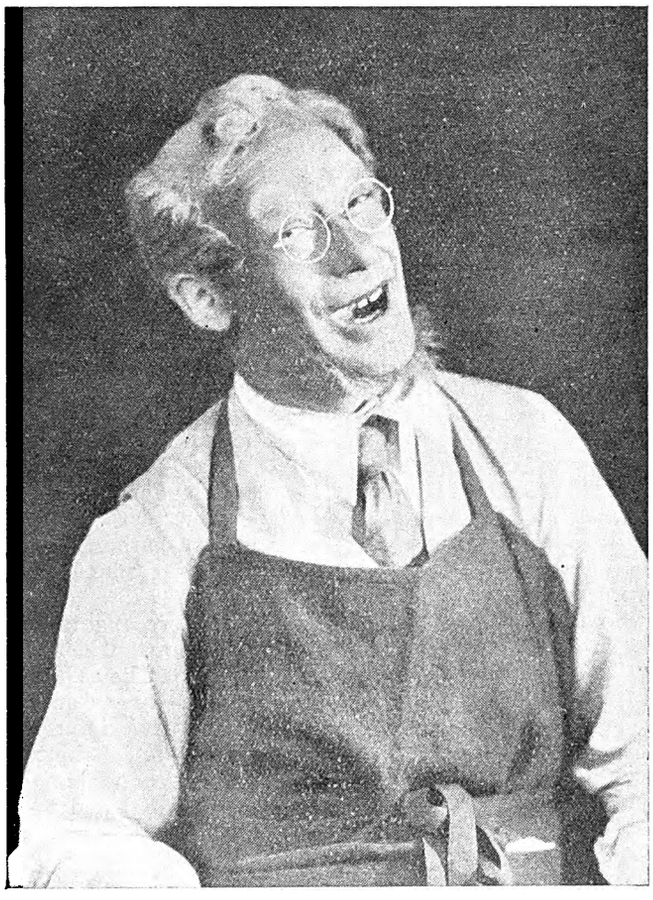
The Mask and the Man.

Two Photographs by Jane Plotz.



Mr. Leon M. Lion in "Windows" and as himself. He presents "The Chinese Puzzle" at His Majesty's Theatre, Johannesburg, next week.

Outward Bound.

The revival of "Outward Bound" at His Majesty's Theatre only served to show that Mr. Leon M. Lion's conquest of Johannesburg is complete. The play has already been seen by so many people that there would not be much purpose in talking of the play, so to the players:

I saw the production in London two or three times. On the whole the acting is far better in this company Mr. Lion has brought to South Africa. As "Scrubby," Mr. Lion gives the play a greater subtlety, and yet—that is hardly the word. One has to turn to that hackneyed word "atmosphere" to describe the quality he gives the play. It is interesting and almost overwhelming to think of the parts he has played in Johannesburg. First he was the reposeful, wise celestial in "The Chinese Puzzle." Then came his totally different character in "The Mask and the Face." From these normal human beings he became the half-real figure of "Outward Bound," and then the lavable, humorous "Joe Bly" of "Windows." A good actor is always appreciated, a good producer is always appreciated; when you strike both virtues in one man it is rather overwhelming.

Of the other performances those of Renée Kelly and Mr. Frank Freeman are outstanding. Of Miss Kelly's performance one need say little—only this: that her technique and charm caused her to present her *half way* as brilliantly as any of the other parts in which we have seen her. I have seen Mr. Frank Freeman play in many parts, one in Australia, where he was one of the most popular stars imported from England. I have seen him playing in London, and now I see him here. His repose and general knowledge of the theatre make it possible for him to play the totally unsuited part with a certain amount of distinction. Here he plays a part into which he fits like the proverbial hand into the proverbial glove. It is a distinguished performance, and neither public nor players will ask me to say more than that when I say it sincerely. Miss Margaret Damer repeats her excellent performance as Mrs. Cliveden-Banks—she peppers the serious theme of the play with many humorous moments, and Mrs. Midget, played by Miss Ethel Ramsay, is a joy. She does not caricature the part, which is so open to caricature. Mr. Jackson Wilcox is one of those actors so skilled in his craft that one would ask him to play anything from juvenile lead to an old character part and get from him a good performance. He has confidence which comes from knowledge, and he conveys that confidence to his audience. Mr. Hylton Allen has a much smaller part than he had in "Windows," but he plays it with equal distinction. One does not forget th other *half way* played by Mr. Ambrose Flower. A critic hesitates to use adjectives, because very often they are distrusted, still I am not exaggerating in saying that Mr. Flower, like the other people in the play, is an actor incapable of insincere work. Just as he lent humour to "Windows," so he lends a feeling of intensity in playing the very difficult part in "Outward Bound." Mr. Peter Baxter, as the Reverend William Duke, helps the solution of Sutton Vane's problem, and, altogether, "Outward Bound" is a distinguished production.

Next week comes "The Chinese Puzzle," in which we will see Mr. Lion as we saw him first. As the Marquis Chi Lung, he reduces the vast problems of life into short epigrammatic lines which come across the footlights, never to be forgotten. It is a joy to see these players and their plays, proving to us that the theatrical standards in this country are not behind those of the parent England.

RED DAISY TEA IS THE BEST—TRY IT.

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No Way But This.

By M. S. F.

Last night she was Camille. She died with just sufficient melodrama to please the popular-price audience of a small town. To-night she was to play Rosalind, and she was in her dressing room drinking beaten egg and doing her best with a stinted supply of make-up, a blistered mirror, and a hissing gas-jet.

Dorothy Lester was an actress. She played the parts with a monotony that made her Rosalind and her Desdemona almost the same. But she had a good memory and a strong constitution, and the stock company with which she toured demanded these things above art.

She could play Lady Isabel in "East Lynne," Ophelia, Camille and Desdemona to order, and, with very slight adjustments to her wardrobe, she could run on at the last minute and play Trilby. She was married to Rupert Lester, who was billed as leading man with the "London Dramatic Players."

She was a sadly pretty woman. Her eyes were big and unhappy, and her laugh sounded like the snapping of sticks. She had grown coarse, her neck was heavy, and the grain of her skin was obvious. Her hair was deep black, and—to quote a greater star—she looked as if "she changed her lovers too often, and her clothing not often enough."

Rupert Lester loved her passionately and peculiarly—not for herself, but because of a wonderful year when she had nursed their baby . . . until it died of pneumonia and was buried in some paltry little country cemetery. Rupert never blamed her for the death of the child. He was grateful for even the year that it lived, and although Dorothy had never been brave enough to face a second similar experience, he was loyal to her. She was an enormous help to him in his work, and a considerate friend in those trying hours when they travelled from town to town, or "put up" at silly little country hotels, where the only life was found in bedroom insects, and the only happiness when you stepped on the train to shake the small-town dust from your heels.

Dorothy closed the door of the little dressing-room and went into the wings.

There was a poor house. It was a smudgy country hall, and big-booted farmers scraped their feet on the floor and watched the adventure of the play with dull interest. The applause was thin, and the hastily-prepared scenery was more depressing than the gloomy shadows of the stage itself. Dorothy went through the play as one in a dream.

"Dot's pretty sleepy on it to-night," the manager complained.

"She's tired after her travelling. It's a lot to ask a girl to do," Rupert replied.

The play ended, the half-hearted audience paid half-hearted applause, and then the players hastily undressed, bringing their pathetic little bundles of clothes up to the wardrobe man, who piled them all in one great basket.

Rupert waited for half an hour . . . smoking a cigarette behind the stage and talking to the fireman.

Dorothy was a long time. She usually dressed quickly, and looked it.

He found her dressing-room—knocked—and went in.

She had gone. The gas jet still hissed and sent elongated fantastic figures of shadow dancing upon the opposite wall. The posters of yesterday and the signatures of a hundred other "artists" draped the wall with interest. A dirty wash-basin, a dripping tap, a grimy strip of cretonne suspended from a string looked neither ornamental nor useful.

But Rupert Lester had even slept in such dressing-rooms when an angry hotelkeeper grew impatient about unpaid bills, and he didn't care twopence about the squalor.

Standing against an old stage-white bottle was a note. He opened it.

Dear old Pal,

I know I am a swine to do it, but I've cleared with Roxley. I don't forget all your kindness, and I hope you won't hate me for it. I want him and he wants me, and that's all there is to it. Please forgive me.

DOT.

He went back to the hotel, drank eleven whiskies, talked genially with the doped company in the little room behind the bar, and then went to bed.

Next day he told the company that his wife had gone away on business, and that Roxley had also left the company over night. Everybody saw through the lie, and nobody had the poor taste to say so. Thus the company was reorganised, a new Camille-Lady Isabel-Desdemona was found, and Rupert Lester continued to succeed and gradually to forget.

"The London Dramatic Players" suffered alternate successes and bankruptcies for three or four years, and then, one splendid April morning, the company gathered at the theatre in a smal town and found that the manager had flown.

So they staged "East Lynne" for two nights, drew good houses and financed their own departure. The staging of "East Lynne" was rather difficult. They had no script for the play, so, while the stage manager and two members of the company wrote a fairly true impromptu dialogue of the moth-eaten story, the others billed the town, enlisted a "little Willie" from the local school, bought a pair of shilling smoked glasses for Lady Isabel and waited for success.

It came.

"East Lynne" has never forsaken a bankrupt company. It is the insurance policy of travelling players.

So they travelled to the netx town, set within sight of the open sea. There a theatre was engaged and the company decided to open with "Othello."

In the morning, before rehearsal, Desdemona was knocked unconscious by some falling scenery, and, unless a substitute could be found in the town, the company was faced with playing one character short.

While Rupert Lester coaxed dilapidated scenery into standing position with hammer, string and nails, the manager scoured the town to find anybody who knew anything of Shakespeare. It was hopeless.

The accident brought reporters around to the theatre, and a paragraph in the evening papers, threatening the possibility of a Desdemona-less "Othello," brought forth three applications from aspiring actresses.

Only one was possible. She was old and shabby, but she possessed the "touch" that impressed the manager, and she was engaged, aspecially as she knew the part, to play Desdemona as best she could, for one pound five shillings; clothes thrown in.

"The London Dramatic Players" had no specially high theatrical ideals. They had more eye for the box office than for traditions of production, and "Othello" in their hands was very much like a flower in the hands of a destructive schoolboy. They cut out, added, modified and tinkered with "Othello" until nothing but the murder, the suicide and the scream was recognised.

So Dorothy Lester went on to play her part after a hasty rehearsal with the stage manager. When Rupert saw her, he was not deceived by the unkindly tricks of time. He saw the pale, expressionless face he had known in those yesterdays, and in that day of days when he had driven with her in a little black cab to stand beside a grave in the pouring rain and hear some vague prayer mumbled by a sombre priest.

Then a call came and they parted.

"What have you come back for? What do you want? . . . . . butting into my life . . . . . do you think you're going to mess things up again for me?"

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'Oh! . . . . . my coming is nothing to do with you . . . . . I wanted the money . . . . . that's all."

"Is that swine still with you?"

"No," she answered "There have been others since then."

"My heaven! . . . . . you don't mean that you've gone? . . . . ."

"I say nothing," she replied.

Rupert found her in the wings.

The first scene ended. Iago and Othello were to make their entrance, and Rupert Lester, doing his best to look as if he owned his ill-fitting clothes, strode on to the stage.

There was a good house. He could see the misty curtain of people in the gallery . . . . the vague lake of upturned faces in the stalls. And while he opened his speech with Iago, he realised how awkward—how uncomfortable it all was. She had spoken to him as if he were a stranger His child had fingered her hair and grown warm against her heart . . . . his child . . . . and she ignored him . . . . didn't even explain or make some pretence at regret.

And yet . . . . perhaps he should forgive her! . . . . why should he forgive her? She had allowed the only thing he loved to die. Then she had died herself . . . . as far as he was concerned All these years he had stumbled along, acting—on the stage and off. Everybody in the company knew she had cleared with Roxley, but those few of the old crowd who remained never referred to it—never let him see they knew.

The third scene came. Desdemona entered. She looked pale—unhappy, but her unhappiness was sullen and cruel. . . . . He could see that. She spoke her lines as if she were very tired, and the prompter was always helping her. But she had enough wit to bluff when her memory failed and the cheap little betrayal of the play somehow satisfied the agricultural minds of the people who watched it.

The second act passed and then the third.

His conversation with her seemed unreal. He was talking to her over the gap of years. He was imagining the conversation—the beauty of the lines he loved—the lines that were as much to her as the tawdry dialogue of any cheaper play.

The fourth act came and then the fifth, and the play became his play. He was the avenger—not the Moor. Othello was Rupert Lester.

Vaguely he realised the meaning of the words. He could hear her as he bent over her.

"*Kill me to-morrow; let me live to-night.*"

And then, as if it were his own answer and not the answer of the play, he answered:

"*Nay, if you strive . . . . . It is too late.*"

And the cushions beneath his hands were forced hard upon her face. The theatre thrilled at her scream. It ripped the air . . . . it was agony . . . . the scream of a woman keeping her tryst with death.

Rupert went on with his part . . . . he faced Emilia, the others, and remembered every word of his lines. And then came the end.

"*Of one, not easily jealous, but, being wrought . . . .*"

Othello walked across the stage. Her scream was still ringing around him, like the scream of a bird. It circled . . . . it flew in closer . . . . it touched him.

The last line came.

He turned round . . . . to the high-posted bed with its tawdry hangings. She seemed so still . . . . there with the cushions over her unhappy face.

And he almost whispered the last words as he drew his dagger from his belt.

"*I kissed thee, ere I killed thee.*
No way but this—
Killing myself, to die upon a kiss."

He fell across the bed and the tragedy ended. The curtain rushed down. The people hurried into the wet and silent streets.

. . . . . .

The workmen rushed on to clear the stage. But Othello did not move. When they lifted him, he fell to the floor. Desdemona's hands were wet with blood . . . . her eyes were open, and her jaw hung—limply—hideous. And when Iago bent over her, her heart was still and her hands were cold and wet with the moistures of death.

Round the Bioscopes.

Bijou.

Almost the most popular of Rex Beach's stirring stories is *The Ne'er-Do-Well*, and I have no doubt that the film which has been made from it will be equally popular, if not more so, for it has the advantage that the exciting action of the book is in it, and that the film is able to show the setting of the story in its beautiful setting: among the palms and the mystery of Panama, where go the shakings and the combings of the world, and from where, sometimes, a man returns regenerated and determined for a new life. *The Ne'er-Do-Well*, at the Bijou during the whole of next week, tells the story of a man who wasted his life among the bright lights of Broadway, and had to fly to Panama for refuge from the Law. A wealthy woman on the boat befriends him, and then falls in love with him. She is married . . . he does not love her . . . he loves a blossom of the tropical sea, a beautiful Spanish girl. . . .

Thomas Meighan has done no better work than in this portrayal of a man through his fall and his regeneration where the haunting romance of the tropic sea clings about white-walled Panama.

Orpheum.

The management of the Orpheum have secured such a special picture for next week that they are altering their usual policy of changing the chief film during the second half, and they are showing *Hold Your Man* during the whole of the week. It is a powerful drama of life in the Wild North-West, featuring that wonder-dog, Rin-Tin-Tin. An American paper says of this picture that "it has a heart-wallop in every scene." I think that this picturesque phrase describes the film better than any words of mine can. Excitement and thrills run through the whole story in rapid succession, and strongly dramatic situations abound. Rin-Tin-Tin is a dog able to do anything a dog can do, and a few things beside. He does them all in this film, and audiences will be delighted with the picture, in which June Marlowe, the girl with the soulful eyes, is one of the star cast.

Iris and Phyllis are a delightful pair of perky comediennes, and, with J. J. Collins, they are providing vaudeville during the week.

Carlton.

In *The Heart Bandit* at the Carlton during the first half of the week, which commences on April 13th, we are told the story of a good bad girl, one of the shrewdest crooks of the underworld of New York, whose innocent eyes made her break hearts while she was breaking the law. Viola Dana takes the part of Molly O'Hara, the Heart Bandit, in this exciting, amusing, colourful film. During the second half of the week we are to see a picture with a cheerful optimistic note about it—we need it after the rain! *The Custard Cup* is a tenement building in *Custard Court*, and never did a more interesting group of families live in one building. Mary Carr takes the part of *Penzie*, a motherly, cheery woman, who brightens the road of life with her happy smile, never believing ill of anyone. A feature of this "laughter-film" is a sensational fire on board an excursion boat with three hundred passengers on board, all of whom have to jump into the sea. *Fantan.*

Paint and the Woman.

Capetown is being brightened up, like every other town in the Union I suppose, for the visit of the Prince of Wales. Cleaners are swaying on dizzy cradles on the face of the *Argus* building in St. George's Street, and painters are brushing up Adderley Street.

But the process of brightening Capetown has not been without its darker side. The other day a careless painter, high above the streeet, kicked over a pot of paint. . . .

The woman who was passing underneath has, I believe, done very well out of the company whose premises were being painted. *The Gossip.*

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This from London.

Another South African who is making great progress in the musical world in London is Miss Cecilia Wessels. She is the daughter of the late Sir Cornelius Wessels, who was Administrator of the Orange Free State, where Miss Wessels was born. She seems somehow to have caught some of the sunshine of her own country into her voice and her temperament. Even as a small child she sang through her days, and it was inevitable that she should choose a musical career.

Nature has not only endowed Miss Wessels with a beautiful mezzo soprano voice of rare quality, but has bestowed upon her the physique and vigour necessary for those who choose the arduous task of trying to climb the ladder of fame.

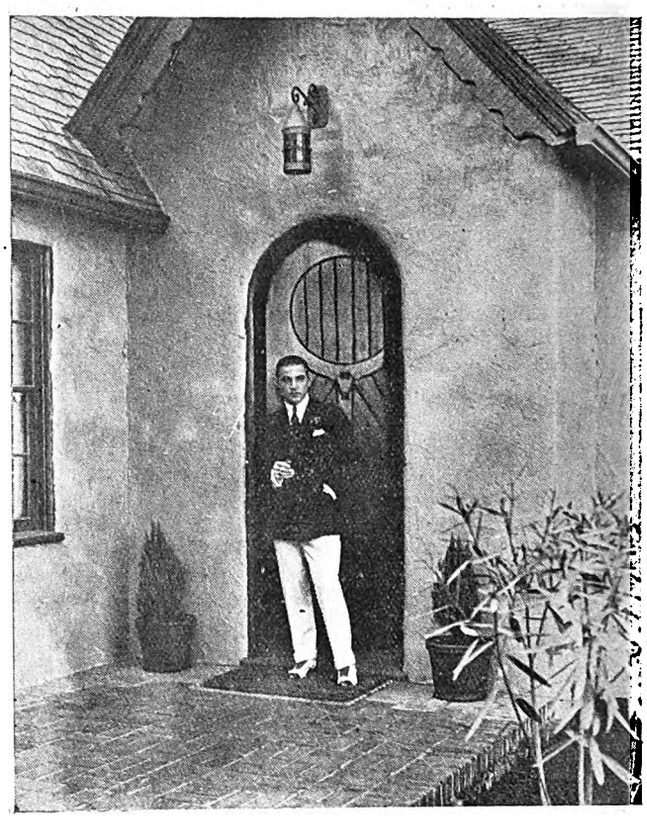
During her time in London she concentrated all her activities to the study of Grand Opera, and in September, 1923, had an offer from the "Old Vic." She felt competent to undertake one of the principal parts in each of these three operas, "Carmen," "Il Trovatore" and "Tannhauser." In these she acquitted herself so well and acquired such great favour with her audiences that she received the tribute of an offer to play Venus in "Tannhauser" in March of the same year.

Her first appearance in London was at the Palladium, under the auspices of the National Sunday League, in September, 1923. She made good right away and, following that, appeared at several other concerts at the Alhambra, Alexandra Palace, the Palladium again, and several banquets at the Savoy and Hotel Cecil.

Since she returned to the City of Fogs, Miss Wessels has been studying with the well-known singer and teacher, Mr. Frederick King, and with M. Muehlen, the former for production, and the latter for interpretation. Both masters profess themselves delighted with her voice and her way of singing, and predict a brilliant future for her.

She has also been singing at Portsmouth, Manchester and other provincial towns. The broadcasting instrument has recorded her voice in a programme which included many famous singers.

A suggestion from Revilles.



A photograph of Rudolph Valentino in front of his bungalow in Hollywood.

Lately Miss Wessels has been singing with great success at the Stoll Picture Theatre. Her voice has an extraordinary wide range, and the singer has perfect control over it.

Miss Wessels is looking forwarl to singing at the Chappell concertas at the Queen's Hall in May. She is off to Torquay for a few weeks' holiday in the Spring, but when she returns she will settle down to hard study for her recital, which will take place in October of this year.

Next Week's Theatre Calls.

WEEK COMMENCING MONDAY, 13th APRIL.

Tivoli, Capetown.—(Opening Wednesday, 15th April.) Maidie Scott, Irene Forde, Grant and Faber, Rupert Hazell, Keeley and Aldous, Marie Lawton, Astor and Astoria.
His Majesty's, Johannesburg.—Leon M. Lion-Renee Kelly and Full London Company in "The Chinese Puzzle."
Empire, Johannesburg.—Bert Errol, Barker and Wynne, Jess and Tony, Nick Morton, The Van Delfts, Dio Pia, Van Cello and Mary, Frank Fay and Dixie Lady.
Standard, Johannesburg.—"Cinderella" Pantomime (return visit).
Orpheum, Johannesburg.—J. J. Collins, Iris and Phyllis.
Grand, Pretoria.—The Calno Trio.
Criterion, Benoni.—The Pall Malls, Bradley and Hamilton.
Rinko, Maritzburg.—Jay Whidden.
Criterion, Durban.—Harrisa Bros., Aubrey and Hart, Fred Russell.
Vaudette, Krugersdorp.—(Mon., Tues. and Wed.) The Pantons, Gould and Gordon.
Apollo, Germiston.—(Thurs., Fri. and Sat.) The Pantons, Gould and Gordon.
Grand, Port Elizabeth.—Iris Hoey and her Company in "Clothes and the Woman," to be followed by "The Pelican" and "The Man from Toronto."

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Cosmos in the Tea-Rooms.

Last week I wrote about the loveliness of the waving fields of cosmos strewn about the veld along the Pretoria Road. This week I am writing about the loveliness of the cosmos in one of Johannesburg's tea-rooms. As one entered the walls seemed to have vanished beneath a flood of white and delicate blooms. Everywhere cosmos, masses of cosmos, vases, jugs and basins filled with the tall, waving stems and flowers. The staircase was almost buried under them, and, reflected from mirrors, each wall seemed part of a palace of the flower-god.

Contrary to the usual idea, the manageress told me that they did not cause hay-fever among her customers, and I certainly felt no ill effects after I left.

"We use cosmos to produce this effect every year during the season," she said, "for the flowers have two great merits for use in masses in tea-rooms: they are very cheap, costing no more than the expense of bringing them to town from the veld, and the time they last in water —three or four days—is just right for us, since after that we should have in any case to change our flowers, or customers would grow a little weary of the same sort of decoration."

I do not think I should weary of them. I shall certainly never forget the beauty of them there. *K.D.*

Piccanin Goes Home.

Many Johannesburg homes have been unexpectedly bereft of their houseboys this week, and in many suburban homes weepings and gnashings of teeth have been heard because of uncleaned boots and the absence of the early morning "Coffee, baas!"

All the Mafeking piccanins under twenty-two years old have been called home by their chiefs to attend an initiation school, and to be turned by their tribal doctors into "men." The order for the boys to return home for initiation came on Friday afternoon, and apparently every Mafeking piccanin in Johannesburg knew that he must trek kraal-toe by the next morning.

The law provides that the boys can be jailed for leaving their mistresses without giving a month's notice, but this seems to be not the slightest deterrent, and each and every one of them will be away by Tuesday morning. Only the locked door of a cell will prevent their going, for the call of the chief is too strong and it must be obeyed. Suburbia may sigh for its lost houseboys, but all it can do is to get older ones, or boys from another tribe.

Before the coming of the white man and the consequent disorganisation of tribal custom and laws, initiation took place between the ages of twelve and fourteen, but there has been no "school" for a dozen years or more in the district, and so this year it will include boys of up to double these ages.

The boys themselves are joyful and elated at the prospect of becoming "men" as soon as the ceremonies conclude (they take about three months nowadays—in the past they often lasted half-a-year), and with eager excited faces they are preparing to leave their masters and mistresses, to leave trams and motor-cars, towns and civilisation. Back to the kraals of their fathers they are going, to the curious and painful ceremonies of the initiation school, to the customs of savagery and the old-time. The laws and tradition of their ancestors and the customs of their race are on them. Their instincts are surging, and they must go. *R.S.*

At His Majesty's, Johannesburg.

The Chinese Puzzle.

Leon M. Lion, Renee Kelly.

A Leon M. Lion Production.

Vaudeville and Film.

Bert Errol, at the Empire, Johannesburg.

Rin-Tin-Tin, the famous dog actor in "Find Your Man," at the Orpheum, Johannesburg, on Monday next.

London Notes.

Mrs. H. Strydom, of Nylstroom (who was Marguerite van Hulsteyn), has arrived in London, having received an offer from Mr. Basil Dean to take part in one of his new plays in the summer.

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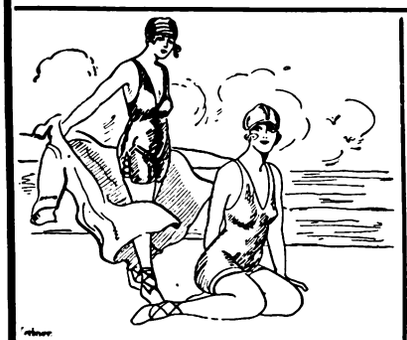

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The Staff of The Prince of Wales.

The Prince of Wales' staff for his forthcoming South African tour has been chosen from the members of his English household which resides at St. James Palace.

Chief among the chosen is Sir Lionel Halsey, G.C.V.O., K.C.M.G., K.C.I.E., C.B., who is Comptroller of the Palace Staff, and who accompanied the Prince on his Australasian tour some years ago, where the Admiral was almost as popular as the Prince himself.

South Africa will have a special interest for Sir Lionel Halsey, as he served in the Boer war and was in command of a battery at Cove Hill redoubt during the famous siege of Ladysmith.

The Prince's secretary also goes with him. He is Sir Godfrey Thomas, Bart., of Wenvoe. Sir Godfrey Thomas, who was educated at the famous old public school, Harrow, was attaché to the diplomatic service in 1913-14 and saw service in France. It was not until 1921 that he attained his present position as secretary to the Prince of Wales, which position he has retained ever since that year.

Captain Dudley North, C.M.G., C.V.O., is equerry to the Prince. He also served in the great war during the years from 1914 to 1919. He commanded the H.M.S. *New Zealand* at the battles of Jutland and of Heligoland Bight, and also commanded H.M.S. *Caledon* in 1922, and in 1924 his ship was the H.M.S. *Southampton*. He received the Croix de Guerre during the war. He has accompanied the Prince of Wales on most of his trips, notably to Australasia, India, and on his recent private voyages to Canada.

The equerries in waiting to the Prince are Major the Hon. Piers Legh, O.B.E., who has been equerry from 1919 and was created Major in the Grenadier Guards in 1923; Lieut. W. D. C. Greenacre, a more recent recruit to the Prince's staff, and Surgeon Lieutenant Commander H. E. Y. White. *P.T.*

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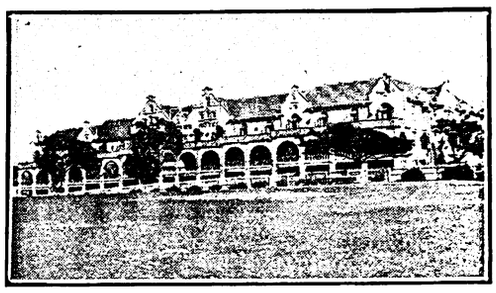

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Thistledown and Thunder.

A Higgledy-Piggledy Diary.

By Hector Bolitho.

The writer has come to the age when memory is failing him, and he rescues incidents and impressions from the passing torrent before it is too late.

This series of articles, which may continue for far longer than either you or he may wish, is an effort to set down all the things he hadn't the time or the courage to write in the years the locusts have eaten; in New Zealand, Fiji, Samoa, Tonga, Australia, Italy, France, the parent England . . . and now Africa.

September, 1923.

To-day I went to a concert at the Long Bay prison. There was a rattle of keys and locks before the great gate opened to let the concert party in. Even when it closed behind them there was still a cruel steel cage, through which you peered into the city of punishment. But it is punishment in name only. Thought is the only demon that haunts the shadowy cells. Gaol is more beautiful when seen from the inside. The gardens help to soften the grim lines of stone and steel.

Lines of men marched in the distance. There were old men, with the marks of age and bitterness on their faces. There were stripling lads with the swing of eighteen in their gait.

Then came a walk around the foot of the building, a narrow corridor, and, at last, the chapel. The saints were covered with white linen and the altar was curtained off.

The chapel—doing duty as a hall—is cleverly designed to allow the men to sit on the ground floor and the women upstairs. Both can see the speaker or performer. But neither audience can see the other.

The prisoners filed in. The immediate effect on seeing the lines of pallid faces is depressing and terrible. All the prison reforms and good intentions in the world do not move that strained, tragic expression of men who have peered into hell.

Then the concert. The singers had unselfishly given their afternoon to the prisoners. There was more heart than art in their work, but it was appreciated immensely, especially when a tiny girl stood up and sang. Then the men applauded and applauded again.

Upstairs the women sat. There were girls and old, old women, who seemed to leer at you from another world. They did not smile. They did not move. They did not speak.

And there was a baby up there, for mothers may bring their infants with them to share their tragedy. What soil from which to let the little blossom draw strength and colour!

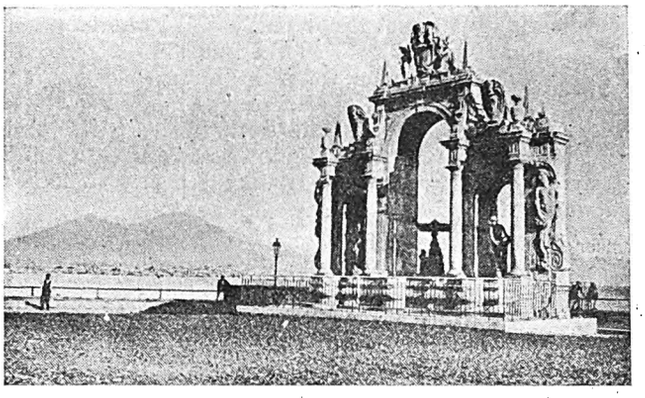
The men listened to the singing with their eyes full of eager interest. The afternoon sun came in through the windows. The piano tinkled and the singers added their portion, and if it were not for the blue clothes, the unshaven faces and the hideous numbered tunic, you could have forgotten that it was gaol and that these were men locked away from the civilisation whose laws they had violated.

The concert ended in the late afternoon. "The King" was sung; the singers were thanked, and the blue uniform figures filed out of the chapel. Their little holiday was ended. The concert was ended.

They filed out of the chapel, and each man crossed the courtyard and went to his allotted cell. But they are not terrible cells! They are not cruelly bare. But they are cells!

November 10, 1923.

Naples. . . A little wonderful; a little disappointing. It looks dead. The deliberate curve of the bay, Vesuvius, the water itself—these are beautiful. But Capri is the most beautiful of all.



Santa Lucia, Napoli.

This is Sunday, and we are invited to see the parade of soldiers outside the Palace. It is the King's birthday. It was all very gay; all very wonderful. Naples was not dead. Naples was everything but dead. Before we go to the parade, we suddenly make up our minds to leave the ship here and travel overland to Paris and then to London. "It will all be rather amusing because we haven't much money," I wrote at the time. It *was* amusing.

November 10—*Evening*.

A wet night!

Beggars paddled in the pools outside the theatre. One little boy kissed my hand, turned a somersault on the wet pavement, kissed my hand again, and asked me for a lira.

We paid our money—four shillings for a box in which four of us sat comfortably.

The theatre was small—all the upper walls were covered with strange little boxes—forty-two of them. Downstairs, the people sat as in most stalls, and when I counted them and engaged in fine mathematics on the back of my programme, I found that there was about twenty-eight pounds in the house—and it was crowded. There were twenty-seven people in the personaggi. So the Neapolitans must be working for Art's sake.

It was very dingy and undecorative. There was to be a drama—*Assunta Spina*—and a commedia musicale—*Chi me presta una Moglie?* It was very strange and very smelly.

The curtain went up, and a dreadful scene was exposed—a scene of violent pillars, violent people in still more violent clothes. The character actors were dressed and made up to the point of buffoonery, and whenever an actor pleased the audience and somebody applauded him, he stepped forward, bowed, and then stepped back into the character again. This rather friendly performance interrupted the most tragic scene in the play—when the murdered man fell to the ground and the heroine tore her hair. She stopped tearing to bow, and then went on when the applause had subsided.

The old-fashioned prompt-box, covered with a tablecloth, stood obviously in the centre of the stage, and we could hear the prompter far more clearly than some of the players. Even in this little theatre, with its faded curtains and twenty-eight pounds for twenty-seven artists, the music was good. The Star, Signora T. Castigliana, surprised me. I had expected these temperamental Italians to rant and rave and make the most of a murder. But in these scenes least of all Signora Castigliana gesticulated or over-acted. In normal conversation she threw her arms about over much, but, in the tragic moment, she played with her hands in the pocket of her apron with a restraint that stamped her as an artist. It seemed that these Neapolitans would make melodrama out of an introduction on the stage and accept a murder as a trivial incident in the progress of the story.

Signor Parravicino was the juvenile—but all the men looked as if they were wearing their everyday clothes, and it was difficult to realise that they were actors. The "straight" characters wore very little make-up and the "character" men wore false noses and low-comedy clothes. The contrast was unreal.

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"Assunta Spina" had a Grand Guignol air about it. The theatre itself suggested our own foreign quarter, and as I looked down from my coop, I realised that it could have been Soho, with its strange yet pleasant smell of spaghetti, garlic and people. But Naples, outside, could never be anything but Naples—with its dusty palace, its streets festooned with washing, its beggars, its colour, and its delicate mirage of Capri floating in unreal beauty out in the placid water of the bay.

November 11.

It is Monday, and this afternoon we leave for Paris. Oh, la la! Can you imagine what fun it is for me, accustomed to all those shining new lands where everything is new and nothing is old? This last morning in Naples! Such a mad, funny morning! I bought this and that, and finally, after my travelling rug had been stolen from my arm, and after the important Customs official had taken off all his gold braid and consented to be a mere porter for a mere bribe, we found ourselves on the train. B— was enjoying it all immensely. A silent Italian sat next to us—he was eating immense buns dusted with icing sugar. He broke one solemnly in halves, handed them to us, and then went on eating. But he did not speak one solitary word.

Those little golden valleys to the north of Naples!

Mon Dieu! They were laden with golden leaves, and, between the trees, hammocks of vine leaves were stretched, golden, red and purple.

There was a long, fragrant night, a string of little towns, houses against the train almost, with golden melons and red melons hanging like moons over the doors and beside the windows.

There were tunnels and there was Genoa. It was of Genoa I had dreamed. We had already swept through Rome, with just an hour to scamper down the street and not care a damn for all those Caesars. We just sat in a shop, laughed at the spaghetti from which one could have knitted a jumper more comfortably than a meal, bought a marvellous cake-pie-tart from a cosy little shop. The cake-pie-tart was yellow and green and red and it looked like a Brangwyn conception of the Crucifixion.

Genoa came in the morning, just a little veiled Genoa for an hour before she was properly up. She was so misty and strange and vague that I just sat in the train and looked at her, and she looked at me and I said, "Well, I've dreamed of you and hungered for you, and now here you are. And you've got a railway station and chimneys and ugly men and public urinals just the same as any other place. I don't believe in you." She shuddered behind her grey veil at that, and answered: "You've come at a very bad time; besides you can't expect to know me in an hour sitting in a smutty train. Come again in the summer, and I'll tear away the strings of my blouse and I'll loosen the knots that bind my hair, and I'll kick off my shoes, and I'll be Genoa for you, so completely, if you'll only come back and stay and be tender to me." So I have a tryst with Genoa. She made it with me on that silver dawn when she looked at me through her grey morning veil with tears in her eyes and globes of platinum-white dew upon her pale hands. I have a tryst with Genoa.

November 15.

Who could write anything out of such a muddle? Our first taste of France, early in the morning, very much like the valleys to the north of Naples, but, if it is possible to

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use the word in describing landscape, I think France is more epigrammatic than Italy. Then, heaped on to that, one wet, rushed hour of Paris. Like Genoa, she was damp and surprised in her morning clothes. We just rushed across her in a comical taxi—such a trundling, gimcrack taxi—and then, when we'd eaten rolls and drunk the most wonderful coffee in the world, we rushed on to a train, rushed to the coast, crossed the channel, saw the inevitable white cliffs, landed, boarded another train, sped across English meadows as English as I had expected, as English as all the etchings and calendars would have us believe. Then London and A . . . .

That sounds jumbled. It was.

And the A . . . . I knew in New Zealand! What *had* London and Paris done to him? He was so much of them tht he could have been their symbol. His hat was broad-brimmed, he lived in Cheyne Walk in Chelsea, in King Henry VIII.'s barn, which he had converted into an artistic, uncomfortable house. He knew Bernard Shaw to nod to, and casually telephoned Chesterton. He was surrounded by vorticist artists and knew where to eat. We skimmed off to Chelsea to his house, and then went out to tea at the Blue Cockatoo. Here, brass candlesticks, shining mahogany tables, hot scones, tea, honey, and the aristocratic beauty of the Thames with barges on her bosom, and all carefully shielded by a veil of mist.

At night, the Café Royal, the most wonderful dinner, the most wonderful wine. And here the solemn little barbarian from the Antipodes sits and eats among the brilliant—why (so A . . . . tells me) there is Epstein himself sitting with his model, Dolores!

But, of all London on this first day, I love the lights in Piccadilly best. The advertisements, with trains, dogs with wagging tails, the ever-changing carnival of lights—and my love remained my greatest love until the end. I think the illuminated advertisements in Piccadilly one of the most beautiful things in the world.

November 25.

So I am in my flat at last! With sealing-wax red tables, blue, deep blue, everywhere, my fires, and those terrifying London fogs outside. But the muffin man comes out of the fog, his bell dances in the air, windows are thrown open, you call out to him, and then there is tea in front of the fire, with those perfect crumpets scrunching with hot butter just as they always do in the best short stories.

November 28.

Fleet Street! So disappointing in itself, so wonderful because of its people. There are no terrifying ogres, and success is easy. You just send in your little manuscripts, and behold! cheques come back. And then they come so punctually! Here, within a week, I am on the leader page of the *Daily Mail*, signed and set, and I have seven little news things in the ordinary columns. Mr. Lewis Rose Macleod, the literary editor of *The Mail* (now editor of the *Rand Daily Mail*), is a New Zealander. I went to lunch with him at the Savage Club to-day. He makes me feel very brave and confident.

Chelsea, December 18, 1923.

So I am here, with a real coal fire glowing in the grate, a real Cockney maid who thinks I am eccentric because I have a bath every day, a real London policeman walking pompously up and down outside, and I am living in Chelsea with the mystic Thames not so very far from here, Miss Marie Ney living in a flat a hundred yards away (she is playing with Marie Tempest at present), and Mr. Elioth Gruner painting and living so near that I may see the smoke from his chimney, blue and beautiful above a warm, red brick chimney.

Port Said would ruin you in two days. Naples steals your travelling rugs and smells so terribly that you hold a camphor ball to your nose while you walk.

Rome gives you indigestion with its colourful cakes, and Paris is so rude that you are happy to be on the Channel steamer. Then you come to London, where the people are so chivalrous that it is a pleasure to be kicked on the shins by them—their apologies are so graceful.

Fleet Street.

Piccadilly.

I haven't seen a fog yet, and I haven't seen Buckingham Palace. But I have seen Nelson's Monument from the best angle.

It's great fun living at Chelsea. Whistler's green door is still smiling on the Embankment, and you can "knock your pipe" on Turner's gate in the most casual way. Then you can eat at the Blue Cockatoo.

December 19.

To-night I saw my first London theatre. I was keenly disappointed. I went to see Mr. George Grossmith and Mr. Leslie Henson in "The Beauty Prize." Miss Dorothy Dickson was away, and a charming and non-committal understudy took her place. Only the frocks and the orchestra were better than the average Australian musical comedy production. Th orchestra was better only because it was larger. The frocks were exquisite—the best I have ever seen. The chorus—the drilling was terrible, the steps old, and the girls were lazy and consistently out of step. But they looked well. The grouping was also very old and, after the choruses of "Sally," I was keenly disappointed.

I should like to see an Australian chorus brought to London. It took an Australian manager to surprise London some years ago by bringing an entire chorus from America. This was Mr. George Musgrove, who staggered theatrical London when he transhipped the whole show for "The Belle of New York" across the Atlantic. The theatre magnates came to see it fail on the first night and had to sit back for the next few hundred nights and watch him make thirty thousand pounds out of it. Perhaps the Dominions do know something about the theatre after all!

Since I wrote the first part of this, I have been out to lunch—just a few hundred yards past Leigh Hunt's house and near enough to see the house where Mrs. Gaskell was born, and then into the Blue Cockatoo—three courses on polished mahogany tables, with old china, shining brass, coal fire and real cream on real apple pie—all for two shillings. And on the way back I strayed into the Chelsea bookshop where the owner has the very last lines Stevenson ever wrote—in

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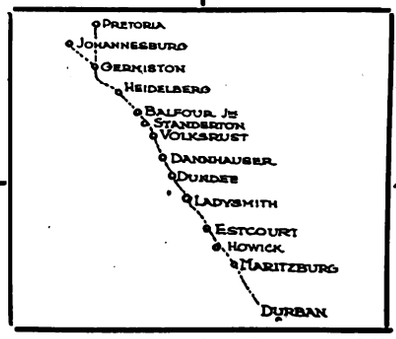

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bed at Vailima. They are some notes about planting some buffalo grass, and were made on a little slip of paper over his bed.

December 20.

This morning I saw Mr. Massey and Mr. Bruce outside the Hotel Cecil. Most of the important people seem to stray into its sacred portals. This glimpse of great politicians marked my first week in London. And, by the way, I saw Mrs. Lloyd George at her window in the charming house where the great man lives in Cheyne Walk. She was knitting at the window (God save her from dropped stitches!). What a day of notabilities it has been! I was along Adelphi Terrace, when I saw, in utmost simplicity, the names "Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Shaw."

I was thrilled.

A window went up. Perhaps he was going to throw out an epigram.

No!

Then I went in to see my friend who lives in the same building. Up the stairs was a grand barricade of metal gate and terrible spikes. It is thus that G.B.S. evades interviewers. I have never seen anything quite so barbaric as the gate and spikes.

I waited for twenty minutes, and I was rewarded.

A kindly-looking man, tall, with a sway in his walk, came down the stairs. His hair and beard were very white. But he looked very kind—the type of man who'd pick a banana peeling off the pavement and place it carefully in a garbage box.

And I had expected a tyrant, fuming, with fire coming out of his nostrils.

He came down, I shivered and slunk into a corner.

Then he passed me and he turned, bowed, smiled, bowed again and went out.

How quickly he has heard of my arrival in London!

But he didn't have the courage to speak.

Sir James Barrie lives just across the street from Mr. Shaw. I am sure they mutually lean out of their mutual windows each morning and tell each other of the bright ideas they've had in their baths.

This is a district of notables, but I feel that Mr. Bruce, Mr. Shaw and Mrs. Lloyd George are quite enough for one day.

To-night, at the home of Mr. C. H. Chomley, I met Mr. Harry Tighe, an Australian writer who is less Australian than anybody I have ever known. His novels are not merely those "robust" tales usually produced by Australian writers, and his books are as likeable as he is himself. On the same day—it has been a day of novelists—I met Winifred James at the Lyceum Club. I was lunching with Miss Sternberg and was introduced to Winifred James. I have never forgotten "Bachelor Betty," Actually, I think it is the best novel written by an Australian born. For Winifred James *is* an Australian born—a fact we must remember, being loyal Southerners.

To-day I met Mr. Garvin, editor of *The Sunday Observer*. He remembered my journeys into the limelight over the Keats portrait. He has accepted an article of mine on the Shakespeare Folios in Australasia for the *Observer*. Although it is merely a journalistic article, I am very pleased, for—well—it is the *Observer*. He was very quiet, very kind, and very English, and he promised to place me on the list of reviewers to do any books about the Antipodes.

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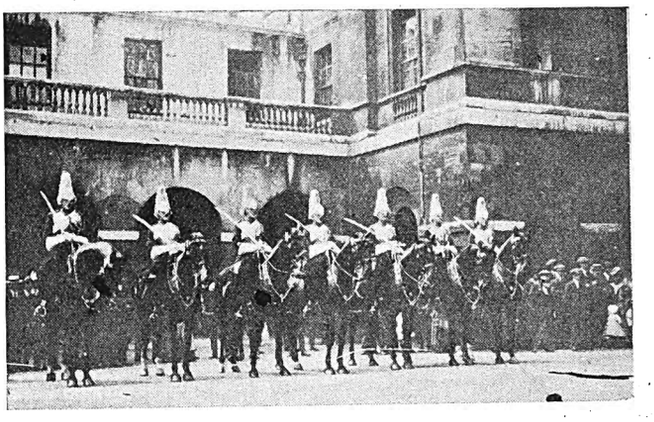

Changing Guard at Whitehall.

I met Major Frank Fox, also. He is an Australian born and was once a figure on the *Bulletin*. But he is a grand novelist now, with several books to his credit. They are books with political characters in them. He is also something very important on the Headquarters Staff of the Exhibition.

I am bidden, by note, to call on Mr. Middleton Murry at his office in the Adelphi. And I have met Mr. Sydney Walton, the publicist. Altogether, it has been a very crowded day, especially as when I was coming out of Mr. Walton's office I came face to face with Mr. Bernard Shaw, who looked as if he were masticating an epigram.

This afternoon, such a silent, sleepy afternoon, I went to the Adelphi, looked up and down that silent, sleepy street, and at last I found the offices of The Adelphi itself, with yellow silk curtains and a certain primness about it. I was just a little bit nervous, just a little bit inclined to trip as I climbed those perilous stairs, down which I am sure many a nervous poet has fallen, breaking his neck. But I was not a poet. A knock at the door, a "Come in," and there, at the table, Mr. John Middleton Murry himself. It was a room of straight lines, necessities, books, work. There was an old portrait of Katherine Mansfield over the fireplace. You must remember that I am always afraid of people I admire. Of the others I am never afraid. I am afraid of Bernard Shaw, of Constance Collier, of Middleton Murry, of Mr. D. H. Lawrence. But I am not afraid of the King of Italy, Mr. Winston Churchill, or the Duke of Devonshire. I was cheerfully bombastic, self-assured, bold, when I spoke to them.

The room—John Middleton Murry. He was very good to me, and, in a night or two, I am to dine with him at Hampstead, where he lives. There is a promise of meeting Mr. D. H. Lawrence himself and promise of many things—of some of Katherine Mansfield's papers in connection with New Zealand. He had a very serious face—one of the most serious I have ever seen. And he was just a little remote—I mean mentally remote. I suppose it was natural since I was there. My brain always becomes club-footed when I *want* to talk. It is when I am jabbering to fools that I have such a perfect flow of words.

To-night to Hampstead for dinner with John Middleton Murry. A tube, and then my first real fall of snow. The trees, the road, the fences, they were all white. You know snow well, and when you know a thing too well you don't understand it. I just made snow-ball after snow-ball, and I placed them on strange door-steps. My hands tingled, my heart danced at it all. It was so splendidly exact that I should have a setting entirely new to me for this adventure. Cold, immaculate snow as a setting for meeting these two men, Middleton Murry and D. H. Lawrence, before whom I have bowed for so long. Oh! I know I am only a paragraphist, a journalist, a publicist, a dealer in brummagen as far as my own work is concerned. But there is the same undisturbed something deep down in me that is unaffected.

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It wanted once upon a time to write great things, I know it *thought* them. It hasn't been able to write them because the stomach must be fed. So I have become a journalist and words roll out of me as tram tickets ooze out of a printing machine. So when you can't be "Greatness" (and I don't mean any silly twaddle about Greatness) you can bow before it and say: "I bow before you because you started like me with the desire to set down something—not very much, but every word sparingly, lest you merely ooze words. You were staunch and true to yourself. I slithered away from grace and sold myself to the grocers. The grocers have my pen; they guide it all the time, and they command it. But they haven't got my poor old soul. I have saved that from being 'rung up' as pounds, shillings and pence on their infernal cash registers. So I leave the journalist, the cheap braggart of Fleet Street, the spoofer, the hack merchant, behind me on this journey to Hampstead, and I am clean as this snow I am making into a ball with my cold, happy, tingling hands."

And when I arrived at the door, I put the great ball of snow to one side, because then I suspected that John Middleton Murry was very grown up and wise and he'd think me a fool to arrive at his door with a snowball. So I sighed sentimentally and said: "There, snowball! go thy way. You are white and chaste now, but you'll become muddy, dirty water in an hour or so, just like I have—I was the chaste, white ball of snow, but I melted into the dirty, muddy water of journalism, and behold! all my sonnets and my odes and my fine pieces are not." I suppose it's just as well.

We ate in a splendid little place, a cosy little place where we sat, intimately, one on each side of a vase of flowers, those gaudy, badly-arranged flowers which seem so "right" in a place where spaghetti is served.

Then to the house of D. H. Lawrence, down a lane which was white with snow, a winding lane, a lane down which I wanted to run. But Mr. Murry seemed to think I was a mad urchin, so I walked, too.

A slightly faded room, always so excellent. Mrs. Lawrence in a chair and D. H. Lawrence himself curled up on a lounge. He was very red to look at and rather like Bernard Shaw dipped in cochineal. I was frightened at first, but—by Heaven! what a puny thing I am to dare to set him down in words—he gradually unfolded the miracle of his mind, or was it his heart? In him I think they are perfectly mixed. A man splendidly free of sentiment, cant or humbug. An aristocrat who realises that the only way to touch the stars is to stoop to the earth. We drank strong tea with whisky in it before the fire. We looked out of the window now and then and watched the whiteness of the snow. I talked about myself. They were very kind and didn't mind. He told me I should be willing to live on three pounds a week and write. I know I could. I know if I went away from the hubble I'd get something out of myself. And yet I haven't the courage. I'm too mean. I want physical comfort too much to have the courage to throw it all up and live sanely and write. At present I merely pour ink upon the world.

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Mambas and Platinum.

Although platinum shares are still moving up and down "somewhere near heaven," as one man who has made several years' income out of the boom expressed it to me to-day, the intense excitement of the first couple of weeks of feverish dealing has subsided a little.

I wonder how many of the men (and women, for there are many who like a small flutter in shares) who have been speculating and buying the stock of platinum concerns, realise the dangers of the work which the prospectors and engineers who have located the pay-dirt and reef have had to do in a fever-haunted district? It was the mention of a snake-bite case in this evening's paper which recalled to me part of a chat I had with Dr. Merensky (the brilliant geological engineer after whom the reef is now named) when I was in Lydenburg a few weeks ago.

"In the dense bush of the district," he said, "poisonous snakes abound, and my party alone lost in one week two dogs and a mule." In the same area recently a farmer was sitting on a log watching honey being taken from a wild bees' nest when a mamba bit him in the back of the neck. He was dead ten minutes after.

The fever problem is not as serious as would superficially appear, for modern sanitation will drive malaria away from the worst districts in a few months. In this connection, I wonder how many Johannesburgers know that Dr. Orenstein, the popular president of the Scientific and Technical Club, was largely responsible for the clearing of the Panama Canal area of mosquitoes and fever? *N.C.*

A London Note.

Their Majesties' Courts this season will be held as follows:—1st Court, Thursday, May 21st; 2nd Court, Friday, May 22nd; 3rd Court, Thursday, June 25th; 4th Court, Friday, June 26th.

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Eric Greatbach.

London, February 19, 1925.

Though he has never before appeared on the South African stage, Mr. Eric Greatbach, who will play "Blair," the juvenile lead in "Sally," to be produced in Johannesburg is no stranger to the rôle—he played it some hundreds of times in all the principal towns of the Kingdom—nor to the country, for the squadron of the R.N.R. (in which he served throughout the war), was transferred to Durban (R.N. Wireless Station, Jacob) towards the end of the conflict, remaining there until after the Armistice. Mr. Greatbach was a regular visitor to the Carlton and Durban Lawn Tennis Clubs: there may be members who will recognise him when "Sally" goes for a breather to the Deauville of Natal—at any rate, he himself intends popping into the club-houses on reconnoitring bent. Questioning him on his career, I ascertained that he was born at Oxford, and in his youth studied music—harmony, counter-point and singing—at the Royal Conservatorium, Leipzig. The outbreak of war found him in Germany, but he was lucky enough to join the last party of British to leave the country, via Holland, unmolested. On resuming his studies after demobilisation, he became a pupil of Mr. Wm. Shakespeare and Mme. Amy Martin, who, in their turn, had been pupils respectively of Lamperti and Manuel Garcia, two of Italy's and history's greatest singing masters of the "bel canto" school, training between them the majority of the famous vocal virtuosi of the past century.

Slightly above average height, Mr. Greatbach, as the portrait published in this issue shows, has been endowed by nature with clear-cut, handsome features and a striking presence, qualifications which, of course, are a *sine qua non* in the equipment of a leading man for musical plays. His greatest ambition is to appear as *jeune premier* in a West-end operetta. If you could have seen the determination on his face, and heard the resolute ring in his voice as he told me this, you would agree that there seems every probability of his wish being realised at none too distant a date—and without too great a use of the Coué system. "My professional credo," he admitted, "can be summed up as that of a firm conviction in the necessity for absolute sincerity in one's work: the true artist can be as successful with, and make as much out of even the simplest of musical comedies as can the greatest international "star" out of the pomp and circumstance of "Aida" or "Tannhauser." I often think that the craze for Cubism, Futurism, and the rest of the "isms," is responsible for a lot of the haphazard methods apparent in many branches of art, industry and commerce. When it becomes obvious that by the capricious juxtaposition of a series of blobs, lines, squares and oblongs of crude colour on a stretch of canvas, a "picture" can be created and certain misguided, moneyed people persuaded to part with their gold to acquire it—well, is it to be wondered at that the trick is imitated, or I should say, adapted, with the consequence that we now see on every hand so much slapdash masquerading as a *chef d'œuvre?* And how this trivial, flashy sort of thing is going to harm the growing generation—unless a move is made to ensure the continuance of the teachings of the old masters. Without being a "die-hard," you must admit that some of these facile, loquacious "moderns" are going a deal too far in their pretensions. As far as music is concerned, Stravinsky, Schoenberg, Bliss, and their followers, seem to have had their day, else how is the enormous popularity of Bach, Brahms, Chopin and Mozart to be explained?—whose works become more widely known every day, thanks very largely to the gramophone and broadcasting. Therein lies powerful promise for our *musical* sanity, at least! But enough of this dogmatic debate. I've got to get away to a game of hockey—my favourite recreation, there's nothing like it for keeping you fit bodily, mentally—and vocally. When at the London University I was a founder of their hockey club, and am still a member of the L.U. Union Club. I also enjoy an occasional game of golf, not to mention a real Borrow-ish tramp in the country with an old pipe, a well-stocked pouch—and my spaniel."

A new portrait of Councillor Japhet, whose recently published book has proved to be such a benefit to motorists.

The only other member of Mr. Greatbach's family who is (or rather, was) on the stage was Arthur Hatherton, the sterling and popular character-actor, who died last year during his engagement with George Arliss at the St. James', as the sinister "Watkins" in "The Green Goddess." Besides South Africa, Eric has visited the United States, India, Egypt, Scandinavia and the Baltic, as well as the more contiguous Continental countries. His wife, a charming and gifted young lady, is an associate of the Royal College of Music.

During the last tour here of "Sally," a couple of rather amusing incidents took place during the company's stay in a northern town. "One evening during the 'Silver Lining' number," Mr. Greatbach told me, "a black cat made a stately entrance 'centre back,' proceeded leisurely down stage, ensconced himself on my knees, and remained there until I rose for 'exit.' It must have appeared very natural, for at the following matinee we heard a still, small voice from the stalls piping, 'Oh, but mummy, where's the pussy?' Later in the week we were getting through the 'Whip-poor-will' duet, with its somewhat ardent, amorous 'business,' 'Sally' was on the point of saying 'yes,' and suddenly there came an excited shout from the gallery, 'Kiss 'er, guv-nor, can't yer see she's askin' for it?'"

Peter Piper.

"The S. A. Pictorial"

Solves the Problem of a Dull Week-End.

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Olga Petrova in Johannesburg.

A Vaudeville Echo.

By Carrie Rothkugel.

From Russia to England, from Alaska to Cape Horn, the name of Olga Petrova is a household word. She has won laurels as an actress and as a playwright. She has been starred on the screen—two of the best-known films which have come from America are *The White Peacock* and *Hurricane*.

But how many of us remember that she was once in Johannesburg, and appeared at the Empire in 1908? Maybe not many, for her name was then Muriel Harding, and she was an unknown little comedienne.

Let us look down the long vista of the years that have passed. The old Empire stood in Commissioner Street, just below where the Central Hotel is at present, and it will be remembered with real affection by many of the pioneers of Johannesburg. In 1906 the new place was built on the present site, and it was just after that that a young actress, sitting despondently in her poor lodgings in London, having come right to the end of her resources, received in real fairy-godmother style a letter written in green ink. It was headed "Sydney Hyman Enterprises, South Africa," and offered her an engagement. That is why to-day the famous actress uses green ink for all her correspondence. They did not worry about superstitions in those days of the early theatrical life of the Rand, and all the Empire correspondence was written in green ink. They were firm believers in the number 13, and as a matter of fact the Empire opened its doors on the 13th of the month with thirteen people on the bill!

Looking up the old files of *The Star*, it is interesting to see the notices that were given the then Muriel Harding. The big attraction on the bill which opened on the 29th December, 1908, was R. A. Roberts, who was then paying his first visit to this country. The other turns were the Sisters Wingrove, Smart Duettists and Dancers; George Leonard, Light Comedian and Dancer; Bert and Gerda, a Scandinavian Comedy Singing and Dancing Act, and Muriel Harding, Anglo-French Comedienne. In large type we were told that Roberts would appear at 10.15 p.m., and so everyone was given the opportunity of going in just at the right time to see the only person who really mattered.

After columns had been used up the first night paying glowing tribute to the art of the star turn, there came a few pathetic words—". . . . while Miss Muriel Harding is a clever international comedienne." She must, however, have made good, for later notices say, "the other new members of the company include Miss Muriel Harding, an Anglo-French comedienne of great artistic ability, whose performance was highly appreciated, her housemaid song being loudly applauded."

Those who knew Miss Harding (or should it be Madame Petrova?) speak of her as a graceful girl with large expressive eyes. She sang songs at the piano in Margaret Cooper manner, gave an imitation of Camille Clifford, the Gibson girl, and a tragedy number from *Zaza*.

Returning from Africa, after eight weeks, Muriel had a hard struggle to live, and it was not till some long time after that she found her place in the theatrical world. It was worth waiting for, as she herself owns. Shortly after her return she changed her name at the request of Leon Zeitlin, who at that time controlled eleven music-halls in London. She told him that her real name was Elaine Olga Nadjesdda, but he said that neither that nor Muriel Harding would do. Her husband's name had been Petronovitch, so a compromise was made, and Olga Petrova was the result.

Muriel Harding was the small act then. And now? Wherever there is a bioscope Olga Petrova is known. Wherever men and women foregather and talk of plays and players, Olga Petrova is known and discussed.

I wonder does she, as we do in South Africa, think back on the days and the friends that have passed, friends who wish her the best of luck. I wonder . . . But I am sure. Why do I wonder? Of course she does.

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The Empire.

Top of the bill, at the Empire this week, is Bert Errol, the famous female impersonator, who is assisted by his wife, Ray Hartley, and by Reg Fowler at the piano. He could well be billed as "the feminine fashion plate," for his gowns are, to the smallest detail, the very last word of Madame La Mode. It is 13 years since he paid Johannesburg a visit, playing then at the Grand Theatre, and many of the audience remembered his turn and helped to give him a wonderful reception. His first number was the popular, "A smile will go a long, long way," followed by the "Bells of St. Mary's," after which he changed into his masculine attire, and in a pleasing tenor sang, "Gina, my Gypsey Maid," written by his pianist. "La Donna e Mobilo" from "Rigoletto" and "Vesti la Guibba" from "Il Pagliacci" were two well received selections, and at the close of the act he had to take curtain after curtain. Ray Hartley gave two dances, and looked very sweet and charming, especially in her last gown of mauve and blue. Bert Errol is quite unlike the usual idea of a feminine impersonator, and, in the well-dressed man who sings the most masculine of songs there is nothing to indicate the beautifully gowned "lady" whose place he has just taken on the stage. He has a strong sense of humour, and his chuckles when the "perfect lady" now and again forgets "herself" are very infectious. There is no doubt that he is in for a long and successful stay at the Empire.

Frank Fay and the Little Lady from Dixie deserve more than special mention, for, although they have had a previous season at the Empire not many weeks ago, they returned to find even a warmer reception awaiting them. The house applauded them to the roof, and in the end they had to give encore after encore, and old favourites were called for from the stalls, circle and gallery with equal enthusiasm.

The Van Delfts open the bill with a very fine trapeze act, remarkable for the ease and grace with which their most difficult feats are performed.

To Nick Morton was awarded the first "speaking" place on the bill, and his audience was with him every minute of his stay on the boards. Jess and Tony opened the second half with their "Porter and Book Stall Girl" act, and went very well indeed.

Remaining from last week are Ambrose Barker and Peggy Wynne, as firm favourites as ever, Frank Bradley and Alice Hamilton assisted by Geo. Montford in, "Unearthly," a capital sketch, and the Harrisa Bros. who continue to perform wonderful feats of strength.

And the Gowns.

This week at the Empire there is more than usual to attract the feminine eye, for each act finds the lady partner with the most charming uniforms or gowns.

Bert Errol, in his dresing-room, showed me a few of the marvellous toilettes that have made him famous as a "fashion plate." The impersonator is not the usual simpering male in fine feathers, but a Jose Collins type that impresses by its sheer naturalness. Off the stage Bert Errol is not unlike Bransby Williams in face and form, and has the same crinkly hair and dark eyes. It is when gowned as the "perfect lady" that his personality seems to change in a moment from masculine robustness to feminine delicacy. Chatting of clothes, he told me that he thought the fashions for women had never been nicer, and that he felt the short skirts and no waistline of the best models very becoming. "Times have changed very much since I was last here thirteen years ago," he said. "Your city has been built up till I cannot recognise it, and your women have become very smart indeed. They are extremely well dressed."

One of the gowns, in which Mr. Errol will be seen this week at the Empire, is a silver tissue sheathed close to the figure, the drapings held in place with a buckle of brilliants and diamante. The hem of the skirt is edged with white fox fur, and the waistline is cut very low at the back, with a filmy drapery of fine laces over one shoulder. There is a hint of green ostrich feathers at the one side and green leaves in "her" hair, which, by the way, is shingled as all his wigs are. A green opera cloak embossed in silver is thrown over the shoulders as "she" comes on.

Next is a most intriguing wedding gown. Over a hoop is thick white satin embossed in large and small roses of silver cire tissue with centres of silver bugle beads. At the hem hangs a wide flounce of Brussels lace which also forms the veil thrown over a high Russian coronet of pearls and shimmering beads.

Last, but but by no means least, is the evening gown of black jewelled all over with brilliants in a sun-burst design, the rays staring from the hips, back and front of the gown, at the one side a jewelled cabachon holding the folds. The train is square and has a fall of silver bead fringe at the one side. The whole effect is one of shining, sparkling diamonds on which the limes play in many colours. Two straps hold the corsage, which is cut low at the back almost to the waist in fact. With this gown is worn a short cloak of georgette trimmed with chinchilla. Eight months were taken by a jeweller to stud the satin for the gown at a cost of £300. And next week we are promised even more beautiful clothes.

Ray Hartley, the chic little dancer, comes on first as a gypsy maid in many hues, and next in mauve embossed taffetas over blue accordion-pleated chiffon. A bonnet tied with strings under her dimpled chin makes her a fascinating little figure.

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A London Note.

If I remember rightly, it is fully ten years since Igor Stravinsky gave the world his last great work. The announcement that Mr. Adolphe Hallis would play his recent piano concerto befort the London Music Society (with Miss Kathleen Long playing the orchestral part on a second piano) filled our musical élite with keenest expectation, and the hall was packed to the doors when the concert began. While I have nothing but praise for the brilliant playing of Mr. Hallis, I have none for the composer and his work. But since this great work was written a decided decay seems to have set in. The whole thing is improvised rather than composed, and I am sure that thousands of senior students at hundreds of conservatoires could improvise as well if they can bring themselves to disregard counterpoint. The question is whether Stravinsky is "playing the fool" or whether we must now look upon him as "a once great composer," In either case we cannot help a feeling of great regret. *Allegro.*

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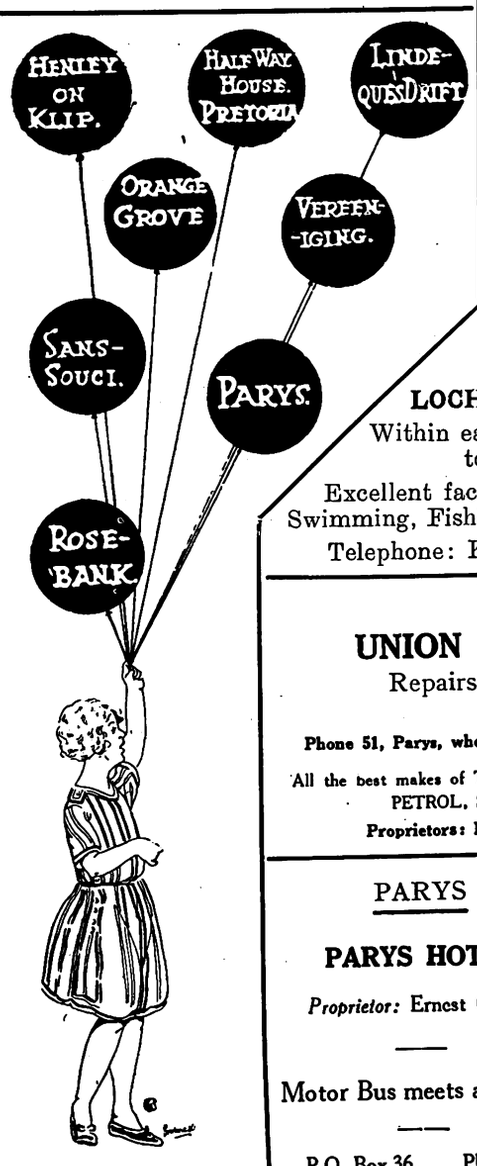
WEEK-END PLEASURE SPOTS.



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London Calling!

By Pamela Travers.

London, March 17, 1925.

Bedad, d'you know what day it is at all? Why, St. Patrick's himself!

Half the people in London are wearing shamrocks or a touch of green, and the other half are looking at them with contempt.

The anxiety of those who are not Irish to pretend that they are is extraordinary. Nobody seems to express envy of Scotsmen, one rarely hears anybody preening themselves with the knowledge that their great-grandmother was Welsh, and yet anybody who can claim even the most far-distant relationship with an Irishman will broadcast the fact to the world. The non-Welshmen do not wear leeks on St. Davy's day, nor do non-Scots plant a thistle in their caps nor eat haggis nor spend a nich wi' Burrrrrrrns on the day set apart for the commemoration of St. Andres. Why, then, do stolid Englishmen and all sorts of people whose ancestors have never moved closer to Ireland than Margate, why do they pin shamrocks to their breasts and smile a secret smile on St. Patrick's Day?

I'll tell you. It's because Ireland has become associated for them with the very essence of romance and unreality. Ireland is the little blue hut beyond the pine woods towards which their feet go questingly. In claiming some degree of Irishness they imagine themselves touched with dreams wropt in mystery. But the great thing is that it makes one different from others—and as this is a consummation devoutly wished by most people, they wear their shamrocks and achieve their aim.

I've been to Wembley lately to watch it progressing. Lumme! but I think that this year it might just be bearable. The roads and footpaths, at any rate, are quite good, and even on wet days, I was assured by a body of perspiring workmen, the populace will be able to walk about comparatively dry-footed. The Lucullus Restaurant, with its guinea a head meals, is no more, but the premises are to be used for a club, to be known as the Garden Club, mainly because the surrounding gardens are to be so scrumptious.

The average visitor will not be eligible for this club. Oh, dear me, no! The proletariat will not be admitted. And only those who belong to West End clubs will be eligible for membership. Avaunt, ye of the red blood. Only blue-veiners admitted here!

To-morrow the two eyes of Buckingham Palace, by name respectively George and Mary, will be plucked out and the Palace will go to sleep for a month. They are crossing to France, and go from there to Genoa in the Royal Train and embark on the Royal Yacht where they will sleep in Royal Beds and eat with Royal Forks Royal Beef and Royal Haddock.

Prince Henry, the Archbishop of Canterbury, Viscount Cave and Mr. Baldwin (dear old Stanley!) are empowered under the title of Counsellors of State to act for the King while he is away on his Royal Cruise. They can do all the recognised kingly things in his absence, such as signing documents, and deciding important questions, but they may not dissolve Parliament (an unnecessary injunction, surely!) or grant any rank, title or dignity of the peerage.

Yesterday the King was seen walking royally in his royal garden with his royal consort by his royal side.

A note on national affairs. Ramsay, of the Clan Macdonald, has just bought a new house in Old Hampstead, close to the heath. Upper Frognal Lodge looks more like an Italian villa than a London house. It has a narrow paved court in front of it and a sloping garden behind. The house itself is exquisite, and the blue drawing-room is a joy. Ramsay, however, is going to turn this room into a library so Ishbel will have to entertain her own sewing guilds and her brother's red-tied friends in the back parlour.

Ramsay's house is not so historic as some of its neighbours. Constable Cottage, for instance, where the famous artist was living when he painted "Hay Wain" or Grove Lodge, with its authentic "priest's hole," where John Galsworthy writes the never-ending sagas of his precious Forsyte family.

I was at the private crush the other day of the Norman Lindsay pictures. Lord Novar wheezed a little declamatory line of appreciation and declared the exhibition open. Then the crush fell upon the pictures with a rush. There were the usual complaints that "the man can't even draw, my dear!" There was the outraged lady who pinned an unfortunate man firmly into a corner and harangued him for half-an-hour on the impropriety of bringing his wife to such a display of nudity and the vicious curiosity which prompted him to come himself. I listened as long as I decently could, but when I left that corner she had not yet disclosed why she had come herself.

And this is to be a peach-coloured season, this little one just before the large summer season. Everything, from the inside to the outside (you get me?) is to be the colour of that very edible fruit which is never to be bought in England under 6d. per peach. An expensive fruit and an expensive colour—but most intriguing, for all that. Peach-coloured stockings, for instance, have a most becoming sound, but the sight of them is even better.

And theatres! I seem to spend my life in going to theatres nowadays. You see, most of them run such a short time, and by the time one has done all the rounds one has to begin all over again.

"No, No, Nanette!" ably makes up for the deficiencies of many bad plays. It is a musical re-hash of the farce "His Lady Friends," played long and long ago by Joseph Coyne in America and Australia and by Sir Charles Hawtrey in London. George Grossmith and Joseph Coyne are largely responsible for the success of the new version. Both of them lay far more claim to being comedians than does George Robey. I must say George R. (and by the R, I don't mean "Rex") disappointed me terribly. It had been one of my childish dreams that I should see George Robey. I realised exactly how childish the dream was when I first saw him some months ago. I didn't even think him funny; of course, I admit that comedy is largely point of view, and what tickles the innermost laughter cells of one man may make another want to drown himself because of the melancholy of life.

Because it is Irish time at the moment we have the Irish players with us again. Moire O'Neill and Arthur Sinclair, those two delicious people in "Persevering Pat." Och, glory be to God, the brogue sounded fine, so it did, and me listening!

By the way, Horace Hodges, who is the only reason one wants to see "Lightnin'," again showed me a collection

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of old miniatures of actors of long ago. Charles Macklin, who stirred Drury Lane as Shylock in 1741, looked delicious in a pair of baggy trousers, a ruffle, and a pair of shears. Mrs. Yates, of the eighteenth century, in a crinoline of enormous proportions. Garrick, as King Lear, in Elizabethan ruffles, wig and lace. La, la, a dear group of people. What will audiences of a hundred years hence think of our dressing of these parts ?

Oh, Spring is in the world truly. Even the buses go prancing and leaping through the streets with joy. If the Spring the fancy of a young bus lightly turns to—what ? A little blue Citroen, perhaps, or a substantial, grey-clad Minerva ?

A stalwart friend and helper will be lost to the Girl Guides in London when Lady Walton departs for Africa. She bade them farewell at afternoon tea at her home in Eaton Place last week. Mrs. Botha Hawkins, on behalf of her fellow-members of the executive committee, presented Lady Walton with two volumes on antique furniture by Cescinsky. Upon the fly-leaf was beautifully inscribed the inscription: "To Lady Walton, from the Executive Committee of the London South African Girl Guides' Association, in remembrance of a happy period of work together."

Mr. Jacobus Stephanus Smit, the new High Commissioner for South Africa, brings above all things the air of the veld to London. He impresses one as a man of affairs with a sense of humour but no great elation over the prospect of social functions in London. He has established himself and his wife and children in one of the quieter hotels until he can find a home.

Mr. John Wheatley, the painter, who is leaving London to take up an appointment in South Africa, was one of the official war artists. He is the son of Sir Zachariah Wheatley.

The banquet to be given by the African Society in honour of their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of York on their return from East Africa will take place on May 31, and Earl Buxton will preside.

The Queen received Lady Coryndon last week.

Sir Otto Beit is at Biarritz, and Lady Beit has returned to London from Rome where she has been holidaying.

A daughter was born to Lady Zia Wernher last week. She will be out of town for a few months. I hear that her husband, Major Wernher, is going into politics. He speaks well, having lectured often at the front. Lady Wernher also speaks charmingly with a slight Russian accent.

R.M.S. "Arundel Castle," which sets sail on March 20, carries southwards Major C. B. Oldifeld of Natal, Miss Garda Hall of Natal, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Hamilton (Cape), Mr. J. E. W. Lomas (Cape), Capt. and Mrs. B. A. Willcox (Cape), Dr. and Mrs. H. B. Follit (Beira), Mr. M. E. Leslie (Beira), Sir Thomas Rowbotham (Beira), and the Rev. T. Hulme (Cape).

The other night I was persuaded—against my will—to go to a pit of a theatre. It was a wearily cold night, and I wanted to be toasting my toes in front of a fire and reading Aldous Huxley's last book, "Those Barren Leaves," but such is my kindness of heart that it would not let me refuse the invitation.

So I went and stood at the end of a long caterpillar-like queue outside a theatre in Shaftesbury Avenue.

"It is *so cheap*, going in the pit!" I was informed.

But rumour was a jade . . . she always is.

It was not cheap.

First we paid a shilling to be allowed to seat ourselves warily upon two ricketty camp stools forced upon us by a lady who used oaths and endearments indiscriminately. I think she was hurt because we did not hire three chairs, though there were only two of us.

Then the entertainments began . . . outside the theatre.

A drab female with wispy hair appeared leading a blind man who held a tin mug.

"Blind, please, ladies and gentlemen!" their two voices twanged in unison. And we, rejoicing in our own good sight, and feeling our hearts melt within us with pity for the sightless, dived into our hand-bags and brought out a conglomeration of coppers. When he had passed we felt the usual smug satisfaction that comes from giving money to beggars.

The next item was the turn of the gentleman in shirt sleeves who somersaulted (between the excursions of passing taxis) two or three times very badly and then came round with a bag.

Though not so sorry for him, we gave him pence.

Then came the two elegant gentlemen with bald tops to their heads. They sang to us. The song was

"When we two was ber-others!
Terwenty yeyars agow!"

We wondered how the present could possibly prevent them still being "ber-others," but I suppose they knew what they were talking about. It was a lugubrious song, and we had to part with more pennies to cheer up the one-time relatives.

Then a woman came with three children, all of whom "Hadn't 'ad a bite, lidy, for three days." The thought of little children being hungry struck at the cores of us all. Thirty yards of hands dived into thirty yards of pockets and bags. By this time we had spent enough money to have purchased a good stall seat.

Two more blind men arrived and blessed us fervently for our further excavations into purses.

The somersaulting gentleman returned and made an intricate antimacassar by tearing a sheet of newspaper in various directions. More pennies but hardening hearts!

And when a red-head person who seemed directly descended from a gorilla arrived on the scene and recited "The Charge of the Light Brigade" in ten different dialects our thread of forbearance snapped.

We left the queue hurriedly,

The man in the office of the theatre informed us that there were no bookable seats left.

So we took a box. We thought it would be cheaper than waiting to get into the pit. *Pamela Travers.*

Music and Fezzes.

I went yesterday to the Saturday Pop, and I was glad enough that I had gone, though not because of the music. We had the last movement from Pagliacci, and I was drunken on it. The big drum beat out ttsch! the kettle-drum rapped krak-krak! and the side-drums rolled k-rr-rr-rr, amid a wild riot from the flutes and clarionets, flashing light and colour.

Drunken with music, I say, I went out at the interval, and in the space between the Opera House and the Parade I came upon the gayest, maddest, pleasantest sight: the living embodiment of that last movement. Red-fezzed Malays rubbed shoulders with sober, black-dressed Jews, coloured women in vivid bright dresses cut in between daintily-gowned Europeans, little ragged urchins loudly heralded *The Sporting Argus* (they'll do the same on the Day of Judgment), and between all darted the flower-sellers, offering a wealth of beauty, delicate and rare, flaming and strong, at twopence a bunch. Half-opened Chincherinches peeped hussy-like at the world, feathery Gypsophila clothed the mysterious past of Painted Ladies in graceful muslinesque.

Here under the garish street-light old coloured women sold tamelaatjes and strange sweetmeats made to East Indian recipes. I passed on to the Farther Parade, attracted by the flood of yellow on the asphalt.

A right-angled row of stalls packed with fruit was strongly illumined by flaring naptha lamps, which cast their glare on carefully patterned arrangements of oranges, apples, naartjes, loquats, and all the fruit of the earth and its increase. Mohammedan Indians presided sedately over their stalls or chaffered with the Malay women in flowing silks and yashmaks who sought to buy.

I turned towards the Castle, and in the cool darkness before me was an open space bounded by battlements, on which a sentry paced stiffly.

I collected my thought, and made my brain tell me that it is only Cape Town which shows us these things.

But I did not return to the Orchestra. *Teo' R.*

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Bernard Shaw and His English Critics.

For a long time George Bernard Shaw, dramatist, novelist and Socialist, was a critic on the staff of one of the leading papers in England. His virile and witty and caustic pen was known and dreaded by every actor and actress who had more than a few lines to say. He could make and unmake reputations—at least so the performers thought.

Mr. Shaw is gently sarcastic when he is dealing with to-day's dramatic critics. He says of them that they are "so obsessed with my strained legendary reputation that they approach my plays in a condition which is really one of derangement. . . ."

That was true enough a few years back when Mr. Shaw said it, but now, especially since the enormous success of his latest play, "Saint Joan," England has awaked to the fact that Mr. Shaw is probably the greatest dramatist of the century. By some he is believed the greatest dramatist since Shakespeare, at any rate the greatest English dramatist.

It will be interesting to read what the South African dramatic critics will say of the Macdona Players, who, with their repertoire of Shaw plays, are due here shortly.

The Heart Puncher.

When I hand my coupons to the tram-conductor to be punched, I feel always in a small fever of expectation. What sort of a hole is he to clip in my ticket? Am I to see on it a cube, a heart, a Greek key, or a hole mildly reminiscent of the wild efforts of a half-trained Cubist designer?

I have noticed that the holes on the punches of conductors seldom fit the men themselves. A Greek key, the symbol of good luck, is owned by men who have obviously come down in life: I have seen an old conductor, with grey hair and a long, trailing white moustache, clip the ticket of a very youthful and pretty flapper sitting next to me with a heart.

Who designs the holes for the punches? A friend of mine suggests that they are designed by a talented but eccentric member of a noble Spanish family exiled from his native land. "Why?" I asked him. "Ah," said he. "It is a secret. I cannot tell you." "Why a secret?" I enquired. "Because I don't know," he answered, and fled before I could hurl the inkbottle at him, or set the office boy on his trail. *R.S.*

Horsetralian Beef.

When a joke becomes twenty-five years old it has come of age, and it may then be repeated without fear or royalty. So this is a story of Kimberley during the siege, when meat supplies ran out, and horses had to be slaughtered and eaten.

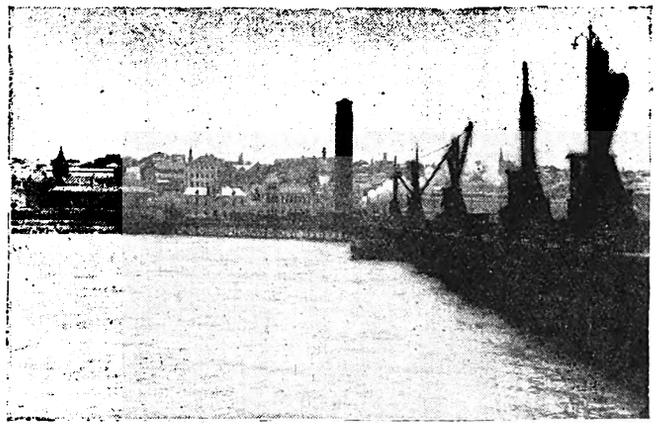
A certain lady refused to eat horse-flesh, and one day her husband arrived home with a sirloin. Australian beef, he said it was, and with great joy she had the sirloin roasted. She enjoyed her meal intensely, and afterwards asked, "What kind of beef did you say that that was, John?"

"Ah," said John, "that—that was Horse-tralian beef!" *The Kitten.*

The Corner House and the Cat.

The whole of the Corner House has found a new interest in life, to which the skyward trail taken by platinum shares is a mere mote in the eye of circumstance. It is a black cat which has taken up residence in the adjoining building—the National Bank—and which visits the haunts of our Mining Magnates by walking fearlessly along the parapet of the tallest building in Africa.

Every day Black Peter, as the men have named him, takes two walks, one along the parapet which surrounds the roof, and one along a projecting ledge from which he can see into the offices on the top floor. He stops a minute at each office, and sometimes when the window is open he jumps in to pay a ceremonial morning call on the occupant before resuming his way.



The Port Elizabeth Wharves.

The other day he came into the board-room while an important meeting of directors was being held, and when a piece of paper was crumpled and thrown into a corner by one of these busy people, he attracted attention by jumping on the lap of the person who had thrown the paper away, holding the crumpled ball in his mouth in the same way as does a dog when he fetches a stick for his master. For the rest of the meeting this clever black cat took the place of honour on the table in front of the chairman. I have ordered my broker to buy me some of the shares of the company—I am certain that good luck is coming its way. *K.D.*

"Cubwood," by W. R. Sunderland Lewis.

Cubwood—a wood, dank and isolated, with its chalk-pit and stretch of common; a haven of make-believe for the "Cubs," a coterie of day-boys from the neighbouring preparatory school. It is here that Mr. Lewis has set his scene of horror, through the narrative medium of one small Cub, Oswald. It is here that Oswald, Lubey, Hilda, a very attractive little girl (who is admitted as a Cub), and the remainder of the Cubs lose two timid, diminutive boarders. During a midnight search, in a maze of terror, Oswald and Lubey stumble upon an incomprehensible mystery, making a gruesome discovery; they become involved in it, and, together with Hilda, very nearly become the victims of their own foolhardiness. The important action takes place during three days, in which time there has been a jewel robbery and an escaped homicidal maniac at the lunatic asylum. The inexplicable is eventually solved in a most absorbing manner.

It is good to read a novel so much above the average, and so refreshingly free from sex, without being impotent, in these days of the modern Freudian novelists. It is psychological, in that Mr. Lewis has succeeded in analysing the child-mind of twelve. The children, of necessity, appear precocious, but that does not in any way detract from the virile simplicity of the characters. He brings back to us, vividly, the irresponsible days of our childhood, but not childishly: this book can be read, with interest, by the "professional and the tyro." Most so-called "mystery" stories are written to thrill and shock the morbid-minded public. It is not so in "Cubwood": as you read you can feel that the mystery is but a secondary object; it is the lost glamour of boyhood that is being reconstructed. This justifies the apparently irrelevant "epilogue" to a very long novel. As Mr. Lewis says, "this tale starts from nothing and leads to nowhere. . ." He is wrong: this tale leads to many very pleasant recollections.

Mr. Walter De la Mare has written the Introduction; this in itself is a recommendation. The Bodley Head publish this new book. *S.D.*

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Some Chinatown Sketches.

Three Almond-Eyed Children.

By "I. C. B."

I.

The first little Chinese girl wiped her face with a little pink handkerchief, smiled at me, but would not talk. She had lived in China Town for three years. Her father, a slow-eyed old Chinese, cooks long soup and chop suey away in the food-sodden air of a kitchen behind his shop.

The evaporated soups of yesterday pass in almost visible clouds among the rafters. Dirty towels hang from a string. Legions of fat, lazy flies buzz over the blatant heaps of raw meat or settle down to explore the innermost secrets of a plucked chicken. The old Chinese patters across the concrete floor, and takes an exquisite green dish from the table. He fills it with soup, and places it before a dazed, half-drunk fool, who sits, wearing an old military overcoat, at one of the dirty benches.

A cat slinks about, rubbing itself on the table legs, and arching its back with feline boredom. A wretched, thin Chinese baby sits in a corner, and tries to catch intruding flies that circle above two little yellow feet.

The smell is terrible. For a moment it is the smell of greasy food—then it is rubber and burned wood, from the fire—then it is an inhuman human smell, or the smell of accumulated rubbish.

And the only beauty is in the jade green basins that hold the slimy soup, for thick, ugly lips, coarsened from the shaping of oaths and the kissing of women whose laugh is like the cracking of walnuts.

All the gaunt, frayed ends of humanity creep into the little shop to eat "plain soup and pork" for ninepence, or an anaemic-looking pie drowned in thin coffee for sevenpence. Old men, with time-carved faces and tired eyes, drag weary feet into the eating-house. Lads, with perversion's stamp upon them, and hearts all dead, and shrunken as a prune; men who cannot laugh, and whose faces are shaped for lust—these creep into the warm shadows of the little shop and drink the watery soup with its little rafts of floating fat.

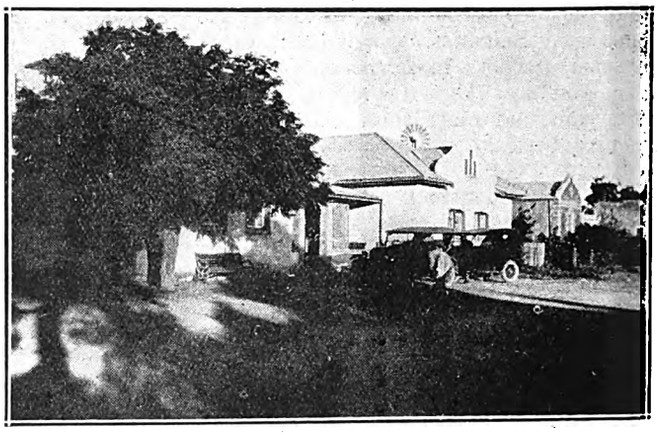
II

The second child sits at the door, or amuses herself by feeling the cat's ribs. She hasn't discovered the delight of pulling its tail yet. She is a half-caste Chinese. Her smile has nine long years of worldly experience behind it.

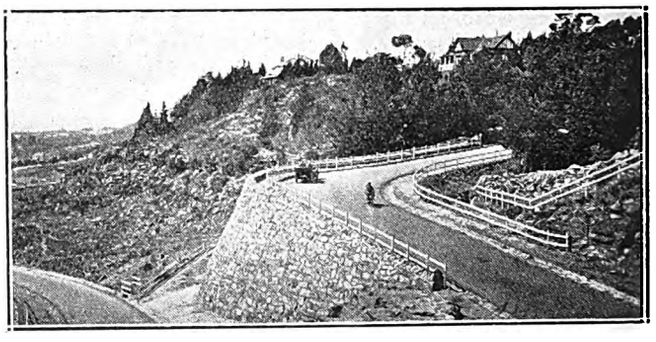
Her mother, a white woman, had fallen to the mysterious magnetism of the Orient by marrying Ling Sang, who grew the best cabbages in the district. Lily, the mother, has the constitution of an aspidistra. She had thrashed Ling Sang twenty times, and when she bravely took two pounds out of the little box to buy a bead handbag, Ling Sang hadn't the courage to interfere. Lily Sing has the face of a horse. It is as cold, hard, and cruel as anything you could imagine. She will stand at the door of the little vegetable shop and defy China Town, with her mountainous hips and shoulders, and arms like legs of mutton.

She has been known to kick a printing canvasser out of the shop ,and once she threw Ling Sang out of a first-floor window. Luckily he landed on a barrow of fish and was little more than bruised by the areial journey and subsequent arrival. The Sings sell vegetables. They live behind the shop and on the first floor, where Lily Sing drinks beer until she falls into a heap on to a bed, where another little half-breed chuckles at the flies and chews the corner of a liquor-stained quilt. Sometimes Lily Sing does a vaudeville matinee. When she does she shakes half a tin of talcum powder down the front of her blouse, pins a bunch of artificial violets at her waist, dons openwork stockings and an adventurous hat, and, demanding a "coupler bob" from the Chinese behind the counter, she sets out to have an afternoon's pleasure.

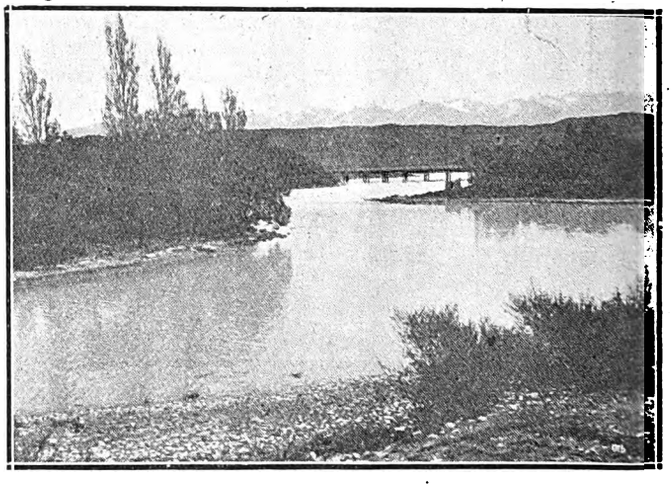
Here, There and Everywhere.



In the shade: Philippolis, C.P.



Munro Drive, Johannesburg.



A river passed on the road.

Once when she came back she found Sang talking to an expressionless Chinese hag behind the water-melon sacks. She tore the poor woman's blouse into shreds and jabbed Ling Sang with a hatpin until he ran squealing into the street.

III.

The mother of the third little girl was a high-born Manchu.

The baby was born in the nun-like silence of a great house where the Manchu mother, a graceful and beautiful person, whose hair was pinned with jade and gold ornaments, had committed the indiscretion of falling in love with a low-born Chinese servant, whose only assets were good looks and an almost hypnotic tongue.

The father and the child had flown from the exotic beauty in which their little story was staged, and Lim Teng had carried the little Chinese baby to Port Said. Some strange love forced him to keep the brat. So he bought some fish and chicken, rented a shop, and became a merchant. Then a second-hand Chinese wife was found to mother the baby. Lim Teng built up a good business. His

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chickens are rather terrible to look at. He leaves the heads and combs on them, and when they are cooked and cold, they lie in the window with the colour faded from their combs and their eyes closed in boiled death.

The baby girl has grown up on sack beds and spoiled goods. But she is a hardy little girl and can tell the difference between a two-shilling piece and half-a-crown. Some strain from the great Manchu mother has travelled with the child, and she has an uncanny reputation for cleanliness and self-decoration. All China Town remembers the day when she stuck a paper fan in her hair and tied green glass beads to her ears with cotton, until they dangled, like fairy pendulums, against her sallow cheeks.

I met the three little Chinese girls sitting in a doorway. Their stories I collected from old Mario, the Italian fisherman, whose tray of stiff-looking mullet may be seen almost every day. He is the invader of China Town, but the Chinese do not seem to resent him . . . nor the sleepy negro who sits on the footpath with a basket of golden oranges between his tired legs.

Caught!

The policeman on point duty watched the Ford I was driving with a contemplative air, and as I put out my hand to indicate that I intended turning to the right, he put up his to indicate that I must stop.

"Where is your driving-licence, sir?"

"Ah," said I. "It is one of the foolish omissions of my otherwise blameless life that I have not got one."

"Then, sir, I am afraid that I shall have to ask you for your name and address."

I gave it to him, mildly thankful that I did not have to go to the Fort at once for my sins, and that I did not have even to provide bail.

Two days ago a large blue official envelope arrived for me, in which I was commanded by His Majesty to appear at a certain court on a certain day. This morning my family bid me good-bye with great tears brimming in their eyes, although Maureen, who is far too light about the serious things of life, remarked that I *did* need a hair-cut anyway, and hoped that it would be a good close-cropped one.

The whole majesty of the Law was in action against me! I trembled and pleaded guilty in tones which I felt sure would wrench the heart of the sternest magistrate, and, at the least, would keep the rope from my neck. They did not wrench his heart. He looked up for a second, and muttered, "Thirty shillings!" and I was out of the dock, handing my hard-earned thirty shillings to a busy clerk.

It was not as painful as the dentist, on the whole, and a great deal quicker. *Neil Collins.*

No Post

This morning I watched the postman appear, stop at the next house, come out, glance at the number of mine, and disappear down the untidy road. It was the first time in months that I had received no letter to brighten up the morning, and I turned into the house feeling curiously lonely. This morning I had no touch from the hand of a far-away friend, not even a bill or a manuscript rejected by some unkind editor.

There is a sociableness about even bills and accounts, although where it lies I do not know. Perhaps it is in the thought that someone, even a creditor, is interested in one and takes the trouble to address and stamp an envelope. Long ago, when I was a lonely student in a Continental city, I was so friendless that I used to answer advertisements promising catalogues and samples, just for the sake of the excitement of having the postman come to my door.

Those days are past now, but still I am all eagerness for the morning postman. What fortune may he not be bringing me in that khaki bag of his? What news of some friend far away over the water, long gone and but half-remembered? What strange tale from what crowded city in the bustling lands of Europe? This morning I had no letter. . . . *K.D.*

An Echo of Summer.

Suits and Un-suitability.

We South Africans naturally wish to know all we can about the Prince of Wales before he arrives, and, of course, our newspapers are all publishing portrait after portrait of him—some formal and ceremonial, others delightfully informal and intimate.

But passing down a busy Johannesburg street the other evening I noticed a use of his portrait which could hardly be said to be in the best of taste. In a plate-glass window filled with a host of suits was a photograph of H.R.H., under which appeared a caption in white letters: "Our Fashionable Prince." Farther down the street a coloured representation of the Prince, crowning a pyramid of cigarettes, was used to draw attention to their brand.

Without being accused of either pride or prejudice, and leaving out of account the sense and sensibility of some branches of opportune advertisement, surely we can divorce the fast approaching visit of the Prince of Wales from this type of commercial publicity? *T.*

Sampan Song.

Sung to a Sakuhachi.

Your arms were strong, ah Fujiwara!
They slew the tall, tall tree.
They cut it down in long, long timbers,
To build for you and me.
Long you toiled, ah Fujiwara,
At the tall, tall tree.
You built a sampan from the long wood,
You built it for the sea.
Then you with him from Nugata,
And his strong son, pushed to sea
The sampan with its big sails blowing,
As birds that would be free.
Then you took me, Fujiwara,
Where the bamboo sings;
Soon the great sun kissed our sampan,
And gilt its yellow wings.
Your sakuhachi's sweet, sweet music,
Broke the bamboo's song,
And with the night, the moon came whispering,
His love—'twill not be long.

O.P.

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Gordon Leith.

Architect and Artist.

Flowing grace and clear-cut dignity: these are the characteristics of the art and architecture of Mr. Gordon Leith. His work breathes, alive with the spirit and feeling of the Transvaal, vividly clean against the sky and yet possessed of a tenderness; a poetry of form which adds intimacy when it is a house he is building.

Gordon Leith was born in Knysna, that charming little village among the great trees of the hardwood forest. But when he was still a small boy his father, a solicitor, came to Pretoria, and it was there that he went to school at what is now the Pretoria Boys' High School. That he was brought up in Pretoria is a fact most important to those who wish to assess the artistry of the man, for not only his architecture, but also his painting (only too rare, alas!) is redolent of Pretoria: the old Pretoria, with little streams gurgling down the sides of its streets: the town of the burghers.

There is an emotion, a whole group of emotions, attached to every house, every street, every town, and those who know what I call the "Emotional Pretoria" feel it in almost all his work. His studies abroad have deeply influenced the *form* of his work, the *emotion* in it is always the same: the quiet strength of the Transvaal.

He was to have been trained as an engineer, and to this end he entered the Railway Workshops at Pretoria as a fitter, but brass and steel soon lost their early fascination, and largely through the good offices of Ten Brink he left engineering, and commenced to study music, and afterwards sculpture with Anton van Wouw, who had then just returned from Italy, where he had finished the group of four Transvaal burghers about which there has been so much discussion in Pretoria lately. After a while neither music nor sculpture continued to appeal, and Leith commenced to study architecture in the Public Works Department at Pretoria. He was three years there, and then he went to England to study for another three years, returning to South Africa with the letters A.R.I.B.A. after his name—letters whose magic splendour can only be appreciated by the architectural student.

After another period with the P.W.D. he came to Johannesburg to work on Mr. Herbert Baker's plans for the Union Buildings, and this association with Mr. Baker had an enormous influence on him, as indeed it had on so many South African architects, among whom one can think immediately of Mr. Solomon and Mr. A. J. Marshall, to name only those who occur to one in the first moment of thought. Mr. Baker's influence on South African architecture is certainly the outstanding feature of the architectural history of this country in the last twenty years.

Mr. Solomon, who won for himself such a reputation in the Cape afterwards, was one of his fellow-competitors for the Baker Scholarship, the competition for which Mr. Leith won in 1911, proceeding then to Italy to study at the British school in Rome.

He was there for eighteen months, and in Italy he did much important work, notably the uncovering and reconstruction of the Flavian Palace at Boni. His work on the classification of the fragments was highly commended by the Italian critics, and when he went to Greece for a six months' sketching tour he had already made a definite place for himself in the architectural world.

Gordon Leith returned to South Africa at the end of 1913, and was then engaged in assisting Mr. Baker with his first plans for the great work which is still being carried out in India, the building of the Imperial City of Delhi, and while he was doing this work he was also lecturing to students at the architectural classes at the then School of Mines.

Mr. Leith is not only an architect, but also a gallant soldier, and on the outbreak of war he went to France, where he gained the Military Cross. At the conclusion of hostilities he was appointed South African representative on the Imperial War Graves Commission, on which he also represented Mr. Baker. Here he became intimately associated with Sir John Luytens, who, of course, is best known for his cenotaph in London, a work famous throughout the world.

Although he rapidly became senior architect on this immensely interesting work, he realised that it meant ten years in France for him, and Gordon Leith is too good a South African to leave his native country for so long a period. He, therefore, returned to Pretoria, where he worked for several months, but came to Johannesburg, extending the field of his interests to embrace both cities.

Mr. Leith was very much impressed, while in Italy, with the suitability to Transvaal conditions of the designs of the old Roman villas which stud the Campagna round Rome. They are extremely beautiful, these villas, but he was as much impressed by the fact that very little timber was necessary in their construction. "Timber," he says, "is scarce in the Transvaal, and South Africa is compelled to import £4,000,000 worth every year. This is obviously wrong."

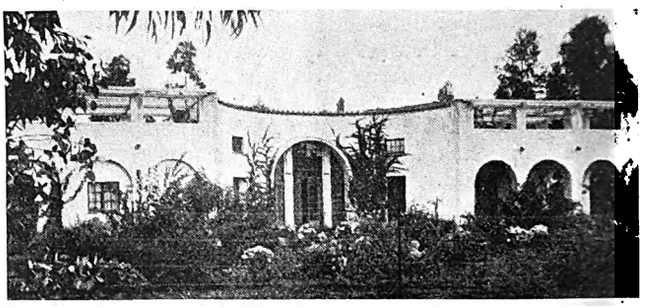
It is from this idea that his "barrel-vaulted" house has proceeded: the vaulted ceilings of Roman houses, which are certainly more beautiful, more even-temperatured (and, whisper it not among artists!) cheaper than the ordinary roofing we use.

He is an exceptional man, this Gordon Leith. Musician, sculptor, painter, engineer and architect; a geometrician to boot, for has he not invented a new method of perspective drawing? All these parts go to make the man: the strong clearness of his vision. A good sculptor is said to architect his sculpture: Gordon Leith sculps his architecture. And, as someone once said to me, there is music in his work, as there is in all things of great beauty: it sings in its harmonies.

He is a modest man—you should hear the almost scared reverence in his voice when he speaks of Mr. Baker—and a retiring man, and when I asked him to let me say something of a more personal sort, he almost shrank back in terror. Then he suddenly brightened up.

"Oh," said he, "you can say that I have just the most ripping twins at home . . ." *N.C.*

A House Designed by Gordon Leith.



Dr. Orenstein's Home in Johannesburg.

Another view of the same house.

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Thistledown and Thunder.

A Higgledy-Piggledy Diary.

By Hector Bolitho.

The writer has come to the age when memory is failing him, and he rescues incidents and impressions from the passing torrent before it is too late.

This series of articles, which may continue for far longer than either you or he may wish, is an effort to set down all the things he hadn't the time or the courage to write in the years the locusts have eaten; in New Zealand, Fiji, Samoa, Tonga, Australia, Italy, France, the parent England . . . and now Africa.

Rye, June 1924.

To-day I have been to Rye, in Sussex. It was just very calm and peaceful and sleepy and, after I had walked up and down the street, listened to the band playing "Chagrin D'amour," with an audience of shapeless women, carrying baskets, I went to the downs which stretch contentedly about the feet of the hill upon which the town is built. There were two miles of meadow, then the sea. There was a fair, gay and noisy, at the end of the green and, when I had passed it, far away, I could hear the tiny tune of the merry-go-round, its horses revolving in the rich green field.

Oh, what joy came with those two miles of meadow, with the grass stalks whipping against my shoes as I walked and the scrunch of the pebbles . . . where there were paths. Once a sailor, grey and old, walked past me. He had golden earrings which danced with light, beneath his grimy hat. But I was very lonely. I laid in the grass and stretched my arms out, among the buttercups, and I dug my hands deep into the earth and held on to it as if its very immensity could give me strength. But when I stretched out my fingers again, among the buttercups, they closed only against themselves. I was alone.

June 21, 1924.

Sunday, and I have met Shayle Gardner, the Aucklander who is acting in London. He is very tall and grand and impressive, and is at present playing in "Comin' thro' the Rye," a film. My mind swings back to Auckland in the early days of the War, when he came out from England to enlist. I remember one afternoon in the Soldiers' Club when he recited "Carillon," and he was very excellent. He has a marvellous speaking voice, and a certain dignity which makes him a good costume actor. I suppose it is an old-fashioned virtue to have a good heart. Please smile when you say it of anyone. But *he* has a good heart, and if the theatre had been as kind to him as he has been kind to people, he'd be a greater star than he is. He has vanity of the most innocent order—the vanity of a schoolboy—and in him it is a tremendously likeable quality. It is as innocent in him as dirty hands are excusable in a schoolboy. The dirty hands really make you like the lad all the more.

July 17, 1924.

This is a sad day. I have received *The Triad*—a new *Triad* since Frank Morton is dead. My last contribution to it—something about Mr. D. H. Lawrence calling on Australia—is in it. But I know they'll take no more of my stuff because—well—all is change and decay. *The Triad* has gone to bed—is dead—and a sort of *John o' London's Weekly* is born in its place.

October 9, 1924.

And this, the last day in London! To-morrow, a little train journey, the boat, and then Africa. But this last day is much the same as the first day—in outline. —, Cafe Royal for dinner, home, bed. But it was a different Cafe Royal from that first night—one whole year ago. *Then* I went in feeling very nervous of this grand, hasty place, where Wilde and Whistler spat epigrams, and the merry company of the 'nineties was brilliant over perfect food. Now, *I* was a Londoner. *I* could order wine just as these did in their day. *I* could afford to spend, and I knew one wine from another wine. Oh! I was very grown up.

Before dinner we went to a strange wine cellar I knew not of before. It is under that bridge at the end of Fleet Street, and the trains rumble like caged monsters as they pass overhead.

London danced its farewell to me after that. It danced as we flew off in one of those dismal taxis, and it danced around the shining rims of plates in the Royal. When we *did* go home, it danced out of the fire-place and said, "You've only stayed a wee year and you're running with a fright upon you." But London was not right. Only I know why I go.

October 10.

Not a tangible note out of this day of chaos!

Fourteen people to say good-bye to us.

London was bright for the parting. I greeted it in my new plus-fours, looking rather comic, I should imagine. Still, it was my last day and nobody said so. The station, packing cases, a knock-kneed, good-bye rush, bustle, an errant cardboard crate of hats, and then alone in the train, and the faithful fourteen far, far back on the Waterloo Station.

Past mellow fields, just like those we saw when we first swept majestically across from France, and then Southampton. The ship, our cabin, and my knee all swollen. . . . I went straight to bed. The doctor, and an announcement—cynovitis.

October 11.

In bed all day with cynovitis.

B—— was in bed, too, with a cold, so I occasionally prodded him to keep him awake (he was in the bunk above), and I read Lytton Strachey on Queen Victoria. I had always threatened to do it. But it *was* intensely interesting, and I felt all the more interested because Canon Dalton has described the Windsor of Victoria's day to me on that Sunday when we walked over the King's Garden. But there was not one reference to the fact that she blew her soup, and I had it on the authority of a girl in an Auckland lending library. *That* for the reliability of these historians!

October 12.

Sunday—bed for half the day and an examination of the passengers in the afternoon. Excepting the Countess, perhaps twenty-four, certainly the most delicate and fragile thing I've ever seen, they are not beautiful.

I met a Colonial boy and two girls, rather nice, obvious, bovine, unimaginative but friendly, puppy-dog people you can't help liking.

October 13.

I read about Madeira, and started "The Cloister and the Hearth." The first chapters make me feel ashamed of myself for daring to write a novel.

Friend.

To-night I am a shrine for tenderness . . .
I have great need of Friendship's cherishing,
That fragrant solace only one can bring
To my tired eyes, and you are he! The dress
Of passion that I sometimes wear has less
Of sorcery than this calm robe you fling
About my life . . . its folds with comfort sing,
Its very hem is stitched with happiness. . . .

Ah, friend, ah sweet, I let my memory dream
Of those glad days and little shining hours
When I walked with you on an emerald sward
Of succulent content; and still I seem
To feel your constant fingers like cool flowers
On my heart's harp strike soft the deepest chord!

Pamela Travers.

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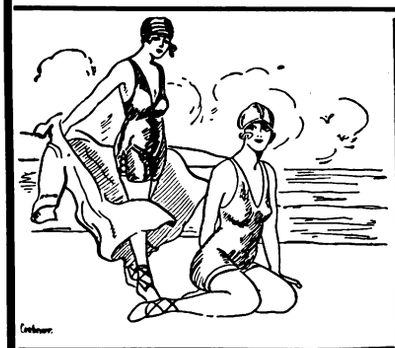
Capetown and Peninsula Comfort Centres.



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A Chat With "Judy."

Hanging on the wall in the dressing-room was an apron, just a plain print affair, that looked the worse for wear.

"Mother made it," Miss Renée Kelly told me, "and I always carry it with me: it is my talisman."

And mother, sitting watching her daughter dress for the "Chinese Puzzle," smiled happily.

"I am glad to be in South Africa. It seems really wonderful, so far from Home, but, of course, Jean and I are rather tired: we only arrived this morning."

"Jean" proved to be the little daughter of Miss Renée Kelly. "Little," did I say?—she is almost as tall as her mother. A slender school girl with two plaits of brown hair and all her mother's charm of manner. It is easy to see where they both inherit it from, for all the personality in the world is in Mrs. Kelly's cheerful face, and she possesses that most priceless of gifts—a very marked sense of humour. Jean was full of seeing mother and daddy again, and Mr. Hylton Allen looked fondly at his little daughter.

"It is a long way to come just to pay them a visit," said Mrs. Kelly, "but Jean and I loved it. Of course, we are not able to talk about your country yet, but I am sure we shall love it."

And the apron? It hung on the wall in its quiet and unobtrusive way and watched the family reunion.

"I wore the apron the first time I played in "Daddy Long Legs," and now on Friday evening it will make its first bow to Johannesburg," said Miss Kelly. "When I left England I did not know whether we would play 'Judy' here or not, but I brought it along. I wouldn't go to Africa without it, for it always brings me luck. The only time it was ever forgotten was in Glasgow, when it travelled ahead of me in another trunk. Do you know, I missed the train, had to wait in the rain, caught a cold, couldn't get a seat when I did catch the connection, and the guard was terribly rude to me for no reason at all. That was all because the apron was not there."

"'Daddy Long Legs' did a lot of good in England," said Mrs. Kelly, "and in America they formed 'Daddy Long Legs Clubs' to adopt orphans. We actually know of 100 who were adopted through people seeing 'Judy.'"

"We played at first through air raids," said Miss Kelly, a tremor in her sweet voice. "While I was portraying the orphan, the war was making hundreds. Each bomb that fell I used to think, 'more Judys, poor little souls.' I wish," she added, "that mothers will copy the clothes we wear in this play for their children. I think they are too charming and just the thing for daughters . . ."

The voice of the call boy was heard and Miss Kelly, with a hasty "Good-bye," ran down on to the stage, while mother and Jean went round to watch their dearest possession from the audience, "for luck." *C.R.*

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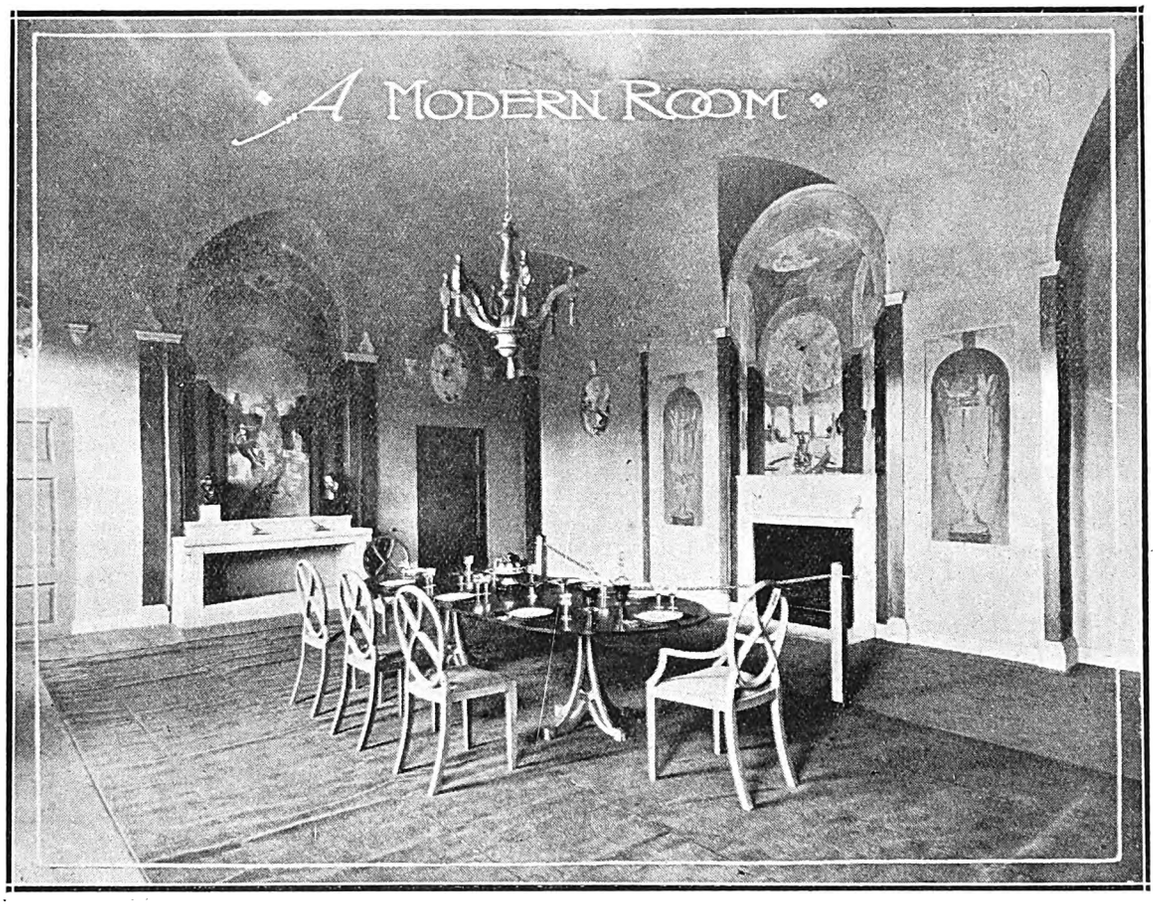
A Wembley Interior



A modern dining room, created in the Period Furniture Exhibition at Wembley.

The modern bedroom, designed to suggest the spirit of 1925.

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The Pillar of Smoke.

By Neil Collins.

The unfortunate Johnson Kipps was sauntering on the Cape Flats one Sunday afternoon idly wondering whether R.S.B. Robinson would continue to play wing for Hamilton-Sea Point during the coming rugby season, when he saw, not a quarter of a mile away, the Pillar of Smoke.

Strange and beautiful, it rose sharply into the air, towering to a great height, and showing a slight list toward the Mountain. Almost square in form, its side showed queer swirlings of vapour, and here and there glinted green reflections "Not unlike," thought the unfortunate Johnson Kipps "the sheen of plate-armour at sunset across the Dead Sea."

It was, I think, foolish of him to quicken his pace and walk right up to it, for he might have known (he was a man by no means unlettered) that a Pillar of Smoke such as this would contain only the population it did: a genie, fiercely-whiskered, broad and tremendous, a Druid's curse, half-a-dozen *pukka* fairies with gauzy wings, the Old Man of the Sea, beside a number of Folk of Fairyland and the Misty Midway.

He was within a yard or two of the edge of the vapour before they saw him, so engrossed were they in performing weird ethereal dances and mystic rites, but no sooner did one of the gnomes (nasty, suspicious wee creatures are gnomes) catch sight of him, than the whole apparition appeared to start fading away.

The unfortunate man did not stop to think a moment, but simply stretched out his hand and caught in it everything near which felt solid, and then, thrusting his bag (which consisted of four of the gauze-winged fairies) into his side-pockets, and buttoning them up, he folded his arms and winked at the genie.

The Pillar of Smoke ceased disappearing, the two remaining winged fairies waved their wands, and the unfortunate Johnson Kipps felt himself lofted rapidly skyward, by no tangible force. But the sensation of rising soon ceased, and Johnson found himself standing on air at a great height above earth, so that the Cape Peninsula seemed scarcely more in size than a pinhead.

On all sides of him were fairy-folk, gnome-folk, brownie-folk, pixie-folk, and the assorted folk of the mysterious Misty Midway, gesticulating wildly, jumping, hopping, dancing here and everywhere, all and each talking loudly, and making a great bother. Only the genie, fiercely-whiskered, broad, and tremendous, stood silent. Kipps, looking at him, saw his left eyelid descend in a slow, satiric wink.

But suddenly enough the hub-bub all quieted—Queen Mab had appeared. She waved her wand, and a throne appeared, on to which she climbed, and then looking at Kipps with a severe eye, said, "You have four of my fairies in your side-pocket!"

"Why, yes," said Kipps.

"I must require you to deliver them up."

"I shall certainly not do so."

Now there is this about side-pockets, that fairies and magic creatures cannot extract anything from them against their owner's will. It is a boon granted to men by King Solomon to celebrate the visit of the Queen of Sheba to his dominions, when she brought a school-boy with her as a curious exhibit.

At this Queen Mab stamped her foot, and called to the fairies "Red-hot pincers!"

Immediately hundreds of red-hot pincers were brought into action by the little folk against the unfortunate Kipps, but so small were they that he scarcely noticed them at all. Only the genie could have hurt Kipps, and he was by no means inclined to do so. While Queen Mab's fairies were trying various other tortures against Kipps—the scissors-like harpoon, the hair-rack, the ordeal by thwacking with canes, and the early-martyrs-selection—the genie told why the Pillar of Smoke had appeared that afternoon.

"The fact is," said he, "that every ten years Sheik Joseph, who forever hunts jackals on the Flats (you can see him and his hunters sometimes in the distant whirlwind) takes his forty horsemen for a week-end to Paradise with a view to encourage them to the further hunting of the jackal, by the prospect of living there always, for forever ends when eternity begins.

"On these occasions I expand from out my brass bottle (it was it that you kicked against when you grabbed your fairies) and keep a friendly eye on the Flats to see that all is well at Sandvleit."

During the explanation both had taken seats on clouds, but Kipps did not like this damp sitting.

"Look here," said he to Queen Mab, "I'll let you have your fairies back if you'll let me down to earth again, and grant me one wish. I had a cold only last week.

"Very well," said the queen "but your wish will, I warn you, be bound to turn out unhappily unless you choose the one wish that is safe."

"Right-oh, I'm game," said Kipps, and delving into his side-pocket, he produced the four fairies, not much the worse for wear, but very, very indignant.

"I wish," said he slowly, and winked at the genie, who winked back, "that everything shall be on earth exactly as it would have been had the Pillar of Smoke not appeared."

A vague wailing "He—has—wished—the—one—wish—and——" —and—— Johnson Kipps was sauntering on the Cape Flats, idly wondering whether R. S. B. Robinson would continue to play wing for Hamilton-Sea Point during the coming rugby season.

KARRIDENE HOTEL

SOUTH COAST, NATAL

This delightful, select and altogether restful resort is situated at the mouth of the Karridene River, 23 miles from Durban by rail, and within 70 minutes by car.

It occupies a unique position, almost abutting the Ocean Front in such a manner as strongly to suggest to the visitor when promenading the fine and extensive balconies the pleasant hours spent aboard a well-appointed steamship.

The Karridene Hotel is an extensive Brick Building, equipped with the most modern conveniences: Hot and Cold Baths, Electric Light, Bells to each of the forty-five Bedrooms, Dance Hall, Billiard Room, Lounges, Open-air Gardens, etc.

The grounds, 35 acres in extent, take the form of a lovely natural park, and lend themselves to all the usual outdoor amusements: Tennis, Croquet, Shooting, etc.

Boating here is excellent, and the resort is specially noted for fishing and safe surf bathing.

A Golf Course is in course of construction, and guests may be fully assured of every comfort, attention and amusement being provided for them.

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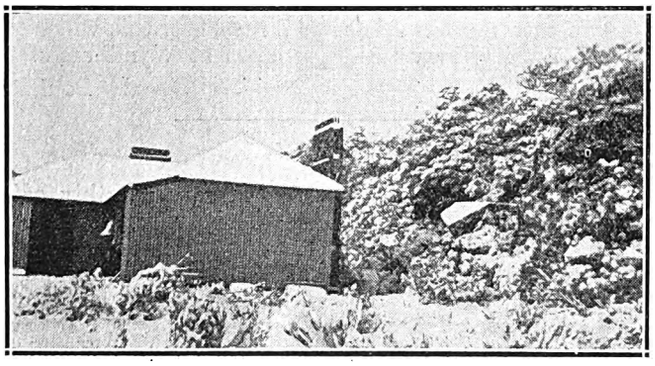
Climbing a New Zealand Mountain.

By Pantin.

New Zealand is a strange place. It has lakes on which pennies and stones may float—it has cold rivers, cold streams and hot boiling pools so close together that you may catch trout in the stream and cook them in a hot pool without moving from your ground.

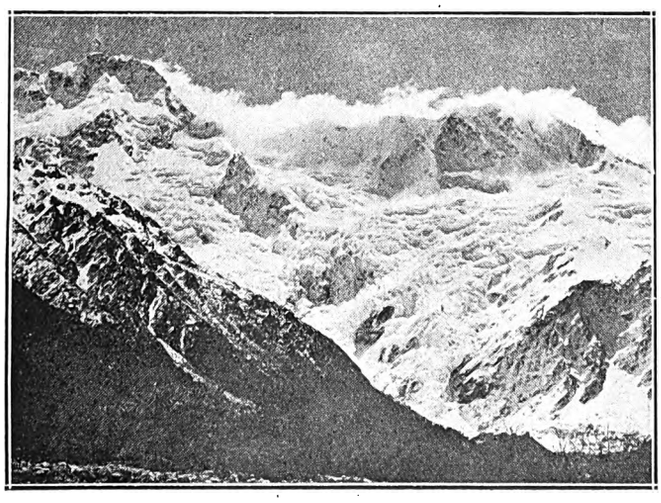
It has a lizard with three eyes and never a poisonous insect or animal in the land. But, one of its greatest paradoxes lies on the summit of its tallest North Island mountain—the Ruapehu, nine thousand feet high. On the crown of this mountain there is a boiling lake with shores of snow. It is shown in the four photographs on this page. Climbing this mountain provides an interesting experience. First, there is a twelve-mile road from the railway station—a road made by prisoners—and then comes a journey of similar length through the forest—the dripping forest rich with the colour of flowers, rich with many coloured lichen and carpeted with snow. One is climbing, up, up, all the time. At last comes the cottage—the cottage you see in the nearby



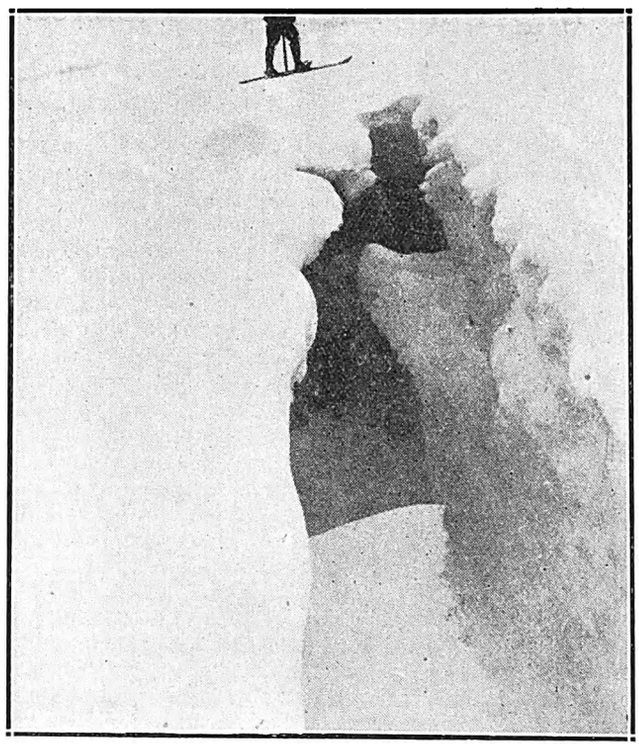
Headquarters.

photograph. It is from this cottage that you set out on your mountain journey. You can see Ruapehu, nine thousand feet high, with its snow peak, from the kitchen door, and a chattering stream passes the other door cold as the snows.

It is a strange country. There are three dominating mountains. One of them is Neauruhoe, which, at night, belches crimson flames to the black sky. Sometimes, in its maddest moods, there are streams of molten lava flowing down its sides. Then, to complete the oddity there are times when these mountain sides are covered with ice and snow. But Mount Ruapehu is the strangest of them all, for, after you have climbed the terrible nine thousand feet to the summit, you find this boiling lake, green—more light green than anything, and across its surface there are strange yellow stripes from the sulphur springs down below. The photograph shows you how near the hot edge of the lake the snow



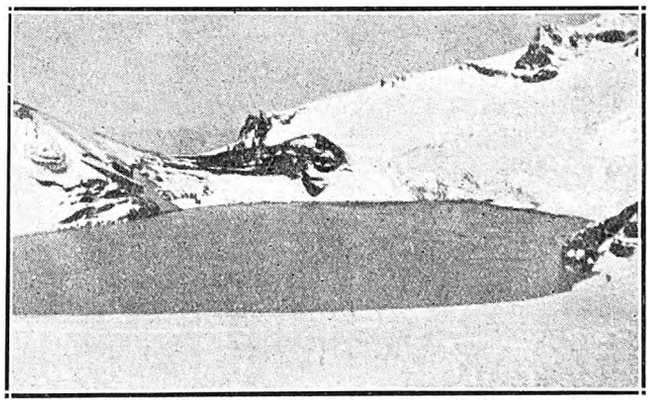
On the New Zealand Mountains.



An Ice Cave.

comes, but nature freezes and boils within a distance of six inches.

Of all the places I saw in New Zealand, this remains the most dear—and certainly the most cold. The little hut in the picture held eleven of us. We slept on beds made from straw, and we ate as little as possible and slept as much as possible. There were nights around the log fire when the older-timers of the party told us gaunt stories of Matterhorn and Cook. And, while they told their tales, the great winds came whistling down the valley past our hut



A boiling lake with snow shores on the summit of Mount Ruapehu, 9,000 feet.

until they were lost in the valleys below. Sometimes an avalanche would send its thundering noise through the night and, when the drama of darkness was passed and we came to the delicate dawn, we would look out of the window and see the rosy-tipped finger of Aurora sketching her pleasant story in letters of flame on the edge of the snow.

To-day, Mount Ruapehu is achieved by tourists—and yet one can hardly call them tourists, for few are hardy or eager enough to climb so high. But it was in the grand old yesterdays of New Zealand that Ruapehu knew her greatest stories. Ruapehu was a mountain more or less sacred to the Maori people. She remained chaste, solitary, undisturbed, except when some great Chieftain died, and then his body was carried up, up the mountain slopes, day after day, until the natives reached the lofty summit. Then his body was hurled into the boiling lake, so that he could sleep, close to the stars.

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Gossip from London's Theatres.

Leicester Square,
26th March, 1925.

A quite inexplicable period of quietness is affecting West End amusements this week. Nobody advances any definite reason for it—the belated advent of wintry storms and snow, as well as the imminence of Holy Week and Easter, may be contributory causes, but certain it is that business is much below par, despite the brand-new attractions offered at fully 75 per cent. of the theatres. "Better Days," at the Hippo., is hardly up to the standard set at that house of recent years. A lavish expenditure on scenic and sartorial spectacle and effect has never, nor will it ever, blind the public to a paucity of good songs or snappy comedy scenes. Doubtless Maisie Gay and Stanley Lupino will, given time, remedy this to good effect from their own resources, but audiences are certainly getting wise to the "all-right-on-the-night" methods of production and starting to stay away until they know the song, dance and "gag" departments are in full working order! "The Bamboula," presented at long last at His Majesty's on Tuesday (originally acquired and put into tentative rehearsal by Mr. J. L. Sacks, of Johannesburg and London, it was eventually turned over to Mr. Lou Morgan, a newcomer to theatrical management here), has also been apostrophised by the critics for weaknesses on the humorous side—though here there is a little more room for excuse, as the piece was not given any sort of "trial run" out of town, as was the case with "Better Days." W. H. Berry made a big personal hit as "The Bamboula," ruler of a sort of musical-comedy Ruritania (the part originally intended for Joseph Coyne), and Beppi de Vries, said to be the most famous of Holland's operetta stars, has leapt right into the front rank of musical-comedy queens here, too—a sorely-needed recruit and very welcome indeed, much as we would have preferred a new star of such magnitude to be British born.

Last night I saw the second-best musical show in London (perhaps it would be fairer to call it the sister-success of the Palace's "Non, No, Nanette"), "Rose Marie," at Drury Lane. Since it has brought that magnetic and vital little American comédienne, Edith Day, back to us, its few deficiencies are willingly forgiven. The raven-haired, flashing-eyed Edith, in the title-rôle, is just as captivating in the vast spaces of Drury Lane as she was when she first won our hearts as "Irene" in the comparatively slender frame of the Empire: her warm mezzo voice is now firmer and more ringing, her acting much improved, and her dancing as delightfully effortless and entrancing as ever. I blamed the unusually intricate plot for depriving us of a good 45 minutes of Miss Day's presence during the course of the play: things *did* sag when she was "off." Apart from her, the biggest hit is scored by the chorus—sixty girls and twenty men—trained by another young American girl, J. Kathryn Scott. Their untiring and amazing evolutions in the "Totem Tom-Tom" number, closing the first half of the show, were something entirely new and astonishing: the audience can't have enough of the tremendously clever effect achieved by placing in a semi-circle eighty human bodies attired in weird and wonderful Indian Totem pole costumes, and having them swept down like ripe corn in the wind at a gesture from an actress' hand. Billy Merson, as "Hard Boiled Herman" (the play is a sort of réchauffé of incidents from a score or more romantic "Western" films), is as yet by no means at his best; in fact, one felt like echoing some words used by him in the first act, ". . . there's no use trying to hide the fact, I'm bad—bad—bad." Clarice Hardwicke (here assuming her first "star" part) is a very capable artist of the Heather Thatcher type, and Mira Nirska contrives to get a lot out of the rôle of a half-caste girl, though she's handicapped by a voice too small to be effective in so large an auditorium. Derek Oldham also seems to suffer similarly and has one of the flimsiest "hero" parts on record. The musical choruses—"Indian Love Call," "Rose Marie" and "Totem Tom-Tom"—have a charming lilt, especially the first-named, and are already in great demand. The scenes in the Canadian Rockies are picturesque, but with no pretensions to super-gorgeousness: sandwiched between the big "sets" are "Impressions" (little cameo-like scenes played close to the footlights in a few feet of space and with a minimum of scenery) on the same principle as those which at first so intrigued us in "Irene."

Gladys Cooper's revival of Pinero's "Iris" had an almost feverishly brilliant first-night. The Prince of Wales went along quite privately, but was afterwards recognised by a bunch of gallery girls, who lionised and autograph-hunted him so vigorously that the police eventually were forced to rescue him from his too-enthusiastic admirers. Everybody joins in eulogizing Miss Cooper's acting as "Iris," and the way Henry Ainley gets over, with his sincerity, a few moments which might otherwise have landed the situation in a climax of bathos, but it has not saved the play from being labelled as definitely "dated."

Sir Gerald du Maurier's new Sutro drama, "A Man with a Heart" has, after the stormy première already mentioned in these notes, failed to attract and will be withdrawn after a three weeks' run. A few days later the French-American actress, Irene Bordoni, will open at Wyndhams with her big New York success, "Little Miss Bluebeard"—a comedy with music. As far as I recollect, this will be the very first musical play to be produced at Wyndham's.

Paul Pry.

The Little Karoo.

In the *Adelphi*, that excellent literary monthly, edited by Mr. Middleton Murry, I read "The Miller," by Pauline Smith. It surprised me; here was something new, here was something African and, above all, good. I tried to find out more about this writer. Unfortunately, no one I knew had ever heard of her; they were as ignorant as I. Other things occupied me, and I forgot Miss Smith's tender simplicity, for the time. Then came *The Little Karoo*. It has been reviewed all over Africa now. Little people have said large things of it, and the little people were right. I do not pretend to criticise or review the book at this late hour. Only this: every time it is mentioned some new reader may be found to appreciate the qualities of *The Little Karoo* (Jonathan Cape), and one's enthusiasm asks that there should be many readers of such a good book, since the mills of the gods turn out so very few. *S.D.*

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The Lightning Lady.

An Interview With Miss Zetta Mor.

One naturally calls her the Lightning Lady. Not only does she effect her changes of costume so quickly but she gives one the feeling that she is a streak of lightning herself.

Miss Mor is a member of a professional family. Her father was one of the original Christy Minstrels and her mother and sisters were singers and pianists on the concert platform. She is to play in South Africa very soon, so one is naturally interested in her story.

"Even as a child," says Miss Mor, dabbing her face with lightning speed and powder, "I was determined that I was not going to be the only one of the family off the stage. I aimed at being a great tragic actress and even rehearsed parts like Lady Macbeth in the hall with an audience composed of all my dolls who were made to sit on the stairs, tier upon tier like a theatre. They were unsatisfactory, though, because they just reclined on the stair carpet and gave no intimation that I found favour in their eyes.

"I suffered for my ambition, I can tell you. Once I cut up my mother's curtains to make a train for myself to wear in one of my tragic parts. Imagine the wrath that descended upon me!

"At last I really did get on the stage, when I was twelve. I had a small part in a piece called "The Dark Secret." My mother made me a new frock for the occasion. But while rowing in a boat across a stage sea I was capsized and landed in the water and the new frock was utterly spoilt. That led to further chastisements.

"But it also led to further engagements, so I did not mind very much. I soon gave up my idea of being a tragic actress. They say all comediennes hanker after weeping scenes when they are very young. But now I love comedy best. For years I have not been out of an engagement except for a few necessary months given over to recreation. I never have, thank goodness, had to look for work."

"Once," she remarks, her eyes dancing at the reminiscence, "when I was playing a girl's part in the first half of the programme I wore a wig of long fair curls. And when, in the latter half I wore a short boy's wig for a sailor song, a man in the gallery called out to me, 'That was a quick hair-cut, Missie!'

"What do I do in my spare time?" she said in answer to my question. "Heavens, you had much better ask what I don't do. I golf, I play tennis, I shop, I travel, I drive a car—not my husband's, he won't allow me to touch that."

Miss Zetta Mor is the tenth child of her family and has always been treated as the baby. But that has not spoilt her. She is splendidly keen on her profession and confesses that she can do anything on the stage except stand on her head.

"Don't ask me to be an acrobat. That's about the one stage trick I simply cannot manage. But I'll sing, dance, play the piano, impersonate well-known people, be a cockney or a duchess, a young man about town or a little slavey and anything else in the world you can think of."

It is a far call from her early dreams to this stage of her career at which Miss Mor has now arrived. The little girl who longed to play "The Worst Woman in London" and dreamily saw herself clad in vivid scarlet and holding a wine glass in her hand, never thought that her name would one day be many inches high on the music hall bills. Miss Mor has played in every large hall in England, including the Coliseum and the Alhambra, in London. She is an early riser—unlike most of those who follow her profession—and believes in an early breakfast, and if she is in the country she goes walking before she has that. Exploring intrigues her and she loves seeing new places.

"I think I shall be very happy in South Africa," she remarked as she put lightning finishing touches to her make-up. "You see, I adore the summer and sunny places. I am always very nervous and shy on a first night and in a new country I suppose I shall be even more so. But I am hoping that they will be very indulgent towards me because

Zetta Mor.

I do so want them to like me. I shall do a turn of about an hour and, during that time, I shall present as many sketches and characters as possible. Oh, and tell me—do they dance much in South Africa?"

I assured her that she would get as much of that exercise as she wanted. She is an ardent dancing enthusiast and believes that dancing after an evening's performance helps to brighten her and keep her fit, instead of making her feel too weary. To do two shows a day, dance after them and get up to breakfast next morning looking cheerful, is something of a feat, I think, but Zetta Mor thinks nothing of it. She has a most splendid fund of vitality.

"The stage? Why, it does not make me tired. I love it. It is the best profession in the world for anybody who really works hard at it. If I had any children I should not object to them going on the stage in the least. I have never heard of acting being bad for a young girl or boy. I have not seen any bad effects resulting from young people going on the stage. Certainly, I think that a very young girl should be chaperoned while she is travelling about, but inside the theatre she can come to no possible harm.

Here the Lightning Lady glanced at the clock.

"Heavens, I must go!" she said, and she followed the call boy swiftly down the corridor to the stage and presently I saw her making lightning changes from coster to sailor

Quick silver isn't in it with Zetta Mor. *Pianola T.*

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Bernard Shaw in Africa.

In a month or two, the famous Macdona Shaw Repertory Company will visit South Africa. In the following article, Miss Pamela Travers helps us to understand the importance of the Shaw season which we are promised.

I don't know whether he is an Irishman or a Scotsman. One never likes to ask because either thinks it an insult to be taken for the other. Perhaps he is a mixture of both, but my own private opinion inclines to the Irish side. There are twinkles in his eyes that are hardly Scotch—and yet, I don't really know. Let it go, however.

"For years I had been playing in and producing Shaw's 'Pygmalion,'" Mr. Macdona told me, "but it was not till four years ago that I got the tremendous idea of producing all of the plays of the greatest dramatist of our age. It suddenly occurred to me one day that it would be possible to form a Shaw Repertory Company on the lines upon which the D'Oyley Carte Opera Company is run.

"Well, I took my great idea to the great man himself, expecting him to be all eagerness at the prospect of knowing that his plays would be produced in every fairly large town in England. But, to my surprise, he laughed at me—oh, yes, laughed loud and long.

"'Why man,' he said to me, 'you'll be ruined and I shall be dead long before you bring off that scheme!'

"And I replied, 'Anyway, I'm going to try it.'

"That was four years ago. I have been producing Shaw all all over England ever since. At first, I must admit, things did not go so well. I saw there was a good deal to be said of Shaw's theory, that England would never take him to her heart. However, I held on. My motto is, "Whenever you're not quite sure about things, don't ask the proverbial policeman, but just hold on.' So I stuck to it. The tide did not turn at once, nor for some time, and I discussed the matter with Shaw again. Te still laughed at at me, and I still refused to let go.

"And then the wind changed. Suddenly I found England open-armed for Shaw. His star was in the ascendant. I acquired the rights of all his plays for the provinces. It was my aim to put before the public, as a splendid dish, plays which were worthy of its interest and appreciation, and to present them so well that they might become as popular to the proverbial man in the street as to the student of the Literary Club. I wanted to get outside the little circle of highbrows who were once considered, by themselves at any rate, to have the sole rights of appreciating Shavian plays. The company now pays annual visits of three and four weeks to all the big towns in the United Kingdom, and each year they are welcomed with extraordinary ardour—as one welcomes a long-absent friend whom one knows as one's wittiest comrade."

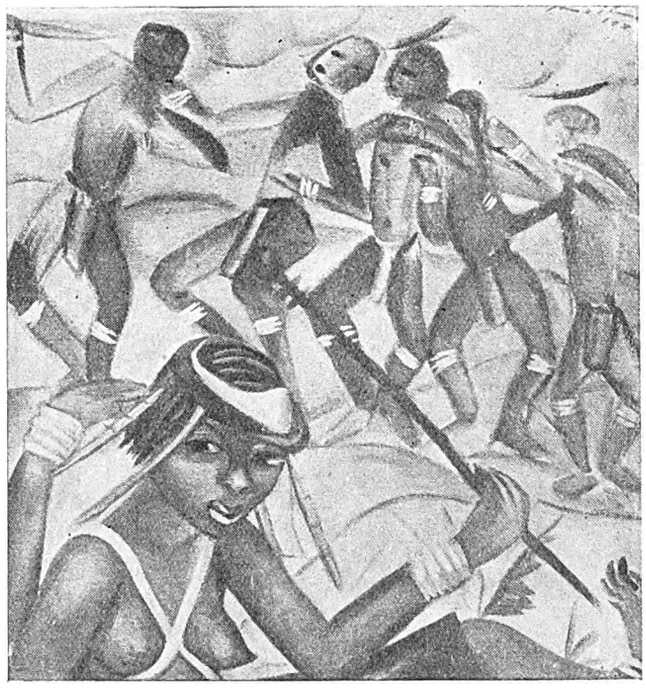
"I hope you made Mr. Shaw apologise to you for his first doubts of your success," I said to Mr. Macdona.

He laughed. "Oh, I didn't have to make him. He did it of his own accord. He is the first to admit when his judgment is found to be wrong. He is a splendid man and never interferes with one's productions of his plays. Occasionally he sends me a letter, asking me to look with a favourable eye upon some aspirant to Shavian parts, but it is always in the form of a gentle request, never a demand. Frankly, I think Shaw is not only the most broad-minded and modest of men, he is also the best of men. And when I say 'best' I mean it in every sense of the word. I am very proud of my association with him.

"But to return to my Repertory Company, the Macdona Players. Last year I took them to Paris, trembling, I will admit, for their reception. I did not know how the French people would receive Shaw; but I thought my company would probably be popular, as Parisians have often witnessed performances in French of 'Mrs. Warren's Profession,' and on each occasion of its production the houses have been packed.

"So we went to Paris, and for six weeks we were booked up solidly every night. Very often there was only standing room left, and that was soon sold, too. It was a most successful season. Not only did the English and American residents in Paris come again and again, but French people were also constant visitors.

"Mr. S. Esmé Percy, well known before the war for his productions of classic plays of all periods, including those of Bernard Shaw, Galsworthy, Tolstoi, Ibsen and Andriev, and who ran the English Theatre in Cologne during our occupation there, is my producer for the fourteen Shaw plays in my repertoire. In Mr. Shaw's preface eo 'Back to Methusalah,' he speaks of Mr. Percy as having 'led the forlorn hope of advanced drama in England,' and it has been Mr. Percy's and my endeavour to prove that it is not after all such a 'forlorn' hope. In fact, I think we have proved it.



A modern expression of the child races by Irma Stern.

"I have received so many requests from South Africa for Shaw plays that I am now sending out a repertory company to try its luck on Colonial boards. Several people have written hoping that my first production will be 'Mrs. Warren's Profession.' I do not, however, propose to accede to these requests. My first bill will probably be 'Pygmalion.' I have always found that a very good bill to begin with. That, or 'Fanny's First Play.' In this case, however, I think my choice will rest on the first-mentioned play, 'Pygmalion.' 'Fanny' calls for so many characters, and I am hoping that my producer will be able to pick up some likely people for the smaller parts in South Africa. I am sure that a land like that, overflowing as it does with musical and other artistic talent, should prove a lucky dip for the searcher of histrionic gifts.

"It is my contention, too, that the younger countries will be more quick to take Shaw, in the person of his plays, to their hearts than the English have been. It is a well-known fact that the English people, all except a very few, resent anything that is very new or modern. They are afraid of it, afraid that it is going to shake them out of their usual rut of sleek placidity; they want to sleep cosily in the safe, warm bed of the past, not to go exploring the unknown ways of the future. Now, Shaw is essentially the dramatist of the future. He is the turning point of our age, of many ages, if you will, just as Shakespeare was the

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turning point of his own and following centuries. I dare swear that Shaw will be commemorated in the future with as much zest as was the bard of old. Probably in Chelsea or Hampstead, or some new suburb, generations of the future will give and witness special performances of 'Fanny's First Play' or 'The Doctor's Dilemma' or 'Saint Joan' as regularly as 'Romeo and Juliet,' 'As You Like It' and 'Othello' are performed at Stratford-on-Avon when Spring comes round each year. Not that I think Mr. Shaw himself desires such a commemoration. For him the joy of his work lies in the work itself, not in the way posterity may look at it.

"It has often been suggested to me that I should send a repertory company to America. In fact, when this present company was playing at Hammersmith some time ago, an American who had just witnessed a performance of the 'Doctor's Dilemma,' said to me, 'Why, Macdona, these people must come to America. We haven't a company there to touch them!'

"I realise, of course, that all the company must be English. No American could possibly play one of Shaw's Englishmen, even if he had studied the English for years. Take, for instance, the doctor's in the 'Dilemma.' They are essentially English, as are also the critics in 'Fanny's First Play.' These characters must be portrayed by English, or at least by British actors.

"Strangely enough, in spite of his insularity in his drawing of characters, Shaw has been translated into many languages, and his plays have been successful in half the cities of Europe. Why, then, should they not be played by Americans? I don't know.

"Americans, however, are far more appreciative of Shaw than are English audiences. As usual, they want to teach England how to appreciate what is hers and to point out that England does not understand Shaw as well as America does. But, apart from this, they genuinely love Shaw. They recognise and pay tribute to his greatness. Half of our audiences in Paris were composed of Americans, and over and over again Americans have come up to me and congratulated me on my efforts to make Shaw better known to the general public.

"It is possible that I may accede to the many requests I have received from America that I should send a company there, and if this company is successful in South Africa, as I do hope it will be, I see no reason why it should not go from the Cape to Australia, and thence to America. If this does eventuate, the Macdona Players will have been all round the world performing Shaw plays, and I shall be a very proud man.

"Let me tell you one or two stories about Shaw. Of course, you may know them. Stories attributed to him are always being rumoured about. Often Shaw is not responsible for them at all, and I have an idea that that little person called Dame Gossip originates them and signs them with his name.

"However, I can vouch for the truth of these.

"This incident occurred when George Bernard Shaw worked as a dramatic critic on a London paper. That was the time when actors and actresses dreaded opening the paper in the morning after the first night, fearing what slighting and blighting remarks they might find about themselves. And if by chance they did find some little word or line that they might reasonably translate into a eulogy they were in the seventh heaven of delight for days.

"Anyway the great man arrived on the first night of a certain play attired in a costume that was more Shavian than conventional. He was held up by a gently but firmly protesting attendant in brass buttons just as he was about to enter his seat in the stalls. In those days it was a heinous crime to enter the stalls in anything less formal than a white tie and tails.

"'What's wrong?' demanded G.B.S. 'Is it the velvet jacket?'

"Relieved, the attendant intimated that it was wrong—oh, most horribly wrong.

"'All right,' said Shaw, cheerily, 'I'll go in without it,' and he cheerily stripped off the offending garment. The idea of shirt sleeves in the stalls was too much; the man's innermost delicacies and *amour propre* were devastated. Furiously he barred the way, breathing heavily at the thought of what might have happened.

"'What, you don't want me to take off any more!' cried the outraged critic and, with a truly Shavian shrug, he walked out of the theatre.

"And the next morning the injured actors and actresses, opening the paper with trembling fingers, looked in vain for the ultra-critical column from the pen of the formidable man.

"The other story is about the first night of 'Arms and the Man.'

"Mr. Shaw appeared before the curtain in response to calls of 'Author, author.'

"There was a tremendous salvo of applause, and Shaw bowed gravely in recognition. But as the clapping subsided an energetic voice from the gods made itself heard in a solitary 'Boo!'

"Shaw looked quizzically up at the gallery and remarked in far-carrying tones, 'I quite agree with you, but what can you and I do against a houseful?'"

Paintings in Maritzburg.

I had the misfortune, as I thought, to break my journey at Maritzburg: it had upset all my arrangements; it was raining; I was annoyed. Having about an hour to spare, I wondered what I could best do with it. Sleep, I thought, but someone suggested the Art Gallery. Provincial Art Galleries! . . . mawkish nudes . . . exhibitions of coloured photographs are bad enough, but . . . However, I was persuaded; one could at least go there and jeer. In that mood I went: it was with reverence however, I left. Never was anyone so disappointed, disappointed in his firm convictions. My one regret, that I could not spend more time there; it was too impossibly short. The collection, modern and extraordinarily good, given by a munificent and ever to be thanked patron, is relatively the best of its kind I have ever seen. Corot, Laura Knight, Clausen, Rosenstein, Brangwyn, Gertler, Sickert . . . just to mention a few names as they come to me: there are many others there of equal calibre, but I have omitted them owing to lack of space, no catalogue and a bad memory. There is Laura Knight's "Pavlova," in her Swan Dance, with its solid shaft of light; Rosenstein's "Peasant Women"; several Gertler "still-life"; the Detmolds' panels (two or three) for the illustrated edition of Kipling's "Jungle Stories"; Clausen's "Boy Threshing" (or, is it called "The Barn." I wish I could lay my hand on that catalogue. I shall never be forgiven for these misnomers); and many more. The original Collection is stored away, owing to lack of hanging room. May it remain entombed in the dusty vaults, except to afford a contrast to this one. Maritzburg is to be congratulated; everyone with appreciation should make a point of seeing this magnificent collection, given the opportunity, and not spend, as I did, only half an hour there. *S.D.*

Two Feet And The Hangman's Rope.

The silver tunes of baby feet,
Dancing about a garden,
Where scarlet poppies faint,
Drunk with the midday sun.
The grubby feet of five,
Sifting dust between their toes,
Climbing gates and running wildly
Among sheds and old timber.
The fearless feet of youth
Running along golden sands,
Browning on the decks of white yachts,
Dancing to the tune of violins.
The fevered feet that play
About the tender ankles of a pale girl,
Strong toes that play with little toes,
Through the symphony of Love's first adventure,
Tortured feet that dance,
To the Carnival of the Dawn,
At the end of the hangman's rope
Against the silver curtain of the sky.

—*Hector Bolitho.*

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The Actors Are Come Hither.

By Pamela Travers.

My first memory of the theatre goes back to the time when I was six, and the sharpest impression on my mind was made by the fact that the seat was very hard and my feet had not even a bowing acquaintance with the floor. But I had to bear it because if I stood up the tip of my nose would barely reach as far as the edge of the marvellous red plush balustrade of the Dress Circle.

Pamela Travers.

You will murmur "Woman, woman!" when I tell you that I remember quite plainly what I wore: a short, blue, fur-trimmed coat and very new patent-leather shoes, of which I was inordinately proud. The contemplation of them was of far more interest to me than the enaction of the pantomime until the black man jumped out of the trap-door in the centre of the stage.

And then—forgotten the new shoes, the blue coat, the hard seat—and all the world dwindled down to the curving arabesques and wild and jocund antics of the black man. Then he was joined by two green elves, who I now know to have been children, but for me at six years old they were the veritable beings of the forest—strange, wild, unreal, and wholly magical. For months afterwards the memory of those green elves danced in my dreams and dominated all my waking hours. I have often tried to find out who played in this pantomime, but nobody seems to know.

Maybe it is because I have since read the play so many times that each scene in the "Blue Bird" is printed visibly on my brain. The dim quiet cottage home, with the snow drifting silverly by the window, the faint shapes and sweet voices of the children in the darkness, and the little points of light that shone from the house of the rich people opposite. Then the wondrous transformation when everything in the room became alive—"Bread" dancing out of his tin, "Sugar," who broke little pieces of barley-sugar from his own fingers and felt no pain in the sticky process, "Light of the Lamp" changing into a bright and slender lady, "Flame of the Fire" and "Water from the Tap" assuming mortal shapes and sizzling whenever they came in contact with one another, the spinning, shining plates on the dresser, and the dog and the cat both speaking mortal language. Then the long search for the "Blue Bird of Happiness"—through the "Palace of Night",, where the two children, "Sleep and Death," slept one on either side of the steps, through the forest, where the spirits of the trees became men, through the sweet dim land of "Memory," where old "Gaffer Tyl" and "Granny Tyl" were kept alive by their children's thoughts of them, through the "Kingdom of the Future," where everything was blue, where sun-dyed clouds drifted by in the background and the luminous boat of "Father Time" took away a cargo of blue children to the mothers who welcomed them to earth with a crooning song, through the "Graveyard," where at twelve o'clock the gravestones rolled away, revealing a garden of laughing flowers, and "Tyltyl's" voice pealed the triumphant assurance: "There are no dead!" and then the sweet awakening to the knowledge that the "Blue Bird" had been in their own home all the time, its swift and sudden flight, and last, the pleading voice of a little brown-curled boy pleading with the audience to help to find it for he needed it for his future happiness.

Madge Elliott, an Australian dancer, who is soon to appear at the Hippodrome in London, took the part of "Water"—green and blue, she was like some cool, tree drowning lake. The adorable "Tyltyl," who changed the whole world by a twist of the diamond in his cap, is finishing his—or rather—her education in a convent before she plays grown-up parts again. The fragrant lisping "Mytyl" is a married woman now, with a baby, and all the rest of the company are scattered wide. But they are all together still in that dim, blue palace of my heart.

And "The Whip"—I cannot remember whether that came before or after the "Blue Bird," but there are bits in that play, too, which stand out very clearly. There was the boy in the "Waxworks," who kept wailing: "I want to see Charlie Peace!" The name of Charlie Peace aroused my curiosity, and when nobody could or would tell me who Charlie Peace was, his name became enshrined in a sort of mysterious halo, which did not disperse until many years later. Then there was the astounding exciting minute when I waited breathlessly for the express train to crash into the horse-box, hugging to myself the joyous knowledge that the "Whip" himself had been removed to a place of safety a few minutes before. It was on that memorable matinee that in my excitement I knocked my box of chocolates helter-skelter into the stalls to the annoyance of an elderly lady with a preponderance of ostrich feathers in her hat. It was "The Whip" which inspired me to write a play—a play in the medieaval vein, with many "whithers," and "whences," "good Sir Knights" and "nay, my lords." I regret to say it was never produced because an inclement attack of measles descended upon me in the middle of the third act, and, when I had recovered, my creative fervour had flown into newer channels.

After that, for some time, I only saw pantomimes, and even those long-anticipated events were very occasional. William the First, 1066, the chief exports of China, the conning of Wordsworth's "Ode on the Intimations of Immortality in Early Childhood," were considered to be of much more importance to my education than the implanting of histrionic appreciation.

Then, later on, I had my first glimpse of Shakespeare as he is acted. Dearly as I had loved the plays lying inert between the dim green covers of a book, to see them acted was then to me the topmost pinacle of beauty. I was taken to see "Hamlet," played in an old ramshackle theatre in Sydney.

Round about me people were chattering about anything and everything except the forthcoming play, but for me life had shrunk to that little square of crimson plush curtain, which would be lifted soon to display a wonder unknown, and only half-guessed.

At last the lights died, and there was darkness there. Then suddenly there was light again and glamour, and we were at the court of a king, listening to a new and thunderous music of words—dear, well-known words, suddenly dearer because they became alive in the mouths of people—stately people, who wore gorgeous, trailing robes, curtsied before the throne, and were strangely unreal in the flickering light of the stage torches.

I trembled with "Hamlet" when he beheld his father's ghost, so greenly-ghoulish under the wide arc-light, stretching out unseen hands of comfort to him in his feined madness. I wept for him and for "Ophelia" when he took his desperate farewell of her, and almost, in my eagerness, sent my own voice shouting "Lights for the King," at the end of the play scene.

I remember "Ophelia," with flowers in her hair, and flowers in her hands, and the flower of madness in her eyes, her rosemary and rue, and her sudden clamourous cry for her coach. And when, after she was buried, and the crowd of mourners had drifted sadly away, the sight of "Hamlet" stealing back to kiss the white flowers strown above her seemed to my small and throbbing heart a sorrow too burdensome to be borne.

But, you know, sorrow has a habit of diminishing considerably under the potent spell of strawberries-and-cream and iced coffee, not to mention the joy of staying up till twelve. It was not until I was warmly in bed that the sad fate of "Hamlet" and his love troubled me again, but before I slept my pillow was uncomfortably wet with compassionate child-tears.

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Mme. Opperman's Recital.

Mme. Kate Opperman, whom South Africans know well as a contralto, gave a recital at the Aeolion Hall, London, in conjunction with Mr. Harry Field, a Canadian pianist, on March 19th, under the patronage of Sir Edgar Walton (High Commissioner for South Africa) and Lady Walton, the Hon. Peter Larkin (High Commissioner for Canada), the Marchioness of Townshend, Sir Albert Seymour, Bart., Agnes, Lady Wolsingham, Sir Reginald and Lady Blankenberg, Sir Lewis Coward, K.C., and Lady Coward, Lady Beit, Mrs. Dighton-Probyn, Mr. and Mrs. Leo. Weinthal, O.B.E., F.R.G.S., Mr. and Mrs. Botha-Hawkin, Mr. and Mrs. Imroth, T. B. W. Ramsay, Esq., M.A., LL.B. (Chief of the Scottish Clans Association of London). Her programme covered a very wide range of musical styles. Beginning with that magnificent classic, Schubert's "Du Holde Kunst," her first group consisted of Hugo Wolf's "Verborgenheit," Rubinstein's "Der Asra," and Schuman's Die Rose, Die Lilie. The *piece de resistance* was Debussy's recitative and aria from *L'Enfant Prodigue*, and an English group concluded her performance, namely, "Alleluia" (Frank Bridge), "The Heart Worships" (Gustav Holst), "Keep Thy Heart Free" (C. E. Clements), "When Children Play" (Walford Davies), and "The Terrible Robber Men" (Herbert Hughes). The large audience bestowed great applause upon the singer and asked for numerous encores. Mme. Opperman was also the recipient of many very beautiful tributes. Mr. Harry Field proved a scholarly pianist, and Miss Lute Drummond (an Australian) a very efficient and sympathetic accompanist.

Mme. Opperman.

Commenting on Mme. Opperman's singing, the *London Daily Telegraph* said: "Miss Opperman does herself an injustice by applying the term contralto to her quality and range, for her upper notes are by far the brightest and most resonant in her scale. The lower register (as was well shown in her singing of 'Der Asra') is forced and not of a piece with the rest. In order to give carrying power to these lower notes Miss Opperman falls into the 'vibrato' habit. She would be better equipped were she to cultivate more freely the mezzo tone which she employed pleasantly in some of the phrases of 'Die Rose, die Lilie.'"

A Dramatic Recital.

History repeats itself curiously not only in matters of nations, of captains and kings, but also in the arts. In the dim ages when writing was not even a vision of the future, the artists of the age, the writers, the historians, passed down their tales and ballads by the spoken word. They were the first elocutionists.

To-day elocution has once more begun to be seen as one of the great arts, and we are, on April 23rd, to have an opportunity of hearing an extraordinarily fine exponent of this art, Miss Elspeth Douglas-Reid.

She is giving a dramatic recital at the Carlton Hotel, and is to recite items from Walter de la Mare, Harold Munro, Tennyson, Shakespeare, and numerous poets of the age.

Nor is this all. Mr. Rosenbloom, the popular pianist, is to play selections from Schuman, Lizt, Chopin, and from his own compositions. At the end of the recital a one-act play by Dawson Milward is to be presented by Miss Douglas Reid and Mr. Cyril Griffiths.

There is no doubt that the recital is to be a great success. *K.D.*

Dio-Pia at the Empire.

We sat in the darkened theatre, just a curtain in front of the stage. Everybody wondered what was going to happen. "Dio-Pia," the programme said, "Dio-Pia in a series of beautiful pantomimic dances, introducing some of the most novel and scenic effects." There set down in cold print were the wonderful colouring, the glittering arches and columns we were to see.

Something is moving on the curtain. Curves, curves of silver that seem to be wound round and round by an Harlequin's lathe till they fill the screen.

The curtain rises and the whole stage is lace, black and silver, shimmering, shining under a thousand lights. Enter the dancer, a fairy-like form amid the threads of silver that ever and anon are touched with rose and blue as by a fairy hand, a dancer in an old-fashioned crinoline who pirouettes mid the lace. You grip the side of your stall and feel you are in another world, peopled by the tiny denizens of the Enchanted Land. You see the dancer, the laces, as "through a mist lightly." A pool of blue and red is in the centre of the stage, the form of the dancers wavers over it and is lit up by the brilliant lights.

Then the curtain falls and scene after scene is thrown on it. The silver sea, a path of gold and blue to the cloudy horizon, a lonely fishing smack, a rock standing dignified and aloof in the waves. There is the light, there is more, there is the soft radiance of the sea, its glitter under the moon.

Next? Under the sea. The diver comes down to the coral ladened depths, where myriads of shells and queer underworld animals are to be found. In the centre is a large oyster shell; he opens it and out comes the Spirit of the Oyster, clad in silver, and dances a wonderful shell dance. One feels the water above and around her and sees the little fishes floating in her hair, in her garments, and the over changing current with its lights and shades, the sea.

Then comes a curtain of such vivid shades that you hold your breath with the very joy of it: gorgeous reds, blues and purples, butterfly wings, the prism ray, when all the colours of the rainbow mingle together and form fantastic shapes.

It fades and the dancer appears amid a background of changing colours clad in sweeping draperies of orange and gold, the Spirit of the Fire, she bends over to the audience in deep salaam and . . . into the air shoot the flames, 12 to 15 feet high, flames of georgette, of misty chiffons, eddying and curling with marvellous effect. Gradually, very gradually the fire dies, the dancer's form is limp and inert on the ground and the curtain descends.

Last, but by no means least, a black dancer in paster shades with two long scarfs that she twirls with great effect. And the background? Green mermaids swimming amid seaweed. Suddenly with a "I have nothing up my sleeve, ladies and gentlemen" kind of effect, the lights fade, the dancer stands in dazzling whiteness against a set of white: gone are the vivid greens, the mermaids; then a flash . . . they are back again, and we lean back and murmur, "How is it done?"

And Crinoline Dancer, Shell Girl, Flame Wrath and Blackamoor, are all the same—Dio Pia, "The Indescribable Enchantress." *C.R.*

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A Cape Town Street.

Where the wide spaces of that Parade Ground, on which van der Stel reviewed his burghers, and Macartney drew up his troops one hundred and more years ago, suddenly heaps itself into the monstrously ugly City Hall of Cape Town, Plein Street comes out of the void, and seems to attempt to take a header into the bulk of Table Mountain, but is sadly stopped and turned into a little street with the loveliest of all street names—Tuin Plein.

A street of shoppers, of colour and Eastern busyness, of hurrying people and darting shop-cats. In other streets the shop-cats sleep contentedly in their door-ways, lounge lazily about the pavements; here they fly across the street for no apparent purposes. It is all part of the atmosphere of the street—part of the quick eagerness of the day-time shoppers.

One must not linger in Plein Street. True, both things are done, but they are of the things which are simply *not* done. Besides, it is difficult, for the swift crowd which flows about one, eddying and swirling, as one stands on the pavement, is not above jostling one from its way with elbows and pushes.

I like the people who shop in Plein Street; they are so jollily democratic; none of your haughty aristocratic ways are tolerated here. No, I don't mean that strangers suddenly start speaking to each other here. Oh, no! We are all too busy in Plein Street to do anything like that; we could not possibly afford the time.

And what do you buy here? Why, I can go to Plein Street and buy you the most wonderful silks and the most beautiful, queer little pieces of quaint antique jewellery, and I can go to Plein Street and buy you the cheapest of cheap clothes and the flimsiest of imitation Brummagen brass-gold. And I can get for you there happy little toys for the children, and rifles and shaving-brushes and the curious products of the East, all from shops which string themselves one after the crammed other up this street, where in long days gone by noble ladies walked and flirted with gallant French officers and stout sea-captains from the sailing vessels in the bay.

It is at night that Plein Street takes on its real character, and on Saturday night most of all. Then Romance comes into the street, and chattering, chaffing, chaffering humanity takes possession of what in the day is devoted all to business.

Red-fezzed Malay men walk solemnly down the cool pavements with kola'd Malay women, who wear the flowing *yashmaks* of Java, and Cosmopolis comes out to flood the street with colour of light and sound of Babel. You may hear Polish here, and Arabic, guttural German mixed with musical Zulu, the clipped English of Cockney-land sounding strangely bird-like against the flat, deep English of our own land. Cantonese and Mandarin Chinese are liquid notes in the orchestra of Madagascar French and the multitudinous dialects of India. Here walk sailors from Copenhagen and Valparaiso, here are to be seen Spaniards and Jews and Swedes; here in the glare of the arc-lamps promenade the races of the earth and their progeny.

And then you walk down the street again, and turn a little to the right, and you find yourself in the cool, dusk space of the Parade; and the Castle standing strong against the sky seems to brood over the silence and peace of night.

Neil Collins.

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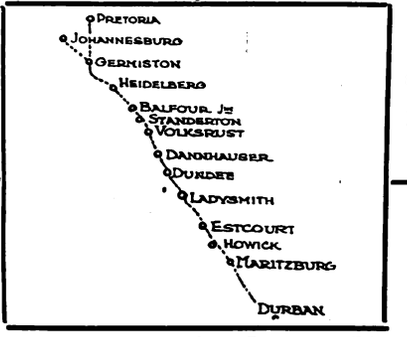

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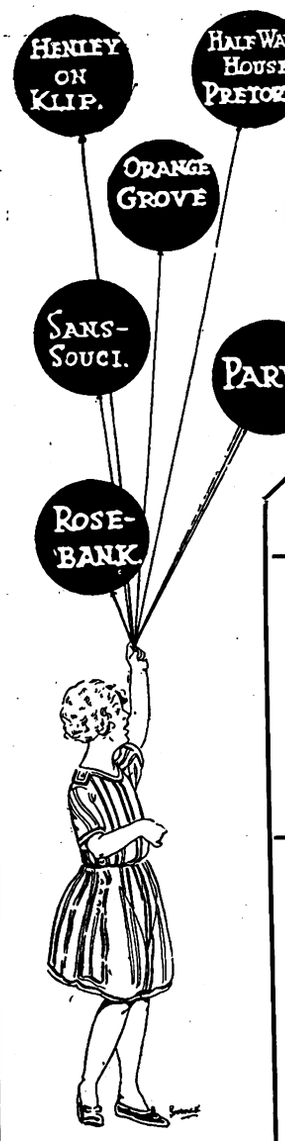

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Lucia in the Morning.

A Neapolitan Sketch.

By Abraham Linnet.

Lucia lives in the Dogana Della Neve. When you consider that her mother has only one eye and that she sits on the side of the road selling chillies and melons, Lucia is a beautiful girl. The Dogana Della Neve is one of the narrowest streets in Naples. Signora Amadio can sit on her balcony and see across the streets; right into the room where Lucia's father is lying on the bed, with a halo of flies wheeling about his head avoiding the atmospheric disturbances caused by his grunting.

But Lucia cannot see these things. It is Sunday, and the king's birthday. There is to be a military parade in front of the Francesco de Pavlo, and the Duchessa d'Aosta is to come out on the balcony of the palace and bow to the people. And her Guiseppe is to be there, in his uniform, marching splendidly behind the great Albrecci.

Oh! it is a wonderful day!

The strings of melons on Signora Amadio's balcony are turned into a string of golden balloons by the sunlight.

All Dogana Della Neve is alive. The sky is almost hidden by clothes lines, stretched across the street. Even Lucia has hung out here dress, so that it may dance in the sunshine before she puts it on.

See! The narrow strip of pavement down below is already turned into a river of people. Some carry the Fascisti flag. All are laughing. Even the blind man who has been knocked over into Camillo Verdi's fruit barrow by some screeching boys, seems to have a certain holiday spirit in the way he falls.

Lucia puts on her dress, plays unnecessarily with the bows on her shoes, and makes her way to the steps of the Francesco de Pavlo. All the world is there. Above the half circle of columns, along the roof, with the arms waving against the sky, thousands of Neapolitans look down upon the sea of soldiers. They are wonderful!

A thousand plumes on a thousand helmets! Scarlet and blue feathers dancing above the heads of the gendarmes.

Lucia stands on her toes to see.

The Duchessa comes out on to the balcony. Lucia can see her rest her fragile gloved hands upon the crimson velvet, with the golden fringe. The great Duchessa bows and then the Bersaglieri rush past . . . then the infantry and the gendarmes and the ponderous wagons, some of them still wounded by the whirling hell of war. Then come the Blackshirts . . . vivid, quick, alive. Somebody shouts "Mussolini!" and thousands of people cheer.

Then comes the great general, with his white feather . . just like the white feather of smoke rising from the crown of Vesuvius. How quiet Vesuvius is to-day! And how blue and still, Capri, floating out there in the water!

And then she sees Guiseppe, with the plumes waving from his hat. She stands on her toes, higher and higher, to see him.

"*Quanto e simpatico,*" she whispered it softly, and then she waves, but he does not see her.

The Grand Duchessa goes into the shadows of the palace and the parade is over. The admirals and generals walk pompously towards the throbbing cars, and Lucia waits for him . . . over there, where the palace looks down at the crowded street, through its sullen windows. He comes . . . Guiseppe . . . laughing, with his plumes still dancing a merry step, the longer ones kissing his cheek.

Down the long road they walk, with the flags waving above them. She holds his arm and he laughs again, and in her heart, little tunes start to play, until she is like a musical box. How happy she is!

See . . . that dark "thing" over there is looking at Guiseppe's alert body.

But he is Lucia's. She gives his arm an extra little caress, and when he looks down at her again, his face is so close that his plumes touch her neck and his hot breath steals in among the dark mysteries of her hair.

Round the Bioscopes.

Bijou.

Welcome Stranger is a comedy with a human touch. It is the story of a Jew with a sense of humour who arrived in the American equivalent of our backveld dorp, cast his bread on the waters, and found that it came back as sandwiches! The smug citizens of the village treated him with contempt at first, but before he had been there a year he had put the dorp on the map, and established himself, by sheer hard work and fair dealing, as the leading member of the community. There is a laugh in every scene of this play—it has been called the "Potash and Perlmutter of the screen"—and incidentally there is a lesson in it: that there is one thing in life beyond money or power—the milk of human kindness.

Welcome Stranger is showing at the Bijou all next week.

Orpheum.

Half-a-dollar Bill is the tale of an abandoned child who was found and brought up by a sea-captain. From early scenes of bachelors bringing up the child the picture works up to a tensely dramatic climax, and the tang of the sea is felt all through the screening. Anna Q. Nilsson, William T. Carleton, George MacQuarrie and Lewis Mitchell are among the stars, and their names are in themselves a guarantee of the excellence of this film at the Orpheum during the first half of next week.

The action of the *Speed Spook*, which is showing at the same bioscope during the second half of the week, moves as fast as the name of the film indicates. Johnny Hines stars as the winner of an international automobile race, and the scenes for this race were actually "shot" with the world's speed champions driving at 114 miles an hour. Thrills, laughter and speed chase each other down the picture.

Carlton.

Hoot Gibson in the *Sawdust Trail* is giving us another—in my opinion, his best—Wild West Circus picture, packed with thrills and Hoot Gibson's wonderful riding and driving. The plot? *She* was a brutal two-gun girl, and he an innocent young man with a weak heart. It is not difficult to imagine the rollicking humour of the play when that is known, and—it is at the Carlton during the first half of the week starting 20th April.

Terrific storm scenes on a rocky coast beaten by the long rollers which swing across the North Atlantic will thrill the audiences at the Carlton during the second half of the week. The picture is *The Face on the Bar-room Floor*, the story of how a brilliant painter was sent to prison unjustly . . . escaped . . . took to drink . . . was regenerated. The drama is strong, and the acting is extraordinarily good. This Fox picture will succeed. *Fantan.*

The Golden Rain.

Golden sovereigns! Fat golden sovereigns!

At the week-end the Reef mines paid out wages in clean, bright, shining sovereigns, fresh from the mint, winking the eye of St. George at the world. No, I have not had any in my pocket yet. Yes, I have seen one.

It was when I came home to dinner last night. Maureen was on the stoep, and as I walked up the drive she cried to me:

"Neil, Neil, a sovereign! A *real* gold sovereign! I had it in some change this morning."

I flew (metaphorically) up the drive, and tried to wrest the coin from her, but she retreated scientifically behind an armchair, clutching the little bit of shining gold behind her.

"No, you may not see it. I know when it was that you had your last cheque!"

But she let me look at it from a small distance. It was so long since I had seen a gold coin that I cannot say for certain, but I think that it was very like the old ones, and just as plump and jolly. I wish that she had let me hold it in my hand, and feel the weight of it. I *might* not have kept it. *Neil Collins.*

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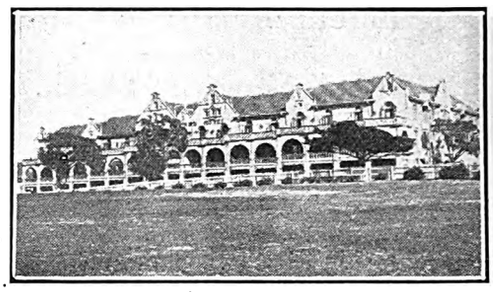

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Next Week's Theatre Calls.

WEEK COMMENCING MONDAY, APRIL 20, 1925.

Tivoli, Capetown.—Mdlle. Margo & Lady Asst., Rupert Hazell, Fred Russell.

His Majesty's, Johannesburg.—Renee Kelly and full London Company in "Daddy Long-Legs."

Empire, Johannesburg.—Bert Errol, Sydney & Adelaide, Van Cello & Mary, The Pantons, Dio Pia, Ross, Barker & McLennan, Bradley & Hamilton, Nick Morton.

Orpheum, Johannesburg.—Calno Trio, Jay Whidden.

Grand, Pretoria.—Pall Malls, Jess & Tony.

Criterion, Benoni.—Gould & Gordon, Iris & Phyllis.

Rinko. Maritzburg.—Harrisa Bros., Aubrey & Hart.

Criterion, Durban.—Les Augustines, Barker & Wynne.

Vaudette, Krugersdorp.—(Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday) Frank Fay & Dixie Lady, Van Delfts.

Apollo, Germiston.—(Thursday, Friday and Saturday) Frank Fay & Dixie Lady, Van Delfts.

Vaudette, Kimberley.—(April 24 and 25) Maidie Scott, Irene Forde, Grant & Faber.

Opera House, Capetown.—Iris Hoey and London Company in "Clothes and the Woman," to be followed by "The Pelican" and "The Man from Toronto."

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"THE FACE ON THE BAR-ROOM FLOOR," featuring Henry B. Walthall and Ruth Clifford.

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Lourenco Marques: An Impression.

I shall never use the expression "What's in a name?" again. There had always been a magic to me about the sound "Lourenco Marques"—life and gay people thronged in its music. I arrived here this morning. . .

To me Lourenco Marques has always been a sister to Monte Carlo, although I had never been to either. But I know now that they are not related; they are not even step-sisters. Mealies grow in the centre of the town, and I saw no enormous buildings, heard only the crowded murmur from the station, clean and white, packed with dark-faced people.

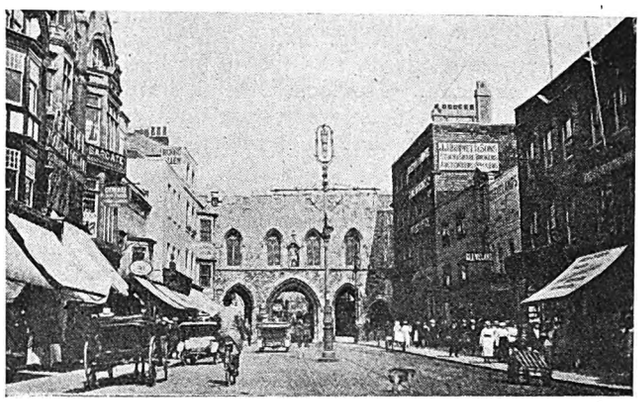
For all its closeness to the Union, English is not of much use here. I have asked a hundred people to-day "Do you speak English?" My only answer has been a rapid flow of vowelled speech, which may have meant Yes and may have meant No, and may have meant that they were people much too important to talk to a mere passer-through. At the one bioscope here *Grumpy* is being screened, and all the advertising for it is being done in English, but in spite of this I doubt whether many of the inhabitants speak the language, for when on the tram I tendered Union coins for my fare they were refused, but I could not be put off the car, as the conductor could not do it in any language I understood. These trams are most amusing. They run on the grass on the side of the avenue, and one may get in or out on any side, and they are entirely open. They are so like musical comedy trams that one expects at any moment to see a musical comedy tram-conductor in a gorgeous golden uniform appear, do a few comedy falls, shout "Bingo!" and then say "Fares, please."

The young Valentinos of the town walk arm-in-arm on the band square, or lounge in comfortable chairs outside the tea-room. I have called the chairs comfortable, but I cannot guarantee it, for as I had only English money I did not try them. I might not have got free tea in the same way that I got a free tram-ride, and I might have found myself explaining things to a musical comedy gendarme.

The band square is packed with over-dressed young men, some with velvet collars and serge suits, and some wearing great cable bangles with hearts dangling from them, and rings on the third finger to match. But among all the throng I have seen only two Portuguese women, and I am told that they go to the beach or sleep on Sunday afternoons.

The beach is very beautiful, and from the cliff behind it one looks out on miles of blue water, with the town asleep behind. The Kiosk here is the finest I have ever seen. I have not yet been to the Casino, but I am told that one may bet there in any amount on any day of the year. All this seems strange to me, for I really believe in Good Friday and Christmas Day.

All the business of Lourenco Marques is done in one main street, but it is by no means the most wonderful. These romantic Portuguese do not call it a street, but the Avenida 24 Julho. It is a glorious old street with cobbles and an avenue of splendid trees which are a mass of scarlet flowers in the season. At present they are green, with just a few red flowers and tremendous green beans hanging down like earrings from a Zulu hut. To make everything more beautiful most decorative policemen are posted at each corner. They stand in the shade of the trees and wave batons to direct traffic. I am afraid, though, that they do not concern themselves very seriously with the passing cars. They just wave and keep cool in the shade.



A glimpse of Southampton.

Along this avenue enormous spiders have built webs which extend from one tree to the other. They look like silver fishing nets hanging in the sun to dry. They are beautiful but yet a little cruel, for as one looks at them one thinks of the deadly traps they are for the innocent little flies. When one sees the huge black brutes in the centres one wants to break them all down, for they are no longer beautiful things, but dreadful prisons.

Although Lourenco Marques is only two hours away from British territory, one is in a different world. Even the railway stations are different in every way. Where we South Africans have brown brick or sometimes tin sheds, the Portuguese have colour—grey stone with black bits here and there, and green shutters, very much like railway stations in the north of Italy. Although the natives and the veld and the mealies are still here, one cannot feel that it is Africa, for one is away in the old world with cobbled streets and houses, which, if they are not old, look old and worn.

I cannot imagine Lourenco Marques any more as the sister of Monte Carlo, but I am not disappointed. The people I have met seem to be pleased with me even if they cannot understand a word I say. We get on very well with a smile and a nod. My arms are a little tired through trying my best to speak Portuguese with my hands, and I forget that everyone is not deaf and dumb at times.

Yet I feel that if I lived here, I should love Lourenco Marques; it would be a pleasant setting for Life's autumn—it makes the years disappear; it plays the merriest tunes on the oldest fiddles. *W. A. Cavanagh.*

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The Magic Man.

A Chat With Captain Clive Maskelyne.

By Pamela Travers.

"But, it's all wrong—absolutely wrong!" you exclaim, when you first see him. "You *can't* be a conjuror."

And he says: "Well, I call myself a magician, not a conjuror, but they mean the same thing!"

And, you know, he doesn't look a bit like either a conjuror or a magician. He looks like a sixth form public school boy playing at being very busy and important. Yet he tells you with pride that he is married, and that he has already a daughter.

I found him in the tiny office of St. George's Hall, which has been associated for so many years with the name of Maskelyne. How many ladies have vanished into thin air, how many rabbits have hopped out of apparently empty hats, how many dozen eggs have been swallowed and retrieved in the space of a minute in St. George's Hall I cannot begin to tell. I don't think anybody knows.

Captain Clive Maskelyne is the son of John Nevil Maskelyne, magician and the grandson of John Nevil Maskelyne, who founded the firm of Maskelyne, and for three generations there has been a magician in the family.

While his father was carrying on the traditions of the Maskelyne family as laid down by the first John Nevil Maskelyne, the young Clive was at Sandhurst, where he got his captaincy. Then he went to the war and came out of it with the Military Cross and a great weariness of bellicose pursuits.

He looked around for something to do with his time. Of course, for a Maskelyne, there was only one thing—conjuring. From his childhood Captain Maskelyne had wanted to be a magician like his father and grandfather, and had studied and dabbled in the art. So he set to work and soon became his father's partner. Later on, he carried the whole of the show on his own shoulders when his father retired.

"Have I ever known an accident to happen to one of my illusions?" he said. "No, never! You see, we make absolutely certain that a trick is perfect before we put it on the stage. We never allow the ghost of a thing to be left to chance. I have done illusions that have taken two years to perfect. My father spent years getting others into working order.

"Yes, I do a great deal of the same work my father and grandfather used to do, though I have invented some of the newer illusions myself. It takes a good deal of thinking out, I can tell you."

Captain Maskelyne is quite casual about his success in making the blonde lady rise in the air and hang suspended there until, unseen by the audience, she turns into an ordinary piece of twill sheeting. He takes it all as a matter of course.

He told me that he and his father often arranged scenes for plays in which ghosts and ghouls were rife. At one time they even put on the "Witch's Scene" from "Macbeth" as a one-act scene in their own performance. "Hamlet's" ghost has always been one of the specialities of the family.

He was enthusiastic about the late production of a "Midsummer Night's Dream" at Drury Lane, and puts forth the theory that Shakespeare should be played with every modern stage convenience. He believes that the days when Shakespeare was played with a curtained stage and crude and primitive scenery have gone for ever, and that the Bard should be modernised in every way, only leaving the words intact. It is a daring idea and one worth considering, even if we don't all agree with it.

Captain Maskelyne's great ambition is to produce some day at St. George's Hall, a real magic play, taken, if possible, from one of Grimm's or Hans Andersen's stories. It will not resemble the stereotyped pantomime in the least, but will contain wonderful illusions which will endear fairy stories to the heart of every child who sees the performance.

Pritchard Street after rain.

"Take 'Cinderella,' for instance," he said. "What producer has ever effected a reasonable exchange from pumpkin to carriage? Children expect to see the pumpkin change into a carriage before their eyes, and I want to give the children what they expect—to keep faith with the child mind which even in these sophisticated days still believes in the power of magic."

For the rest, he confesses himself very glad to be going to South Africa.

"It is a country I have always wanted to visit. You can imagine that years of taking rabbits from a gentleman's hip pocket or swords from somebody's ear is a wearing business if you do it in the same place all the time. I look forward to taking veld rabbits from my hat and making the heroines of my illusions disappear into South African air."

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A Child of the Dominions.

Miss Elsie Hall (Mrs. Stohr), who gave a recital in Johannesburg on April 15, may well be described as a child of the Dominions, having earned for herself the two titles of Australian Pianist and, later, South African Pianist, the first being the land of her birth and the last the land of her adoption.

Born in Queensland, she went to Europe at an early age, and when only five took lessons from the famous Kretchmar. At eight she gained a scholarship in Germany, entitling her to three years' free musical tuition; this she was unable to accept owing to the claims of general education. At fifteen she once more took up her musical studies in Berlin, and to such good effect that at the end of three years she gained the Mendelssohn Scholarship.

Miss Elsie Hall.

This was the first time it had been won by a British subject. Returning to Australia for a visit in 1914, a concert arranged for the fateful August 4th took place in spite of the world excitement of the declaration of war.

During two years she taught Princess Mary the piano, and on her last visit to England, a short while ago, was personally invited to attend a function at Court, at which the Queen was hostess.

Her professional career is so well known to music lovers in the Union that it needs no comment, and her Press notices of concerts and recitals in London are a record of splendid achievement. *A.G.S.*

The Wickedness of Printers.

There are more editors gone from earth—and not to Heaven—because of printers' mistakes than was ever dreamed of in the philosophies of Caxton and Gottenburg, and there is many a contributor to the Press walking the streets of Johannesburg in bare feet and misery whose bitter tears have wet the passages outside editorial offices because cruel, heedless printers have set *My Editor is a fool-minded man* when his copy had *My Editor is a cool-minded man.*

Last week I wrote of a Johannesburg concert that a certain charming pianist at it had played Menzen's *Selbst Trost*. Some cheerful compositor set for it Menzen's *Selbut Trout*. Now this pianist is a pianist: not a fisherwoman. She may have eaten trout, she may even have bought trout, but I am sure that she has never caught and played trout. Salmon, perhaps, yes, but not trout. Sharks, maybe, maasbankers or whales even, but not trout. No pianist has ever yet caught a trout, or played one. Why should a pianist catch a trout? What about the feelings of the trout in the matter? Is music improved by trout-catching? Or trout-playing? Music and trout are inconsistent. Trout . . . music . . . who would connect them? No-one! Never!

K.D.

The Rain-Snakes.

The reason for the bursting of the water-floods on the Transvaal and Natal during the last few weeks has at last become apparent. "Half-bottle," I asked the family maker of morning coffee the other day, "why is it raining so much just now?"

"Baas, the snake makes it. Yes, Baas."

"What snake?"

"That other snake by town, that big snake. He make the rain. The rain no stop till those two snakes go back by the groot dam. But the baases must kill them. Yes, baas."

So that is a nasty knock for the astronomers. There is no doubt at all about it, that a public meeting should be called at once, and the two great pythons from Hartebeestepoort, which are on exhibition here in town should be returned to the banks of the dam, or else "those other baases, they must kill them. Yes, baas."

Or else they should be kept, and from time to time sent to the parts of our country which are drought-stricken. My suggestion is offered to Tielman Roos, who is Minister of Irrigation, for note and for future action. *N.C.*

A Headless Ghost at Cape Town!

Capetown appears to have the best and most ghostly ghost so far noted in South Africa, and it has not only all the habits of the most ghastly terrors of the ghost-haunted Rhine, but (for South Africa) has a long tradition behind it, for it is more than a hundred years old, and has actually been the subject of a law-suit in the old Heemraad courts.

Complete without a head, blood streaming from its gashed body, and a pot (fourteen pots as a matter of fact) of gold and gems, it has terrified the coloured people of Strand Street since 1795, the time of the first British occupation of the Cape. The gold is said to have been stolen from a lonely traveller near the Hottentots Hollands, and the ghost is that of a French officer who attempted to get away with the loot to the Indies.

Whatever doubt there may be as to the vision of those who in the past have claimed that they have seen the headless man, it is certain that fourteen earthenware pots containing gold and rubies were found when one of the small flat-roofed houses in Strand Street was pulled down in 1819, and that a law-suit was set in progress about the ownership of the treasure. *R.S.*

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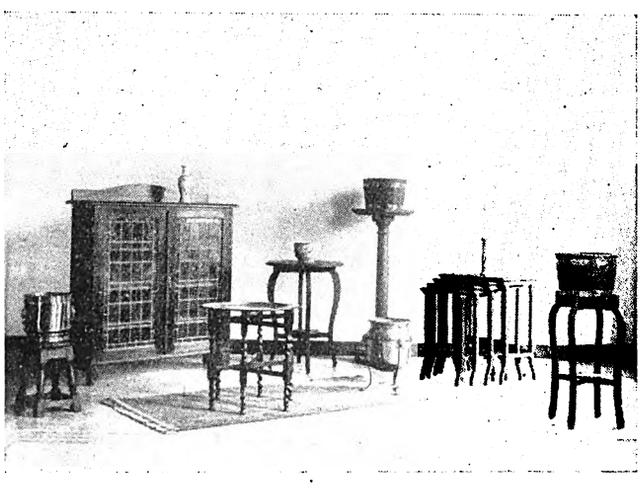

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Bernard Shaw's Plays in Paris.

When Mr. Bernard Shaw was first approached by Mr. Charles Macdona, whose Shaw Repertory Company is due here very soon, with regard to some of his plays being produced in Paris, the dramatist's eyes twinkled. "Are you a millionaire," he queried, "with plenty of money to throw away, or is it only that you are suffering from the 'Shaw' madness? The most friendly thing that I could do for you would be to refuse to let you have the performing rights for Paris; but you will never be content until you have run the gauntlet and ruined yourself financially, so on your own head be it!"

Now, this was not encouraging, but because of the twinkle in the eyes which betrayed the fact that Mr. Shaw's faith in his plays was not quite so dead as he pretended, Mr. Macdona's enthusiasm did not wane, and last August his company opened at the Theatre Albert Premiere in Paris with "Pygmalion."

The season, which was to have been for six weeks, was so successful that Mr. Macdona was persuaded to let his company return to Paris later on in the year and give another season of four weeks.

Americans came in positive hordes to witness the plays, and the audiences were made up of a conglomeration of English, French and Americans.

It is notable that European people appreciate Shaw equally as much as the English are now learning to do.

On the Way to Fame.

As often as not the unsuccessful artist consoles himself with the thought that his work is as good as that of the man who is famous, but that luck has not come his way, or that the public is too dense to appreciate his work. And it is not seldom that he is right . . . . excellent, often brilliant work goes unnoticed far more often than it is recognised. It is more than probable, for instance, that if Stevenson had not been the possessor of a charming personality, and had not so romantically lived in the South Seas, he would never have become the figure in literature that he is to-day, and that *Treasure Island* would have remained a mere boys' book, buried as *The Sea-cook* in forgotten issues of a forgotten weekly.

What makes me say this is that I have by chance been reading a book

At Yvette et Cie, Johannesburg.

(Continued at foot of next column.)

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In the Night.

By R. Harvard Baker.

Two people, a man and a woman, walked slowly arm-in-arm up Portland Place, London. A long, low car glided by. A black Homburg hat sailed out of the window of the car and lay quiet on the shining roadway. The car passed on into the night.

. . . . . .

A man was standing on the embankment, between Charing Cross and Westminster Bridge. It was nearly eleven o'clock and the night was cold. Down below the quiet waters swirled by, an inky stream reflecting a million tiny points of light.

He gazed over the impenetrable blackness and shivered at his thoughts. A plunge—a splash—a little eddy of waters above his head, and peace would cover him. A few days later, he supposed, in a clean stuffy room, a coroner would return some verdict or other, the reporters would duly take note of the sensational details, and she, she who had an hour before turned him away, would go into a quiet place and cry. . . .

He was sure, at least, about that. She loved him.

He looked at his watch. It was 11.30. She would have taken her last call; would have bowed and smiled to the throbbing thunder of applause, and he, swaying on the brink of eddying death, remembered her words—

"Wait six months, and then I will see. I cannot leave mother." Her mother would live to be a hundred!

He turned from the river and considered whether he should go up and ask her again. Pulling his Homburg over his eyes he started up the road.

A car slid past; a long, low, smooth black car of beautiful lines. It was hers!

"Take me home," she said, "I have something to say to you."

In the car she talked light gossip, quickly, breathlessly, as if afraid of silence. The she said, "Mother is going to be married again."

Something beat at the temples of the man. Was he dreaming?

He looked outside. The car was turning into Portland Place. The place was deserted save for a man and a woman walking towards them far up the road. The glistening way stretched out of sight. At the end, he knew, lay the beginning, or end, of happiness.

"Edith," very simply and quietly, "will you marry me."

"Yes."

There was a quick movement, and he was kissing her wildly, maddeningly.

"Oh," she cried, "your hat!"

"Damn it," was all he said, and the hat went sailing out of the window into the night.

He saw the man and woman look up in astonishment as the car slid by but he cared no more.

Throughout the night the hat lay there. The man and woman stopped and wondered why it had been forgotten.

Eventually it was picked up by a police constable, ticketted by an unimaginative inspector, and filed away.

(Continued from previous column.)

which I found the other day in the Children's Library in Johannesburg, *A-Sailing We Will Go*, by Elizabeth Croly. It is in my opinion one of the finest romances I have read—but it has been labelled "only a fairy-tale," and relegated to the Children's Library. Apparently all the critics in the past have done the same thing, and so the name of Elizabeth Croly is not to go down to posterity as a stylist, a romanticist, and the writer of one of the most delightfully conceived romances of the sea ever written during this century. Queer life is, and I suppose that what the carpenter said is true: "If we all got our deserts, the blooming world would be a desert." *Neil Collins.*

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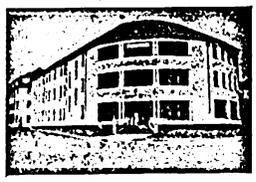

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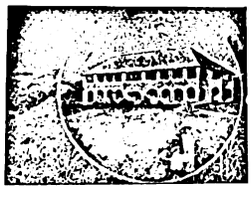

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Dustbins and Stars.

It doesn't matter how the clever people talk, there are still only two kinds of us: the men who spend their lives looking at their neighbours' dustbins and those who look at the stars. In spite of inherited Methodism and the fact that Mrs. Beeton means more to me than Sappho, I am afraid I belong to the latter. God knows, I'd far sooner come under the dustbins category. Fancy, if I could invent a dustbin better than any other dustbin—a dustbin with rubber heels that didn't scream with indigation when the Kaffir boy dragged it down the concrete path, then, I sell millions of my dustbins and become very rich and successful. But the dustbins are not—I pursue the stars. This is very foolish. When somebody came to me a few weeks ago and said I have made thousands upon thousands of pounds out of platinum shares, I said, "Oh." When I read *Adam's Rest*, *The Flaming Terrapin* and *God's Stepchildren* I said more than "Oh," because here I proved my foolishness. I think Sarah Gertrude Millin and Roy Campbell are far more important products of Africa than platinum. You see, this is all because I pursue the stars.

Facts.

This is the last issue of the *South African Pictorial* produced under my editorial régime. Henceforth the *South African Pictorial* becomes a theatrical weekly produced to anticipate and recall the theatrical productions in this country. It happens that the African Theatres are not far behind those of London. Mr. Leon M. Lion produced "Outward Bound" here far more successfully than it was produced in London. If your taste runs to vaudeville, you can go into the Empire Theatre and see, almost every week, a better programme than you would find at the Holborn Empire, London. Therefore South Africa deserves a theatrical weekly and, deserving, it is to achieve such a publication. So, in the future, this paper's slogan will be "The Play Is The Thing." South Africa has every reason for being proud of its theatres.

Fancies.

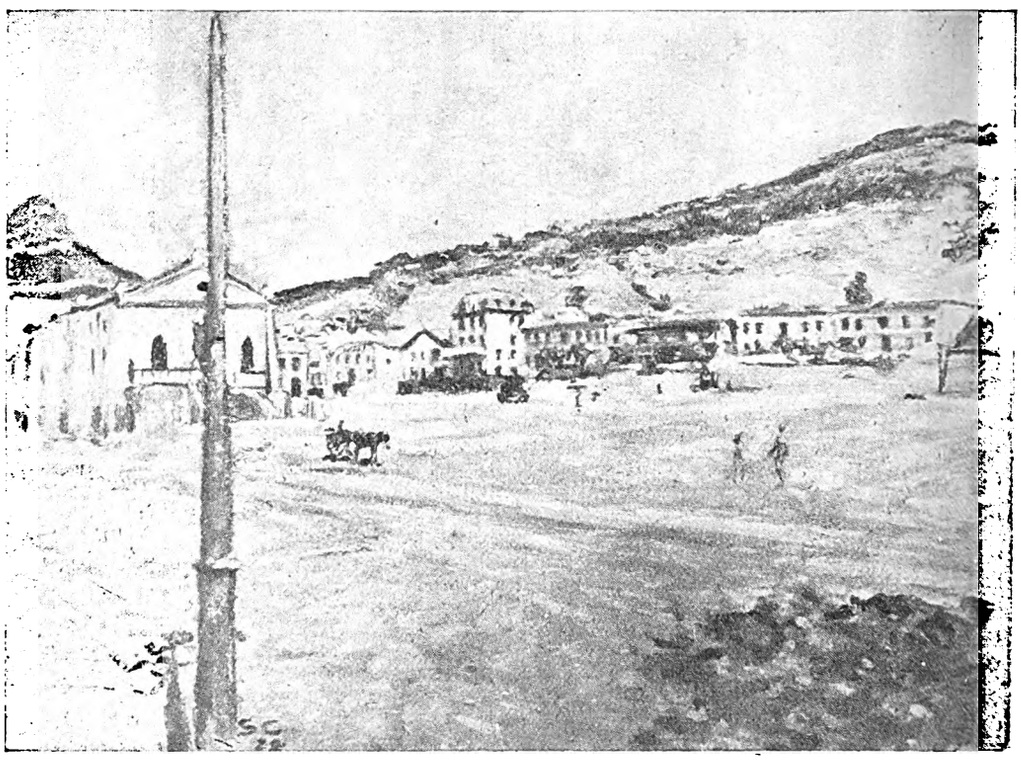
An Editor fondly hugs the idea that the public might be interested in his identity. He is very often a pompous ass. Very often he has to look at his neighbour's dustbin or the neighbour won't buy his paper. That is a tragedy. But, there comes little moments sandwiched into the dull bread when he looks up at those inevitable stars and he moves on.

I remember an Anglican vicar's wife in New Zealand. She had a lace collar held high with whalebone. It was at tea. She suddenly threw her arms out and said, "It has always been my ambition to play a pipe-organ on the top of a very high mountain."

We are all like that. Even editors. They want to break away from the hurly-burly and climb to some high, high mountain, and there write something from their very interior. Whether it is published or not does not matter. If the four winds of the earth come (wise literary critics) and blow the manuscript away into the ignominy of the desert, it does not matter. He *must* write it. What he writes does not concern the public. The public is interested only in its own mirror. The public does not have emotions; it has sentiment. It is much safer. Emotions lead you to the Supreme Court; sentiment to the Bioscopes. So, now and again, the editor with that discerning eye of his on the stars sets away to walk by himself, not because he feels he is better than the public, but because he feels he is different. An Editor has few enthusiasms. He always anticipates the day when one of his reporters will come in and say, "Sir, the world ends to-morrow."

"Then write half a column about it" is the reply he has up his sleeve. He becomes, by a slow grinding process, immune from enthusiastic interest in what are known as public affairs. But he has one enthusiasm—I hesitate to use the word—Literature. It doesn't matter how hard he grinds writing about council meetings and the laying of foundation stones, he still hangs on to that echo of his teens when he *wanted* to write—not when he *had* to write. And having the enthusiasm of literature, even if he can't create it, he can gather it in. He can present his publication and, waving his hand towards the public, say, "These care. These are aware of their neighbours' dustbins, but they also have a vision of the stars."

If the public doesn't like it, they have every right to protest. I don't believe that anybody in the world has the right to ram highbrowism down the throat of the man in the street. If he says Bernard Shaw is a fool, he has every right to say it and every right to think it. The lamb in its pen cannot be expected to have a conception of the hills and valleys that lie beyond its boundary.



Riebeek Street, Capetown, by Strat Caldecott.

These People.

In this issue of the *South African Pictorial*, I am printing stories and articles and reproducing paintings and woodcuts by some of these silly people who peruse the stars. It's terribly silly of them, of course. Far better if they clubbed together and opened a departmental store—I would suggest that the new University was almost built for it. If Edward Roworth would give lessons in physical culture and exhibitions of weight-throwing, if Roy Campbell could manage a Gramophone Department, if Mrs. Millin could give classes in Domestic Science, Mrs. Lewis could manage the Patent-medicine Counter, and if Professor Drennan could drive the Elevator, then they'd all be far happier than they are now—pursuing this blessed highbrow stuff. But you see, they don't They could go home from their departmental store and look at their neighbours' dustbins, be very critical if they were not quite as shiny as their own and also be very contented. But no! They *will* look at those wretched stars! Who can help it? Not I! *Vale!*

Hector Bolitho.

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American-Cut Trousers.

By Sarah Gertrude Millin.
Author of "God's Stepchildren," etc.

(1)

Lena is Alita's sister, but the day Lena's eldest son was born Alita was not anxiously hovering around as she ought to have been. She was, instead, with all the other Kaffir women of her location, engaged on a big strike against the municipality of Bloemfontein.

Sarah Gertrude Millin.

The strike concerned the carrying of passes by the women, and it took the form of a procession which crept stealthily to town before the dawn, and there settled itself in the streets waiting for the world of affairs to awake. . . It awoke. And then they rose up, the women, and with a magnificent gesture, flung at the feet of authority four pillow-cases full of the passes they refused to carry. There was talk; a little bloodshed; victory; the glorious, excited journey back to the location. . . .

When Alita arrived home her new nephew was there to welcome her, and she held him aloft in triumphant exultation, and cried: "His name shall be Mr. No Pass to mark the great day, and the manner of his birth. And he shall have no other name but Mr. No Pass."

Mr. No Pass is, accordingly, the only name Lena's child possesses. But the name has, as it happens, a double significance. For Mr. No Pass came into the world without the pass of wedlock.

(2)

Every family has its weak spot. In Alita's family the weak spot is Lena.

It is not only the little affair of Mr. No Pass. That, thank heaven, turned out to be only temporarily sinful—it was retrospectively blessed by a full-sized church wedding, and was, in due course, forgotten in the exercise of other maternal ventures. No, it was not the affair of Mr. No Pass. It was all the other affairs.

The trouble with Lena is that she has temperament. She hates work and likes change. . . . And here she was with her four children—sick and troublesome children. With a husband who had ceased to interest her. With an endless round of work. Life was slipping by, and romance. . . .

One day Lena ran away to Johannesburg with another man. In the middle of grinding her mealies, she walked out of the house, and did not return.

So, naturally, there was only one retort possible for her husband. He, too, walked out of the house, and did not return.

It was said he had gone to Kimberley. And next day Mr. No Pass arrived at Alita's home with two small, dirty sisters trailing after him, and a weeping brother in his arms.

There was nothing for Alita to do but adopt them. She did so with cheerful fatalism. If you had no choice, what was the use of talking? It was not as if Solomon, the only brother of the family, had still been there. Poor Solomon had gone with the native contingent to France, and had come home to die of the consumption he had found on the field of glory. It was a disappointing kind of death for a man who, in his youth, had said that drink was his wife and fighting his God. But when it came to the point he had allowed himself to be ushered softly out of life, a victim of a white man's disease, and the hero of a Christian burial. In the days of his power, he had ruled with the force of his arm, and Lena had gone in terror of him. But who was there now to chastise her? . . .

It was only after Alita had come with her son, Sydney, to work for us in Johannesburg that the Lord, she told us, helped her. He took two of Lena's children away.

There, for nearly eighteen months, the matter rested. And then, unexpectedly, we had an excitement. A visitor arrived. No, two visitors! Lena, and in her arms, a beautiful child. Such a fat child, Alita afterwards told me, as she had never seen before. It was Lena's new pledge of love. And, in the admiration of its beauty, in the suddenness of its appearance, Alita forgot to give voice to all the conventional recriminations. Now, of course, it was too late. After the first hearty welcome, any reproach must have lost a certain amount of its effect. So no reproach was ever uttered. Henceforth Lena was a regular and honoured visitor.

And then suddenly, her visits ceased.

(3)

The explanation came from Bloemfontein. Did Alita know, asked agonised letters, where Lena was? A child, with a label notifying it to be Lena's child, had been deposited at Alita's home, while Alita's mother, the guardian of that home, was assisting a neighbour to clean a sheep's head and trotters.

But Alita did not know—not at that time—where Lena was. Later she discovered accidentally that she was again in Johannesburg—but with her third husband.

And then Alita did a powerful thing. She denounced Lena in church! She stood up in the middle of the congregation, and, with tears streaming down her face, and her arms dramatically outstretched, she demanded of the assembled folk if it was right of Lena to leave husband after husband and put the burden of her children on Alita's shoulders.

"And what did they say?" I asked, tremendously thrilled.

"They said it was not right," Alita answered simply.

"But was that all?"

"What else should they say?"

What indeed?

"Still, now Lena walked around Johannesburg, publicly disgraced. Only, when next I saw her, the disgrace did not seem to have affected her well-being. She was shiny with health, and rotund with idleness. . . . And where did I see her next? Why, in our yard, of course. And not just Lena, but the very latest pledge of love, too. It was sitting, the pledge, on Alita's lap, and Alita was making enthusiastic noises to it. I remembered Alita's denunciation, and looked at her with astonishment. But she met my gaze sweetly and frankly.

"Is it not," she demanded delightedly, "the fattest child missis has ever seen? . . . Ach, the little sharp nose! . . . And does not Lena look well?"

She beamed at Lena, and Lena beamed back at her.

When later I asked Alita if she had then forgiven Lena, all she said was: "What can I do? It is my blood."

"You are a foolish woman, Alita," I commented.

"Yes, that is true," Alita admitted placidly.

Well, it was no business of mine, and I did not feel called upon to moralise further on the situation until one day Alita came to me with an interesting piece of news.

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It appeared that Lena had sent her aged mother a present.

"That shows a good spirit in Lena," I remarked. "What did she send her?"

Alita's answer came slowly. "A strange present, missis."

"What?"

"A perambulator."

Alita's anxious eyes were on my face, and I did not smile. I agreed instead that it was certainly a strange present.

"But who will use it, Alita?" I asked. "Is there a child in your household too young to walk?"

Alita shook her head.

"Then what does it mean?"

"I am dumb," said Alita.

"But what is in your heart?" I persisted.

"I think Lena wishes to bring this last child to my house, too, and has sent the perambulator in advance."

There was no doubt of it.

"And now?" I demanded with rising indignation. "Are you satisfied?"

Alita began to weep. "What can I do, my missis? I am here in Johannesburg. Can I sit like a dog and keep watch outside my house? And when once the children are left with me can I throw them out into the street?"

"You have forgiven Lena too often," I pronounced, with severity.

Alita answered meekly. "I am a woman and my heart is water. Solomon was different. He used to let fly his arm. But Solomon is gone now. And my husband is broken. So there is no one left."

"What about Sydney?"

"Sydney is a child."

"He is seventeen."

"Is he seventeen? I dont remember the years," said Alita wistfully.

But the idea had her. She came to me next day. If Sydney found a substitute, could he go to Bloemfontein for a few days? Just long enough to intercept Lena and bring her to justice. To the white minister or the police. Alita was vague, but hopeful. . . . The substitute, Alita went on to tell me, was the friend in whose company Sydney had had that photograph taken. I had seen it. Did I remember? It was a very good photograph.

Yes, I remembered. Sydney and his friend appeared in attitude of stiff dignity before a wavering English landscape. Sydney's friend was sitting appropriately in a plush arm-chair, but Sydney was standing erect, his hand grasping the leg of an artificial palm, and the expression of concentrated virtue on his face had unfortunately resulted in giving his left eye a pronounced cast. The triumph of the photograph, however, from the native point of view, lay in the transforming white light on their faces. . . .

I expressed myself willing to part with Sydney for a few days, and asked Alita if he would care to leave that night. Alita hesitated. I reassured her. She still hesitated. "What is the trouble, Alita?" I asked finally.

"It's the trousers, missis. Sydney wears short trousers."

"Yes?"

"And since he goes to Bloemfontein as the man of the family———"

"I see. He must dress accordingly."

"Missis understands everything," said Alita admiringly.

"So he wants to go and buy himself long trousers," I proceeded, in further justification of Alita's tribute.

"No," said Alita. "He wants to have them tailor-made. He wants American-cut trousers."

Alita went on to explain. It was the very latest thing. All Sydney's friends were wearing them. They were cut wide across the hips and narrow at the ankles. And they were extremely smart. Months ago Sydney had decided that his first long trousers should be American-cut or nothing. In fact, he knew of an Indian tailor who made them for one pound fifteen. And he could take the opportunity to be measured when he went to fetch his friend, the substitute.

The scheme appeared to have been adequately considered before presentation. I gave it my sanction.

Sydney returned with his face beaming. He had chosen a brown worsted with a white stripe, he had been measured, and the trousers would be ready to-morrow, Saturday. He would leave in the evening.

Sydney danced about his work next day. In the afternoon he went to fetch his trousers. He returned gloomily at dusk. The trousers were not ready. Now he would have to wait till Monday night.

"That may be too late," said Alita. "Go as you are to-night."

Sydney threw her a baleful glance. Was he to go back to Bloemfontein from Johannesburg, the centre of fashion, in the same clothes in which he had left Bloemfontein months ago when he had been there for his holiday? All the people would laugh at him! . . . (I visualised the scene. Sydney Itumeleng returns to Bloemfontein in his old trousers!).

Alita insisted. Sydney sulked. Alita implored. Sydney wept. Alita yielded. Sydney smiled again.

On Monday Sydney made another journey to his tailor's. This time the trousers were ready. He raced home with them, packed his things, came to say good-bye.

"But Sydney," I said, "you are wearing your old trousers, after all."

"Only in the train, missis. Not to spoil the American-cut trousers. But when I come near Bloemfontein I will change, and let the people see. Good-bye, missis. The Lord must bless this home till I come back."

He was gone—Sydney, the man of the family.

(4)

He returned sooner than we had expected. . . . He told us at once that, when he arrived home, the first thing he saw was Mr. No Pass wheeling his very newest sister in a beautiful perambulator. Mr. No Pass was very proud to be met in company with that perambulator. He had found the baby in it very early that morning. And people in the location said that Lena had been seen in the train going to Kimberley the same morning.

"Isn't her real husband in Kimberley?" I asked Alita.

"Yes, missis," said Alita.

"And she has left the last man's child with you before going back to him?"

"Yes, missis."

"And you came too late?"

"Yes, missis."

"You can blame the American-cut trousers for that, Sydney," I said severely.

Sydney admitted it. And then, irresistibly, his face lit up, and his white teeth flashed out.

"But missis should have seen the faces of the other boys in the location when they noticed my trousers. It is a new thing to them—American-cut. Missis, they can die of jealousy. But I keep myself very proud. I make as if it is nothing. 'In Johannesburg,' I say, 'we don't wear anything else. Only American-cut trousers!'"

—*From "The Adelphi."*

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God's Dream.

By Max Drennan.

God walked within the Garden He had made,
His Garden of Delights, His Playground Star,
His Planet Paradise, and rested there,
For it was five days young, and God Himself
Was young, nor does He ever change,
God is, God was, God shall be ever young.
And lo! the branches of the Tree of Life
Were filled with shrilling choirs of birds who sang
Their litany of love to lull their Love
To sleep. A linnet sang, and Heaven hushed
To rest her restless planets, drawing close
Her starry babies to her breast to hear
A linnet sing his miracle of song:

"Dove of Fire, O Love all Fire,
Me Thy feathered Spark,
Brown Franciscan chorister
Singing out the dark,
All creation bends to me,
All creation lends to me
Cadences and harmony,
Luting low my litany.

"Murmurs from the purling stream,
Blend ye with your Maker's dream!
Mingle with my melody
Drowsy hum of dozing bees,
Rustling sough of nodding trees,
Lend your wings each butterfly,
Lullaby, Lullaby!
Linnets lute your litany!"

There followed then Creation's choric note
In one deep organ voice of sound
Of music turned to burning fire by love.
Then sang the Sun and every eldest Planet:
The Mountains danced and Deep rang out to Deep,
While Time which flows from Deep to Deep stood still.

"Holy, Holy, Holy,
Holy, who broodest
Over the face of the waters;
Mind, Who revolvedst
Us, Thy things to be:
Forth from Thy Mind we came,
Stars Thy eldest daughters
Flashes of Thy Love and Flame
Forth into Time we came
From Eternity.
Wholly, Wholly, Wholly,
Thine are we!"

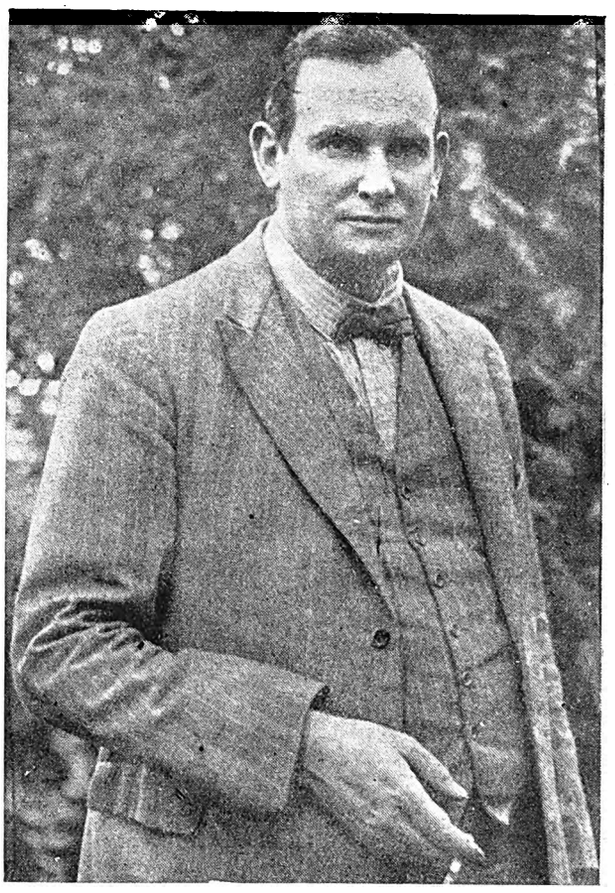
Then crept a mighty hush, the seas were stilled;
No waters moved; the forest held its breath:
And no eye saw its Maker fall asleep.
Creation slept and God dreamed out His dream.

* * * * * * *

It seemed to Him to have made another mind
Much lower than His own, and packed it in
A mould of clay, then warmed it with His breath.
When all at once it turned and broke and split
And quickened into life and ran that way.
And this in ever strange varieties,
Which lived and loved and laughed, and hoped and feared
and cried.
And in His sleep God laughed to see His toy
And called it Man and said that it was good.
But the linnet had lulled the Sun to sleep,
So Night came on and Blackness.

* * * * * *

And He dreamed
That, as he dreamed, another Sower came
And sowed in that warm breathing human field
The tiny seed of Self-Sufficiency,
Which with the heat soon swelled and grew,
Then burst into a thousand tiny seeds,
Envy and Hate, with Lust, Disease, and Death,
Corruption, and Malignity.



A recent photograph of Edward Roworth, one of the Union's best known artists. One of his Kaffir studies is reproduced on page 11.

Now swept down Darkness over all with mists
And icy chill. No linnet's voice, no Sun!
And Life with Love began to die, and Death
To reign; God shuddered as He dreamed.
He thought He saw the Playthings He had made
Turn into monsters vile. A vision rose
Of Man devouring Man, of purple sins
Of unimagined bestiality,
Of tyranny, and lust outlusting lust;
Young children rotting in a city slum;
The cries of tortured flesh, the putrid sores;
And, worst of all, the foulest vice on earth,
Man's acquiescence in the state of things
His swinish sodden self-complacency.
Within His ears there seemed to shriek the cry
Of babies killed within the womb; the laugh
Of fat-faced Fashion flaunting on her back
The skins of unborn lambs.
Then clear before Him rose still sadder sights
That yet, if He created Man, the World
Might see—Man burning Man for love of God—
The Rack, the Grin upon the Torturer's face,
The bones crushed soft, the writhing victim's eyes,
Some woman's eyes which cursed God as they closed—
The Madhouse and the Mine—the Sweater's Den—
Slave Ships and Galleys—and Religion.

Jehovah wept.

And with that thought the angry Sun arose,
Most glorious creation God had made
Irrational, that knew not how to sin,
Or make repent his Maker of his making;
He rose and swept the nightmare from the sky.
A bird piped in a bush; out pinked the Dawn;
An owl crooned to her child; the sixth day broke
And snowdrops sprang where God had shed a tear,
And violets sad and the white eyes of Spring.
God saw that they were good, and blessed His world,
And smiling, said, "Thank God, it was a dream!"

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PROGRAMMES FOR MONDAY 27TH APRIL, 1925.

Tivoli, Capetown.—(Opening Wednesday, 29th April.) Leslie Elliott, Broughton and Creedon, Mdlle. Margo.

Empire, Johannesburg.—Bert Errol, Pall Malls, Marie Lawton, Femina Quartette, Les Augustines, Dio Pia, Ross, Barker and McLennan, Grant and Faber, Irene Forde, The Pantons, Sydney and Adelaide.

His Majesty's, Johannesburg.—Renee Kelly and Full London Company in "Daddy Long-Legs."

Orpheum, Johannesburg.—Barker and Wynne, Nick Morton.

Grand, Pretoria.—Maidie Scott, Aubrey and Hart.

Criterion, Benoni.—Harrisa Bros., Beatrice Alexander.

Criterion, Durban.—Trent and Sadie, Astor and Astoria, Van Cello and Mary.

Vaudette, Bloemfontein.—Jay Whidden, Jess and Tony.

Apollo, Germiston.—(Thurs., Fri. and Sat.) Bradley and Hamilton, Calno Trio.

Vaudette, Krugersdorp.—(Mon., Tues. and Wed.) Bradley and Hamilton, Calno Trio.

Grand, Port Elizabeth.—(Opening Tuesday, 28th.) Frank Fay and Dixie Lady, Gould and Gordon, Van Delfts.

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The Boy Who Was Mad.

By Hector Bolitho.

Ernst Borgman was an idiot. He was still young, with down upon his cheeks and close-cropped curls framing his round face . . . but he was so mad that little children clung to their mothers' skirts when he passed down the street, mumbling meaningless songs.

Ever since the day he had been carried ashore from the fishing boat, with the blood running from his split head, he had been mad . . . and that was fourteen years ago, when he was a little boy, living near the anchorage with his aunt, who kept the store. They took the silver patch in his hair as a proof of his madness. "It's where the moon struck him and sent him daft," they said.

Sometimes he would run crying into the priest's garden, with his hands pressed hard against his breast. Once the priest unbuttoned his coat and found the lad's pale skin was bruised from stones thrown at him by boys who ran down the hill from the school house. The priest took him to a bench beneath an old pear tree and bathed the bruises with warm water and told him about Jesus Christ whose feet and hands had been nailed to a wooden cross. The priest picked him three cool pears from the overhanging tree, and Ernst Borgman went out and down the road with the pears in his pockets and the feeling that Jesus Christ walked next to him. So truly did he feel this that he looked down to see if the bleeding feet made any mark upon the ground.

In the early spring mornings Ernst Borgman threw aside his brown blanket, and looked at his aunt sleeping in the great bed. He washed his face and hands and walked up the hill to pick flowers, in carefully numbered bunches, for the old gardener whose cart carried them into the town for the eight o'clock markets.

The mornings were crisp and cold and the mad boy had no thought beyond the long, unending rows of flowers. He could count up to fifty; there were fifty little yellow primroses in a bunch. He picked and picked, until his hands were white with the cold and his nails black with the damp earth that filled them. It was so easy—one-two-three-four up to fifty, a strip or raffia to tie them together, and then another one-two-three-four. And it was all so monotonous! But Ernst Borgman's mind loved monotony. He always slept in the same position, with his tired pale hands bunched up against his breast and his head turned towards the wall. He always saw his aunt in the same magenta serge dress, and he always walked up the hill at the same slow lumbering pace to pick the primroses, with the dew still trembling on their cheeks.

In the summer, when the last primroses had faded and the green leaves were curling up, tired of their freshness, Ernst and the other pickers climbed still higher up the hill to pick strawberries for Mark Rivell, whose gardens stretched far down over the second hill, to the edge of the river.

The strawberry beds stretched in long lines like those lines in the book from which they tried to teach him. He didn't think of anything but lines and lines of plants. Even the little strawberries, red and cool, glistening with a sheen that died when they reached the shops, meant nothing to him but one-two-three-four; so many to fill one of the little wooden boxes, so many boxes to fill a crate and earn one shilling.

Out of the slow monotony of the picking came Selma Muhring, the little girl who bent over the strawberries in the row in front of him. He never spoke to her as long as she lived. She never looked at him. But he knew that she had consumption. He had heard Mark Rivell speaking about her . . . "Poor little slut," he had said; "she's got consumption and she's bloody slow, but I couldn't turn her off the beds."

After he had thought about it for three days, Ernst asked his aunt what it meant. All he knew after that was that Selma Muhring would die very soon and that something inside her was rotting away. He thought of leaves rotting, of fruit rotting after it had fallen on the grass, and he knew that Selma was a thing to be pitied. But he never spoke to her. His mind moved up and down the lines of little plants. He looked down always. He knew the leaves, some dark green, after they were old, some light green, when they were new and small; the little stems that branched out and made new roots, the fruit, some small, for the bottom of the little boxes, some big, for the top of the boxes: and he picked and picked. But he knew that Selma was a thing to be sorry for. The priest had told him about pity for things that suffer. When he came to the end of the row and saw his crate waiting for the box he had filled, he often stretched out his hand and put the little box with its scarlet fruit into Selma's crate. He felt like a thief at first, but a happy thief. He would look this way and then that way, then, when he was sure that nobody saw him, he would lower the full box into the crate in front of his, and he knew that every box made Selma happier because she made more shillings, and he knew that round silver shillings with the light on them made people very happy. The priest had told him this also.

"Woman and Child," by Irma Stern.

The summer started, rose to its height and then died. Sometimes, during those long weeks, he had looked up and he had seen Selma bending over the plants, her thin little fingers nipping the stems. When he thought of the rotting inside her, he knew that he must pity her and put more boxes in her crate to give her more silver shillings and more contentment.

Once when he went to the priest's garden with a box of strawberries the old man made him kneel on the ground under the pear tree, pray aloud. And his voice, so broken, so afraid, had formed the word Jesus and then had died, for he was afraid that it would be heard beyond the quiet silence of the orchard and that all the boys from the school would stone him and shriek aloud at him. And then another name had come to his lips, and he had tried to say Jesus . . . Selma . . . but her second name would not come. It stayed in his throat and he dug his nails hard into the wooden seat, so hard that the wood yielded and he could feel the little holes his nails had made.

Selma died in the winter, and all through the summer that came Ernst Borgman filled his own crate with the little

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boxes and never looked ahead, to see who had taken the place of the little girl with the long pale fingers.

But he had seen the funeral, from far up the hill; like a little black worm crawling down the road. It had looked so black and cold and he wanted to run quickly and madly down the hill and stop them and take her out of the black thing and run away with her. But he only lay in the dry grass with his face close to the ground and watched the ants passing and passing and the little cracks in the ground and the skeleton of a mouse the ants had left white and bare in the grass.

Sometimes, in the summer nights he would steal out into the strawberry gardens and sit down contentedly beneath the stars. One night, a strange white figure with feet that shone in the moonlight and hands that hovered in the air . . . came down the long row of strawberry plants. When Ernst Borgman looked up, he saw the face of Selma looking down at him, and her hand touched his head and he trembled and threw himself close against the ground and dared no move . . . he stayed very still . . . so still that an hour passed and he still clung to the earth and pressed his face against the wet strawberry leaves.

And when he moved she was gone. Yet it is strange that the next morning a little silver streak appeared in his hair, and from then it grew until it was like a finger mark—the men who came in with the fishing boats said it was the moon that had touched him, but this they never knew for certain.

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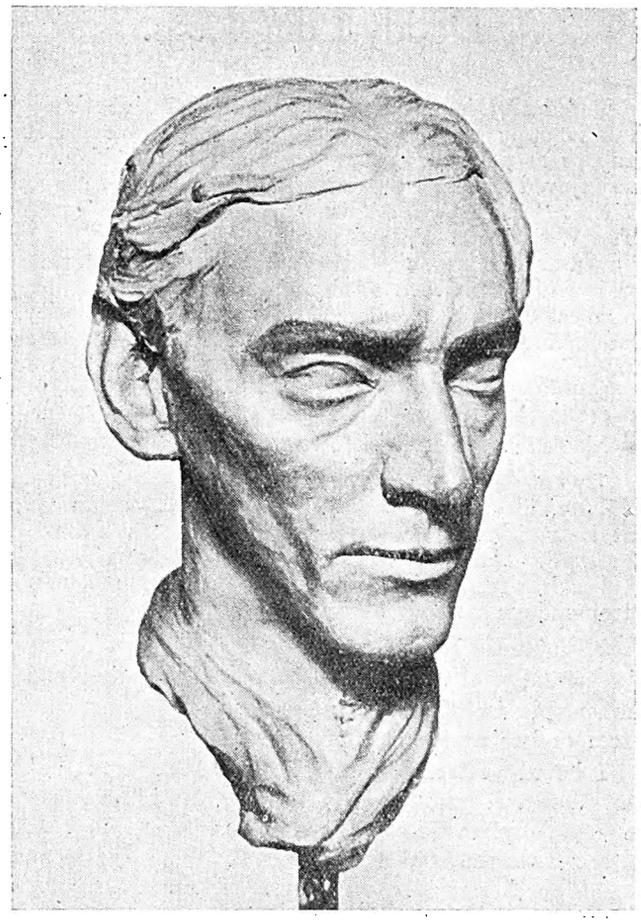
One of the four bronze Boers, by Anton van Wouw, at present in the P.W.D. yards in Pretoria.



"Portrait Bust of the Painter Pierneef," by Fani Eloff. Fani Eloff, the sculptor, is the grandson of the late President Kruger.

Anna Q. Nilsson,
in "The Spoilers," at the Bijou Theatre, Johannesburg, on April 27th.

Cullen Landis,
in "The Midnight Alarm," at the Orpheum, Johannesburg, on April 27th, 28th and 29th.

Miss Elsie Hall's Concert.

What I felt most at Miss Elsie Hall's concert in the Selborne Hall a few days ago was the excellence of her technique. Flying fingers on a dancing keyboard: every note struck with precise force at the precise moment at which she meant it to be struck: tempo always exactly what the composer himself would have had it: her music was a marvel of mathematics

But the soul, where was it? At the piano, did we feel the pervading presence of a brain which understood the emotion of the music? Did we live in the music, or did we merely lose mind in wonder at those flying fingers, so cleverly correct?

I do not say that there is no emotion in Miss Hall's playing, but that the emotion was not the right one for the music. Miss Hall seemed to have one brain for the audience, one brain for the technique, and for the altar-heights—well!

K.D.

Noon and Evening.

By O. P.

You say Love is a dancing girl,
With twinkling heels and laughing toes,
And scarlet poppies in her hair,
You say Love comes with quickened breath:
Into the room with sparkling eyes
And hands that play about my throat.
You say Love is a fevered girl
Who lies, swift-living, in my arms,
With nothing but the purse of sex
And its old coins so quickly spent.
You say Love is the great high noon of Life:
Unstinted gold of mid-day sun.
But, to the quiet evening do I turn,
When high noon's passionate feet are cooled,
In the half-light's silken shoon . . .
Just as the blazing sun must sink,
Into the cool wonder of the twilight sea.
It is then, when lust is spent:
When you no longer quiver quick
Against my heart, that Love is born.
You are no longer merely this:
Age-old woman, stirring to an age-old song.
You are some tender, quiet thing,
Mother, sweetheart, brother, child . . .
These, all in one, so close, so clean.
Not thunder, but the quiet voice
Of an evening angelus whispering
Down cloisters, sweet with mellow years:
A dream, half born,
Still Lingering in the beard of God.

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Daddy-Long-Legs.

Popularity is such a strange and elusive thing that, when it appears, one naturally likes to trace its reason. Many great plays have gone to the wall while lesser plays have enjoyed almost unending popularity. Nobody is going to say that "East Lynne" is a better play than Congreve's "The Way of the World." Still, "East Lynne" is played by a hundred companies every night in various parts of the world, while Congreve hardly dares to push his nose into the West End of London. So you see, popularity *is* a strange and elusive thing. Very often we can trace the popularity of a play down to the fact that it is fundamentally true. I am not suggesting that "Daddy-Long-Legs" belongs to either class—the class to which Congreve contributed or that to which we would assign "East Lynne."

I went to see the play a night or two ago—and realised suddenly, although the play on words may seem vulgar—that heart in art is very essential as far as the public is concerned. And that is why "Daddy-Long-Legs" has been such a tremendous success in England, and now such a tremendous success in Johannesburg.

Miss Renée Kelly created the part in London. She is so essentially a woman and so essentially in tune with what people *feel* that the public needs must respond to the charm of her performance.

I heard yesterday from Mr. Leon M. Lion that Miss Jean Webster, who wrote the story, actually started her life in an orphanage—in the manner of the play. So her contact with the realities of the orphanage have made it possible for her to give the play a certain realism to which the public naturally responds.

I am not in the least ashamed of the fact that my eyes erred on the side of dampness after the second act.

It wasn't art—rather heart—that appealed to me. And yet, there is a great deal of art in this play. The performances of Miss Kelly, Mr. Hylton Allen, Mr. Freeman and the others show that a carefully chosen play, acted by good artists, can be turned into a masterpiece. And "Daddy-Long-Legs" is a masterpiece of its kind. It is a masterpiece taken from the streets, the world of people who live and laugh and love. It is a masterpiece taken from simple contact between people who are incapable of insincerity. Miss Kelly is so true in herself that she is incapable of being insincere on the stage. And, no matter what the moderns may say, sincerity is a virtue before which we all must bow.

Welgelegen, by Gwelo Goodman.
In the possession of the Birmingham City Art Gallery.

The Empire.

Next week, commencing April 27th, will see four new acts on the Empire programme. The Femina Quartette are no strangers to South Africa, for when they came here some time ago they created a splendid impression. They present a musical ensemble, featuring Miss Estelle Mark who sings modern songs. Miss Stella Ambrose plays the violin exquisitely and Miss Kathleen is an accomplished 'cellist. The fourth member of the ensemble is Miss Marjorie Cassy, a clever pianiste who is new to South Africa.

Miss Irene Forde, the *chic* comedienne in her original song studies, has already won her laurels at the Cape, where she opened her tour. She has manner, frocks and songs of the best. One of her biggest successes is the song "Millicent the Innocent."

Miss Elspeth Douglas Reid, *who gave a dramatic recital at the Carlton Hotel on April 23rd.*

Les Augustines, the third new turn, do the most hair-raising stunts with barrels. Visualise this little feat, for instance. Blindfolded, the male member of Les Augustines jumps from the floor into a barrel, whence he leaps on to a chair perched on a table, and thence hurls himself through the atmosphere into another barrel on the floor.

Grant and Faber in "steps that count" are the other new-comers, and will show us some wonderful eccentric simultaneous dancing.

Add to this the African Mirror and the Empire Orchestra and it will easily be seen that next week's programme is as good as any we have ever seen at the Empire.

Geraniums and Market Street.

To catch the tram after the Empire to the Southern Suburbs one turns sharply to the right and into Market Street. Just here is the Working Girls' Hostel, and in the thin rain which drifted through the town streets the other night it looked a place dreary enough from the outside, for red brick has that effect on wet, draggling nights.

I looked upwards, and my eye caught a gleam of red—two geraniums in a window-box high up on the top floor. The whole building was transformed to me: it became human, and clouded memories of old days in London, and of other window-boxes seen there on nights just so misted, came clear to me.

Who tends those two little blooms of vivid red geranium? Whoever it is, will she accept the thanks of a wanderer for a minute of dear memory? *K.D.*

Cars to a King's Ransom!

Out of a street of shadows into the flooding light of a popular thoroughfare we came. Pools of light splashed from a hundred globes glinted on the wet pavements. And round the Orpheum was a river of cars. A giant Cadillac and a Baby Austin slept side by side. Dignity and impudence repeated itself a score of times down the row. Cars to the value of a king's ransom, like couchant lions browsed on their pneumatic forepaws, while a galaxy of coloured lights winked untiringly a beery message to the night: *Lager! Lager! Lager!* *T.*

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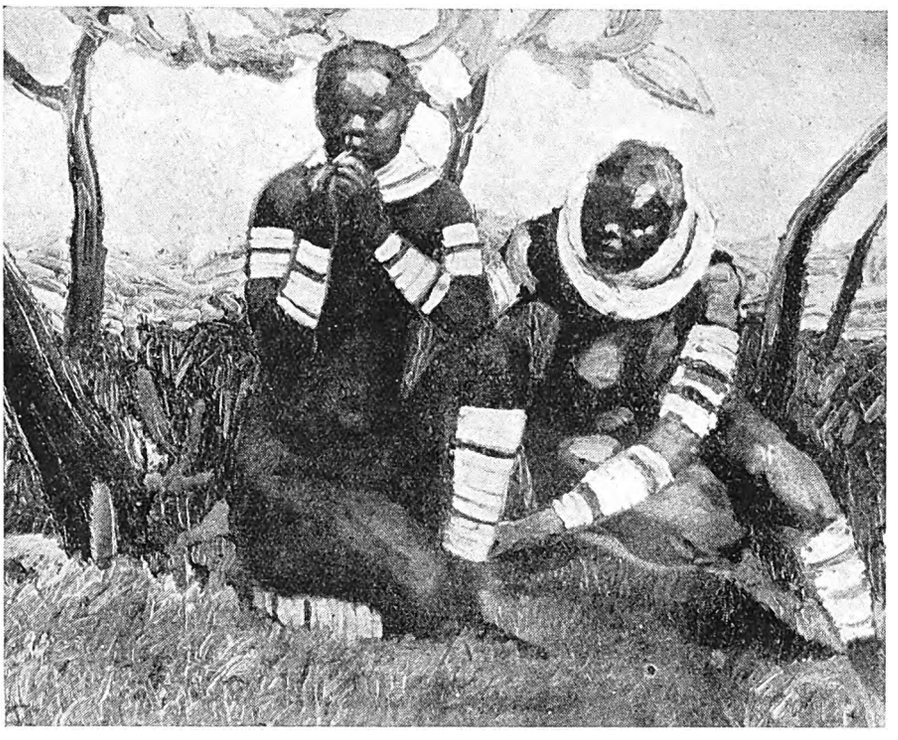
Roy Campbell: The Author of The Flaming Terrapin.

By Roger Castle.

Of all present-day sons of South Africa, it would be almost true to say there are only two with international reputations, Jan Smuts and Roy Campbell.

Roy Campbell, before the appearance of his *Flaming Terrapin*, was only known to a certain rather limited circle of intellectuals for what he was, a really promising young poet. Now the English-speaking world realises that it has to deal with a young man of great talent who may or may not leave his mark on literature for all time, but who has most certainly made a very deep impression on the literature of this generation.

To hear Roy Campbell himself on the *Flaming Terrapin* one would imagine that this long poem was very poor stuff. He told me that not only was it entirely shapeless and that it had three climaxes, but it was also archaic and old-fashioned. He will not be satisfied, I feel sure, until he has found what he considers a new and fitting vehicle. And, if I know anything about poets and poetry, it will take him all his time. He will be dead before that happens. And in the meantime we shall have some wonderful stuff coming from him.



"The Jew's Harp," by Edward Roworth, in the possession of Roger Castle, Esq.

To return to Roy Campbell, the boy. He is twenty-two. And one of the most striking-looking creatures in South Africa, most certainly the most striking in Durban. He has long yellow hair on the top of his head and dark curls round his ears. A finely moulded forehead. Long, dark eyes, set well in a thin, pale face. Wisdom and youth written large all over him.

To read the above description, I feel I have led the reader to picture a willowy aesthete. So, on the very first meeting, is Roy Campbell. But after ten seconds' conversation you find how very much you have been mistaken.

Here is perfectly sane youth. Sane youth with its feet planted firmly in the grocers' paradise, as he calls Durban, and his head well above all the kopjes, looking down and observing Africa, seeing it clearly with all its vastnesses, beauties and brutalities, and being able to convey to us the sensations it inspires in him. He opened my eyes. It was only after reading the *Terrapin* that I realised where I was and where I was bound for.

Roy Campbell was educated at the Durban High School and the Natal University College. He was then sent to Oxford, where he came in contact with all the leading lights and minor poets of that most inspiring and indelible city—the Sitwells, Tommy Earp, Wilfred Childe, Gerald Crow and Beverly Nicholls. Sacheverell Sitwell tried hard to convert him to a right way of thinking and wrote long letters to him on the theory of poetry. Campbell was so certain of himself that he even refused the honour of contributing to *Wheels*, that really excellent little explosion of minor verse that used to happen periodically in the years just immediately after the war, sponsored by the relentless Sitwell family. Then, after eight or nine months, he broke away from Oxford, thoroughly sickened and, I believe, a little afraid of being contaminated by the dread blight of ineffectuality that so often settles on the leaders of undergraduate thought, and which, more often than not, never leaves them.

After that, Campbell went off to earn his living with the sardine fishers of the Mediterranean. He was the recognised maker of chanties. When he left the fleet he was a fully qualified able-bodied seaman. Landing in the South of France after being paid off, he struck bad times and couldn't get another ship. So he joined himself up with a band of gipsies, where, from all accounts, he does not seem to have been so successful as he was at sea. He told me that he had even been used as a kind of animated "Aunt Sally."

Then, somehow or other, he found himself back in London. In the London of the Café Royal, The Eiffel, Augustus John and Jacob Epstein. He married a wife and was twice painted by John.

He returned to South Africa, I believe for reasons of health.

He has lived hard and well during his twenty-two years. He is now on the South Coast of Natal with his wife and baby, finishing his new poem and catching sharks in his spare time.

The *Flaming Terrapin* is a long poem in six parts. It is an allegory. The ark being towed about the world by a gigantic tortoise. The ark is the human soul or ego or whatever you like to call it, and the terrapin is the divine in man or the Holy Ghost, as Campbell himself expresses it.

He uses the whole gamut of the English language, shying at nothing. Images rush from his pen in bewildering number. Listen to this:

> *"The wildebeest frisked with the gale*
> *On the crags of a hunchback mountain.*
> *With his heels in the clouds, he flirted his tail*
> *Like the jet of a silvery fountain.*
> *Frail oribi sailed with their golden-skinned*
> *And feathery limbs laid light on the wind,*
> *And the springbok bounced and fluttered and flew,*
> *Hooping their spines on the gaunt Karroo."*

And the inevitability of this:

> *"How often have I lost this fervent mood,*
> *And gone down dingy thoroughfares to brood*
> *On evils like my own from day to day;*
> *'Life is a dusty corridor,' I say,*
> *'Shut at both ends.'"*

And the joy and splendour of the closing lines:

> *"It is the silent chanting of the soul:*
> *'Though times shall change and stormy ages roll,*
> *I am that ancient hunter of the plains*
> *That raked the shaggy flitches of the bison.*
> *Pass, world; I am the dreamer that remains:*
> *The Man, clear-cut against the last horizon!'"*

This real son of South Africa has come back to his home to stay and work. He says that from the colonies will come the great and so-much-needed rebirth of Art. It is the new lands that have something new to give to the old ones. The old lands seem now to be only able to give the new ones age and decay.

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The Art of the Bushman.

By Roger Castle.

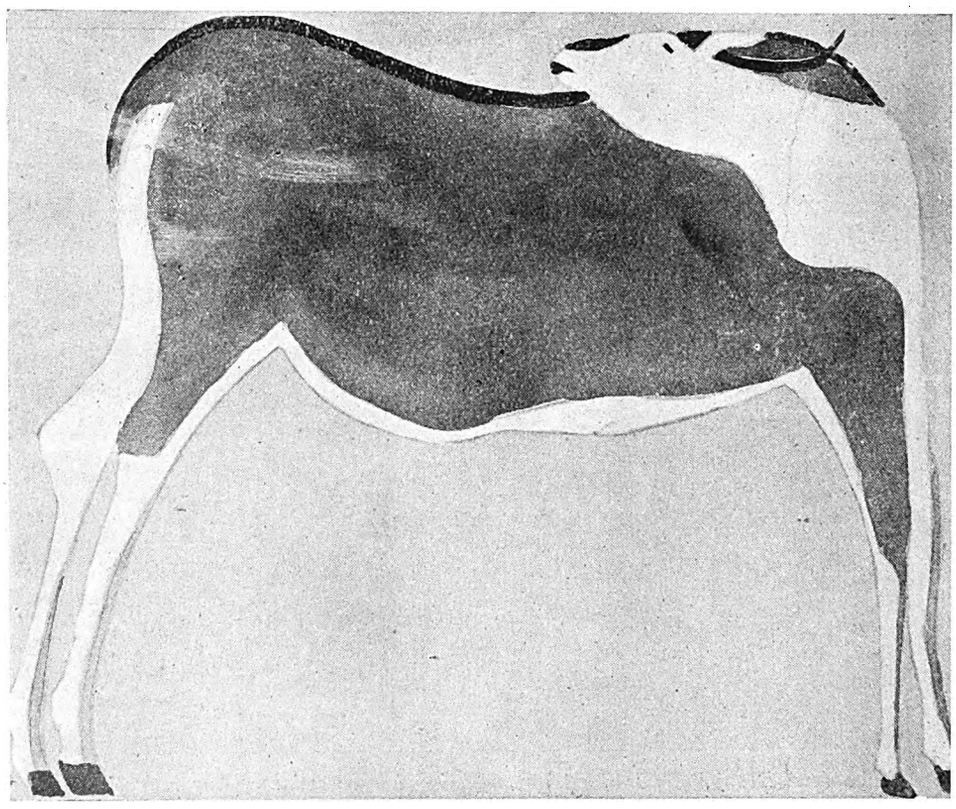
My own opinion, backed by the opinions of some of the younger painters working in this colony, is that if a South African School of Painting is to be brought to birth, then the attention of the pupils and disciples of that school must be focussed on the Bushman.

Whenever a new School has been formed, in recent years, the two main founts of inspiration have been, firstly, the Soil in which the Master and his Disciples have taken root. It matters little if this soil be the streets of modern Rome, as happened in the case of Marinetti and his Futurists, or the commons and gipsy-haunted lanes which were the setting for the early works of Augustus John and his followers. It does not matter one little bit, so long as the soil is sufficiently strong to intoxicate and completely overwhelm the participants in the new movement.

Secondly, one must turn to the Primitives of that soil for the first inspiration.

Here in Africa we have these two foundation stones looming up large and unavoidable.

Africa herself is strong enough and vast enough to intoxicate, very often to overwhelm. Her Bushmen are the ideal primitives. Their vision and their draughtsmanship sprang straight from this very soil on which our houses, clubs and theatres are built. They wandered over this veld with their little keen eyes straining to catch the first glimpse of the grazing buck or the Bantu on mischief bent, and so their eye, or rather the eye of the favoured amongst them, began to see something more than food and danger in the objects that surrounded them: they caught, and drew on the rock walls of their caves, Beauty.



Exact copy of a Bushman drawing of an eland, by Pierneef.

It is a curious fact that, although the work of the Bushmen is something that belongs so completely to themselves, that no outside influence seems possible, yet one feels all the time that in some far-away age they must have come in contact with the mural paintings of Egypt. The learned hold it as a theory that these Bushmen were the slaves and chattels of the Egyptians of the decadence. If this is so, it would explain a great deal, though in no way taking away from their importance as the primitives of the South African School-to-be.

The reason for the great beauty visible in their studies of game and animals is the same reason which makes the portraits done by our great artists of people they know, admire or love so much better than their portraits of casual or semi-casual sitters. The Bushman knew his animal. He knew the psychology of the beast as we can never hope to know it. He literally lived with it, living practically the same life. One has only to look at the eland reproduced here to feel that the animal was an intimate acquaintance of the painter who painted it.

This eland is a very good example of the Bushman's use of significant line. The black lines are, if I may be allowed to coin an expression, the "lines of force." Take away the black lines and the whole composition is pointless. The "line of force" is always used to accentuate the centre of interest in the composition.

The Bushmen painters went through three periods of painting. Their first manifestations were purely realist. That is, they tried as much as possible to make an exact or photographic representation of what they knew was there before their eyes. They used shading to get the required effect.

The second period was what has been termed Individualist. That is to say that, while the first realist period was only a series of tentative attempts, this second period saw the devlopment of individuality in the several craftsmen. I have before me two other pictures of elands by the same artist that painted the one reproduced and two by another Bushman, and anyone who had never seen a Bushman drawing before in his life would at once recognise that it came from a different hand.

Another development of the Individualist movement was the enclosing line. Each mass of colour was contained in one continuous line. If you look at the eland drawing reproduced, you will see that the white mass begins at the heel of the off hind leg and finishes with the heel of the near fore. The second block of white is more obvious, it includes the head and the off fore leg. They had also discarded all shading in this period, relying practically entirely on, what Mr. Clive Bell so aptly calls, significant form.

The high-water mark of Bushman art was this Individualist period. This was the period when they were free to carry on as they liked, before the coming of the Bantu. As they were harassed and hunted from one place to another, so their art declined until the third period is reached: the one known as the Decadence. This was practically a return to the old Realist methods. But a return so debased that this period holds very little interest for the artist; to the historian it must be, of course, of vast import. This was no longer a time of trying and tentative attempts to express themselves in a new way . . . in a way different to their brothers, who only knew how to express themselves by love-making and fleetness of foot; this was a time of despair and a last effort to keep up old traditions of an older and happier time. The result was failure.

The other drawing I have introduced is one representing a Zulu girl being attacked by two Bushmen. It has interest inasmuch as it shows the fine sense of the dramatic found in so many of their hunting and battle pictures.

I am indebted to Mr. J. H. Pierneef for the two drawings, which he did direct from the originals, and also for all that I know of the Bushman art. Mr. Pierneef's own work shows a strong leaning towards the Bushman use of line, and he is, besides, the only person I have discovered who can adequately reproduce a Bushman drawing.

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Paragraphs: by Neil Collins.

Cries of Johannesburg.

The criers of goods go past my door: clean-limbed Kaffirs, sharp-eyed Russian and Polish Jews, long-bearded smouse-Boers and their lanky sons, subtle-minded Indians, and every race that added to the confusion of sound at Babel.

"Fiere-wooed, mississ, veree gooed fiere-wooed, mississ . . ." trails off from the musical voices of Kaffirs. Long ago it was "Fiere-wooed, i mississ, mississ," and there was a greater difference of pitch in it all. But rhythm has caught the dusky imagination.

"Hoeue-butter, hoeue-butter!" I always knew what the last part of the cry meant, but the first puzzles me to this day.

"Hee-haw! bottle-a-bag, hee-haw! bottle-a-bag." This from the Kaffir who has taken over what was once the work of the Indian, bottle-buying.

The Russian immigrant who sells fruit in competition with Sammy: "Nise hunny-pot grapes, sevn pounds a shilling, it's given thim away, it's givn thim away!"

And you know that his near relative will be there the next day, with green and shiny bowler: "Enny o' clo'z t' sell; enny o' clo'z t' sell."

The Indians are lazier or wiser, and their approach is announced only by the tinkle of the bells on their carts. And the Smouse-Boers are too busy or unbusinesslike to shout, except at their long-strung-out team of wide-horned oxen:

"Hieir! Engelsman, hieir, Rooinek, hieir, Swartkop!"

Sky Colour.

"Every morning when I look out of my window in this Transvaal of yours," said an Englishwoman to me the other day, "I feel the joy of summer. Every morning the sky is blue, blue, blue."

Blue skies, they are natural enough, and many the day I have grumbled that they were away, and even been glad of the change to grey and thunder-black. Blue skies? They mean drought, and the tired hooves of thin cattle padding in stampede to drink thick muddy water in drying dams; they mean the wilting of crops and the withering of the green young mealies. Grey skies? They are the skies of living rain, of sweet grass and rich crops, of fat cattle, of delicate spring flowers scattered on the scented veld.

But to the Englishwoman grey skies were grey and unhappy: beauty lay all in the parting of the clouds, and in the parting . . . a handkerchief of blue, dark and bright and clear and smiling.

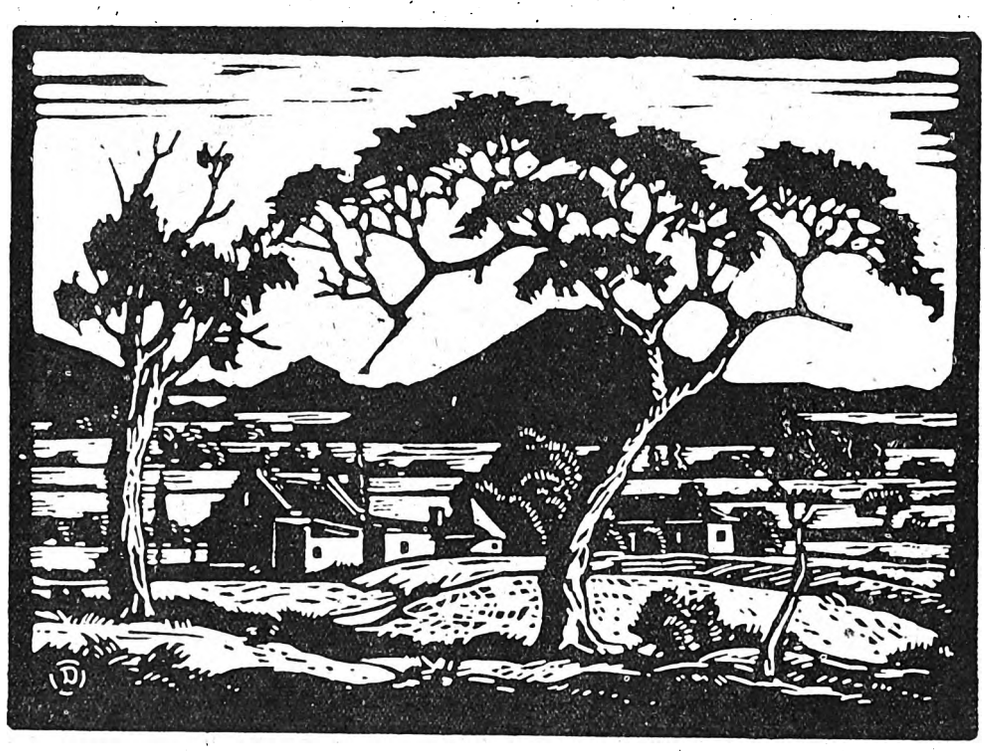
The Kaffir Chief.

Every Saturday afternoon there sits on the pavement outside the Public Library in Johannesburg an old Msuto boy, selling clay figures. Jolly little figures they are: red and black: fierce Kaffir chiefs with flowing plumes waving back from their heads, with white bead eyes, fiercely brandishing fierce knobkerries.

The old Msuto makes them himself, and I have watched him at work, with deft fingers modelling heavy legs and arms, thicker than the body of the figure, and painting on red ochre to make his warrior-chiefs even more terrifying.

I paid a shilling for mine, and he has sat upon my manuscript as a paper-weight for months. "*Bulalo lo muntu!*" I expect to hear him shout every time anyone disturbs the pile, and in imagination I see him brandishing his kerrie more fiercely than ever.

He is a good friend of mine, this Kaffir chief, and when I am lonely or perplexed I tell him all the troubles I have in the world. His sympathy is silent, and perhaps it is better for that, and I am sure that it is none the less true.



A woodcut, by H. J. Pierneef.

Snow on the Mountains.

The globe spins round, and it is the third week in April. This week the first snow of winter caps the peaks of the Western Province, and soon all the high slopes will be shimmering with snow in the sun. The last gold of the dying leaves fades to brown and death in the vineyards, the bare heaths grow more bare before spring, the rocks seem more forbidding, and then, high above the world, the snow caps the peaks.

Oh, you Transvaalers, your veld is wide and your sky is open as the windows of God, but you do not know the snow; you do not know the mists and swirling clouds that trail up the ravines; you do not know that Man may stand in the hot valleys and look up at the mountain-tops, to see God in a white cloth of snow.

The globe spins round, and it is the third week in April. What of it? Och, it's that I would say Good-bye to Transvaal and wide veld! Good-morrow to the valleys of Van der Stel, to the peace and promise of the snow! I have watched the blue Magaliesberg these six months past. I have had my fill of veld. To-morrow I would pack and trek.

To-morrow . . . I shall watch the blue Magaliesberg.

Old Songs.

Women, they say, must be judged by their singing, but men by their songs. What are your songs? Are they ballads, or ragtimes, or hymns, or opera songs, or are they the old plantation songs? Or are they all songs mixed together, so that you will sing *Sergeant Michael Cassidy* following on *Habenera* from "Carmen"?

Myself, I like most songs, and I love the songs of sailors and of students—they are so jolly and so irresponsible and so sentimentally incongruous. *Oh, whisky is the soul of man, Oh, whisky for my Johnny: Blow the man down:* what better songs were ever written? I know of the first that it is four hundred years old at the least, and was once *Malmsey is the soul . . .*, and I know of the second that great composers have said that it is one of the finest tunes ever written.

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Then the student songs: *Three students climbed over the mountains: I love ladies and I love beer:* who wants to sing about Coal-black Mammies or Black-eyed Susans after these?

And let it not be forgotten about the plantation songs that they produced the tune for our own finest folk-song:

Breng my terug na die ou Transvaal,
Daar waar my Sarie woon . . . .

Cape Town.

It is an old town: Capetown: the drift of the accumulated years has filled it with mystery-thought of the East. Ghosts of swaggering India sailors seem still to walk its cobbled streets: wraith-figures of dead burghers ride in from Paarl and the mountains.

On one side lies the Indian, and the warm Madagascar Current flows down from the Equator with dark-blue nautilus and rainbow sunfish: on the other side is the Atlantic, and the strong, cold Antarctic Current makes fog about Cape Point, where the rollers swing from Cape Horn to crash and roar on the Apostle coast. Sometimes, caught in the hurricanes of fury, a clipper-ship has limped into Table Bay, beating slowly up under jury-masts.

The bulk of Tafelberg towers over this City of Shadows: the city streams up its slopes. In the vineyards of hot Constantia the flowing white gables of Van der Stel's house embody grace and history of three hundred years: red fezzes of Malays are a note of vivid colour against the walls.

A woodcut, by H. J. Pierneef.

The Sunday Street.

Turning into President Street of a Sunday, I have often felt that I am an inhabitant of an imaginary or a magic city. Infrequent passers-through like ghosts glide through the silent shuttered street. The shop-cats slip softly from door to door, and sometimes a bird has alighted in the roadway, twittering, alone. In the strange silence curious emotions come to me: I should not be startled if a lion were to roar of a sudden, or an elephant trumpet, breaking the quiet.

At night, too, the street is deserted, but footsteps echo, and there is only the air of expectancy, of preparation for the morrow. Two men with wide brooms sweep the litter of yesterday: black chimneys belch black smoke at the one end. Only in the hour before dawn is there magic abroad: then the people of the Outworld are repainting cities for the day. Presently the Sun will add the last decoration, and the dome of the Law Courts will glow gold in the morning.

On Cabbages.

Let the problem novelists say what they will, there are more family discords, more divorces caused by Cabbages than by selfish men and gadding women. Down the centuries the trail of the Cabbage has left behind it a ravine: of ruined Empires, of wrecked ships and wrecked ambition. Far into the future one may look, and envision tottering Kingdoms and vast catastrophes: the trail of the Cabbage.

Signs of the Cabbage appear almost at once after marriage: at dinner on the honeymoon the little bride orders Cabbage, and the young husband shudders, ominous sign of coming divorce. At the first meal in the new house Cabbage is on the table: the husband learns the habit of club-dining.

Lilith, the first mother-in-law, brought into the world the first hate of mother-in-laws—she ate Cabbage. Why did Habbakuk storm against his people? They had the Cabbage habit. Why did Nero burn Rome? He had had Cabbage for dinner. Why did Napoleon divorce Josephine? She served him with Cabbages.

Down the centuries the Cabbages goes . . . .

"Maureen! What's for lunch to-day?"

"Er—Neil, I think, oh, it's Cabbage we're having . . ."

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Art in the Market Place.

By S. D.

Not the least important of an artist's work is to dispose of his potential masterpieces, in order that his starving wife and children may have caviare and burgundy. There are three ways in which he can do this, private contract, Exhibition and auction sale. It is with this last that I propose to deal, as auction sale has, I think, proved the most effective medium in this country; it is a direct indication of the demand, and the prices people are prepared to pay, for contemporary South African paintings. Of course, it is not ideal, for many a really fine work has been knocked down for a ridiculously small sum.

In the days before the War there seems to have been no satisfactory method of selling pictures: the public were stupid, unappreciative; if they wanted pictures they bought and, what is more, admired oleographs, florid prints of Highland cattle and many other unmentionable atrocities. It was a poor look-out for the struggling artist, whose work was good and whose market was practically non-existent; after all there were only the "few" (who always know what is good and, usually, can only afford to admire) to give him any sort of recognition. It was when this state of affairs could no longer be tolerated in a growing country, that Mr. Ernest Lezard placed his views on the possibilities of auction sales before the members of the South African Society of Artists. That his views were well received is shown by the unique collection of catalogues he now possesses.

Under this new project, the first sale took place in Mr. Lezard's saloon on Tuesday, 25th May, 1915, and ever since sales of South African artists' works have taken place there, regularly, every month. On that memorable day the following artists exhibited:—A. J. Warne-Brown, Harold Boyes, Dennis Edwards, Ethel Edwards, Allerly Glossop, Beatrice Hazell, Churchill Mace, C. S. Macham, Wallace Paton, Ruth Prowse, Constance Penstone, Charles Peers, Edward Roworth, Crossland Robinson, F. B. Ross, Dennis Santry, G. S. Smithard, Adela Seton-Tate, J. E. A. Volschenk and Peter Wenning.

This sale was decidedly a step in the right direction, but the pictures fetched comparatively little; the highest price, sixteen guineas, being paid for Mr. Smithard's "Sunset"; he was also second on the list, getting twelve guineas for his "Veld Fires," which picture has since changed hands three times, last time for forty guineas. Despite these meagre prices, the first auction sale of pictures in Johannesburg was a success; it paved the way for other and more remunerative sales; indeed, there has been a phenomenal increase in the value of South African paintings from that day onwards. Take Volschenk as an example: pictures of his that he might, or might not, have sold for four guineas now easily reach twenty-five guineas. Mr. Lezard has sold pictures up to one hundred guineas at public auction, but the highest price ever obtained for one picture was one thousand guineas for Mr. Edward Roworth's "Storm," which was sold by American auction one night at the Empire Theatre in aid of some War Fund.

Posthumously, Wenning commands the greatest prices. In fact, it is seldom that any of the work of this very fine artist comes into the market; when any does, it results in keener bidding. One of his pictures that originally went for three guineas fetched fifty guineas not so very long ago.

So far the best sellers have been Roworth and Volschenk, both of whom command large and appreciative audiences, not only at the sales, but also while their pictures are being exhibited, This goes to show that the public of Johannesburg have become less philistine and more appreciative of the aesthetic pleasures of this life. No doubt this is due, to a great extent, to the possession of the second best collection of modern pictures in this hemisphere.

The market to-day is fairly good, but in the future, ah—there is so much promise in the future that the artists see caviarre and cold grouse suppers upon their horizons.

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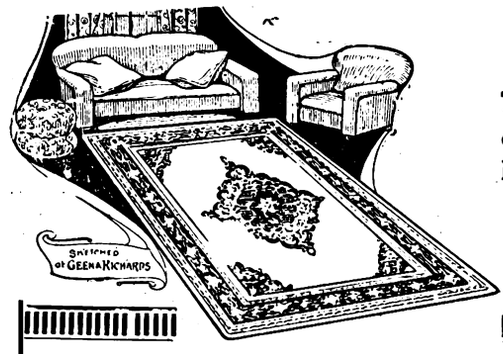

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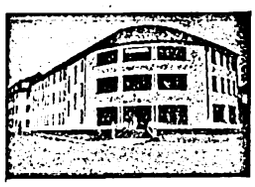

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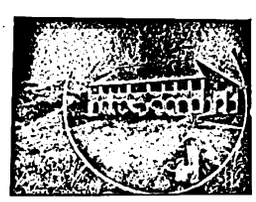

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Madhlozi-Worship.

By Roy Campbell.

The Bantu in their worship of the madhlozi, the spirits of their ancestors, and in attributing to their direction the course of the more important events which befall us in life, provide us with an interesting example of how easy it is for a race to drug itself by fatalism against the major realities and responsibilities of life. It would seem that our capricious foster-mother, Africa, were in the habit of inflicting this penalty of madhlozi-worship on all races, black or white, who have had the audacity to populate her arid wastes. For though the whites of South Africa are a surprisingly cultured race, it is discouraging to see how much of the mental energy of the country goes into research. For every two books like the *Story of an African Farm* and the *Little Karroo*, hundreds are written on history, old architecture, and memoirs. Industrially we have our eyes on the future and there is little to be feared for the physical development of our country; but politically and intellectually we have our eyes on the past. Our politics are still hampered by old feuds and prejudices; our intellectuals are preoccupied in a search for tradition. Thirst for tradition is a healthy sign in a young race, but regarded as an end in itself, the consciousness of tradition is not enough. In appreciating our traditions we may show our good taste—as in our love for the old Dutch architecture. But it is a mistake, when our appreciation cannot carry us beyond mere imitation, to imagine that we are in any way invigorating or vitalising these traditions; our imitations are mere feats of taxidermy by which we mummify or kipper them, and at the same time advertise our own intellectual bankruptcy. Traditions are the rails on which a country should progress, but at present we are sitting on the rails. We are content to contemplate the glorious epic of the Great Trek without emulating it with the great intellectual Trek, which is its necessary and obvious sequel. Bravely as our predecessors asserted our physical and moral independence for us, we have done little to assert our spiritual independence. Intellectually we are still in an embryonic state and entirely umbilical to Europe.

We have quite a representative group of poets, and for the future health of South African literature, we may be thankful that they adhere to the sound, if dull, tradition of Tennyson and the earlier Victorians; we may be thankful that they have not succumbed to the influence of Swinburne as the Australians have; for Swinburne, though infectious, is disastrous to imitate, and the use of his technique results in vagueness of vision and looseness of thought. For my part in a country so broad and full of primitive life as ours, I would rather see the grand and rugged machinery of Whitman at work than the garden-roller of Tennyson. A great deal too much of our painting and poetry is sentimental. It is strange that in a country of flaring sunlight and explosive colour, a garden-plot tradition should rule us. Even in their treatment of rocks and mountains, many of our painters use the tactics of the parish. The photographic apparatus of the Ruskinites, though obsolete in Europe, is still very much in evidence out here. But still, since Victorian chromo-photography had nothing to do with Art, there is no need to cumber ourselves with it here. A few of our younger painters, thank heaven, have gone to Europe and studied the work of Cezanne, Gaugin, Van Gogh and Renoir, and it may not be long before we get to work and produce something living and real.

It is to the painters that we must look for the arousing of some national consciousness in us, for the bilingual difficulties preclude poetry to a certain extent, though prose may not suffer so much in being translated. Art and literature have always played a greater part than anything else in the building up of the spirit of races, and in a country where party politics are anything but conducive to racial harmony, we are justified in expecting a good deal from our artists.

Above all, let us beware of institutions; it is the first instinct of the mediocre, the amateur, to tether himself to some sort of institution. A serious artist must be absolutely independent. "Schools" of art and literature only become recognised after they exist, by the main tendencies that run through the works of contemporary thinkers in common response to the needs of the age. An academy could do nothing to foster a "school" of art, and were it invested with a certain amount of power it would only thwart the rise of original artists. With the lamentable example of the English Royal Academy in front of us, we should be warned from attempting anything on the same lines here.

When Christ offered this gift of freedom of spirit to the "man in the street," the latter, though in his heart he had a secret hankering for it, was so shocked and terrified by the thought of the responsibilities he would thereby incur, that he crucified his would-be saviour on the spot. He was still haunted by his ideal, however, and in order to relieve himself of any further responsibility had to tether himself to an institution. It is only the thinkers, poets and artists, who can inherit that freedom of spirit which the man in the street so timidly refused. They have to be severe with themselves and make no compromises with him. If, as in the case of Edward Wolfe, the "man in the street" ridicules or ignores the work of an artist of merit, the latter need only forgive his ignorance: for it is for the grandsons of the present man in the street that he is painting.

Though the "man in the street" rules the world, and though he saddles the thinkers and statesmen of the world with his responsibilities, and though they may bray contentedly enough while he pampers them, it is generally when he ignores or scourges them that they become prophetic. Remember Balaam.

South Africa has already produced Olive Schreiner and Pauline Smith; few of the other dominions can boast two writers of equal merit. We should be thinking of better things than the founding of academies by now, and trying to make our country into a gymnasium of athletic personalities.

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Round the Bioscopes.

Bijou.

Rex Beach added greatly to his already great reputation by the film version of *The Ne'er Do Well*, which was screened the other day in Johannesburg. His reputation will be enhanced even more by the screen version of *The Spoilers*, his great Alaskan story, which is to be shown at the BIJOU during the whole of next week. The quality of the book is too well known to need any recommendation from me, and the stars in the film speak for it themselves, for they include Anna Q. Nilsson, Milton Sills, Barbara Bedford, Mitchell Lewis, Noah Beery, Robert Edeson, Wallace MacDonald, Rockcliffe Fellowes, Louise Fazenda, Sam de Grasse, and an exceptionally strong supporting cast to boot.

Orpheum.

Trapped by crooks, a girl fighting for her birthright was imprisoned in a steel vault. The raging flames of a huge building on fire seethed about the vault: the floors beneath flared and crashed. That is the climax of *The Midnight Alarm*, which is to be shown at the ORPHEUM during the first half of next week. The film during the second half of the week is as thrilling: *Sporting Youth* is vividly dramatic, and a motor race is one of its features. Reginald Denny is starring in this picture, and excitement and thrills are guaranteed by his name, to say nothing of good acting. Barker and Wynne with Nick Morton are providing the vaudeville.

Carlton.

Owen Wister's *The Virginian* ran through thirty-eight editions and it is still selling faster than any ordinary novel. This makes it certain that we shall appreciate the film version of the book at the CARLTON during the first half of next week. Trampas was the head of a cattle-rustling gang, and how the end of the rustlers is forced by the Virginian makes a thrilling picture. *The Silent Partner* is the film at the end of the week, and tells the story of a wife who permitted her husband and the world to believe her cold and mercenary, so that in the end she could save her husband from ruin. Among the star cast of this picture are to be found Leatrice Joy, Owen Moore and Robert Edeson. *Fantan.*

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South Africa's Ultra-Modern Artist.

The Challenging Work of Irma Stern.

By William J. Makin.

It has to be admitted that Art in South Africa is still deliberately conventional. One glance at the occasional exhibitions held by South African artists in Cape Town and Johannesburg would convince any critic of the geographical fact that South Africa is 6,000 miles away from Europe and several thousand miles away from America. South Africa has its journeyman painters by the score; the brilliant and tradition breaking artist is rare indeed.

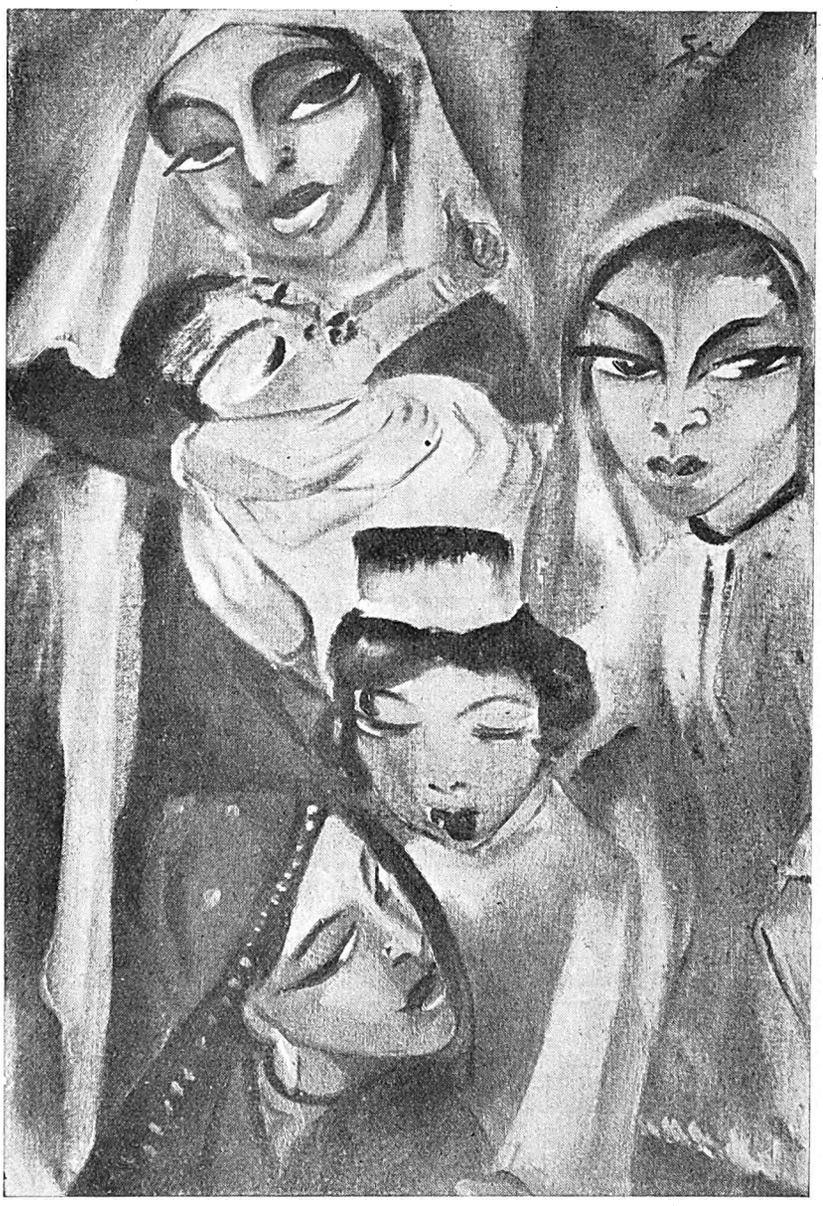
This is all the more amazing when one considers that in the Johannesburg Art Gallery are collected some of the finest examples of modern painters known to the world. Yet few people perambulate that Art Gallery, whereas the opening of an exhibition of pictures by one of South Africa's journeyman artists becomes an enticing social event, where pretty frocks move gracefully to the social symphony of clattering tea-cups.

There is one artist in South Africa who is as deliberately modern as the others are deliberately conventional. She is Miss Irma Stern, whose two exhibitions in Cape Town have provoked something like a storm in those social tea-cups, and of whom critics, with a few notable exceptions, have not hesitated to attack vilely. Miss Stern, who was born in South Africa and has lived most of her life in this country, has nevertheless introduced a form of art extremely virile, challenging and dominating, which is inclined to make the other conventional exhibitions of pictures resemble a display of Christmas supplements.

Abounding vitality and a positive greediness for colour are the dominant impressions one receives after seeing the pictures painted by Irma Stern. Whereas in Berlin her art would to-day be considered an excellent example of work by a contemporary artist working along the ordinary lines of present art development, in Cape Town it aroused fierce criticism by those whose outlook on art would acclaim Frith's "Derby Day" as a masterpiece.

Considering the isolation of South Africa from the artistic world of Europe, it is indeed amazing to find Miss Stern achieving ultra-modern work of this kind, and, while receiving the denunciation of South African critics, earning the appreciation of the leading critics of Berlin and Vienna, where she has also exhibited. Here is a South African artist, painting her own country with all the vigour and technique possessed by the moderns in Europe.

It would appear that Gaugin has influenced her tremendously. There is the same exotic atmosphere, the same love of vivid colouring and the same ignoring of the conventional standards of art. There is in the work of Irma Stern an Oriental obsession, stimulated doubtless by the large Malay and Indian colonies of Cape Town. The slit, Mongolian eyes, the high cheek bones of these brown faces, they haunt one even when the pictures are no longer before the eyes. Most of these Oriental studies are the result of wanderings among the brown folk of the Cape, in their queer, white-washed houses, narrow streets and garlic-laden atmosphere.



By Irma Stern.

But in her pictures of native types, Irma Stern brings before one the real dark continent of Africa, fecund of mystery and insidious tropical fascination. The lavish colouring at first overwhelms one, but inevitably you find yourself attracted to them time and time again. Here is the vivid impressionism of an artist who senses things keenly. It is not a laboured effort to produce a realistic, coloured photograph. It is like memory delving among the keen joys of the past. Always these joys are enveloped in the roseate glamour of romance.

Her landscapes bludgeon you into attention.

In this vivid, arresting art there is no mere slap-dash effectiveness. It is art which has a force behind it and must be recognised. It is the art which is likely to reveal South Africa to the world. In fact, Miss Stern's work is already recognised in Europe and America. Three of her pictures have been bought recently by wealthy Americans, and next year she will have exhibitions in Boston, Chicago, and New York. America is now the home of all good modern artists; it would be a great pity if South Africa continues to ignore Miss Stern when other countries acclaim. But then, new countries are allowed the privilege of prejudice.

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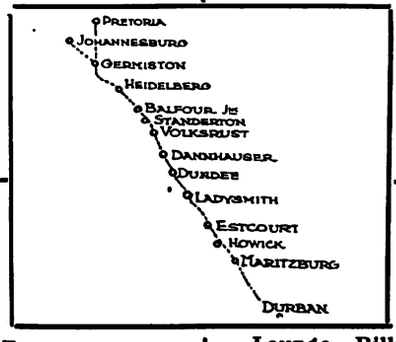

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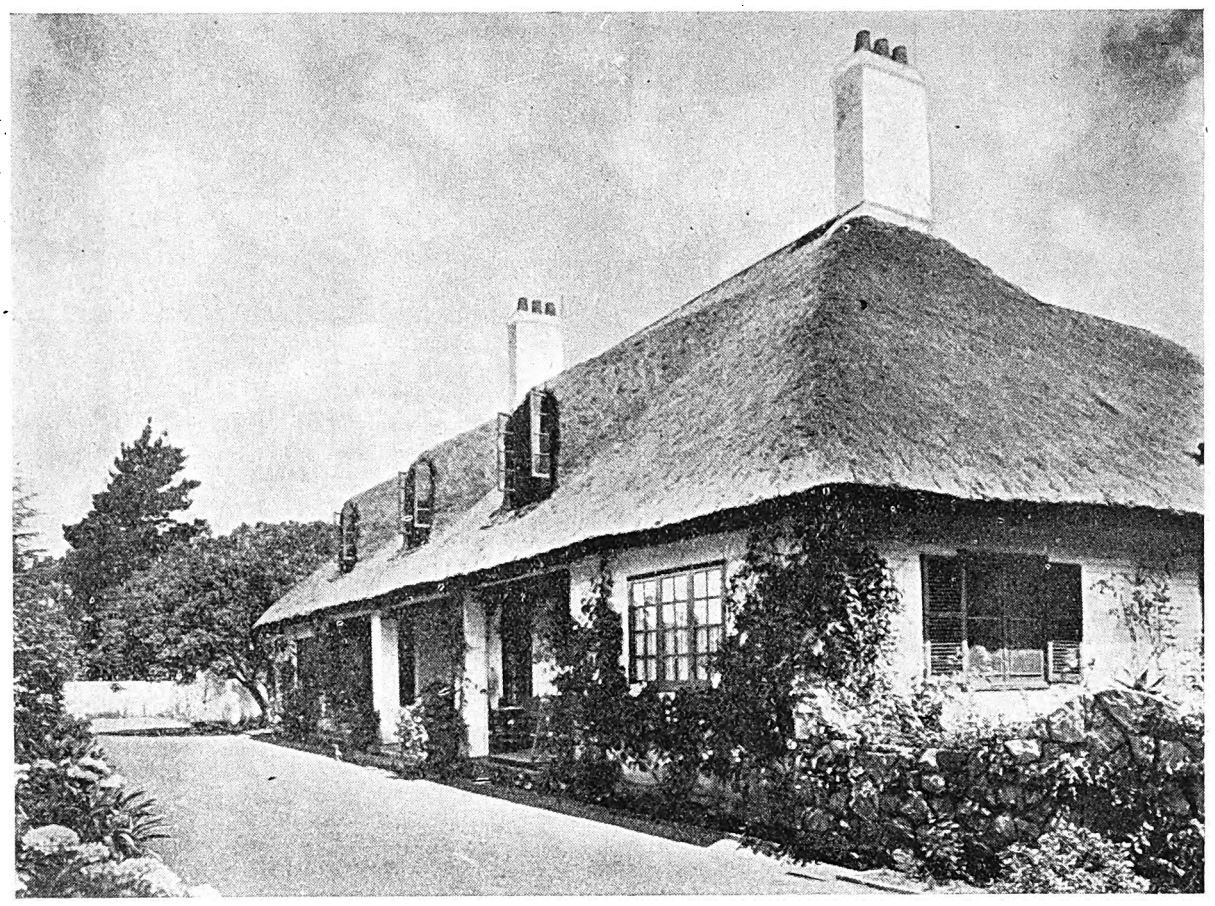
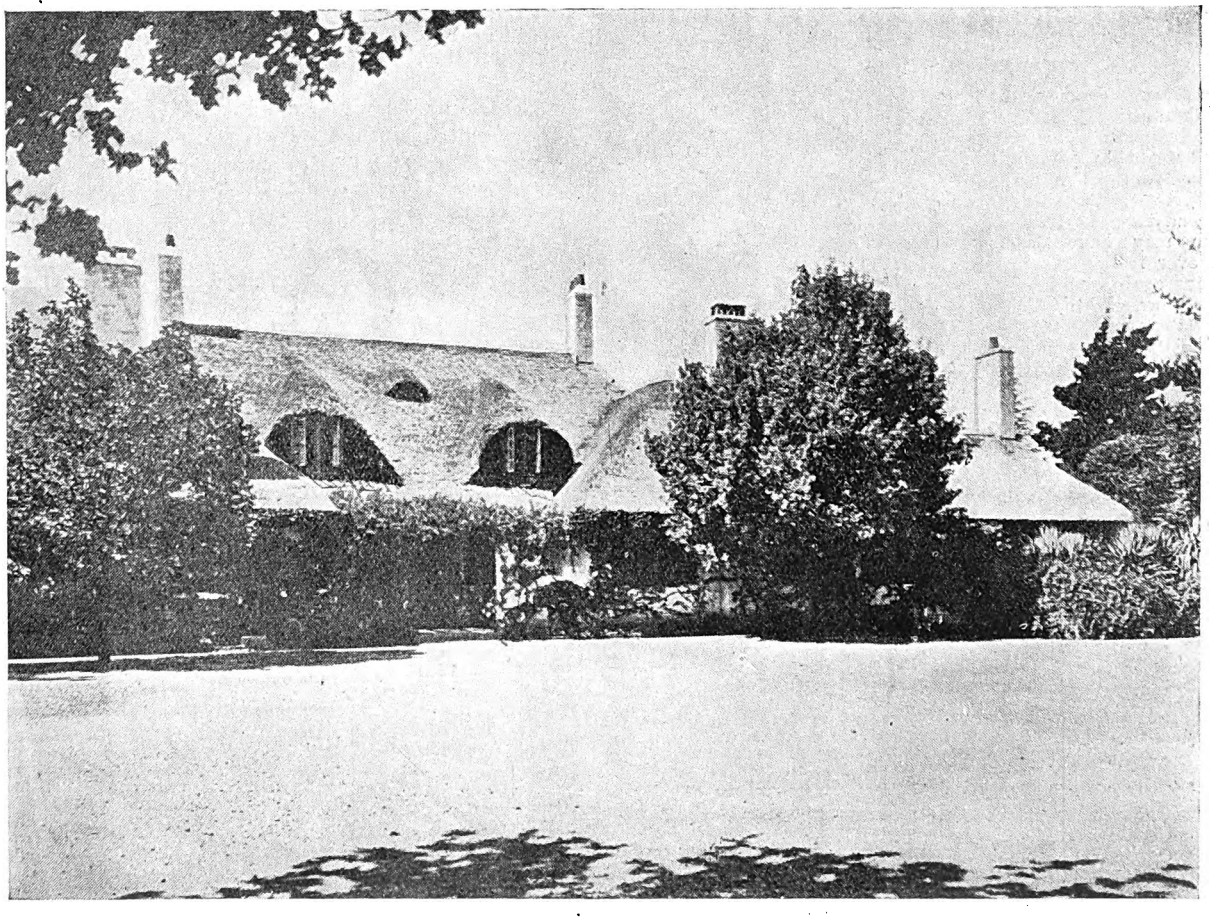


The home of Sir Evelyn and Lady Wallers. "The Thatched House," Riviera, Johannesburg.



The house was designed by Mr. Herbert Baker.

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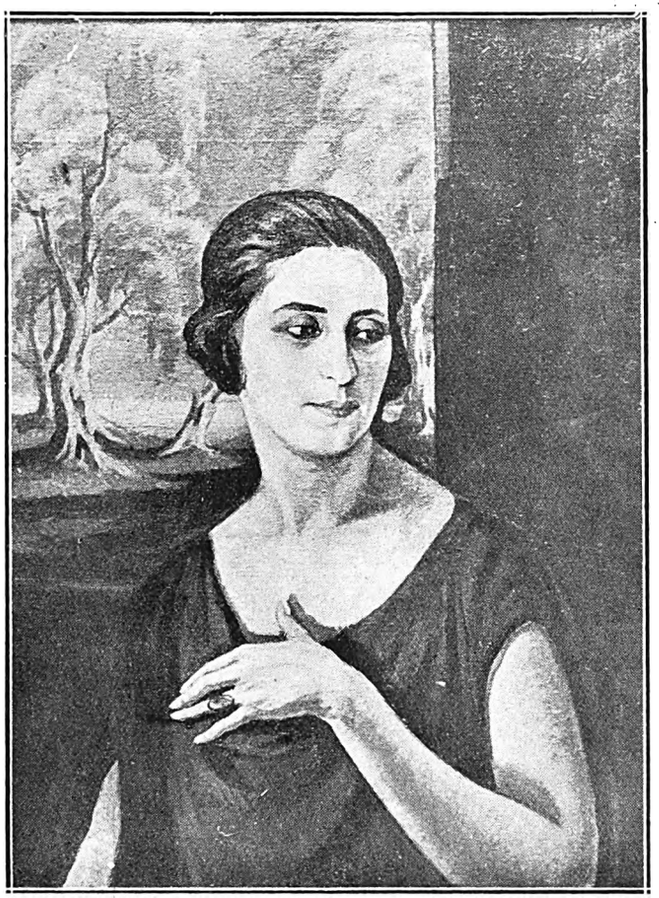
A South African Artist in Paris.



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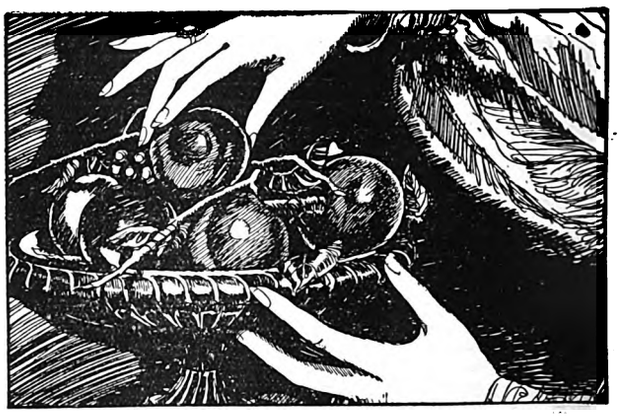

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Johannesburg and Prestige.

By Ethelreda Lewis
Author of "The Harp."

In considering and comparing towns I see that it is necessary to use the word Prestige. I should never have thought of it myself, but I find it in the latest of Arnold Bennet's complacent, slightly heavy, and smoothly inexact utterances. "Cape Town," he writes, "the capital of South Africa [Oh, Pretoria!], is an important place, and I would say naught to diminish its importance. [This might amuse a sailor; Conrad, for instance, or the Flying Dutchman himself.] But since even to-day it counts barely a hundred thousand citizens the citizens of the big towns of Britain and the United States are not likely to be over-impressed by its prestige."

Ethelreda Lewis.

Since when has it been made a law that the prestige of a city depends on its population? Boston, for an example: Edinburgh for another: Philadelphia: Oxford—or even Cambridge: Vienna and Paris. All these are cities of prestige as great as any in the world, and yet their population is not that of London or New York. No, prestige is the name, cherished by journalists, for that particular bloom on a city which arises from its quality and not from quantity. The prestige which Mr. Bennet is thinking of rests (take Birmingham) on such impressive stuff as screws and nails; on the serried ranks of saucepans at Wolverhampton, and the massed boots and shoes of Leicester. The towns I have named as possessing a fame and dignity all their own gathered it without the help of any hardware. And so did our old ocean tavern at the Cape. Personally I am more likely to be impressed by an old Cape Town mansion, with its aristocratic richness of association, or by the beautiful modern architecture of Baker here, than by the most massive suburban home of the Five Towns, with its drive, its shrubbery, club-easies, billiards and good cigars.

But now let us consider Johannesburg and Prestige. I suspect that, though we are smaller than Manchester, the high priest of solid comfort might concede us a certain prestige. A town that digs up millions of gold every month . . . what a number of cigars that would buy; enough to festoon the world from China to Peru: what flocks of limousines! In a word, what Prestige.

Putting aside that toy word for a moment: towns are more easily divided into two classes; those which jump to the eye, and those which, lacking natural beauty, become an acquired taste through other qualities or from good old habit. No one would guess in a first month of residence in Johannesburg that the streets of Mammon are shot through here and there and increasingly with the leavening light of ambitions that have nothing to do with platinum booms or old clothes or bridge or a golf score. The old trumpet call, "And there was war in heaven. Michael and his angels fought the devil and his angels," may be said of every city as it may of the individual soul. There is no getting over the fact that Michael has a pretty busy time in Johannesburg. And no doubt it is better for him, and more congenial, than yawning over a harp all day or preening his great wing feathers. I thought I caught a sight of him the other day in the garb of a working man for all the world like Barnsfather's old Bill. He was taking the arm of a very tottery and nearly blind old man to pilot him across the street, and he said, "Don't you worry, I'll see you get over all right. Them motors won't touch *us*." And I found him one day down near the mines, where he has taken the inconspicuous disguise of an American citizen, who devotes his life to the welfare of the raw native of the compounds. In his office a sort of super football hung. "It's really fine," he said, "to see three or four thousand black men rushing after it." He keeps homesick savages from tribal fights and the much worse evils of white civilisation by showing them special films in the evenings and explaining the pictures in a native dialect most of them can understand. Then again, one day recently a successful business man, discussing the architecture of a house, said, "And the stables . . . I want them to look like it, not like a garage. I love stables. I always think it gave Jesus such a good start to be born in a stable." The youthful voice of Michael again.

So you see, life in Johannesburg is not merely a vision of mine-dumps, a gesticulating stock exchange, immoral employers of typists, and men pawing over second-hand furniture at street corners. There are joys and occupations other than those offered by the Country Club, cafés and fashion shops. I could go on with a long list of city offices where Michael opens the door; where men and women devote their lives to the unfortunate and the dumb and the hungry of our streets.

And the Arts in Johannesburg? Has Beauty no foothold in the city of gold mines? I should like to talk of that another day. In the meantime we have a really satisfactory Prestige of the kind that may bring us fame even in Bursley and the chaste drawing-rooms of Duck Bank, where even a suspiciously Glasgow accent marks the alien on good British soil.

Sinai.

This wind-torn height where God has walked
Splits the Arabian sky
And down the desolate slopes of sand
His voice still passes, whispering,
"There is no other God but me."
But only the mighty wind can hear,
And the tired voice of long ago
Is blown about the dusty slopes
And dies upon the desert air.

High up on the mountain side
Some Carmelitan Nuns have set
Their lonely convent, built of stone.

No flowers grow, nor grass nor palm,
About the convent gate.

They look far down the mountain slope
And see the golden sand.
Unheeding Arabs pass this way
And leave upon the burning air
Strange whispers and the silver tunes
Of laughing, lilting camel bells.

Out in the water where we pass,
Sooty vessels, laden deep,
Steam towards the long canal.

But there upon the mountain side,
High and lonely, gaunt and old,
The Carmelitan Nuns have set
This lonely convent, built where God
Spoke to Moses long ago.

Sometimes after Sacrament,
These Holy women look beyond
The convent's tall and sacred gate
And find that, whilst they prayed within,
God walked again upon the slopes
And left his footprints in the sand.

Hector Bolitho.

The Red Sea,
November, 1923.

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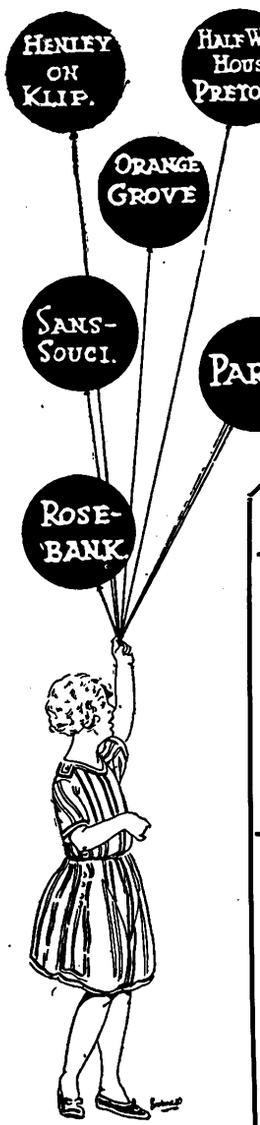
WEEK-END PLEASURE SPOTS



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A Cup of Tea.

By William J. Makin.

I.

"A cup of tea—and see that it is strong."

The waiter grinned as he heard the order, and nodded.

That strong cup of tea ordered by Miles Leighton at lunch hour every day was something of a joke in the little basement café off Wall Street known as O'Connor's. All the deft-fingered waiters had discussed it in the polyglot language of the kitchen.

No one made such a fuss over a cup af tea as the English stockbroker, Miles Leighton. No one, in fact, ever took the trouble to order a cup of tea at the lunch hour in O'Connor's. In a café whose clientele consisted chiefly of penurious stenographers eking out an existence on a few dollars a week and wealthy financiers who lit five-dollar cigars immediately they had finished ther fifty-cents' lunch, the idea of a cup of tea after lunch was simply ridiculous. But Miles Leighton had come to New York much too late in life to change his habits. The day he first entered O'Connor's and asked for a cup of tea was still an amazing memory. The waiter brought not the amber-coloured liquid steaming in a cup, but a curious, interrogative O'Connor himself.

"You see, I always like a cup of strong black tea after my lunch," explained the stockbroker to the bulky Irishman. "I must have it. It has become a habit. And when a man reaches my age in life, habits are . . . (he paused helplessly for a simile) . . . Well, er, habits," he ended, pathetically.

O'Connor looked down upon the pale, nervous face of this fifty-year-old Englishman insisting upon his cup of tea, and something stirred sympathetically in the depths of his romantic Irish being.

"Sure, if that's the case, a cup of the rale stuff I'll be getting ye," he said, with a smile. "I'll give you a cup of tay such as me old mother in Donegal used to make, God rest her soul. Hold on a little, will ye?"

And he shoved his bulky frame towards the kitchen, in the mysterious depths of which he began to make the cup of tea.

Ever since that day, Miles Leighton had taken his lunch at O'Connor's and received the satisfaction of a cup of strong tea. To-day he felt the need of a cup of hot, steaming tea more than usual. That morning had seen his first big plunge in Wall Street. B. and I. Centrals were the lure that had caused this nervous stockbroker to enter the arena and do battle with the financial giants.

"If only they go up ten points," he murmured to himself, "I'll clear a nice little pile, which will help me sell out and get back to England."

He pictured himself, living a lazy retired life at Bournemouth. He would digest *The Times* in the morning, play a round of golf in the afternoon, and possibly have a friend to dinner in the evening. An ideal existence.

A waiter hurried to the table. Miles Leighton looked up, expectantly, for the cup of tea. Instead, the waiter bent down and said:

"You're wanted on the telephone, Mister Leighton."

"Really?"

"Yes, a clerk at the office."

Leighton pushed his chair back and rose hurriedly. What had happened? A moment later and he was listening at the telephone, his white, nervous face twisted into an agonising expression. A shrill, excited voice was coming over the wire.

". . . Dropped five points in less than three minutes. They're all saying that it is to be a hell of a slump. Matheson and Dodds have unloaded fifty thousand dollars' worth of B. and I. Centrals on the market, and this is only the beginning. What am I to do?"

The perspiration stood out on the white face of Miles Leighton as he heard this news.

"Do nothing until I get back. I'm coming right now."

He slammed the receiver back and strode quickly through the café. He met the waiter hurrying in the opposite direction, shouldered him aside and made for the door.

"Your cup of tea," cried the waiter, standing there with a cup and saucer in his hand.

But the only response was a despairing gesture of the hand as Miles Leighton plunged into the street.

Threading his way through the packed, jostling Wall Street, he began to regret that he had not stopped a moment to drink his cup of tea. It was just what he needed to steady himself. It would have pulled him together. But there was no time for dallying. B. and I. Centrals were dropping. His whole existence was at stake.

II.

The whole office seemed to realise the significance of the moment. As he entered, it was to find the office boy actually sitting tense on his stool, instead of loafing around, while the stenographer was hard at work on her machine instead of drooping over a cheap novel.

Houghton, the clerk, was bending over the tape machine as Miles Leighton entered the inner office.

"What is it at now?" he asked, going towards him.

"Twenty-four, and still falling," replied Houghton. "There's a regular gang of bears at work."

"Well, we've got to bull for all we're worth," snapped Leighton, running the tape through his fingers. "Tch! tch! tch!" he clicked, as he read out the figures. "Twenty-six . . . twenty-five and three-eighths . . . twenty-five . . . twenty-four and a quarter . . . Look here, Houghton, go over and buy as quickly as you can."

Houghton looked at him in some surprise.

"It's dangerous, on a falling market like this," he ventured.

"Of course, it's dangerous—damned dangerous. But we're not in business for our health. Get over the road and buy."

It was enough for Houghton.

"What's your lowest figure for buying?" he asked, as he seized his hat.

"Stop buying if they drop to fifteen," replied Leighton, abruptly.

He was turning to the tape again when a sudden thought struck him.

"I say, Houghton," he cried, "tell that office boy to get me a cup of strong tea."

Houghton seemed more astonished than ever.

"A cup of tea!"

"Yes, and tell him to be quick about it."

Houghton disappeared.

"B. and I., twenty-three and five-eighths," read out the stockbroker on the tape.

This was a ghastly business. Why did he ever plunge into B. and I. Centrals? Why not have kept to the old, sure plodding methods which had earned for him the contemptuous expression of "Certain sure Leighton." He had for once flung caution aside and was now up to his neck in the stormy seas of speculation. And all the result of that whispered tip by Armenheimer at a dinner party the other evening.

Armenheimer had told him that B. and I. Centrals were going up. "They will soar like the angels themselves," he had said with a smirk of his thick Semitic lips. "Get in on them, my dear Leighton," he continued, "but I ask you as a friend—keep it quiet."

The white faced, nervous stockbroker thought of that conversation now, as he stood alone in his office. The click . . . click . . . click of the tape machine told the tale of his money ebbing away. What a fool he had been to trust Armenheimer. He decided to telephone the Jew and find out what had happened. His nervous hand stretched out for the receiver, and in a few moments he was speaking to the Jew.

"Is that you, Armenheimer?"

"It is. What is it?"

"Leighton speaking. I . . ."

"Ah, yes, my dear Mr. Leighton. Now what can I do for you?"

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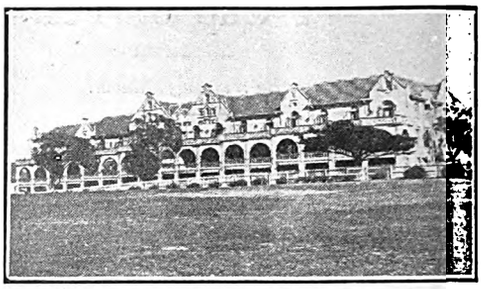

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"What's happening to B. and I. Centrals?"

"B. and I. Centrals?"

Leighton writhed at the bland, innocent tone of voice.

"Yes, they're down to twenty-three. I thought you said they were going to soar."

"Did I, my dear Leighton? When was that?"

"Why, you must remember, at the Buzzard's dinner party last Tuesday."

"Did I really say something about B. and I. Centrals? But then, surely, an old stockbroker like yourself never regards dinner party conversation seriously?"

"I took your advice very seriously."

"Dear, dear. And what was my advice, my dear Leighton?"

"To get in on B. and I. Centrals. I'm in up to the neck, now."

"Phew! . . . ." A short silence followed the long whistle of simulated surprise. "I can only advise you to get out as quickly as possible. This is a market for bears. And now, pray excuse me, my dear Leighton. I . . . ."

Leighton did not hear the rest of the conversation. He slammed down the telephone, viciously.

"Landed like a fish," he growled to himself.

But he was going on. There could be no retreat now. Let B. and I. fall point after point, he would still buy. There was a chance yet that the stock would suddenly turn and go soaring. He had taken Armenheimer's advice once; he was not going to take it a second time.

Now he was feeling rather sick. He wished he had stayed for that strong cup of tea at O'Connor's. It was just what he needed to put him right again. At the moment his whole outlook on the world was jaundiced. He positively craved for a cup of strong tea.

Where the devil was that office boy?

He walked to the door and glowered at a surprised stenographer.

"Where's that office boy with my cup of tea?" he growled.

"I guess he's having difficulty getting it," she replied.

"I'll bet the young devil is drinking it on his way back. Send him to me as soon as he comes."

And he slammed the door of his office.

He was about to walk over to the tape machine again when the telephone rang. He grabbed the receiver, anxiously. It was the excited voice of the clerk, Houghton.

"The stock is down to twenty now, and still falling. It's madness to go on. Shall I stop buying?"

"No, you fool. Keep on buying," yelled Leighton "I said fifteen was the limit."

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"But everybody is unloading and . . ."

"Keep on buying," was the last defiant snort of the stockbroker.

Was he losing his sense of judgment, that careful sense which had made him one of the most reputable stockbrokers in Wall Street within the short space of five years? Something was wrong to-day. He felt it in himself. Missing his usual cup of tea had upset him at the beginning. It had affected his whole outlook. Where the devil was that office boy?

The office boy entered at that moment, carefully balancing a cup of tea in his hand. Slowly, and with infinite care, he made his way to the desk in the middle of the room where the stockbroker waited anxiously.

"Tea, sir." he said, with an air of triumph.

Leighton looked at the boy and then at the cup of tea. A sense of horror and loathing came into his eyes. For there was the cup of tea, all milky and sloppy. It merely looked like a cup of brownish milk. And when the stockbroker touched the cup with his fingers, he found it quite cold. Incidentally, the saucer was half filled with the liquid where the office boy had slopped it over.

"You call this a cup of tea?" he half screamed at the boy.

"I had ter go ter five places before I got it," replied the boy.

"Ugh! It makes me ill to look at it. Take it away. Take it away before I throw the wretched stuff at you. . . . . Ugh!"

He turned his back on the ugly mess. The office boy seized the opportunity to grab the cup and saucer and steal out of the room. When he had gone, Leighton began cursing aloud.

"What a country! What a country! Not a decent cup of tea to be had. And a set of rogues sending B. and I. Centrals to rockbottom."

He walked to the tape machine, which was still clicking its fateful figures. At that moment he looked his fifty years. His face was worn and tired, his back bowed as under a great burden. Before his eyes his business was crashing to pieces. Through the window of his office came the dull roar of shouting speculators in the street below. There was a sense of madness in the air. Everybody was going mad.

"B. and I. Centrals, fifteen," he read.

It was a gigantic slump. The bulls had given up. It was a great triumph for the bears. Fifteen! A loud roar went up from below. Yes, that was the yell of victory. Fifteen! It was the end of everything. But he was not beaten yet. No. Other bulls might admit defeat, but he . . .

The telephone rang, noisily.

"Yes," he snapped.

It was Houghton who spoke.

"I've stopped buying now. B. and I. Centrals are still slumping heavily. The stock isn't worth the paper it's printed on."

Leighton hardly listened.

"Go on buying," he yelled. "I don't care what the stock is selling at. Buy . . . buy . . . buy!"

"But you can't. You're finished."

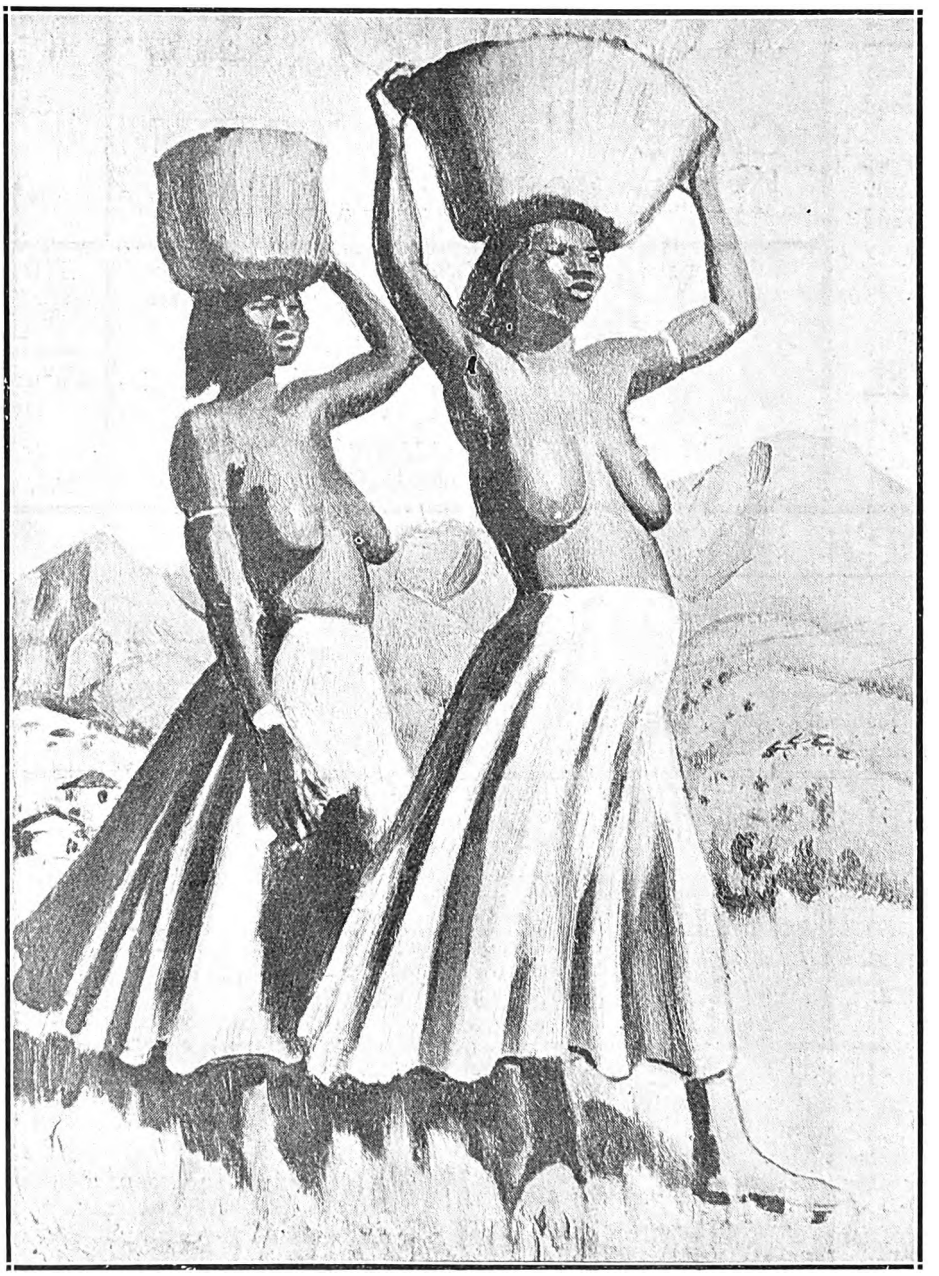
There was something fateful in the voice of Houghton.

"You're being hammered on 'Change, now," he added.

A groan came from the bloodless lips of Leighton. He slipped back into his chair, the telephone receiver held limply in his hand. He had been hammered. It was the end. Ruined.

If only someone would bring me a cup of strong tea," he murmured.

The only reply was the click . . . click . . . click of the tape machine.



Bantu Women, by Neville Lewis.

III.

Slowly he mounted the steps that led to his house. He ignored the trim little garden of which he had been so proud, ignored the trim little maid who opened the door, Trimness was essentially the atmosphere of the Leighton household, and reflected trim little soul of the stockbroker himself.

But all that was ended. He was ruined. He looked the ruined man, too. His clothes seemed to hang limply on his bowed body. Slowly he walked to his little study and sank into a chair. It was there that his wife found him.

When Leighton looked up and saw her worried face bending over him, it was as though he was seeing her for the first time. It was a face drawn and tired like his own. Her hair was thin and grey, and she dressed in a trim, Victorian fashion which caused visitors to smile when they first met her. Years of married life with Miles Leighton had made her a nervous, worried being like himself. Their whole married existence had been one of nervous irritation with each other.

"You know?" he asked, wearily.

"Yes, I read it in the newspaper. How did it happen?"

She patted his shoulder nervously.

He stared at her blankly for a moment. How did it happen? Of course he knew how it happened. It was

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EAT FISH
and
MORE OF IT.

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AND
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because he had missed his cup of strong tea after lunch at O'Connor's. If only he had had that cup of tea it would have steadied his nerves . . . he would have known what to do . . . he would not have been ruined.

He laughed loudly, harshly.

"A cup of tea!"

His wife stared at him, and then hurriedly left the room. He did not notice her. His mind still dwelt upon that cup of tea. Only O'Connor knew how to make a cup of tea, a strong and refreshing cup of tea. Why didn't someone give him a cup of tea now? It was a small thing. It was all that he wanted. A cup of strong tea.

"I am so sorry, my dear, but I forgot to order the tea. There isn't any in the house."

It was his wife who was speaking. She had come back, silently, into the room and now stood before him, anxious and pathetic.

"No tea . . . no tea," he muttered, mechanically.

"I'm so sorry."

Hatred, black hatred of everything seized him. Hatred of her; hatred of himself. Slowly he rose from the chair.

"No tea . . . no tea," he muttered to himself.

It was as though some fiend was yelling to him. Such a small thing, and to be denied him at the end! Still muttering, he walked over to a desk and opened a drawer.

"No tea . . . no tea."

He grasped something in his hand, something cold and hard.

"What are you searching for?" she cried.

He turned suddenly, all the hatred of things leaping to his face. She screamed at the sight of that twisted, threatening expression. Her scream roused him to maddening action. He fired once, twice . . .

A moment later, and he rushed out of the room, leaving a crumpled heap lying on the floor.

IV.

Two days later Judge Hommeratt was addressing the Court. It was at the inquest on the body of an English stockbroker, found floating in the river.

"The plea of insanity has been raised," he said, in those calm, quiet tones which had sent more than one curious court lounger to sleep. "I do not think such a plea is tenable in this case. The very fact that the deceased, after shooting his wife, should calmly go back to the city and, in a certain café, order a cup of strong, black tea, which, according to the evidence of a waiter, he drank with evident relish, disposes, I am convinced, of this absurd plea of insanity. I therefore bring in a verdict of culpable homicide."

A police clerk yawned, ostentatiously.

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S.A. PICTORIAL.

STAGE & CINEMA.

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The Coming Week.

Once more the *South African Pictorial* is making its bow to the public hand in hand with *Stage and Cinema*, and so asks your consideration in its efforts to amuse.

It is a hackneyed but true saying that "all the world's a stage" and, taking this for our motto, we propose to keep the players, who are the audiences, and the players, who are behind the footlights, interested in each other. Week by week we shall bring them into the limelight of our columns and let them tell their story. To-day Society and the Stage are closely allied: we shall talk of both. Fashions, ofttimes, are created on the boards: we, women, will discuss them. Most of us are "film fans": we shall ponder over the fare offered to us and gossip, only a little please, over our favourites. To amateurs we shall hold out the helping hand and so all go joyfully on our way.

Seldom, if ever, has there been in South Africa a week of more momentous theatrical happenings than the coming one.

On Monday next, the 4th, the Empire Theatre, Johannesburg, will be *en fête* to greet "Sally." It was a bright, merry band of young people who got out of the train on Park Station last Tuesday and, wonderful to relate, the sun peeped out just for a little while. It will be more wonderful still if "Sally" manages to charm the Clerk of the Weather and, up to going to press—one speaks carefully these days—it looks as if the dainty little lady had succeeded. Yes, "Sally" arrived with her black cat "Mousie" in its special basket, for "Mousie" is a much-travelled being and has been the pet of the family for ten years. "Mousie" approved of South Africa at once and "Sally"—well, she confessed to being somewhat disappointed that they had seen no tigers on the way up. Forty-four members of the company arrived, and, as the train steamed in, "Tommy" Pauncefort, one of the most popular actor-producers who has visited this country, was already at the window, being greeted by many old friends who ran alongside in their enthusiasm. At first it was a scene of introductions, of choruses—"Fancy we are really in South Africa, it seems hard to believe," "Saw Jones in London the day we sailed and he sends regards," and so on and so on. And then, gradually, "Sally," "Mousie," "Otis," "Rosie," the "Count" went their several ways and this great city of ours swallowed them up, till Monday, when we shall greet them in our warm-hearted South African way at the Empire.

Dainty Miss Cecile Maule-Cole, who will take the name part in "Sally."

Charming Miss Freda Godfrey, too, arrived by the same train and was surrounded by friends at once, and with her came several members of the company who had arrived from England to support her, but of that more anon.

On Wednesday matinee, the 6th, "A Kiss for Cinderella" will make its bow to Johannesburg—dainty Miss Renée Kelly, Mr. Frank Freeman, Mr. Hylton Allan, many old friends who have entertained us in the past so well. One looks forward with pure joy to seeing Miss Kelly as Barrie's delightful "Cinderella." So at His Majesty's Theatre we shall meet, to see that most attractive of plays for children and grown-ups. It is Barrie at his Barriest, describing this delightful piece of Fantasy, and shows not only imagination, but his mastery of stage devices.

And now for our friends the amateurs.

On Saturday, May 2nd, at the Standard Theatre, matinee and evening, "Pantaloon" by Sir J. M. Barrie, and "Pandora's Box" will be presented by the pupils of Miss Pearl Adler, in aid of the Child Welfare Movement, in which Princess Alice is so interested.

So, pray you, go on your ways contented with the fare we offer you.

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"SALLY"

The Story of the Play.

Sally, the piquant, charming heroine, began life under very humble conditions. She was, as a matter of fact, found in an alley, as all young girls of that name ought to be, and, together with a number of other foundlings, attracted the notice of Mrs. Ten Brock, a lady of means and a fashionable settlement worker. And so came her big chance, as it always does in musical comedies. "Pops" Shendorff, of the Alley Inn, wanted a "washer up," and the good Mrs. Ten Brock marshalled her brood so that he could have his choice. Sally, as you may have guessed, was given the situation. As co-worker in the inn she had a waiter, "Connie," as he was called by the habitues, but in reality Constantine, the Grand Duke of Czechgovinia, who, owing to one of these misfortunes which overtake even the best nobility, had to take service under one of his former subjects. "Connie" and our dainty Sally became friends and both looked forward to the day when they would be able to "better themselves." Then there arrives on the scene Blair Farquhar, the son of a millionaire father, Richard Farquhar, and he is greatly attracted by Sally. So everything conspires to assist our little heroine, who is at last given a chance to dance at the inn and dances her way into every one's heart.

We are then introduced to the millionaire, who realises, as all the best millionaires ought to do, that the way to become popular is to give a big entertainment to his friends. He engages Mr. Otis Hooper, of the Anglo-American Agency, Squantumville, to procure the services of Madame Nookerova, a famous danseuse, and Otis, thinking of the fat fee, which will enable him to marry the girl of his choice, Rose Rafferty, a cute little manicurist, makes the necessary arrangements. But it really seems as if fate were against him, for, although her luggage arrives, Madame is detained in Europe. The worthy Otis tears his hair with desperation until he sees Sally dance at the inn, and then he persuades her to pass as the talented dancer. This, of course, is where Madame's luggage comes in handy and Sally is able to make a splendid appearance. So that her path to fame shall not be too smooth, fate, or the dramatist, has decreed that she shall be recognized by Mrs. Ten Brock, by "Connie" (who has a night off from the inn and is there under his proper title), and by her employer, "Pops" Shendorff. "Connie" is, of course, a sport and sticks to her loyally and does not give her away.

Then the God of Love enters. Blair Farquhar is greatly taken with the attractive dancer, in whom he thinks he sees a resemblance to our Sally, but when he learns that she is the famous Madame Nookerova, he tells her he will not allow her to ruin him as she has ruined so many other men. This, of course, upsets the little washer-up, and she owns to the deception, to the despair of Otis, who feels his castles in the air falling about him. However, he cheers up and, as she has made such a success of the dance, engages her for the first performance of the Follies at the Amsterdam Theatre. So Sally dances herself into fame and presently there is a wedding in the little church round the corner, and Sally becomes Mrs. Blair Farquhar.

The Production.

So, briefly, is the story of the play, and add to it the humour of Mr. "Tommy" Pauncefort, the drolleries of Mr. Billy Holland, the charm and daintiness of Miss Cecile Maule-Cole and the grace of Miss Kathleen Yates. They are backed up by a splendid company.

Everyone in the production is out direct from England, the only ones who have visited South Africa before our old friends, Mr. and Mrs. Tommy Pauncefort (Miss Rita Reuas), and most of the chorus are from Daly's, the Lyceum and Charlot's Revue, young and attractive girls and good-looking men.

As far as the dresses are concerned, the show will be a replica of the Winter Garden production, and they have been made by *Elspeth Phelps Ltd.*, who did them for the London production. The Bat and Butterfly dresses, which are supplied by *Alias*, come from Paris and are magnificent and very costly, as they are treated by a secret process. *Morris Angel* has supplied the men's suits and uniforms in the same manner in which he supplied the Winter Garden play. This is the case with *Maison Lewis*, who are responsible for hats and head-dresses, and *Marie Fisher Ltd.*, who has done the ballet dresses, Russian dresses, Balloon dresses and other lovely creations.

Add to all this wonderful ballets, the fact that the play is produced by Mr. Pauncefort, and that the Empire orchestra will be under the direction of Mr. Dave Foote, and there will be nothing left to wish for on the opening night, May 4th.

THE CHARACTERS IN THE PLAY.

(In the order of their appearance.)

Sascha (Violinist at the Alley Inn) ...	Bruce Milward.
James Spelvin	Arthur Warren.
Otis Hooper (of the Anglo-American Vaudeville Agency, of Squantumville)	Billy Holland.
Rosalind Rafferty (A Manicurist) ...	Kathleen Yates.
Sally of the Alley (A Foundling) ...	Cécile Maule-Cole.
Mrs. Ten Brock (A Settlement Worker)	Rita Reuas.
"Pops" Shendorff (Proprietor of the Alley Inn, N.Y.)	Guy Saunders.
Constantine (Grand Duke of Czechogovinia, a waiter at the Alley Inn)	Thomas Pauncefort.
Blair Farquhar (An Only Son)	Eric Greatbatch.
Admiral Travers (A Gay One)	E. Floyd Gwynne.
Richard Farquhar	Harry Pringle.
Alta, Betty, Billie, Gladys, Janet, Emile (Visitors to the Alley Inn)	Corinne Hay, Gladys Deane, Elsa Bergan, Dorrie Rean, Muriel Clark, Gladys Louvain.
Billy Porter, Harry Barton (Friends of Blair)	Paul L. French, Eric Meade.
Footmen	Eric Lambert, Trevor Mansell.

Lady Guests, Visitors, etc.:

Nora Strobell, Eileen Stack, Letty Robertson, Mavice Kalmar, Muriel Golder, Doris Cochrane, Reginald Lawrence, Ian Selby, etc.

Dances and Ballets by the Rodney Hudson Octette of Empire Girls.

The Ballets and Ensembles by Madame Vivian and supervised by Nellie Rodney.

The Play produced by Thomas Pauncefort.

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Sally in Our Alley.

Of course, everyone is very curious to know what our "Sally" will look like when the new play opens at the Empire on Monday evening. Her name? Cecile Maule-Cole, and she was selected from thirty "possibles" to play the name part in the production.

Cecile Maule-Cole.

Cecile, well, Cecile is in reality the trimmest, most piquantly "bingled" (which, translated for the male reader, means a sort of hybrid bob and shingle—nothing to do with Herbert Jenkins' fictional hero) and immaculately gowned 1925 version imaginable of Marie Tempest at seventeen—not that our darling Marie is so much more than that now! Cecile is just seventeen and the very antithesis of the traditional "Gaiety Girl"—those semi-goddesses whose principal occupation appeared to be that of acquiring an out-size dental simper and holding hands in hansoms. She was recruited, as a number of our present-day stars have been, from a patrician family (her uncle is the Earl of Mar). Born at Karachi in India, where her father held a high government position for 25 years, she first acquired a taste for the stage through taking an intensive course of lessons, for reasons of health, in calisthenics and dancing, at the age of nine. Her abilities won her instantaneous recognition from her teacher, Lila Field, and her parents were persuaded to sign a four years' contract for her appearance as a "wunderkind" in a company which toured the principal British music-halls and appeared in the Lyceum and other pantomimes. What she calls her first "grown-up part" was an engagement as principal dancer in the ill-fated "Faust-on-Toast" at the Gaiety two or three years ago. Since then her time has mostly been spent playing "Rosie" in "Sally," "Little Ada" in "The Cabaret Girl" and the principal dancing rôle in "The Beauty Prize" during the long runs of those productions at the Winter Garden Theatre—with an interregnum when she toured with Carl Hyson and Peggy Harris, playing at a few exclusive continental Cabarets and Dance Clubs. Whilst playing her present part of "Rose" in "Poppy" she has been understudying the American actress, Luella Gear, as "Mary," and been called upon several times to appear for her and sing the "big number" of the piece, "What do you do Sunday, Mary?" with Eddie Morris (who, you will remember, was in South Africa last year with Billy Kuming).

As an instance of what dancing can do to keep one fit, Miss Maule-Cole told me that she has lately been appearing in no less than four entertainments nightly (with several matinées thrown in!)—the Gaiety, the Winter Garden, Prince's Cabaret and Rector's Club.

"Apart from my stage work," she said, "motoring is my chief hobby and has even led to my trying my luck on the Brookland's track—when nobody I knew was there to say me nay—but it is an experience I hardly think of repeating: after a few times round, those dull, monotonous slopes seem to ache to drag you down and have you pounded into their concrete mass. Music, of course, plays a tremendously important part in my life, and I am passionately fond of it and, though I confess to an inability to 'read,' I have just composed two songs, which I was playing over at the theatre before we left London, when a kind friend sighed—oh, so sweetly—'They're not bad, but it's fortunate you can plead extreme youth in extenuation of the deed.' An affection for those croony 'blues' and 'spirituals' caused me to buy a ukulele, and I am now fairly proficient with it and avidly acquiring a repertoire of suitable ditties.

"Reading I find a great solace, especially when one is studying a part or gets fagged with rehearsals. To take up a book, then, for half an hour stimulates the brain, brings a fresh atmosphere and outlook, and leaves you fresh and eager for the next grilling session of work. My favourite authors are Kipling, Hugh Walpole, Sheila Kaye-Smith and Gilbert Frankau. Kipling was a friend of my father's when we were in India, so naturally I have a particular penchant for him.

"Travelling possesses a great fascination for me: I have a tremendous love for the natural beauties of a country and eagerly looked for the first glimpses of Table Mountain.

"Friends have already commissioned a host of souvenirs for me to obtain, ranging from a Kaffir baby (that must be wanted as an eventual solution of their particular servant problem), to a crate of S.A. fruit: methinks the local Carter Paterson's will be *very* pleased to see so acquisitive a visitor!

"One of the most anxious times of my life was when I was asked to pose for a famous firm of Parisian dressmakers, in the Jardin d'Acclimatation there. Whilst dispensing seraphic smiles to the camera man and, *en même temps*, feeding the elephant (you should have seen the petrified amazement on his mahout's face when I spoke to him in Hindustani) he drew my hand right into his mouth, to get the fullest value from a sticky mess of caramels. Fortunately he released it directly I jerked my arm. They cut off one of his hairs for me, and now I always have it with me in the form of a gold-mounted bracelet.

"One of the happiest days I've had was when we went to choose materials for the 'Sally' dresses: the sales were all over and the new season's goods just in, so you can imagine what a heavenly time we had ransacking the Kensington, Knightsbridge and West End stores—but it was well worth the excitement; I've never before seen such exquisite tints and qualities in silks, brocades, veilings and crêpes. South Africa is going to beat the West End shows themselves with its superb dressing and mounting of 'Sally.' Now I'm off to rehearsal. Good-bye. Give my love to Johannesburg."

Hannelore Dances!

A mysterious, tall figure, swinging and swaying on a raised platform, in the centre of a unique Greek dance.

The figure on the circular dais represents th espirit of the Greek dance before music was used, according to Urban. He is the conductor, the symbol. Dressed in a queer full-length robe, with a high mask-face, the figure wears shoes built with stilts heels. In each heel is a hollow niche holding a small bell. The particular task of this figure was to set the tempo and spirit of the dance by the tinkling of these bells in his heels. Wide-swinging arms, too, urge, soothe, placate or arouse the dancers through the moods of the dance. Later, according to Urban, string instruments were added to the ceremony. In "Enemies of Women," the film wonderful, a harp ensemble of six pieces supplies this music, the dance rites being performed b yeight girls and a solo dancer—Hannelore—before Prince Lubimoff.

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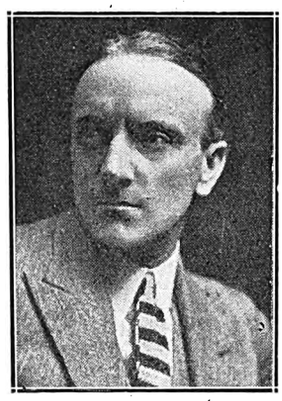
A Chat About the Producer.

There are few people in South Africa who do not remember "Tommy" Pauncefort and his charming wife, Miss Rita Reuas, and everyone will welcome them back to the sunny shores of South Africa (this with one eye on the Clerk of the Weather) next Monday evening at the Empire.

Tommy is not only the producer of "Sally," but he also takes the part of "Connie" *alias* the Grand Duke of Czechgovinia, who, owing to reduced circumstances, very reduced in fact, has become a waiter at the Alley Inn. Miss Reuas will be Mrs. Ten Brock, a fashionable settlement worker.

As I said before, we all know the popular couple amid a South African setting, but what of London and their home. Cluster close and I will tell you, for I paid them a visit just before they sailed.



Tommy Pauncefort.

Off a 25 'bus in Oxford Street, wading through the sleety slush of Drury Lane and rat-tatting at tht door of a centuries-old house right oppo site the Winter Garden Theatre in that famous but bedraggled thoroughfare, I was admitted to what must be the cheeriest and homeliest of Bohemian flats in town. Up two flights of narrow Cromwellian stairs, meticulously scoured and waxed, you find a little door complete with bronze Beelzebub knocker and "Judas" peep-hole; entering, I was greeted by "Tommy" Pauncefort, quickly pushed into the comfiest divan chair right in front of one of those old-fashioned Yorkshire iron stoves with a hob, diffusing a grateful and comforting warmth, and was handed a W. and S. and a soothsome cigarette, whilst we listened to some new "rags" just in from New York (not yet issued to the public) on the lovely Jacobean gramophone—"Tommy's" recent acquisition, of which he is almost as proud as the splendid piano presented to him by genial Hermann Finck. Carpets, hangings and furniture are all of that Elizabethan cottage type: you feel like purring with lazy contentment as soon as you see them. *That's* the sort of Bohemianism—"ev. mod. conv., el. l., bath h. & c."—you want for keeps: the parquet-floors, rug-and-a-half and oil-stove kind are all right when a party is going on, but heaven preserve us from them as permanent abodes.

After browsing amongst the numerous pictures, sketches, signed photos, old play-bills, etc., dotted over the walls (a frame containing two sketches cut from Lovat Fraser's letters to T.P., from the Flanders' trenches, is of pathetic interest) and admiring some notably fine violets and daffodils, real harbingers of Spring, sent by Devonshire friends, Mrs. Pauncefort (Miss Rita Reuas) entered with the chief household god, a sleek, jet-black, benevolently tempered cat, and we settled down to the regulation interview routine—pert question and staccato answer.

Well, that lasted exactly two minutes, then off we went into a whirl of reminiscent gossip about South Africa; Australia; the stage in both Dominions and England as well; Soviet Government; the Boat Race; Shingling; Servant problems; two-piece Frocks; Bernard Shaw; Waterloo Bridge; Broadcasting; Plays, moral, un- and im-moral, and the many other congruous and incongruous topics you light on when in congenial company of an afternoon just as the kettle's getting up steam and the butter and muffins are brought from the larder to thaw!

Both Mr. and Mrs. Pauncefort are entirely and unaffectedly delighted to return to South Africa after nearly six years' absence. Of their previous lengthy stay they have the happiest of memories and are looking keenly forward to meeting their old friends there, hoping, too, of course, to make many new ones amongst the present generation of theatre-goers. They have had a very busy existence since coming to London and hardly any time for a real rest; in fact, their boat trip out will be their first "long vacation" since 1916. "Tommy" was then understudying Billy Leonard in "Patricia," selecting and drilling a touring company, advising in the making of some new gramophone records and getting on with the initial preparations for producing "Sally" in South Africa (to say nothing of the prominent part he takes in the production and playing of the "Green Room Rags"). His own rôle in "Sally" (created here by Leslie Henson) he already knows, as well he might, considering he understudied both the volatile Leslie and George Grossmith, too, throughout the long London run of the piece, playing for both stars on numerous occasions. Cécile Maule-Cole was then playing "Rosie" in the same company: Mr. Pauncefort has a very high opinion of her work, an dpredicts a great success for her in the name part when they open in Johannesburg.

"Tommy" and "Rita" are affectionately known by the humble cockney workers of Drury Lane district as "Mr. and Mrs. Tommy," and are particular favourites with the said workers' numerous progeny, whose affection for jelly-babies, liquorice-ladders and cough-no-mores is well known.

When "Tommy" was appearing with H. A. Saintsbury in "Ned Kean of Old Drury" at old Drury itself, a couple of years ago, scores and scores of them forced their parents to "sive up and tike us in the gallery ter see Mr. Tommy actin'."

Those who have already met T.P. know that he is a very clever mimic as well as actor-producer, but I did not realise until he told me of the queue entertainers they see over at the Winter Garden, just how wonderful his mimicry is; his imitations of the "Paralysed Poet" who supports himself on two iron tripods and croaks maudlin verses of his own composition, and of the faded and permanently enciente soprano warbling "The Children's Home" were perfectly marvellous. He explained to me that the yard opposite (next door to the Winter Garden Theatre), crammed with a thousand or more barrows is the G.H.Q. of the coster-barrow King and is a hive—or perhaps inferno would be the better word to use—of industry every morning about 3 or 4 o'clock, when the Covent Garden costers call for their vehicles. It appears that each man gets one, together with a £1 note, wherewith to purchase his stock in the neighbouring market. Some hours later they return to hand in their barrows, return the "quid," pay the hiring fee and, as often as not, leave a few oranges, cauliflowers or "spuds" for the guv'nor. Sounds like a bit from a Thomas Burke story.

Miss Rita Reuas (Mrs. Pauncefort).

Mrs. Pauncefort was in Paris lately, and to the surshe noticed, amongst the many hundreds of ladies present at an opera, only about half a dozen shingled heads. The same phenomenon was also to be observed at the Café de Paris, Claridge's and Poccardi's. She also told me that the knee-length skirt is no longer worn by any of the really smart society women. Clothes and shoes she found to be no less expensive than in London; a pair of the latter she coveted were on enquiry discovered to be priced at 6,000 frs. (somewhere about £60 at present exchange rates). Hats are obtainable at reasonable prices when you know the right places to get them, and perfumes are more luxuriously bottled and boxed than ever, though still comparatively cheap in comparison with London.

So here's to Monday night, good luck to "Tommy," Mrs. "Tommy" and his company.

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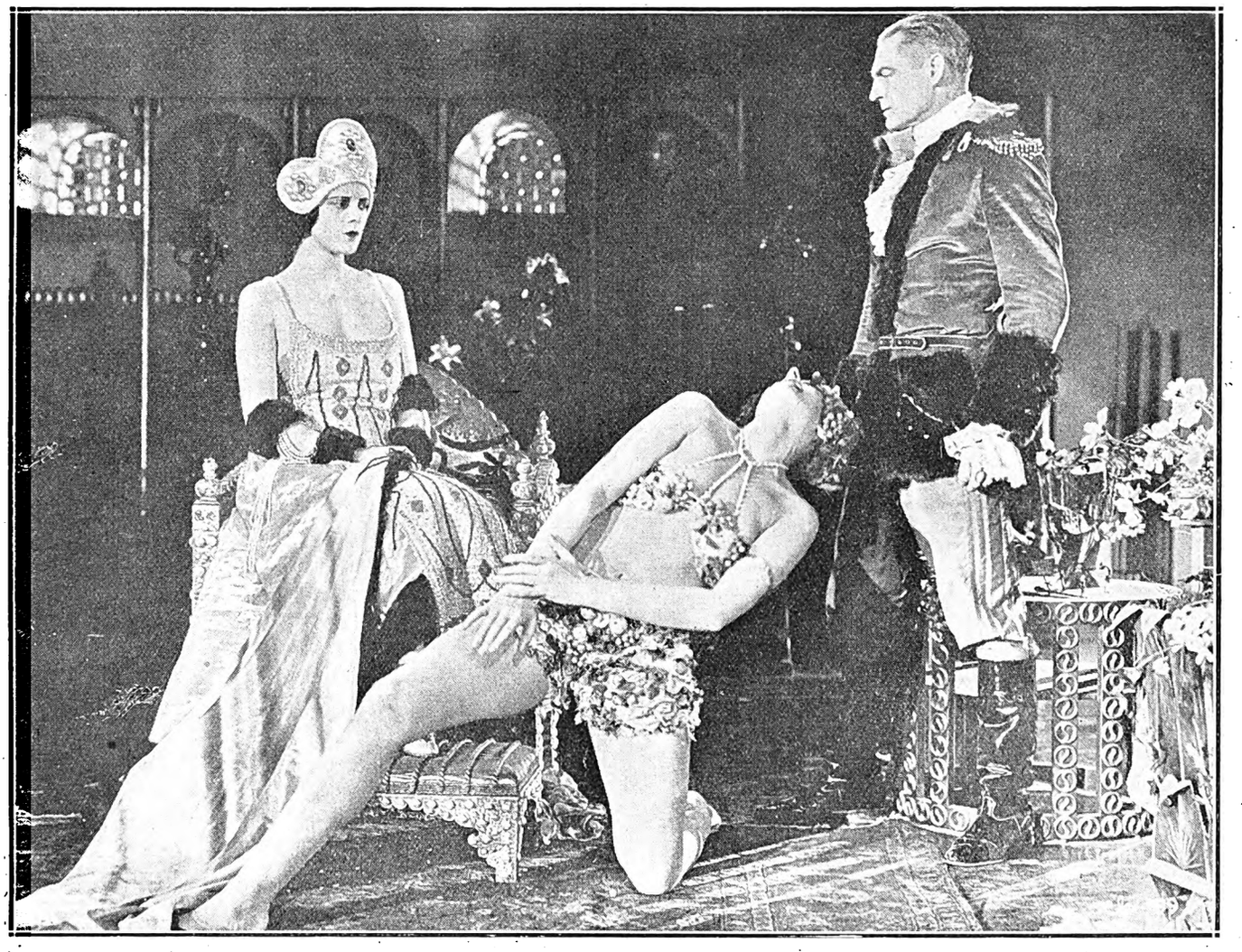
"Enemies of Women."



A Society Wedding.

One of the outstanding social events of recent years was the marriage of Reginald Claypool Vanderbilt, scion of the wealthy American family, and Gloria Morgan, the daughter of the American Consul-General at Brussels.

Not until the marriage of Gloria did those outside of her immediate circle of friends know that the beautiful society girl was living the arduous life of a motion picture actress. While other young debutantes were busy with their afternoon teas and other social functions, the former Gloria Morgan was getting acquainted daily with make up, Kleig lights and the call of "Camera."

It was with Marion Davies in "The Young Diana" that Miss Morgan made her screen *dêbut* under the name of Miss Rochelle.

"It was just a lark," is the way friends of the bride describe her appearance in pictures.

Miss Morgan applied for a job as "extra" in the usual way, submitting her photograph, along with other movie struck maids to the casting director of the Cosmopolitan Corporation. For a long time her identity was never guessed, nor that of her twin sister, Mrs. James Vail Converse, who was also taken on. All the time she worked in the studio Gloria Morgan Vanderbilt, along with her sister, shared with other "extras," the long hours of the studio day and the hasty sandwich and coffee lunches, eaten without removing the dead white paint.

Now Gloria and her sister are coming to Johannesburg—on the film, of course. You have seen so many pictures of her in the society papers, I wonder if you will pick her out from among the lovely girls in "The Enemies of Women," Bijou Theatre, Johannesburg, May 4th to 9th.

An Exotic Boudoir.

Boudoirs are few and far between in this country, where Jim Fish is, as a rule, the only domestic, but nevertheless there does exist, tucked away in every woman's heart, the ideal boudoir of her very own, where, arrayed in filmy garments, she can rest and toy with a cup of chocolate in the style of the very best novels.

I wonder in how many of your hearts *this* boudoir will find its reflection?

A very luxuriously furnished room with a dressing-room which is revealed attached to it in the rear. Both rooms exotic in character. In neither are there any chairs, but cushions are piled high on the floor. There is also in the dressing-room a long cheval mirror in an elaborate frame.

What to wear in such surroundings?

Let me tell you.

A dainty black chiffon negligee showing a silver girdle, high on the waist and ending in a big tassel at the front, the arms and back almost bare, and the skirt closely draped and bearing silver dragons, appliqued on with rhinestones.

The boudoir?

You will see it at the Bijou Theatre, Johannesburg, in the picturization of Vincente Blasco Ibanez's popular story, "Enemies of Women," on May 4th to the 9th.

The wearer?

Lovely Alma Rubens as the Duchess of Delille, a beautiful woman who is a little beyond her youth, and who is in dread that Prince Lumbimoff, with whom she is in love, may learn that she is the mother of a sixteen-year-old son.

Prince Lumbimoff?

Lionel Barrymore.

And a Goldwyn-Cosmopolitan picture, there is nothing more to add to that.

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Plus Fours and Billy Holland.

A rough tweed cap, nutty, short-stemmed briar, firm jaw, the serene eyes of an assiduous golfer, handsome, mobile features, a well-worn Burberry and plus fours *not* sported for effect, will, I think, make a fairly accurate pen-portrait of Billy Holland, the young light comedian, who will open on Monday evening next at the Empire Theatre in "Sally."

Immediately he came off the train I demanded an interview. "Don't think I'm going to tell you the story of my life," he flashed at me, "but, to start with, I was practically cradled, shortened and weaned in theatrical dressing-rooms. My mother and father were on the stage for thirty years, and my earliest recollections are of battens, wings, backcloths, dress-baskets, dust, Sunday travelling, horse-hair sofas and wax fruit in 'best parlours,' and the rest of the good and bad, necessary and superfluous endowments of the actor's vagabond existence.

Billy Holland.

"Of course, in due season I was packed off to school (the Royal High, at Edinburgh), but try as they might, my inherited inclinations were too deeply ingrained to be affected by tales of the rewards and glories of a career in any other profession but that of the stage, so eventually back to the motley and the grease-paint I returned—and, in spite of the numerous disappointments and disillusionment in plenty of the early days, have never regretted my stubborness. A grounding in melodrama, burlesque, comedy and farce did me no harm until, at a slightly more mature age, I was accused of an aptitude for musical comedy and took to that line of work, to which, with one or two dalliances with revue, I have remained faithful 'up to time of writing,' as they say in Mincing Lane.

"Apart from a tour in Canada and the U.S.A. in the de Courville revue, 'Hullo, Canada,' with Harry Tate and Shirley Kellogg, this will be my first appearance outside the United Kingdom. The continual long-distance travelling and 'two-shows-a-day' system in North America gave us scarcely any opportunity of seeing the country there or even getting proper recreation. In South Africa, I hear, they order things better and, basing myself on what returning artists tell me, I've promised myself a far more humane sojourn here.

"When we sailed for Canada there were some who pictured it as either a gigantic snow-covered waste or a wilderness of wheat with a few scratch dwellings; when we arrived and saw what civilisation and rapid colonisation have done, an awed 'Good Lord!' was all they could murmur. That's what comes of forming preconceived notions, and I imagine the same sort of thing will happen if we had tried any mental forecasts of South Africa. All I'm doing is to put my back into my part, and have brought a kit assembled in a spirit of composite compromise between itemized lists given me by a score of relatives and friends—and keep an open mind!

"Meanwhile any odd moments that come along are devoted to the study of Mah-Jongg, to which I've lately become an addict; in fact, it's almost caused me to give up poker.

"Yes, I read a good deal and always enjoy a new Galsworthy, Masefield and Conrad (alas! that there will be no more magic from that master-hand), as well as the plays of Shaw, A. A. Milne and O'Neill. And don't you agree that D. B. Wyndham Lewis' gorgeous skits on present daydom and madnesses of the moment are quite the funniest and cleverest satires we've had for ages? I think he's got Leacock beaten to a frazzle.

"What'd I do were I forced to leave the stage?—rather a stunner to put to me, all raw like that, isn't it? Well, don't you think there are arguments to be put forward in favour of an hereditary prince's billet (in a democratic land, *il va sans dire*) or perhaps to figure as one of those incredibly handsome, heroic and immaculate screen-idols? Might try the latter, you know—wonderful what make-up can do! By all means, it's a matter we must consider: perhaps you could undertake to supply a really good scenario, with hefty parts for self and Gloria Swanson?"

For the information of those with long theatrical memories, it should be added that Mr. Holland is the grandson of that famous showman of Victorian days, "Bill" Holland, who at one time and another owned, managed or controlled half-a-dozen West End music-halls and theatres. No reminiscences of the night life of the '60's, '70's and '80's are complete without a summary of his very distinctive career.

Miss Iris Hoey and Mr. Cyril Raymond at Union Buildings, Pretoria.
[Ptoto kindly lent by Mr. Sam Alexander.]

The Iris Hoey Season.

Capetown are showing their appreciation of the splendid repertoire Miss Iris Hoey and her talented company are showing by packing the Opera House. It is not only the excellence of the plays, "Clothes and the Woman," "The Man from Toronto" and "The Pelican," but the charming personality of Miss Hoey that makes them so appreciated. Both she and her good-looking husband, Mr. Cyril Raymond, have found their way into the hearts of the South African public.

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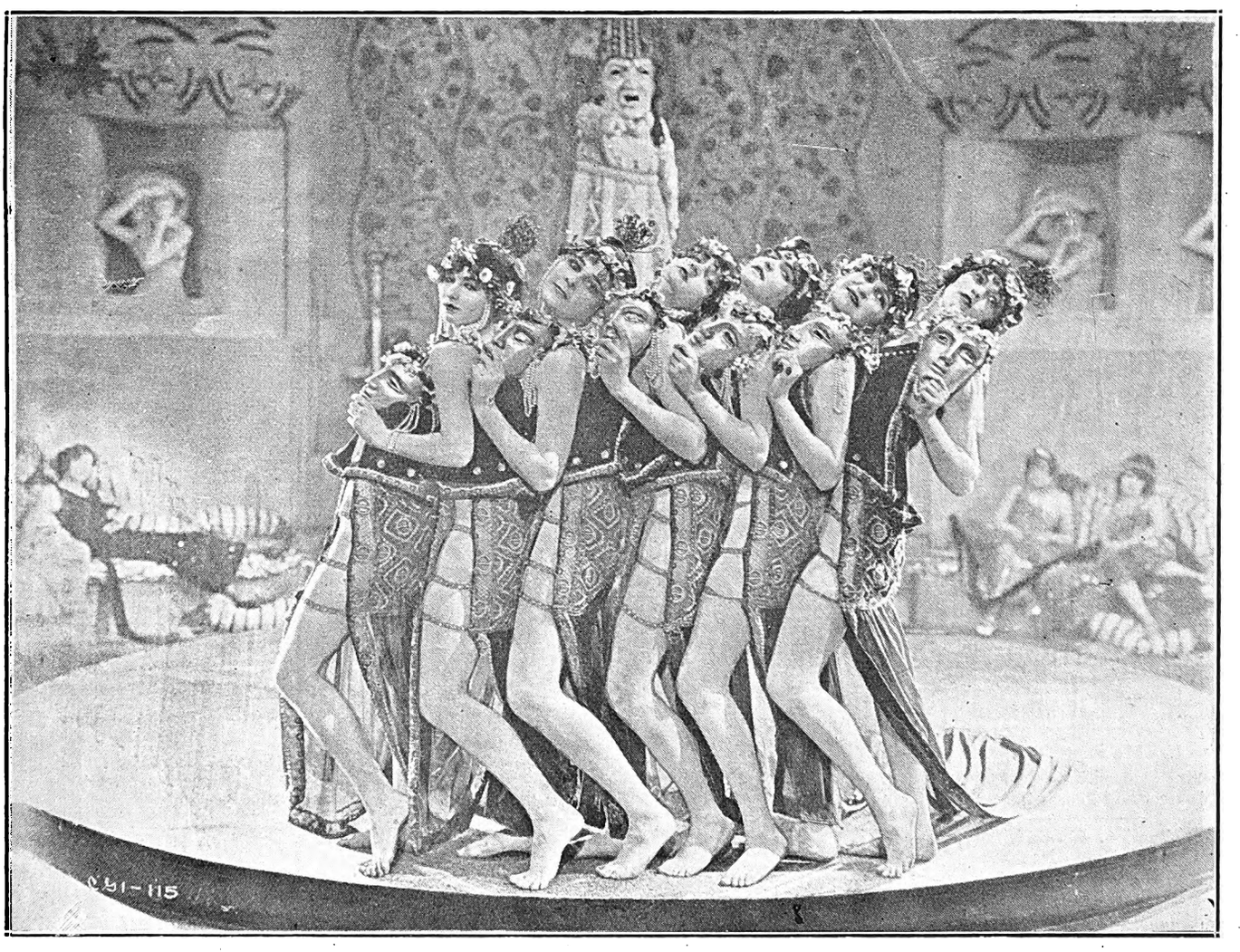
Fashions on the Boards.

So much to tell you about this week.

Of course, you are going to see "Sally," that is, if you live in Johannesburg or anywhere near it, and if you live in other parts of the country you'll be just waiting anxiously till the dainty little Maid comes to your theatre, won't you?

Won't it be fun on Monday night at the Empire? The lights, the music, pretty girls, and handsome men, and, of course, dresses, oh! lots and lots of dresses. I do so want to tell you all about them, it won't spoil the fun of seeing them for you, will it? They have all been made in London and are perfectly gorgeous. I just revelled yesterday in a private view of them. Wasn't I lucky? I should say so.

"Enemies of Women."



In the Gilded Palace of Prince Lubimoff.

You will all be sitting in your seats waiting eagerly for the curtain to go up on Act I. It will be a restaurant scene and opens with a dance, the Chorus ladies being dressed to represent balloons. Skirts of bright red satin are worn over knickers of gold trimmed with gold lace, and tight-fitting bodices in gold on which are painted red balloons. The Turkish hats are also in gold with deep red satin bands from which fall four balloons.

Sally, poor child, will make her first appearance wearing the foundling costume of brown and white check cotton material trimmed with brown braid, which also trims the fawn coloured pinafore and bonnet, that has the Russian brim. She changes, then, into her first dance dress, which is frilled to the waist and fashioned of a dainty white floral silk, tight bodice and pouf sleeves. Ever so sweet is another of her dancing frocks in rose pink tarlatan under pink net edged with pink rose petals, the tight-fitting bodice is entirely composed of rose petals, a pink satin band being worn round the head finished by a cluster of pink roses. You will adore one of Sally's first Act dresses, of green and silver tissue, made in the quaint Russian style, the flare effect skirt being trimmed with white fur. This lovely gown is completed by the wearing of a Russian head-dress and white kid Russian boots. Then in the Second Act she will wear a delightful frock of shaded green georgette handsomely trimmed and embroidered in silver bugles and diamante, the latter also forming the shoulder straps. With this evening gown is worn a gorgeous cloak of green and silver tissue lined with green chiffon, while the collar and cuffs are of chinchilla fur, completed by a head-dress of silver bugle and diamante.

Sally's wedding dress is simply a dream—you'll love it—the sheath effect being fashioned of brocaded silver cloth, the train of silver lace and georgette richly embroidered in diamante and pearls in the design of true lovers' knots, to correspond with the handsome ornament of diamante and pearls trimming the front of the gown. The cloak is also of silver cloth lined throughout with ostrich feathers, shading from cyclamen to mauve, and I must not forget to mention that the collar and end of the train is finished with white fox. Her head-dress is of orange blossom. Then a boudoir gown of pink chiffon velvet lined with blue chiffon and bordered with skunk is most desirable.

Miss Rita Reuas, who takes the part of Mrs. Ten Brock, will also have some very lovely gowns. One is of black velvet embroidered in diamante, the underdress of white satin being embroidered in jet, with a very modish hat to correspond. In the Church Scene her gown will be of grey satin heba trimmed with lace and large grey hat with huge

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grey ostrich feather falling from the one side. Then she has also in her wardrobe a very magnificent gown of silver.

Rosalind's dancing dress in pink satin is lovely, and her floral head-dress most attractive. Another glorious frock is of white silk morocain embroidered in a very elegant design with diamante and crystal. It is cut in the new coat frock style and worn over an underskirt of white georgette, very finely pleated. The fashionable hat being also in white, trimmed with a blue feather mount, this beautiful toilette being worn in the church scene in the last Act. Everyone will want to copy the delightful frock of rose pink romain made with a very tight bodice, the skirt being a petalled one and on the one shoulder is placed a wonderful orchid.

The dresses belonging to the Chorus ladies are equally as beautiful as those of the principals In one scene there will be 14 girls in most wonderful Russian costumes of yellow satin, large black medallions being painted on the skirts and the blue satin tunics being battlemented in black velvet medallions inlet in gold and black futurist design, white bodices striped with black, red sashes, sleeves of white ruched silk, head-dress of blue satin with long red veils falling from the back.

Six girls in one act will wear Russian dresses of white taffeta stencilled in green, over cyclamen coloured soft satin bordered in royal blue and panelled in green, scarlet and purple, the cyclamen bodices having sleeves of white crepe-de-chine and Medeci collars of white organdi.

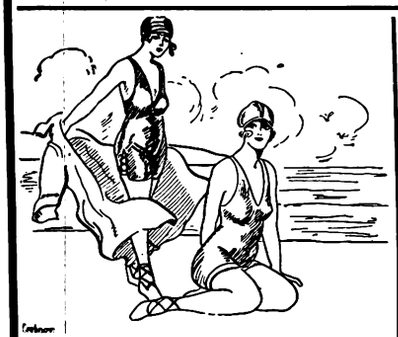
Then the Snowball girls, most artistic with their tight bodices of white satin and skirts of crepe-de-chine powdered with swansdown, and on their heads coronets of green leaves and small snowballs.

Sally will be accompanied by six bridesmaids dressed in lovely frocks of eau-de-nil faille with satin underskirts embroidered in bugle and diamante, with green and pink hats. Her four maids of honour have chosen yellow faille, the full skirts trimmed with silver lace and conventional sprays of flowers in powder blue georgette, the tight Victorian bodices being very finely gauged; their hats are of yellow faille and silver lace.

Next week I will tell you about some of the other gowns; they are all too lovely and will simply radiate joy and gladness. Gowns *do*, you know.

Miss Hope Hampton, in "Lawful Larceny" wears a peach-coloured taffeta gown, which is an exact duplicate of the gown she wore at the international silk show held some time ago at the Grand Central Palace in New York. It has an orchid flounce in front, is trimmed with roses, and has a modified hoop skirt effect.

Capetown and Peninsula Comfort Centres.



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"Lawful Larceny."

Do let us have a rhymed review for a hange, Shall we?
Yes, let's.

'riend wifey warned him to go slow;
A lovely vamp was on his trail
Vith plans to amputate his dough—
A game at which she did not fail.

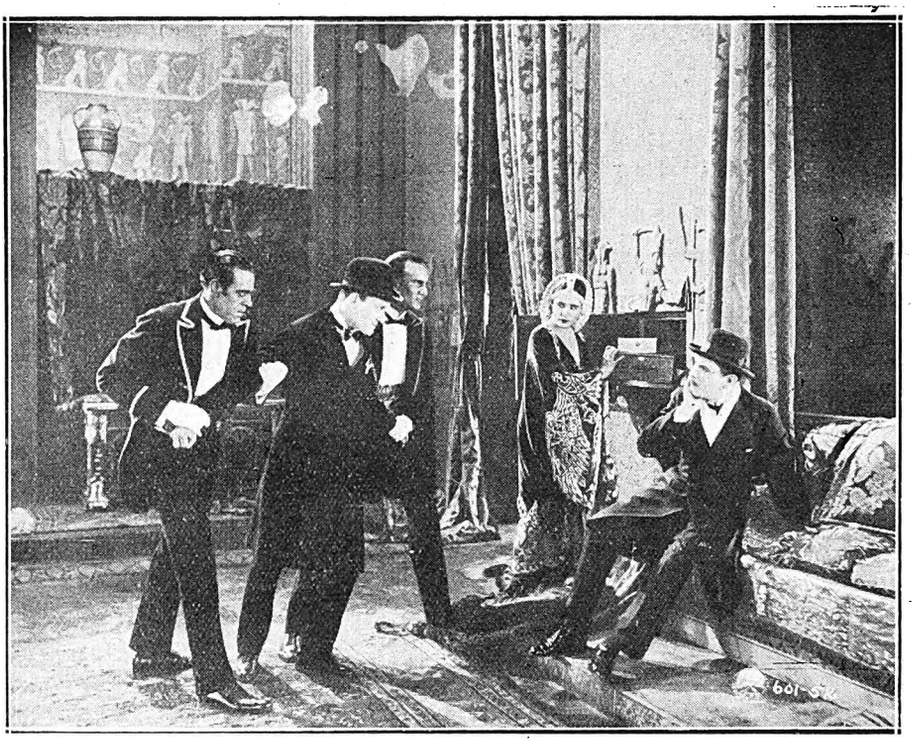
His money gone, ambition fled,
His wife did not break down in tears;
ut-vamped the silken vamp instead
And stole his money back. (Loud cheers.)

It's just as culpable a wrong
To steal a husband's love," she said,
As for his wife to rob your strong
Box. Call it 'Lawful Larceny.'"

he story's tense; the acting's there—
Hope Hampton, Nita Nalda, Lew
ody, Conrad Nagel share
The honours. Here's a treat for you.

What do you think of that? The treat? t the Orpheum Theatre, Johannesburg, on lay 4th, when "Lawful Larceny" will be hown.

Nita Naldi is a modern Cleopatra in the lm, a modern Cleopatra with pure Egyptian lavour, and she wars gowns that will inevitbly creat a sensation wherever the picture s shown.



One of the scenes from "Lawful Larceny."

Miss Naldi is the nearest to the famous Egyptian harmer to be found in America. With her long slender rms and limbs, piercing black eyes and raven black hair, he is wonderful in Egyptian clothes that are bizarre to the ast degree, and in a surrounding of ancient splendour.

There is marvellous detail—the film, and Miss Naldi, charmer of men in the picture, will have a complete gyptian background for her machinations against men. very photograph of King Tut-ankh-Amen's tomb printed n America was studied for ideas.

Hope Hampton shines with transcendent splendour in owns valued at £5,000, ten different creations.

Then dancing! Three of the most popular forms of xhibition dancing are shown. Gilda Gray will be seen in the cabaret scenes of the picture in her South Sea dance, which has made her famous as a premier dancer at the Rendez-Vous, one of New York's leading dance clubs. In the prologue of the picture Florence O'Denishawn interprets an ancient Egyptian dance as a colourful background for Nita Naldi. Alice Mason and her partner present modern ballroom and eccentric dancing in the cabaret sequence. This trio of dancers represents the highest priced talent obtainable in New York City or in the United States, for that matter, and this is the first time their art has ever been screened.

The men in the film? Conrad Nagel, splendid athlete as well as actor, and Lew Cody are featured. Nagel is the New York philanderer, the villain of the piece, and Cody is the sweetheart of Miss Naldi, an enviable position.

The two games: "Love" the most important.

New Music.

From the Lawrence Wright Music Co. comes a song fox trot of more than usual interest to South Africans and to Johannesburgers in particular. The words and music of "I should like to see you Saturday" are the work of Baron Sequi, the cornet player in the Jazz Maniacs Band. Local atmosphere has been included, as the rendezvous "on Saturday" is fixed at the Twelve O'clock Club at the Wanderers, Johannesburg's most fashionable dance club. Opportunity will be given for hearing its bright lilting tune, for the Jazz Maniacs are justly proud of the fact that one of their number has composed it and are featuring it in their programmes. "I should like to see you Saturday" has already created a favourable impression in London, Jack Howard's Band having included it in their music at the New Covent Garden Ball Room, and "Jimmy" Clark, of Johannesburg fame, playing it at the Maison Lyons. Congratulations to Baron Saqui.

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"THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH," based on Longfellow's Immortal Poem.

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An epic of lawless Alaska. Rex Beache's greatest story picturized
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WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY, 6th and 7th MAY:
"THE DICTATOR," featuring **Wallace Reid and Walter Long.**
FRIDAY AND SATURDAY, 8th and 9th MAY:
"THE BRIGHT SHAWL," featuring **Richard Barthelmess** and **Dorothy Gish.**

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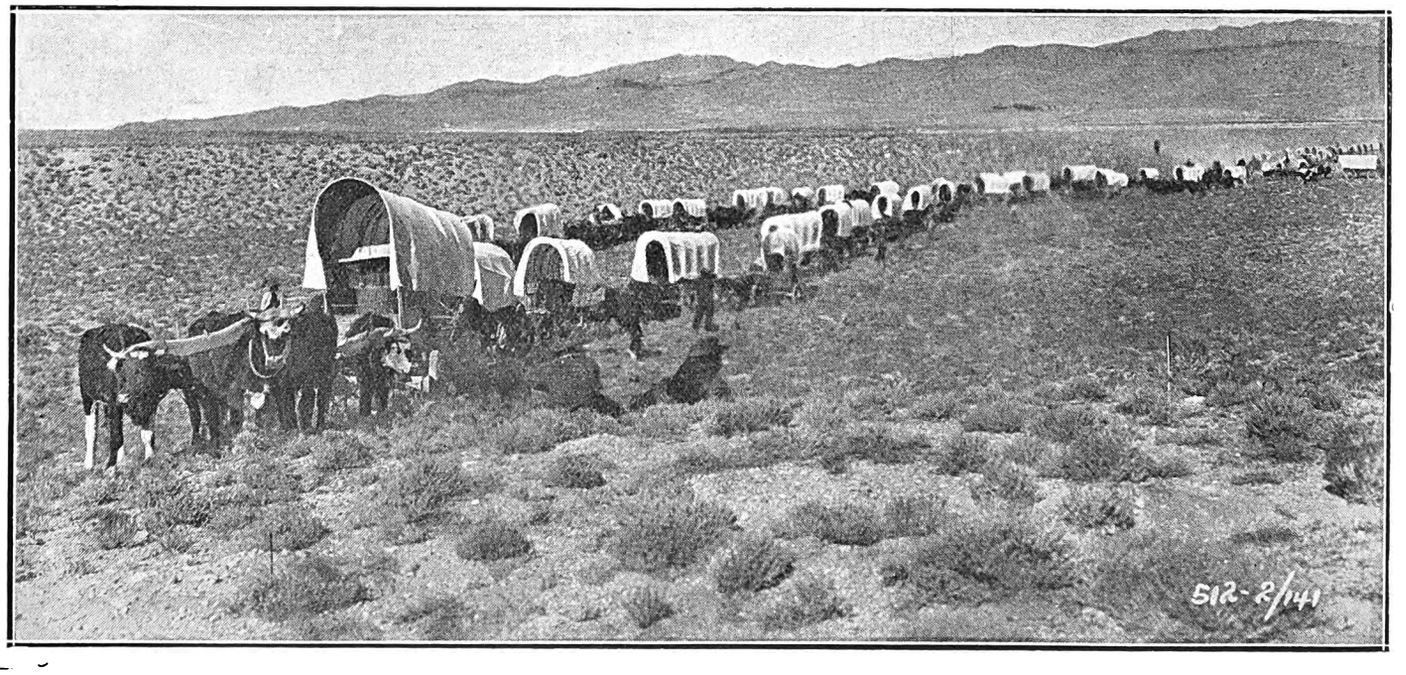
"The Covered Wagon."

An Indian who adds colour to the film.

Will and Molly.



Trekking in another land.

"They were dreamers, these pioneers; they saw visions and they had dreams. The dreamers are the architects of greatness. Their vision lies within their souls. They never see the mirage of fact but peer beyond the veils of mist and doubt and pierce the walls of unborn time. Grief only streaks their hair with silver; it never greys their hopes. In lace of stone their spires stab the world's skies.

"Your homes are built upon a land a dreamer found. The pictures on its walls are visions from a dreamer's soul. A dreamer's pain wails from your violin. They are the eternal conquerors; their vessels are the years . . . and out of the granite of the mountains should be hewn an imperishable monument, and on it should be embossed words like these:

"*They laid down their lives in toil; they suffered without complaint; from nothing they created our glorified states; honour, reverence and glory be everlastingly theirs.*"

These beautiful lines are the foreword of Herbert Kaufman's to the Paramount picture "The Covered Wagon," which will be shown in Johannesburg on May 11th at the Bijou Theatre. The caste of 3,000 people includes one thousand Indians brought from reservations in Wyoming, New Mexico and other states, under the direction of Lieut.-Col. T. G. McCoy.

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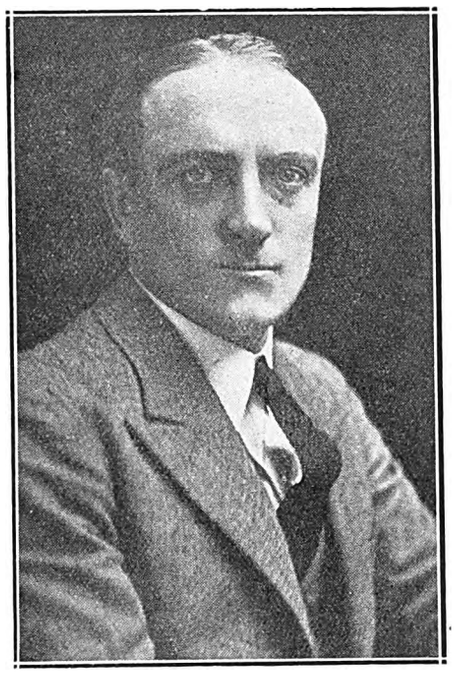
"SAL

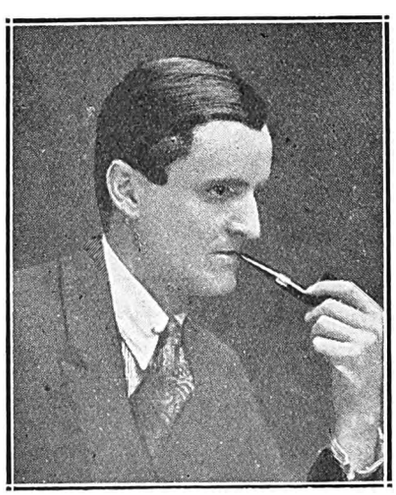
A Song and Dance



MR. THOMAS PAUNCEFORT,
Producer,
who also takes the part of "Constantine."

"SALLY" WITH SOME OF THE

MR. BILLY HOLLAND,
"Otis Hooper."



MR. ERIC GREATBATCH,
"Blair Farquhar."

Book and Lyrics by Ga
Gr

Music by J

The Butterfly Ballet M

By arrangement with
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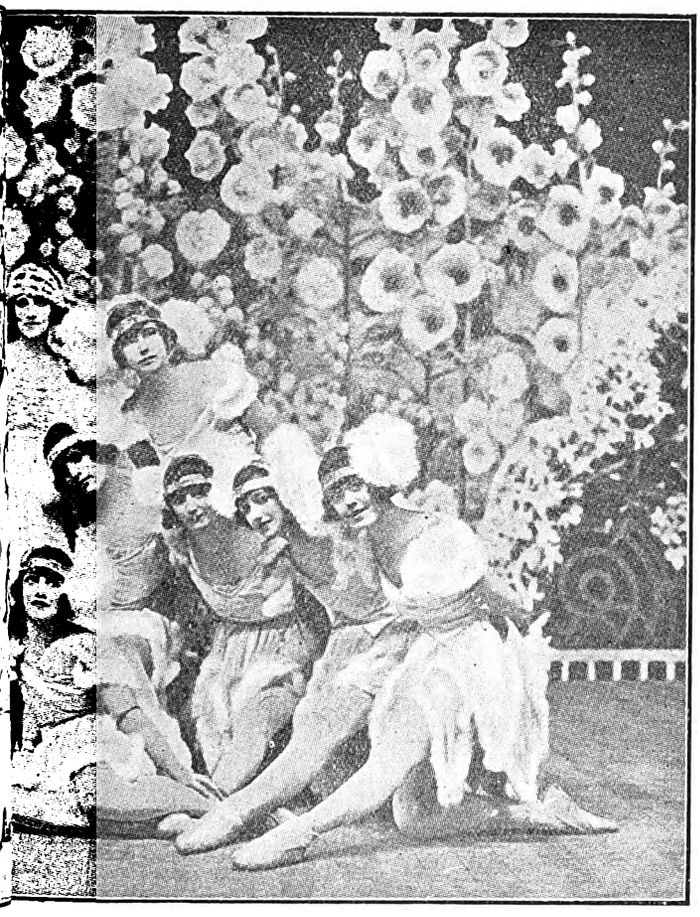
LY"

how in Three Acts.



Members of the Ballet.

Bolton and Clifford
y.

rome Kern.

sic by Victor Herbert.

Messrs. Grossmith and
, Ltd.

Miss Rita Reuas,
"Mrs. Ten Brock."

Miss Cecile Maule-Cole,
"Sally."

Miss Kathleen Yates,
"Rosalind Rafferty."

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"Some" Manicurist.

A glance at the dancing, roguish eyes of Kathleen Yates, who will appear as "Rosalind Rafferty" in the South African production of "Sally," is sufficient to tell you that she comes of Irish stock. Her stage career began with dancing, though her early training was undertaken in a purely amateur way, nobody in the family having any theatrical interests. After a year or two the wish to emulate fellow-pupils, who were term by term leaving for various productions, proved too strong and she eventually made her *début* as a fairy in Tree's famous version of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" at His Majesty's, following with parts in other plays there, including Miss Marie Lôhr's rôle of "Cinderella" in "Pinkie and the Fairies."

Miss Kathleen Yates.

"But I had an hankering after dramatic and tragic parts," Miss Yates explained to me, "so decided to go out on tour for the sake of gaining experience—and the next part I found myself cast for was the comedienne-lead in 'Fair and Warmer,' then 'minx' characters in 'The Glad Eye' and 'Nightie Night' (the latter with that prince of good chaps, Percy Hutchison, whom you all know, of course).

"So much for ambition! I know you will retort that it is always supposed to be the hall-mark of a good comedy actress to want to shine in tragedy, and, of course, I'm very gratified at the compliment implied—all the same it *would* be wonderful to have a chance at 'Juliet' or 'Ophelia.'

"However, let's get back to the world of 'crool, 'ard reality.' As 'Kiki' in 'The Glad Eye' I toured through Canada and the States, and for a real gruelling of hard work, non-stop journeys, and nervous strain, a 'road' engagement in those countries must be without a parallel. When travelling through the Rockies one evening we found ourselves snowbound, miles away from the place we were due to appear in a couple of hours later. A message from a signal-box advised the theatre people of our plight, sledges were sent us, and we arrived on the stage at 10 p.m., to find a full house which had patiently and good-temperedly awaited us for 3½ hours. This, of course, did not fail to touch us, so we set to work and, in our street clothes and with improvised scenery, gave the top-hole show of the whole tour.

"Canadian audiences, once you succeed in pleasing them, are nothing less than wonderful; I have been told that South African audiences can be equally as kind in the same circumstances—you notice I am touching wood with both hands!

"I have never had trouble with that most ghastly of theatrical bugbears—stage-fright—but I admit that the thought of satisfying Johannesburg and the other S.A. towns caused me to rake up my entire store of courage—then I determined to go in on the 'do and die' principle and am 'holding on to that,' as dear old Purdie says in 'Dear Brutus.' Although I have played 'Heather Thatcher' parts such a lot—in fact I've only just completed a long tour of 'The Cabaret Girl'—this will be my first appearance in 'Sally.' I am a quick 'study' (that is purely a natural gift and really nothing to boast about) and, for musical plays, always go through the entire score on the piano at home; learn my own numbers and often, quite unconsciously, most of the others as well—jolly useful when rehearsals start in earnest!

"I've a longing to see the world beyond Europe and the States, and South Africa will be my first visit to the tropics. Niagara was an awesome sight and, for comparison's sake, I'm very keen to see the Victoria Falls, which I'm told are even mightier. The Sabie Reserve also must be full of fascination: the only big game we saw in North America were a few buffalo and the hastily retreating back view, quarter of a mile distant, of what they said was a bear—*I* still claim it was a brunette rabbit. Other visits I want to make are to Rhodes' and Kruger's graves, and my camera is itching to get in some work on the penguins near Capetown, the old Dutch farmsteads of the Cape, and those native war-dances we know of through the medium of the cinema."

Then Miss Yates plunged into a discussion on the work of Débussy, Cyril Scott, Arthur Bliss and Stravinsky, with me sidetracking into arguments for Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue" and Zes Confrey's pianoforte "cross-note puzzles," as well as the "symphonised jazz" experiments by the Savoy bands at the Queen's Hall. We compromised by an agreement that recent experiences promise early developments of great interest for lovers of contemporary music. Discussing books, I found her favourite authors to be Michael Arlen, Galsworthy, Bennett, Rose Macaulay and Hugh Walpole, though the volume most handled of late appears to have been "Chambers' Standard Dictionary"—a most necessary adjunct to the solving of cross-word puzzles and the quest for "tenner" prizes.

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This delightful, select and altogether restful resort is situated at the mouth of the Karridene River, 23 miles from Durban by rail, and within 70 minutes by car.

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The Karridene Hotel is an extensive Brick Building, equipped with the most modern conveniences: Hot and Cold Baths, Electric Light, Bells to each of the forty-five Bedrooms, Dance Hall, Billiard Room, Lounges, Open-air Gardens, etc.

The grounds, 35 acres in extent, take the form of a lovely natural park, and lend themselves to all the usual outdoor amusements: Tennis, Croquet, Shooting, etc.

Boating here is excellent, and the resort is specially noted for fishing and safe surf bathing.

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Convict Life.

Stanley Scott is a man who for many years has lived in London, investigating criminal life, meeting criminals, detectives and prison warders. He has had from them stories, truths and the inner feelings of the criminal. He has got stories "from the lips of men hungry for speech after the horror of silence and whitewash."

Now he has written all these together into a book: *The Human Side of Crook and Convict Life* (Hurst and Blackett). It is, as the title indicates, a human book about human people. Stanley Scott writes not of prison reform and abstract ethics, but tells us what the criminal really feels, what he does in prison, what he does out of it, and backs up his statement with cases from real fact. *R.S.*

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Have You Heard About—

La Dio Pia.

After a most successful season at the Empire, Johannesburg, Dio Pia opens at the Criterion, Benoni, on May 4th. The charming dark-haired dancer finds a fitting setting in the fairy-like scenes evolved by the genius of Percy Boggis. Perhaps the most wonderful effect is that of the flame dance when, in a mysterious darkened atmosphere, the dancer hovers over the fire in her long robes of orange and gold: hovers, until they rise in the air in a mass of curling, waving georgette, then gradually, very gradually, the flame is eaten up and a crumpled heap on the stage is all that is left of the once joyous dancer. Again a background of silver laces on black, sparkling, shining with a thousand points of lights and tinted by a fairy brush. The dancer in old-fashioned crinoline, many flounced, possessed with the joy of life, seemingly floats on the music of the old world melodies. A black-a-moor against a background of green mermaids, there is nothing Mr. Boggis cannot do with lights, and last, but not least, let me mention the oyster shell below the sea, the corals, the tiny fishes, the waves ebbing round the underworld and the pearl clad in shimmering, shining garments, coming to life.

Dio Pia, "indescribable Enchantress" in a fairy world of wonderful colourings of rainbow effects, of butterfly's wings and gorgeous lights and shades.

RUPERT HAZELL will play at the Vaudette, Bloemfontein, on Monday, 4th, for three nights, and then at the Vaudette, Kimberley, for the rest of the week. There are two pretty girls with him, who look very charming in their crinoline gowns, later changing to Jazz Folly costumes. The theme of "Harmonylarity," quite a tongue-twister, is that of the curate who is in search of talent for his bazaar. The two girls do a trial turn for him, singing and playing the piano. There is a very fine violin solo, and then the trio change into costume and give a trio banjo act. One hesitates to say that our old friend "It ain't going to rain no more" is introduced, but in a novel guise. As for Rupert Hazell himself, his stories which he tells on the stage are all brisk and humorous, and he gets the essence out of every joke.

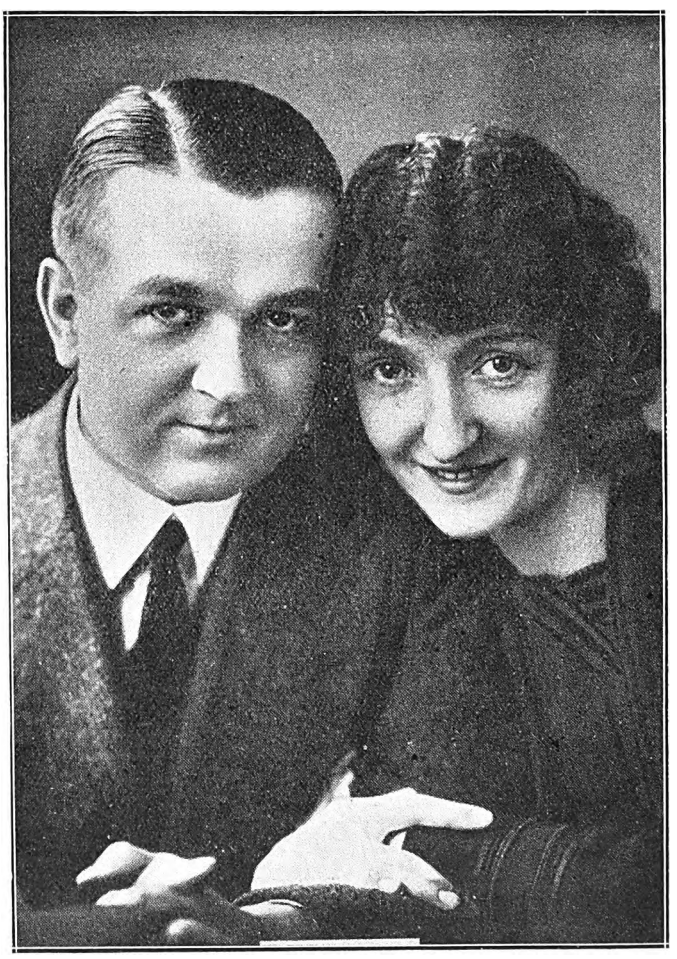
He is continually poking a finger of very tolerant and gentle derision at the North Country folk in these stories of his. They and their quaint restrained speech and their lack of praise titillate his sense of humour considerably.

He tells of how he was playing in a little North Country town at a concert. Not a laugh had been heard in the whole of the theatre since the performance began. The audience sat there solemnly staring ahead as if it was seeing dolorous things behind the stage.

Mr. Hazell noticed particularly an old deaf lady who sat in the front row with her maid. He himself was perspiring in his attempt to elicit a laugh from somewhere. He tried to make his stories funnier and funnier and the people grew glummer and glummer. He was at his wits end. And then, suddenly, the maid leant over and spoke into the old lady's ear trumpet and said in a loud, hoarse whisper, pointing to him, "Ah shouldn't wonder but that'll be t' comedian." And then she relapsed into abysmal gloom.

Another time, when he was to sing at a country parish hall, the curate announced cheerily to his parishioners, "I'm happy to say, dear friends, that we have on our programme for to-day, four artists and an entertainer."

BARKER AND WYNNE, who have gained golden opinions at the Empire, Johannesburg, will be at the Vaudette, Krugersdorp, on May 4th, 5th and 6th, and at the Apollo, Germiston, on the 7th, 8th and 9th. There is always a happy atmosphere created in the theatre by their act: the



cherubic smile of Ambrose Barker and the quaint elfin ways of Peggy Wynne are very infectious. They sing smart little songs without accompaniment and use very "fowl" language. This latter is a very popular item, and Peggy in particular is a wonderful mimic. Witness also her violin solo, minus a violin. A bright, breezy, popular couple off the stage, Barker and Wynne are sure of a welcome anywhere.

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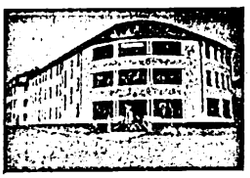
DURBAN.



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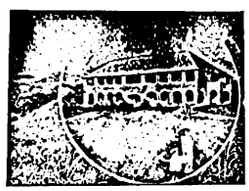

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This Will Interest You—

Irene Forde.

Miss Irene Forde, who opens at the Criterion, Durban, on May 4th, is a chic comedienne with smart gown, clever songs and a very happy manner of getting them over. She is a Londoner by birth and was trained as a dancer, and has played in many variety cabarets and revues besides doing exhibition dancing.

Miss Forde tells an amusing story of the experience of two travellers she met at a small town on the Spanish frontier when she was going through to fulfil a contract. She heard them talking to a small boy at the hotel and eventually getting very excited. It appears that they wanted a glass of milk for their child and, as they could not speak the language, drew a cow, a milking stool and a glass on a piece of paper, thinking he would then surely understand. The small boy looked at the sketch and then, full of joy, dashed off and . . . . brought back two tickets for a bull fight!

While in Spain Miss Forde danced in a bull ring, but it was, she is careful to explain, "minus the bull."

"The Rip Snorter."

A fierce, wild, untamed horse breathing fire at all who approached him, suitably called "The Killer," is held by five men while Dick mounts him. Off he goes! tearing up the earth, rearing, bucking—but Dick holds his own and "The Killer" no longer kills.

Dick Hatton, as the hero in the film "The Rip Snorter," which is being shown at Wolfram's Bioscope on May 4th, 5th and 6th, handles the rôle splendidly and puts it over with a punch.

Then there is charming little Marilyn Mills, as Betty Saunders. Her two wonder horses, "Star" and "Beverly," earn their title and bring forth gasps of astonishment at the difficult stunts they perform.

It is a wholesome, clean Western film and just has the tense, exciting moments we all love.

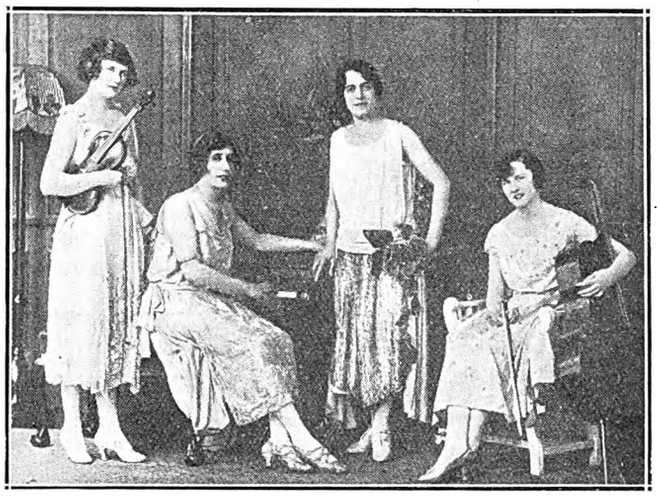
Next Week's Theatre Calls.

FOR WEEK COMMENCING MONDAY, MAY 4, 1925.

Tivoli, Capetown.—Bert Errol, Leslie Elliott, Broughton & Creedon, Stella & Partner, Wilma & Garcia.
His Majesty's, Johannesburg.—Commencing at the matinee performance, Wednesday, 6th instant, Renee Kelly and full London Company, in "A Kiss for Cinderella."
Empire, Johannesburg.—The New London Company in the great song and dance show, "SALLY." Produced by Thomas Pauncefort.
Orpheum, Johannesburg.—Ross, Barker & McLennan, Les Augustines.
Grand, Pretoria.—Van Cello & Mary, Femina Quartette.
Criterion, Benoni.—Dio Pia, Sydney & Adelaide.
Rinko, Maritzburg.—Trent & Sadie.
Criterion, Durban.—Grant & Faber, Irene Forde, Maidie Scott, Bradley & Hamilton.
Vaudette, Bloemfontein.—(Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday) Harrisa Bros., Rupert Hazell & Co.
Vaudette, Kimberley.—Thursday, Friday and Saturday) Harrisa Bros., Rupert Hazell & Co.
Vaudette, Krugersdorp.—(Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday) Barker & Wynne, Astor & Astoria.
Apollo, Germiston.—(Thursday, Friday and Saturday) Barker & Wynne, Astor & Astoria.
Vaudette, East London.—Opening, 5th May. Frank Fay & Dixie Lady, The Van Delfts, Gould & Gordon.
Opera House, Capetown.—Iris Hoey and her Company in their repertoire.

The Femina Quartette.

THE FEMINA QUARTETTE will make their bow to the Pretoria public at the Grand Theatre on May 4th, when they will give their well-known and popular musical ensemble. It is almost a year since they have been in South Africa and their act will be remembered with great pleasure by theatre-goers. Miss Estelle Mark's fine singing and faultless technique, Miss Kathleen Ambrose with her 'cello and Miss Stella Ambrose and her violin are all old friends, the



new comer, Miss Marjory Cassy, at the piano. There is a freshness and charm about the four girls which acts as a tonic to jaded nerves and, in their pretty gowns, they make a pleasing picture for the eye. Audiences show their appreciation of their singing and playing in a manner which leaves no doubt that good music appeals just as much to music-hall patrons as comic songs and ragtime.

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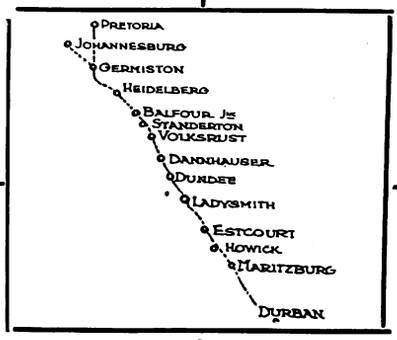

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Ancient Record of Iniquity.

Did you know why sin and night are associated?

The word "sin" was originally a proper name. In old Babylonia and Assyria, Sin was the name of the moon-god and was brought into those countries by Semitic nomads from Arabia. The moon-god is the favoured god of nomadic peoples.

It takes more than one person, as a rule, to commit sin. Therefore with the banding together of sinners there came into existence famous hell's holes of history and to-day.

In Rome, the wild festivities of Bacchus were introduced from lower Italy and held in secret, attended by women only on three days of the month, in the grove of Similia, near the Aventine Hill. Subsequently, admission to the rites were extended to men and celebrations took place five times a month.

One of the earliest hell's holes existed during Noah's time and was wiped out by the flood.

To-day we come to the hell's holes in Montmartre of Paris, in the Limehouse district of London, in the Kitchen district of New York, in the tenderloin district of Chicago. Everywhere—in every village, town, city, in some place sin rages in all its lurid forms.

To Capetown, on May 4th till the 6th, at the Grand Bioscope, Capetown, will come "Hell's Hole," but it is film starring Charles Jones. It deals with the momentous problems in a man's life who lives in the far West, where one fights at the wink of an eye and dance hall girls and night life provide the outlet of pent-up emotions. It deals with the delivery of justice where justice is due. In the course of the story many people are trapped in a cabin and death stares them in the face as they are buried under a terrific avalanche. A pounding, rock crunching avalanche, tons of boulders, trees uprooted, houses ripped apart.

Again it is the destroying a hell's hole by the working of fate.

Charles Jones.

Frank Fay and the Little Lady from Dixie

have broken records wherever they go, and are sure to do the same at the Vaudette, East London, when they open on May 5th. It is safe to say that there have never been two such popular artistes at the Empire, Johannesburg, and their last night was a triumph that was something to remember. After the most enthusiastic reception and encore after encore, a bouquet was handed to Mrs. Fay, tied with the American flag, which both she and her husband kissed reverently, and Mr. Dave Foote, with happy inspiration, played the "Star Spangled Banner," amid a storm of cheering. Then the audience took a hand in the proceedings and sang "For they are jolly good fellows," Mr. Foote and his orchestra joining in. There was curtain after curtain until both artistes frankly broke down with the wonder of their farewell, and, shall I tell you a secret? I found them in their dressing-room just after, so moved that they had no words in which to express their gratitude for the reception they had received. The charm of Frank Fay's act is its simplicity; he does not wrap his songs round in needless embroidery, they come direct to the point and are, like all his gags, original and written by himself to suit himself and his wife. His make-up as the black-faced coon is only excelled by that of his wife as the "Coloured lady." Johannesburg will be glad to welcome back Frank whenever he and Mrs. Fay return to us.

"Daring Chances."

Dashing at breakneck pace along the narrow trail, a great black horse raced to death. On the terrified animal's back crouched a man, holding in his arms a little child. Every second the horse leaped nearer to the yawning chasm.

The man, clinging to his saddle horn, racing—deadly fear of the man behind, did not know of the drop to eternity in his path ahead. His pursuer did. And the child in the fugitive's arms was all that he held dear.

This is the thrilling, terrifying and dramatic situation that makes the thunderous climax of "Daring Chances," one of the greatest pictures that Jack Hoxie, dare devil of the saddle, has ever given the public. It is a thrill—a thrill greater than any the screen has seen in years—but aside from that it is a great human story of a strong man and a good woman—and a child. "Daring Chances" will be at Wolfram's Bioscope, Capetown, from the 7th to the 9th May and will repay a visit.

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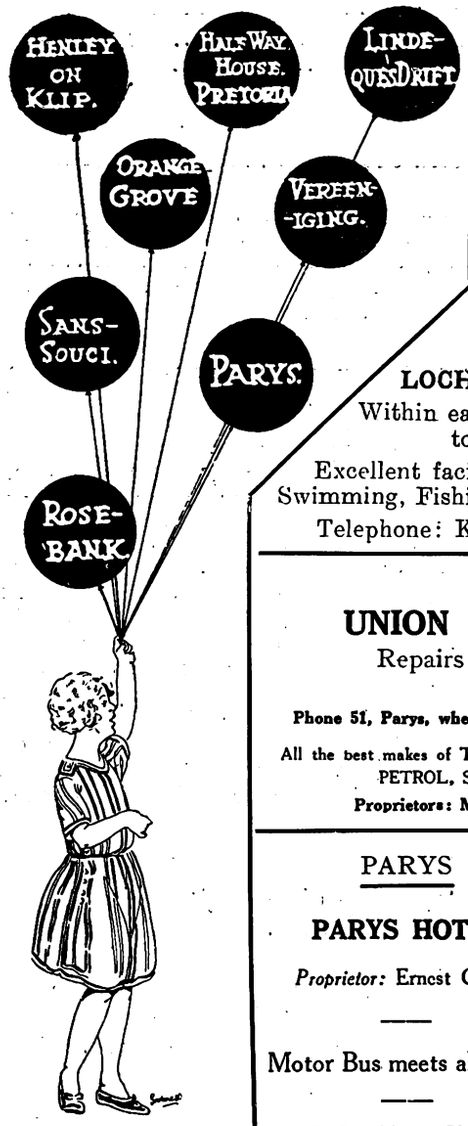

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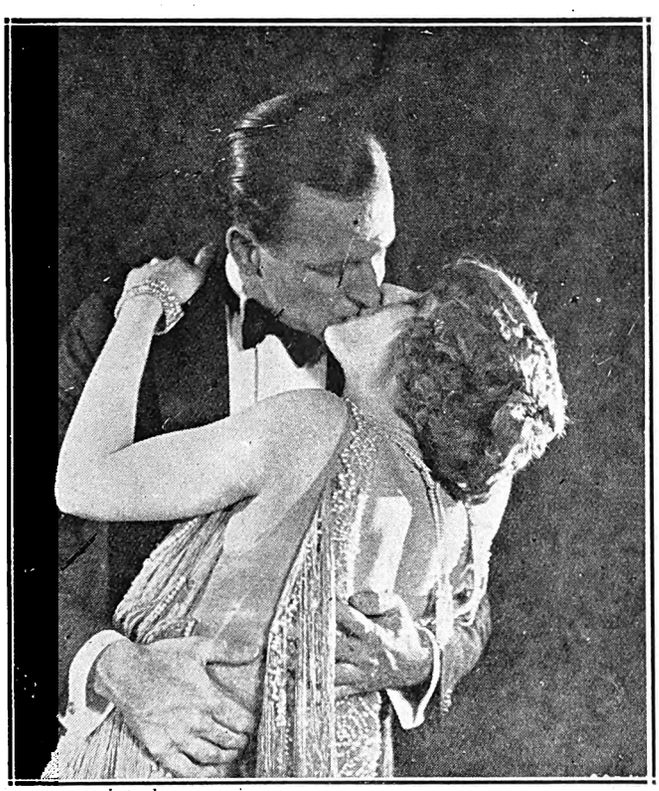
For Sale —

— A Bride.

If she be lovely Claire Windsor, there will surely be many bidders, for she has already won all hearts on the silver screen. And it is Claire, in the part of a beautiful society belle, a bride, whose parents decreed she must be sacrificed to the tinsel God of fashion and money—a bride who was offered for sale on the auction block of a loveless marriage.

"For Sale" will be the big film at the Alhambra in Capetown the whole of the week commencing the 4th May.

Those of us who have not travelled but who have read our travel books will know the celebrated le Ciel and l'Enfer Cafés of Paris, the cafés of Heaven and Hell. It is a



whimsical French idea to place them next door to each other and they are both faithfully portrayed on the screen. Heaven Café is adorned with a blue sky, glittering stars and angels and cherubs gliding through space. Hell Café represents the head of the devil with his high open mouth serving as an entrance; large blazing eyes, giant tusks for teeth and a leering, sardonic grin.

It is here that the various members of the cast, Claire Windsor, Adolphe Menjou, Robert Ellis, Mary Carr, Tully Marshall and Vera Reynolds go in their picture characters.

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Discovered by Cherokee Indians. Stops Falling Hair and Produces New, Long, Luxuriant Growth of Beautiful Hair, even on Bald Heads

WAS NEARLY BALD.

FRANCES LONSDALE,
Longsight.

Dear Sir,—When my daughter began to use Kotalko she was nearly bald. Although she tried many things, her hair would not grow. We thought the roots were dead. However, as one more trial, we sent for a tin of Kotalko, though thinking it would prove to be just like the other preparations used; but we are glad to state that after one year's use she now has a thick mop of wavy hair. Unless I had seen it for myself, I would not have thought it possible. In my opinion, Kotalko is the best preparation for making hair grow.

Yours sincerely,
(Signed) **F. Lonsdale.**

HEAD WAS QUITE BARE.

MARY LITTLE.
Gorton.

Dear Sir,—What Kotalko has done for me is nothing short of wonderful. Four years ago I lost all my hair. My head was bare and shiny just like the back of my hand. I had been under a hair specialist and a doctor, but all in vain.

One day, on seeing your advertisement, I decided to try Kotalko, and I am simply delighted that I did so, for I now have a head of beautiful, curly, silk-like hair, which is admired by everyone. Kotalko has certainly proved itself a true hair grower.

Yours gratefully,
(Signed) **Mary Little.**

Buy a Box of Kotalko and Test it for Yourself

Thanks to Kotalko, these two young ladies are now happy in the possession of fine heads of hair, although not so long since both of them were nearly bald.

A multitude of others, men and women, have used the remarkable compound—Kotalko—with astonishing and delightful benefit in removing scurf, stopping the falling out of hair, and developing a new growth. This has been done in many cases where the baldness existed for years and when all other hair tonics, lotions, pomades, etc., had been unsuccessfully tried.

Kotalko has components of **genuine bear fat** (oil), juice of the rare pilocarpus plant and other potent ingredients from the **three Kingdoms of Nature,** in accord with the receipe of the original compound, and modern improvements thereon, which the Cherokee Indians have used for centuries in ensuring for themselves the extraordinary growth of hair for which they are noted. While trading in their territory Mr. Brittain, who was bald, **got a completely new hair growth.** Later he secured the formula, and has since put Kotalko on sale.

You may obtain a box of Kotalko at your chemists; apply it twice daily. Or you may obtain a testing box by sending sixpence by P.O. or in stamps to the address below.

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Thistledown and Thunder.

A Higgledy-Piggledy Diary.

By Hector Bolitho.

This series of articles, which may continue for far failing him, and he rescues incidents and impressions from the passing torrent before it is too late.

This series of articles, which may continue for far longer than either you or he may wish, is an effort to set down all the things he hadn't the time or the courage to write in the years the locusts have eaten; in New Zealand, Fiji, Samoa, Tonga, Australia, Italy, France, the parent England . . . and now Africa.

CHAPTER VIII.

December 23, 1923.

A—— and W—— arrived this morning, about nine o'clock, and said, "Come to Paris for Christmas." So I borrowed ten pounds, put silk pyjamas and a tooth brush into a bag, picked out my most gaudy tie and flew off to Paris. It was done just like that!

So we hurried into a taxi, hurried into a train, hurried on to a boat, then another train, a comic taxi, and then the hotel in Montparnasse.

January 12, 1924.

Morning tea with A——, and he all happy because he's in *The Saturday Review* with an article "Arriving in England." His prose is undoubtedly the best of that little company of which I was one . . . in Auckland . . . when we thought we were such terrible dogs to be writing verse and drinking coffee at the Mecca. Oh, it *is* difficult. Even living in Chelsea, with Carlyle's ghost walking in his old house, not so very far away, Lloyd George's bathroom discernible from my own, and the ghosts of Turner and Whistler not so far away . . . even here I am desperately colonial. I am hungry for open paddocks and sunshine.

April 5, 1924.

Dear Heavens! Not a returned manuscript! And they always seem to come home on Saturdays. Five of them have been away two whole weeks. Now they are to have a second week-end away from home.

It is one of the first mornings in Spring. London is just throwing off its winter blankets and kicking its feet up. To Bond Street to meet Mrs. G. K. Haseldene, who is just the sort of person to meet in Bond Street on a Saturday morning in Spring . . . when Barbellion's window is full of scrunchy cakes and the whole day is so glad that you feel full of rhymes and short stories.

I am full of Spring . . . I was so full of it this morning that I bought new gloves . . . crumpling them up so that they'd look a bit old. Then I bought a gorgeous orchid (with his golden nose dipped in brown as if he'd been eating chocolate). So we went to Rumplemayer's to tea . . . such an Australian thing to do. (We were the only two people in London who thought of it.) I believe London's Spring is loosened from Bond Street. It trembles in the florist's window first, on the lips of the golden daffodils. Then it skips across the street, avoiding the lumbering 'buses, and has a peep into Bill's window . . . all the tweeds suggesting that winter *is* over and that brogues and open country and sunshine haven't died overnight . . . that they have merely been sleeping during the rain and fog and long Winter.

Then Spring suddenly realises that the pointed toes and the little shoes that turn up their satin noses from the pavement are only Bond Street. So she slips along Piccadilly and dances around Eros, gilding his pedestal and splashing the flower women's baskets with light.

In the afternoon to Windsor to see Canon Dalton about my little book . . . past new red trains like grown-up toys, cemeteries pink with blossoms and all church spires like fingers trying to scratch the clouds.

A—— in the corner of the train, with his ash stick and his hat . . . just a little rakish because it's Spring and because he's to appear in the next *Adelphi*. "The willows are out," he said. So I leaned out to see them, bowing to each across a little stream . . . and meadows, men in the fields, and boys with rakes across their shoulders. Even the gasworks seem to be "improved." The coal is shining like polished steel.

It's years since I met a Canon. I wonder what he'll be like? Once I knew a Bishop. I travelled on a boat with him, and he did nothing but gargle his throat and read Thomas à Kempis.

The trees are all budding. Some boys are playing football. "Now is the time of tender opening things" . . . it is all so green and fresh and "new." I think Stephen Phillips said that about the tender opening things. I liked him once, but he seems to have gone west with me, with Wilde and Beardsley.

We are passing a canal . . . a barge with its big belly moving, half tired, through the water. It is called "Harry." My first name is Henry, so we have something in common.

Last time I went to Windsor it was to the State Rooms with J—— G——. I hated the gold and the scarlet, but many of the pictures were beautiful. But to-day was good fun. We went through the gates . . . the King Henry gates I believe they are. The Queen was to arrive and the gateway was crowded with policemen and guardsmen. I felt very important as I passed through . . . so complete when I was inside.

London is very noisy and hard and dusty. Only once have I found true quiet in London. It was when Shayle G—— took me to St. Martin's-in-the-Fields. It was cool and fragrant after Trafalgar Square. It was the same to-day at Windsor: the mellow stone, the quiet . . . after cosmopolitan London.

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I found Canon Dalton in the cloisters. There was a bell to pull . . . not an electric " push " thing that would scare the soul out of any Canon. Crocuses wiggled their heads in the window boxes and in the cloisters themselves. Austere ladies looked down at me from frames, and I felt such a barbarian in this place of age and silence. Eton, vague, behind a mist, could be seen from the windows.

The Canon . . . he was unlike what I expected a Canon to be . We had tea . . . he ate dry toast and I ate mountains of cake. He told me he had been to Australia and New Zealand twice; once on the " Bacchante " with the Princess and then on the " Ophir " when the King went round the Empire as Prince of Wales. " It seems strange to think you have been to New Zealand," I said " Why? " he answered, " you have come to England."

Then we went to see the chapel of the Knights of the Garter now being restored. I can never, never write what I feel . . . seeing, touching really old things, knowing that a century of Kings have climbed the staircases, standing above the tombs of Henry VIII. and the first Charles. He said he had seen the remains of both Henry and Charles. King Henry is a mere skeleton now, but a little skin and flesh still cling to the bones of King Charles. It was eerie. In New Zealand we have nothing old . . . except the art and homes and tales of Maoris. We have to rely on history books and our own imagination. So it was tremendously inspiring to stand among dead kings and know that the living King was a few yards away. I was impressed . . . and for this I must be forgiven, for I have relied on small town mayors in New Zealand for my conception of Greatness.

Canon Dalton has invited me to stay at the castle next week end . . . so I shall sleep and eat and bath in Windsor Castle. I suppose I am a baby . . . but I am feeling thrilled by it all.

April 10, 1924.

Away in Australia and New Zealand, if we long for the adventure of London but do not come here, certain places and certain people live vividly in our imagination. They *are* London.

We worship these places and these people.

First we think of Nelson's Monument, and the four bronze lions watching about its feet. The we see the dome of St. Paul's and the honest unbeautiful face of Buckingham Palace. These things have been given to us by postcards.

Then we close our eyes and imagine the great people of London. First comes Mr. Lloyd George. To us, he is always smiling, very grey, and always being photographed coming away from a conference." Then, with bated breath, we mention the name of Mr. Bernard Shaw, imaging a tyrant, crushing whole towns with an epigram, and making king and commoner tremble on his doorstep. Then we think of Sir James Barrie, chasing pixies up and down Cheyne Walk, and then Miss Ellen Terry, in an old-world drawing-room receiving requests for autographs and sighing for the grand days of the English drama.

I am sure every Australian or New Zealand lad, who dreams at all, dreams thus of London. These people and others, are the gods of his imagination. And then, some day, the antipodean child comes here with high hope in his heart, and the wings of adventure set to his heels.

He discovers Nelson and St. Paul's, and sees unheeding London sweeping past, in spats, or nodding from the lofty tops of barbaric 'buses.

He wanders along Cheyne Walk, and sees Mr. Lloyd George taking in his morning paper like any normal human being. He walks down Adelphi Terrace, and suddenly sees a little sign, " Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Shaw."

He does not breathe for quite a long time.

A window goes up. Perhaps Mr. Shaw is going to throw out an epigram.

Then, if he is fortunate, as myself, he sees the great man come down the staircase, on ordinary legs, with a rather rakish swing in his walk. And the tyrant of the antipodean imagination disappears. Mr. Shaw is just a dear, old gentleman, with a merry twinkle in his eye. He smiles at the poor little New Zealander as if he knew, in his heart, that the poor little New Zealander had read " Fanny's First Play " and " Candida," and worshipped him from afar . . . on those radiant New Zealand beaches, scarlet with fallen pohutukawa flowers.

And all the little gods of his childhood become ordinary mortals, riding on penny 'buses, breathing ordinary air, and being just little particles of this great . . . . tremendous thing that is London. Seeing is disbelieving.

New Books.

During the next few months, Messrs. Hutchinson will be publishing a number of very interesting travel books. The first of these is *My Wanderings in the Balkans* (18s. net) by Dudley Heathcote. Mr. Dudley Heathcote is a well-known traveller, and in this book he has given his impressions of Balkan countries after the war. He considers not only their economic and political features, but also the daily lives of their inhabitants,—He pays special attention to the architecture of these countries, and his book is beautifully illustrated by photographs of some of the little known beauties of this part of the world.

Wonderful Africa (21s. net), by F. A. Donnithorne, is another interesting and beautifully illustrated travel book. In it, Mr. Donnithorne tells of his experiences in Cape Colony and Rhodesia, and he describes the wonderful remains of lost civilisation which he saw there.

Wanderings in the Middle East (18s. net), by A. Sloan, is a vivid description of travel in Palestine, Syria and Iraq.

Messrs. Hutchinson are publishing several interesting books of biographical nature. Chief of these is *The Days I Knew* (21s. net), in which Lillie Langtry draws a fascinating portrait of Society during the later part of the 19th and the beginning of the 20th century.

The diaries of Sir Almeric Fitzroy (42s. net) are to be published under the title of *Memoirs*. In this book we have a picture of the political struggles of the day in the sphere of domestic and international activity.

Fragments of Auld Lang Syne (18s. net), by Mrs. Frank Russell, are the interesting and amusing recollections of an author who has met the most prominent people of our time, both in England and on the Continent.

Mr. G. B. Burgin has written a further volume of Reminiscences. These are to be called *Some More Memoirs* (18s. net), and they will be welcomed by the many readers who appreciated his previous books.

In addition to these there will shortly be published *Lady Mary Wortley Montague*, by Lewis Melville (18s. net), who will be remembered for his delightful study of Nell Gwynne.

The story of British Sporting Prints, by Captain Frank Siltzer, is a fine art book by an author who knows his subject thoroughly. It is beautifully illustrated both in colour and in black and white, with many reproductions of famous sporting prints.

It is also of interest to note that a book by Robert Keable, entitled *Tahiti, Isle of Dreams* (16s. net), will also shortly be published. Robert Keable was impressed both by the climate and the history of many well-known personalities—Stephenson and Gaugin had made their homes in the islands—that he wrote this book, which is an interesting blend of poetic prose and personal philosophy.

Another South African book ! Mr. John Presland has had the happy idea of taking the Jameson Raid as the material for a novel, and Rhodes as his hero. The result is arresting and thrilling, even if his imagination has coloured his knowledge of history. Now, the only thing that remains is to set the Raid to music, since it has been clothed with words already.

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STAGE & CINEMA.

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The Week.

"Prince Charming is here." The cry has rung out from Africa and has echoed throughout the world. Our Prince has arrived.

And we should like to raise our humble voice to swell the volume of the welcome to His Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales, a welcome in which all sections of the theatrical world here in South Africa will join with us.

Sunshine and blue sky as I write these lines, it looks as if the Clerk of the Weather had forgiven last year's pantomime for trying to take over his job as Rain Provider and asserting boldly that it "ain't going to rain no more."

How I loved "A Kiss for Cinderella" at His Majesty's Theatre, Johannesburg, and how you will all of you love it when it goes on tour.

If you were a waif living in your own dream world, what would you think of the world? What would your dreams be like?

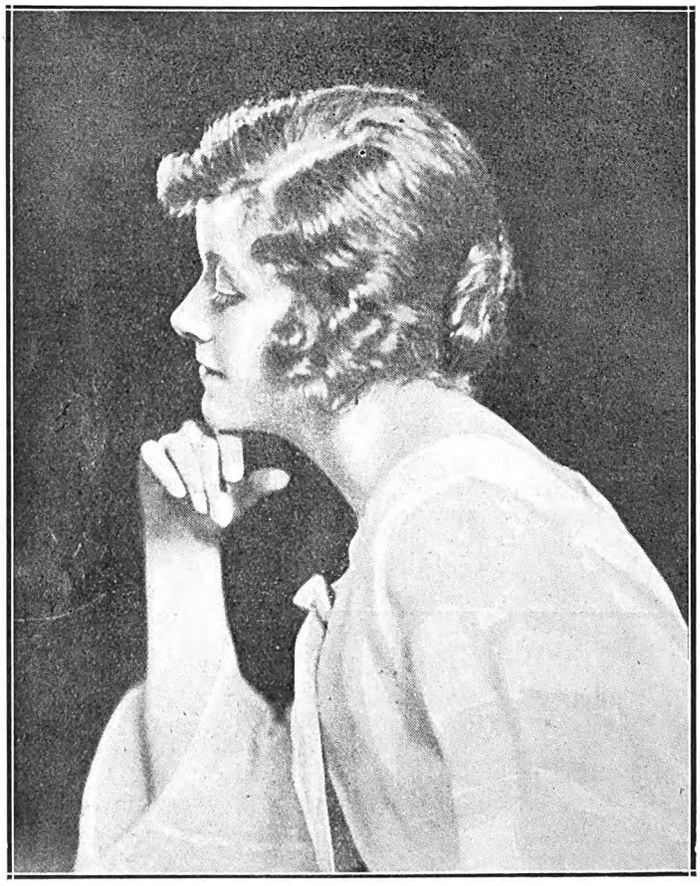
Do you think Cinderella would find a place? Children—we all are at heart—it would indeed be a sad day if we forgot that beautiful childhood story, its romance and its appeal with a real Prince Charming.

Sir J. M. Barrie is a "grown-up," but he still loves to play in fantastical mood with the stories of the kiddies, with the imaginations of childhood. Did I say he had "grown up"? Nay, rather in his exquisite delicacy of touch and his subtle humour he is like to one of the denizens of the fairy world, not a fairy exactly, but one of the quaint little gnome figures brimming with fun and humour.

And a "Kiss for Cinderella" at His Majesty's Theatre found me, on Wednesday evening, a child still, a grown-up also, but it touched every chord in those two personalities—the two we all of us own, even if one is pushed in a corner by the matter-of-fact world.

I loved Cinderella, I thrilled to the sound of her voice, as Miss Renée Kelly can thrill one. It is an exquisite voice and it plays on one's emotions as on a harp. I loved her as "Daddy Long-Legs." I adored her as "Cinders." And she is always at her best surrounded by children—seems so at home.

And the Policeman-Prince, Frank Freeman! It is the very best thing Mr. Freeman has done. I held my breath and thought of Tottenham Court Road corner and the London "bobby" when he came on. A perfect make-up. I followed him through the play, watched the suspicious mind of the "arm of the law," trained to think the worst and expect it. Saw his love grow for Cinderella. Then in the Court scene, the humour of his Prince, so Barrie conceived, so Frank Freeman played it. You have to listen very carefully or you miss Barrie as he wanders through his writings. He is elusive as a will-o'-the-wisp and has as light a touch.



Miss Renée Kelly.

There are moments in a "Kiss for Cinderella" when you want to weep; there are moments, many of them, when you laugh.

Take the humble "penny shop" and the misty form of the fairy godmother waking the child; take the King and Queen (salaam to Mr. George Montford and Miss Louisa Kelly, a priceless royal pair), the white-haired artist, Mr. Hylton Allan, the Court scene. I come back to it again and again. I must. The dream of a child, her quaint mind in its homely hankering, seeking after knowledge, lost in her dreams.

Everything, everyone is in the picture. The music?—Exciting, fantastic, fairy tale music, from Mr. Dave Foote's able pen.

The dresses?

There is the misty white of Cinderella's ball dress, cloudy and pure as her hopes and spangled with the dewdrops of youth. There is the Prince in court attire and white wig, such a contrast to the blue of the "bobby," the King and Queen in their royal robes and the court ladies in frilly gowns of delicate shades. And the competitors? Each costume shows the individuality of the lady who desires to marry our Prince.

Did "Cinderella" marry the Prince? Of course, she did.

C.R.

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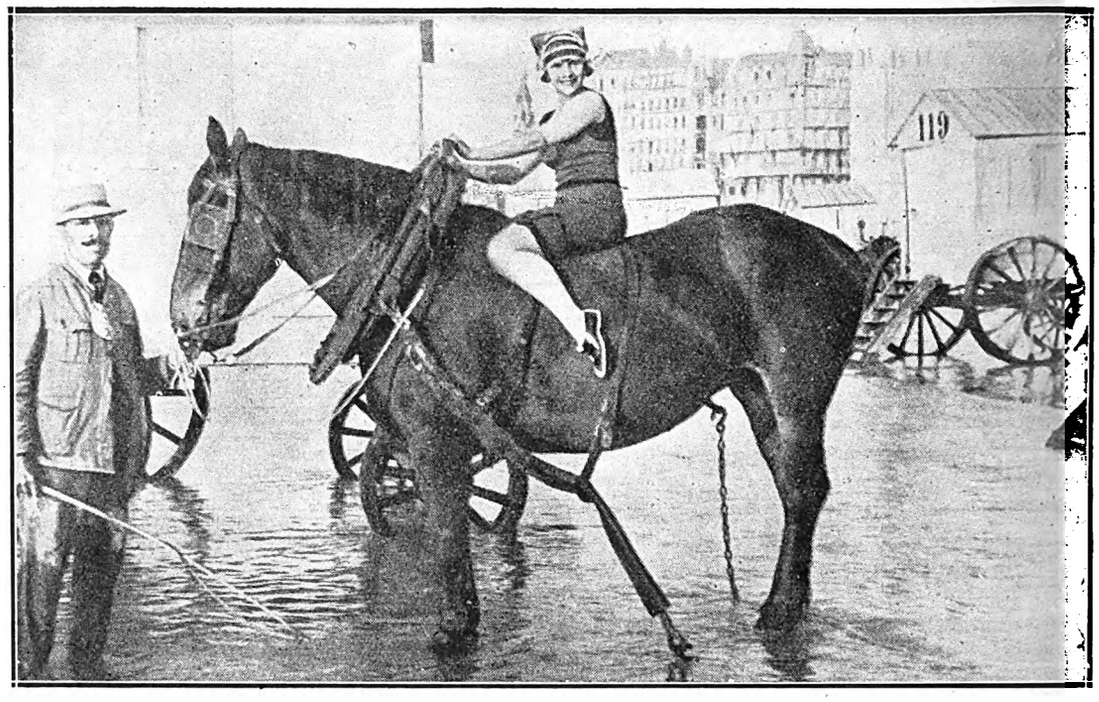
"SALLY"

Have you been to the Alley Inn?

No?

Then you don't know Johannesburg, for since Monday evening that very same inn has become one of the landmarks of Johannesburg. Tall, red brick houses look down on the courtyard where the famous elm tree grows, where the walls are covered oft times with roses, and as contrast with the drawings of messieurs the students who made it their haunt. Just a head, a turn of the pretty ankle, a sporting caricature, done, not for money but for sheer joy of living. And oh! the blue sky (we *were* so thankful to forget the streaming skies outside for a while) and the general gaiety and brightness. Girls, girls everywhere, and good-looking men. And thanks be to Allah, voices—real voices. The singing of the chorus was a great feature throughout.



"Sally" at Ostend.

We are a suspicious crowd—we of the Rand. One notices it more and more forcibly every first night. We wait and weigh up, but then even if we "says it ourselves," our opinion is well worth having! So it was on Monday evening. What a crowded house! Boxes, stalls, circle, gallery standing room, not a space to be had; and after the first few minutes', nay seconds', deliberation we resolved to take "Sally" to our hearts.

And "Sally"? She wore her elephant's tail bracelet "for luck," I noticed, but it was not necessary at all; she won by the sheer force of her youth, of her charm and her very naturalness. A real bouquet to Cécile Maule-Cole.

Then Rosie, impertinent, warm-hearted loving Rosie, how she kept the big-hearted Otis in hand. Very charming did Kathleen Yates look, and her dancing and that of Cécile was a real joy.

Then "our Tommy," Mr. Pauncefort of that ilk, who had all the burdens of production on his shoulders, as well as his part of "Constantine, Grand Duke of Czechogovina." And the Duke behaved like the perfect gentleman he always is, and received a right royal reception which one could see touched him deeply. Tommy has lost not one whit of his humour since we saw him last; he has gained, if that be possible. A born comedian there is nothing forced about his work, and he appears to enjoy himself as much as the audiences.

He was ably backed up by Billy Holland, a new—to us—comedian, who took the part of "Otis Hooper." Billy has a wide, infectious smile, is six foot of young manhood and so appeals to the ladies, and knows how to get the laughs. His was a really fine performance and a feature of the play.

"Mrs. Ten Brock," our friend Rita Reuas, was also warmly welcomed by the audience, and looked exceedingly regal and splendid in her wonderful gowns.

Gowns? Just dreams, my dears; I am only sorry I told you about them last week, and I would love to do so all over again did space permit. The gowns are simply magnificent and really the very finest we have seen on the stage in South Africa. As a prominent knight sitting near me said, "It's a little bit of old London."

Dear me, such a lot to tell you of.

Eric Greatbatch as the hero, "Blair Farquhar," sang well and acted with all the ease of the accomplished artist. He has a splendid voice which he knows how to use.

"Sally," Bruce Milward, Yvette Cochrane, Arthur Warren, Katie Yates and Tommy Sleigh.

Then there was Arthur Warren, "James Spelvin," who danced and sang well, "Pops Shendorff," Guy Saunders, who made all too short appearances, but who had also all the duties of stage director on his shoulders. There were the guests at the Alley Inn, the dancers, the Rodney Hudson Octette of Empire Girls, the—it is terribly difficult to get everything set down in cold ink and print.

I want to tell you of the ballet. Deep blue sky, and the stars were out, the dewdrops sparkled on every tree and made a network of fairy lace overhead. On the platform at the Follies Roof Garden came the ballet. Butterflies, with drooping wings that revived in the night air, but oh, so wonderful! Lovely girls transformed for the nonce into the most exquisite denizens of the air. Large wings shining with all the shades of the rainbow, painted by the hands of the gnomes and pixies, surely, and spreading them wide, the Grey Bat, Miss Rita Reuas, a stately figure of the night. Then the dancers in their fairylike swansdown gowns.

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We grow young again as we see it—a glimpse into another land.

Oh! yes, then of course the garden, with its quaint old-fashioned box hedges and trees carved into fantastic shapes, where the lights of the golden lanterns shone on the clumps of wistaria while "Sally" danced. And oh, the marble seats gleaming white against the green. And "Sally," in pale green shading to almost white at the corsage, a dainty figure gleaming with diamante and wearing the famous pearls. "Sally," in white satin, embroidered in diamante and pearls and trimmed with bands of white bear fur, sleeves of georgette edged with fur, and the cutest pair of Russian knickers in green and gold tucked inside her white kid boots.

Then just let me tell you of her dressing room, which is just how a dressing room of a great dancer ought to look, you know; rose pink everywhere and large baskets of flowers, rose and gilt and the gold of "Sally's" hair and the rose of her cheeks and gown.

And the little church round the corner—a wonderful set—where with the wedding bells pealing out we say good-bye to "Sally" and to "Blair," to "Mrs. Ten Brock" and to the "Count," to "Otis" and "Rosie"; goodbye, with promises to come another day, very very soon.

I had only one feeling of regret in the whole performance. I missed Dave Foote and the tall, fair, new musical director, Mr. Frederick Shaw, who came with the company from England, seemed strange somehow. Not that we shall not like him, but he is not Dave—part of the Empire to us.

The music, it is very pretty, and soon all Johannesburg, then later, all South Africa, will be singing "The Silver Lining," "Sally," "Wild Rose," "The Sknitza-Komisski," the "Lorelei," and the "Little Church Round the Corner"; you can't help it, they make you want to lift up what little voice you may have and imagine yourself a Caruso or Patti.

The Mayor of Johannesburg (Councillor Walters) was in a box with some of the other councillors; Mr. N. O. Curry was entertaining Mr. and Mrs. R. F. McCall and Miss O. Jackson in another. On the opposite side were Mr. and Mrs. Ted Marks, Major Butler and Mr. L. Lavenstein, and in the stage box Lady Oppenheimer had a party. Mr. and Mrs. James Neilson had Mr. Kelsey with them. And looking up to the ceiling there was tier upon tier of boxes filled with people. And the stalls? Yes, and dress circle and gallery hundreds more.

So we of Johannesburg welcomed "Sally" and her friends. "Sally," amid her baskets of flowers, with smiling faces all round her. *C.R.*

* * * * * *

After the theatre we all went to the Carlton Hotel, where there was an impromptu souper dansant in honour of the "Sally" Co.

"Sally" came with her mother, Mrs. Maule-Cole, and looked very charming in a delightful gown of pink and gold embossed tissue with two large flounces of rose ostrich feathers. They were being entertained by Sir Harry Graumann, and in the party were Miss Kathleen Yates in silver tissue and blue ostrich feather trimming, Mr. S. Alexander, Monsieur du Beys, the Belgian Consul-General, and Mr. Wilson, an American visitor.

There were tables full of joyous girls and boys, and Mr. and Mrs. "Tommy" Pauncefort were with Mr. Billy Holland and Miss Louvain. Mrs. Pauncefort (Miss Rita Reuas) looked very elegant in black embroidered in coloured beads, and I did so adore the wonderful bracelet of French paste she wore. Enquiry gleaned the fact that it had been a gift from her mother-in-law and was fashioned in 1630. There is only one other like it, and that is stored in the Marie Antoinette gallery of the Baron de Savigny's castle. Mr. and Mrs. Ambrose Barker came over from Krugersdorp for a party cabaret and, together with Mr. and Mrs. R. F. McCall, were the guests of Mr. N. O. Curry, in whose party was also Miss Olive Jackson. Peggy's gown of gold tissue with rose skirt embossed in gold was very delightful—and very short. But then Peggy can wear them that way, you know. It was a bright and merry evening and a success, as all the Carlton dances are. One looks forward to Friday evenings and to the treat in the shape of an odd one now and again thrown in "for luck."

Miss Freda Godfrey.

Miss Freda Godfrey opens at the Standard Theatre on May 18th with a fine company, many of its members having come from England to support her. Miss Godfrey is sure of a very hearty welcome from South Africans, who all love her charming personality and her fine acting.

Do You Know That—

Dave Marvel, who does such wonderful solo dancing in "The Clown," an incident of the Palladium revue, "Sky High," who earns the plaudits of crowded houses every evening, is in reality a tragic figure doing his best to "carry on." For Dave, since an attack of typhoid fever, is deaf and dumb and cannot hear the music he dances to nor the applause of his admirers, few of whom know of or realise his great handicap.

Gwen Farrar, "our South African Gwen," has taken over the management of the Little Theatre, London. Good luck, Gwen.

Arthur Klein has gone into partnership with Irene Magley, who will be remembered as having played with Monty Woolf in South Africa, but the Australian theatrical papers are not too enthusiastic about the new act. Woolf has joined the Ward forces.

Many bouquets are thrown at the Original Dewars for their marvellous gymnastic act. From "over there" comes also news of the Harris family, and the latest addition, a small boy of twelve, comes in for some good notices. So the family has now grown to five people, instead of four, for the only concert in which the youngster took part in South Africa was of the amateur variety and took place at the Cape. Even then he scored a big success, I heard at the time.

Alice Terry, who has really brown hair, you know, seldom is seen with it, for she wears a blonde wig always before the camera.

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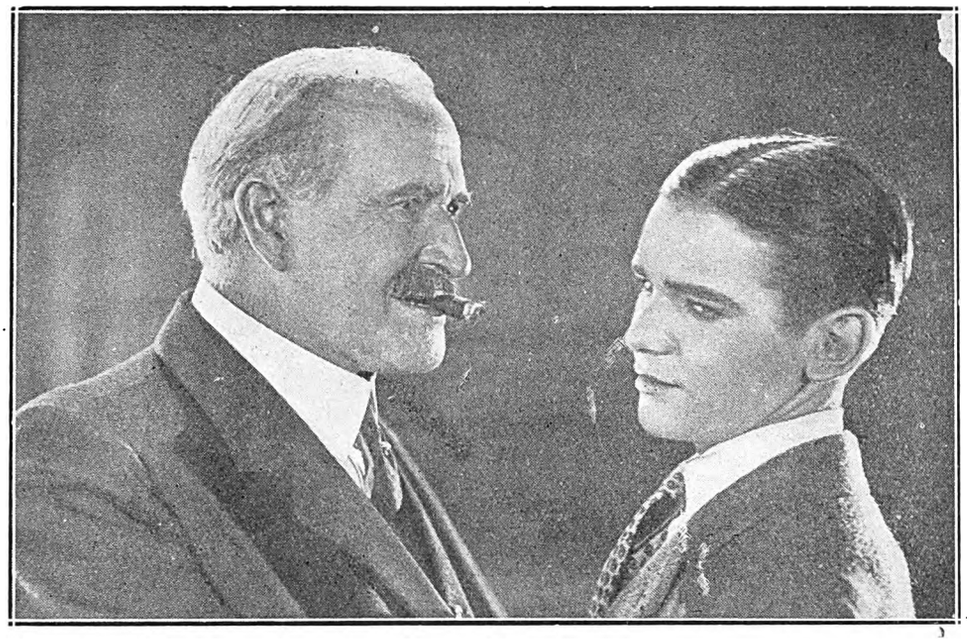

Theodore Roberts and Douglas Fairbanks, junior.

Douglas Fairbanks, Junior.

So much to tell you of "Stephen Steps Out," which is coming to the Grand, Capetown, on the 14th, 15th and 16th May, and you will all be intensely interested in it, because it is Douglas Fairbanks firm's first picture. This is a cinema event of such importance that you can not afford to miss it. Young Douglas is a real American boy, who will win the heart of anyone, anywhere, and he is only 13. This is what he told me about himself.

"Books are the best friends I have next to my dog. Every boy likes to have adventures, but this isn't always practical. The next best thing to really doing things like riding broncos and sailing boats in the South Seas is reading about them. I get all kinds of inspiration for acting from the books I read. They have been lots of help to me in my first picture, 'Stephen Steps Out.'

"I have lots of adventures in this picture. I go to Turkey and get imprisoned, but break out and rescue the Sultan's son from the cell next to mine. It is almost as good fun as really doing these things. But most boys don't have these opportunities to play at having adventures amid Oriental surroundings. But they can read stories and get almost as much of a thrill.

"Although I am playing in pictures, I still find time to do lots of reading. I think every boy should read as many books as possible, even though he does have to work hard at school.

"The books I like best are 'Treasure Island,' 'Huckleberry Finn' and 'The Three Musketeers.' Every boy should read them, for all have thrills of their own."

Douglas, jun., has a generous boyish nature and sunny disposition, and there is no doubt he is a natural born actor with undoubted talent matching his ambition.

In the cast also is Theodore Roberts, the "grand old man" of the screen, and a strong support, which includes Harry Myers, Noah Beery and Frank Currier.

"The Covered Wagon."

What is the most vital period in American history?

There may be division of opinion between the Revolution, the Civil War, the winning of the West, and so on, but certainly the last named has had a tremendous bearing upon the development of the American nation.

The hardy pioneers who wrested from the earth the yellow metal, the sacrifices made by the homeseekers who braved the hardships and perils of the miles of prairie, mountain and river to gain the western promised land—these facts bulk large in the development of America.

One of the greatest photoplays ever made, will be the popular verdict when the motion picture public sees James Cruze's colossal Paramount production, "The Covered Wagon," which will be the feature at the Bijou Theatre, Johannesburg, next Monday.

The features embraced in this story are many and varied and include, among others, the start of 350 covered wagons from Westport Landing (now Kansas City) in 1848. The terrors of fording freshet rivers, prairie fires and the like are depicted with great realism. A buffalo hunt is one of the most exciting scenes. Old Fort Bridger, with a night attack and fight by day with Indians, is shown. The dividing of the trails to Oregon and California at old Fort Hall, a touch of the gold fever in California, magnificent mountain shots and a culmination of the romance with the establishment of one of the first homesteads in Oregon—these are all incidents in a picture that bristles with big scenes.

A scene from "The Covered Wagon."

Character-

'KIWI' BOOT POLISH proclaims character. On the street, in car or train, you can easily distinguish boots and shoes dressed with 'Kiwi' by their glass-like lustre and excellent condition. 'Kiwi' is the *one* quality polish which prolongs *wear* in footwear.

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one size only

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Thistledown and Thunder.

A Higgledy-Piggledy Diary.

By Hector Bolitho.

The writer has come to the age when memory is failing him, and he rescues incidents and impressions from the passing torrent before it is too late.

This series of articles, which may continue for far longer than either you or he may wish, is an effort to set down all the things he hadn't the time or the courage to write in the years the locusts have eaten; in New Zealand, Fiji, Samoa, Tonga, Australia, Italy, France, the parent England . . . and now Africa.

CHAPTER IX.

September 1924.

A dull day and a bright evening! I went to see Leon M. Lion at his office in the Adelphi. People have only got to live in the Adelphi for me to like them. It is strange that when I came to London, the Adelphi was the only place in which I wanted to live, and it is the only place where I haven't lived. Leon M. Lion is a quiet man who reveals his tenderness and appreciation of beauty slowly. First of all he is the business man. Then he becomes the actor, and then, if you are worth it, he becomes the real Leon M. Lion, far more shy than the other two, and far more wonderful. He has brought many good shows to the West End, and he has also brought the first Karen Bramson play to London. I met Madam Karen Bramson in his office. Her play, "Tiger Cats," opened at the Garrick only a day or two ago, and I am told that Edith Evans is marvellous. Madam Bramson has bidden me to tea with her at her flat to-morrow. She is a Dane born, wooed to maturity in Paris. Now could anything be more perfect than a Danish physique, nurtured in Paris and English just spoken with little faults and tricks . . . for it is at its best when it is half spoken by a foreigner. She is very charming, very beautiful, very everything. She is one of those women with whom I fall in love at sixty miles an hour. They whirl me off my feet and leave a trembling, terrified wreck. But I musn't let my diary become too intimate. I musn't be the Marie Mashkirtseff of my day.

To-day I met Frank Freeman . . . in Hylton Allen's dressing-room at the Coliseum. Hylton Allen is married to Renée Kelly, and he is a rather unspoiled, delightfully untheatrical actor. Of Frank Freeman! I saw him play in the "Maid of the Mountains" in Australia . . . dear me, that seems a long time ago! It was the first show I saw in Australia . . . a wet night . . . a poor Hector Bolitho . . . a climb up to the gallery and then a rather cheeful, decorative show.

I met Renée Kelly also. She is very pink and charming and sweet, and she has that little . . . what do they call it?—"Human quality" . . . that's it . . . that is rather refreshing after you've met all the terribly unreal people of the stage. I've had quite a theatrical day. To-night into Miss Constance Collier's dressing-room . . . God, it is a joy to talk to a woman like that! She is capable of pretension only to pretenders, and I think that is right. I could not pretend to her. She makes you feel that you can be gloriously free—say and think as you please—and yet all the time I want to be terribly charming to her . . . I mean more charming than to anybody else.

September 20, 1924.

The Spanish novelist, Vincente Blasco Ibanez, has announced his intention of going to Australia for colour and inspiration for a new novel. Although he has lived and worked in the Old World, which has always been the pulse of art and literature, he is turning his pen towards the "new" southern lands whither so many writers have travelled in recent years.

I feel that there is a great significance behind this trend to southern countries. Perhaps the Old World is really "old" and perhaps, for some writers, the pulse of inspiration has moved south to the undiscovered places and uncharted seas. It is certain that many of the great books of the last thirty years have been written by men who shook off the manacles of civilisation in the Old World to roam in the romantic South.

Stevenson went that way, and his South Sea Island books glow with the colour of Samoa and other such places. Rupert Brooke went South, and his poetry took on a glorious new note when the cool, adventurous breezes of the Pacific enriched its setting.

One of the great novels of the last two years, Alexander Teixeira de Mattos' translation of "The Hidden Force," by Louis Couperus, drew its material from Java, where, I believe, the author lived for some years.

Joseph Hergesheimer left America and went to Cuba to write last year's great travel book, "San Cristobal de la Habana," and in a different way Robert Keable broke into the silence of Africa to write "Simon Called Peter" and "The Mother of All Living."

Then he went to Australia, New Zealand and Tahiti, from which places he has just returned to London, rich with material.

Mr. D. H. Lawrence's new novel, "Kangaroo," is a bitter but interesting Australian novel with the most perfect descriptions of the native bush I have ever read. Katherine Mansfield wrote most of her stories about New Zealand, where she was born.

And now Ibanez has announced that he is going to Australia to write a novel. Mr. Joseph Conrad, who is not English born, has written some of our greatest English novels. Perhaps we shall have to call on the Spaniard, Ibanez, to write the great novel of the South.

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Next Week's Theatre Calls.

FOR WEEK COMMENCING MONDAY, MAY 11, 1925.

Tivoli, Capetown.—(Opening 13th May) The Van Delfts, Morris & Vane, Wilma & Garcia.
His Majesty's, Johannesburg.—Renee Kelly and Full London Company in "A Kiss for Cinderella."
Empire, Johannesburg.—The New London Company in the great song and dance show, "SALLY." Produced by Thomas Pauncefort.
Orpheum, Johannesburg.—Van Cello & Mary, Trent & Sadie.
Grand, Pretoria.—Dio Pia, Bradley & Hamilton.
Criterion, Benoni.—Rupert Hazell & Co., Astor & Astoria.
Criterion, Durban.—The Femina Quartette, Mdlle. Margo, Ross, Barker and McLennan.
Vaudette, Bloemfontein.—(Opening Tuesday, 12th May) Frank Fay & Dixie Lady, Les Augustines.
Vaudette, Krugersdorp.—(Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday) Grant & Faber, Irene Forde.
Apollo, Germiston.—(Thursday, Friday and Saturday) Grant & Faber, Irene Forde.
Grand, Port Elizabeth.—(Opening Tuesday, 12th May) Barker & Wynne, Harrisa Bros.
Opera House, Capetown.—Iris Hoey and her Company in their repertoire.

Charles Jones Says:

Some fellows are so carelessly free that they could not lose a bass drum.

* * * * * *

A man overtaken by work rarely takes to it .

* * * * * *

A bachelor and his freedom are sometimes parted.

* * * * * *

Some women hate men so much that they marry them out of sheer revenge.

* * * * * *

The largest figures in married life are only too often the figures that are missing from the bank account.

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VAUDEVILLE.

Wilma and Garcia, who opened at the Tivoli, Capetown, on May 6th, got a hearty welcome.

Wilma is the schoolmaster and Garcia is the unfortunate lad who is always just missing the cane by inches and—but I shan't tell you more than that because you will soon be seeing the turn for yourselves.

These two are people of infinite experience. Mr. Wilma's first appearance on the stage was as a youth of twelve, when he toured with a production called Casey's Court. From this troupe, which was made up of about thirty boys no older than the young Wilma, several eminent artists well known now to fame have sprung. Casey's Court company included such men—or boys, as they were in those days—as Hal Jones, Harry Beasly, and, most important of all, the great Charlie Chaplin. Each boy did a special turn or took part in small playlets.

"I well remember Chaplin," said Mr. Wilma. "He was a small, slim, dark boy with a mop of black curls. He used to do the most exquisite burlesque of Dr. Bodie, a well-known doctor of the day, who was very interested in electrolosis. The applause he received at the end of this act nearly brought down the roof. He always stood out from the rest of us by the very excellence of his work. He was very quiet and shy and never tried to push himself into the limelight. And yet we always felt that he was irrevocably marked down for fame. His mature genius of to-day has fulfilled the great promise of his early years, and I do not think there is any man alive to-day who played in 'Casey's Court' who would grudge Chaplin his splendid success."

Garcia is the younger person in this "School Days" act. He is seventeen, but look about twelve. The circumstances which led to his becoming an actor are extraordinary.

"I had always wanted to go on the stage, even when I was a little chap," he told me, "but I never thought it would be possible. I remember that every Friday afternoon another boy and I—we were both about eleven at the time—used to write plays and act them before the whole school. Fridays were the days to which all my weeks went running, as you may suppose.

"But I left school soon after that and became attached as messenger boy to the District Messenger Company. Then one day a letter arrived at the office from the great Herman Darewski, which told the manager to send round to his theatre the smallest and cheekiest boy in the force. The manager did not hesitate a minute, but send me round at once. My, I was proud, I can tell you! It appeared that Mr. Darewski wanted a messenger boy in one of his acts, and he gave me the lines to read. Evidently he was pleased at the way I spoke them, for I got the part immediately and was sent home to study it.

"Later, he gave me more small parts in his revue, which was called 'Listening In,' and was played in London a few years ago.

"After that I went on tour to Australia for a year, and since I have got back to England I have been working the school boy act which Mr. Wilma and I are showing now.

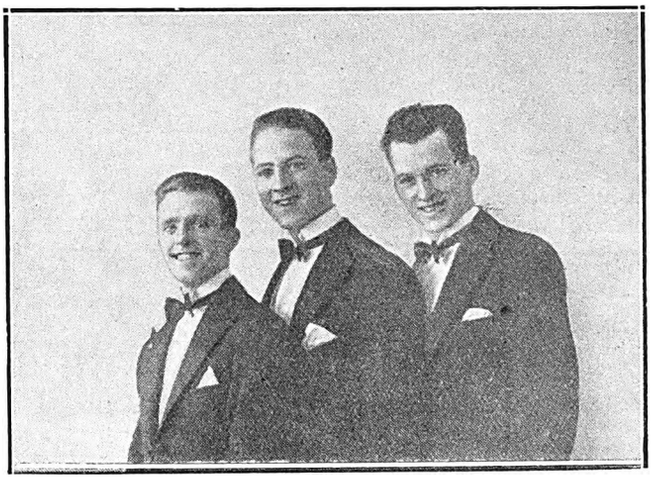
Alfred Garcia is probably the one boy in the world who has had the eerie experience of being in the den with a lion. It was while he was playing in "Listening In" in Sheffield that he visited Bostock and Wombwell's Great Circus and saw a trainer enter the cage of the lions. His boyish desire to do likewise was overheard by a Sheffield manufacturer, who offered him £50 if he would stand by what he had said.

Now, young Garcia happened to have a crippled sister at home, and he knew she badly needed the money for an operation which would cure her. So he consented.

Two days afterwards he stepped into the lion's cage. The lion was so enraged with the antics of a Bengal tiger in the adjoining cage that he jumped right over the boy's head after he had been there about two minutes. Garcia described it as a "nasty moment," but he seems to have got over the shock pretty quickly, and soon after he pocketed his precious fifty pounds and was able to see his sister well and strong again because of it.

This adventure is one that does not occur to many boys, and I can imagine Garcia relating the blood-curdling theme to boys in South Africa with great gusto and the usual nonchalance which prevails in the boy-world.

Ross, Barker and McLennan will be seen at the Orpheum, Johannesburg, the week beginning May 4th. All three boys are jazz specialists and have had tremendous receptions at the Empire during their stay there. The story of how they were first signed on by J. C. Williamson's for a tour through Australia and New Zealand makes interesting reading. It was Madame Melba who procured them their contract. She gave a large function at her beautiful home, Coombe Cottage, Victoria, at which she asked



them to play. There were 300 guests, including the Governor-General, and the fun continued until daybreak, Ross, Barker and McLennan playing jazz music for the dancing as well as giving an entertainment during supper. Coombe Cottage is one of the finest residences in Australia, having cost a million and a half pounds to complete. There is a tremendous swimming bath all tiled in the most exquisite shades of pervenche blue, and the gardens are truly wonderful. It was then that Madame Melba, delighted with their work, took such a personal interest in them, that they were well started on their career.

It is safe to say that they play jazz as it has never been played before in South Africa.

Grant and Faber, opening at the Criterion, Durban, on May 4th, are a specialty dancing act. Faber, whose real name, by the way, is George William Monkman, toured this country many years ago with Park's Eton Boys. He has been for the past eight years on the music halls as a coon singer and dancer, and has also been in musical comedy and revue as a dancer.

"I had a funny experience once when playing Man Friday," he told me. "The cannibals tied me to the stake and were ready to strike me with their clubs. Of course, that was Crusoe's clue to come on and save me. Well, she did not come on, and the cannibals and myself were left in a striking pose for nearly five minutes, and we had all started to dry up when at last she arrived and slew the helplessly laughing savages. I am very proud of one thing, and that is, I was trained as a dancer by the late Eugene Stratton."

Eddie Grant, who was born at Brighton, received his first training as a tumbler cyclist and made his first appearance with the Italian Variety Theatres at Genoa. This was

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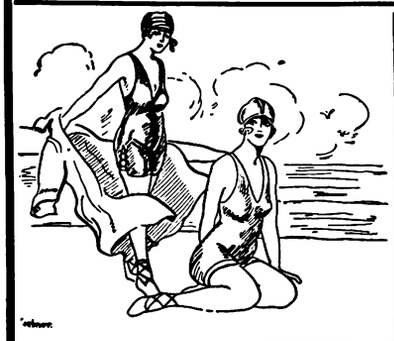
Capetown and Peninsula Comfort Centres.



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in 1911, and he will not forget it too soon, for he slipped into the orchestra and was picked up for dead. It took him two months to recover, and then he decided that dancing was an easier life, and since then he has danced his way almost round the world, doing cabaret work and giving exhibitions. "I am a wee bit superstitious," he owns, "for I was born on the 13th, which is supposed to be an unlucky day, but proved to be very lucky for me. My wife and I were working a dancing show at the Grand Theatre, Madrid, and finished our contract on the 13th February, 1920. We were going on to San Sebastian, but staying a few days in Madrid, had left all our properties, etc., including scenery, at the theatre. Now our dressing-room was No. 13, had 13 steps leading to it. The police woke me about five o'clock in the morning and told me to come to the theatre at once as it was on fire. When I got there it was almost gutted to the ground, but No. 13 dressing-room was unhurt, the only one, and we got all our stuff out safely."

Carmel Myers is wearing the latest in vampire wigs in that wonderful production, "Ben Hur." It is of pure white silk and is made of more than a million strands.

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The Magic Lady.

An Interview with Mademoiselle Margo.

"Oh, but not viz a T. You mus' not spell my name viz a T!" said Mademoiselle Margo, as I wrote her name at the top of my note-book page. "Voyez, zey vill call me *Margotte*, and prrrrronounce ze T if you do that. I am plain Margo—and yet, not so ver' plain, yes? No?"

That, of course, is a rhetorical question and need not be answered by me. Mademoiselle Margo herself will answer it in South Africa.

This is not the first time she has been to South Africa. Oh, dear, no. She had a very successful tour there in 1912. That was a fateful year in her widely exciting career. She was travelling South with her husband on the same boat with the Sultan of Morocco, and that gentleman was so intrigued with her charms that he offered her husband twenty-five thousand pounds if he would sell Mademoiselle Margo. However, husband and wife nobly refused the offer, but the Sultan took his disappointment very well and presented Mademoiselle Margo with a diamond bracelet in memory of the occasion. She has it still and always wears it on the stage when she is doing her illusions.

Mademoiselle Margo is a Frenchwoman to her finger tips, and she has the eye, as the Frenchmen say. She has infallible good taste in dress, and there is no trick in the world that she is not able to discover almost at a glance.

Of course, she is the only lady illusionist in the world who works her own act, and she is very naturally proud of the fact.

Her act is universally acclaimed as being as near perfection as anything ever is. The Continent does a very good share of the acclaiming.

Mademoiselle Margo is the first member of the stage to praise whole-heartedly the audiences in the North of England, those dour towns which so very rarely laugh, and where it is raining always. (I think the inhabitants would die immediately from extreme shock if the sun ever shone in Manchester, for instance.)

"Oh, but yes—I like zose North towns of yours ver' much! London—yes, she is all right. She makes what you call ze fuss of you, she is kind and 'appy-go-lucky. She likes to make you feel at 'ome. But ze North—ah, vraiment, you mus' worrrrk in the North—worrrrrk ver' hard to make zem laugh. And what an achievement to make ze North audiences approve! It is only zen zat you know you are ze beeg artiste, oui. It is what I call ze school-rrrroom of theatrical England."

I suppose it is fairly obvious that Mademoiselle Margo is a Frenchwoman. Though she has been speaking English for so long, she has never become perfect in the language. That, for her audiences, has been more of a delight than a disappointment. It endears her to them immediately.

This vivacious little lady was born in a little village in Provençe, in France, and it is her delight to sketch the place of her birth and tell amusing little stories about the peasant life there.

"Som' day, I vill go back and live in Provençe—if I do not decide to live in Devonshire," she says in her pretty French-English. "But I lov' my horses and my dogs, and I could not have those in Provençe. I am just coming back to the stage after a long two years' retirement at my shooting box in Devonshire, and I am sorrowed at leaving it. Yet I am glad to be coming back to my public which 'as been so kind to me. And much, much more than glad will I be to make my re-appearance in South Africa, where I was so 'appy. Maybe I shall ride horses there—along the veldt, as I rrrremember doing last time I was there. Maybe, too, I shall have a dog there, too, and then I shall need nothing else to complete my happiness. I 'ave been all rrrround the worrrrld and there are ver' few places I would rather revisit than South Africa Ehé, and zey shall have new trrricks which I 'ave collected on my travels in other countries. I 'ave the great new trrrick of the glass jug which vill pour out vatever drrrink the audiences wish. Maybe, too, I shall again do my old trrrrick of ze floating lady, which has had so much success. Tell zem, vill you not, zat I grrreet zem all in South Africa!"

Mademoiselle Margo grrrrrreets you, then, in a sweet and happy voice in which the "R's" roll about like marbles.

"The Pale Lily."

Cassie Cook, *alias* Miss Preston, "a novelist seeking local colour," was in desperate straits.

She stood with her back to the window of Captain Jarvis' little office at the abandoned mine in Hang Chow, China. Near the table stood Captain Jarvis. In the door stood Ming Wong, beautiful daughter of Dr. Li.

"The Pale Lily," said Ming Wong, slowly, "stole—your—letter!"

Captain Jarvis looked at "Miss Preston," Her eyes blazed superiority at the Oriental girl. One could hardly look at this white lady and question her, even though the Oriental girl's eyes were narrowed to angry slits.

"Why—what can she be talking about?" asked Miss Preston.

Captain Jarvis turned to the Chinese girl.

"You must be mistaken," he said calmly, "now go."

Ming Wong left, holding her head up proudly at this rebuke from the man she loved, and another dramatic chapter was written into the story of China and its great curse, opium.

. . . . . .

Just when you are getting really excited over the story, it is a shame to tell you that you must go to the Grand Bioscope, Capetown, on May 11th, 12th and 13th, to see the details when "Drifting," a Universal Jewel, will be shown, with Priscilla Dean as the star.

A scene from "Drifting."

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Fashions on the Films.

Styles, like stories, originate from suggestion, aided by imagination. Miss Chaffin, who is the chief fashion designer of the Paramount West Studio, put on her thinking cap and designed some lovely gowns for Miss Gloria Swanson in "Bluebeard's 8th Wife."

She happened to see a Russian Street gown of novel design, and so she devised from it these three unique gowns.

The first is a biege gabardine cape coat, into which she worked the straight Russian lines, the loose blouse and somewhat tight fur collar piece of raccoon.

The second creation designed is a taupe gabardine street suit with a jacquette designed in the loose fitting Russian style. With sleeves bound at the wrists and a slight sag at the shoulders. The turban, while not of fur, is designed exactly after the Russio-Petrograd fur which adorns Miss Valdemar's head.

For the last of her three creations for Miss Swanson, Miss Chaffin adapted the broad band circling the hips, still clinging to the loose-fitting blouse and straight lines. She also "borrowed" the swagger stick, although not quite so large as that of the Russian miss.

Thus, from a single quaint Russian street dress, does the world receive three creations doubtless foreordained to become popular among the feminine sex of this country.

"Hanging" the seven wives of "Bluebeard" for scenes in "Bluebeard's 8th Wife" proved to be a costly operation for the Paramount West Coast studio.

Conceded to be one of the most remarkable scenes in the picture is that when Gloria Swanson, the star, dreams the fable that has lived for ages, of "Bluebeard," who took his wives to a dark chamber, where he hanged them, one by one.

Seven of the most beautiful girls in Hollywood are seen as the seven wives in the modernized version of the ancient fable, which was adapted to the screen by Sada Cowan from the play by Alfred Savoir, and which comes to the Orpheum Theatre next Monday, May 11th.

When it was necessary to make the scenes of the seven wives hanging by their necks, Director Sam Wood became thoughtful. Hanging seven girls is a ticklish affair, for a slip might mean serious injury to one of them.

A scene from "Bluebeards 8th Wife."

Not desiring to risk the lives of the girls, Mr. Wood engaged Milba K. Lloyd, celebrated English sculptress, who made a wax model of each. These models were used in the hanging scenes, but were so like the originals that the difference could not be distinguished and—since it was a vision Miss Swanson was having—they did as well as the originals would have done.

"Sally" on the Screen.

Just as "Sally" made her first appearance in Johannesburg, the picture version was finished in America. So highly had the First National Co. thought of the play that they bought the film rights as a starring vehicle for Miss Colleen Moore.

"Sally," under the banner of the Ziegfield management, played for seventy odd weeks of unwavering success on Broadway, and now will be perpetuated on the silver screen.

Miss Colleen Moore.

Colleen Moore made up her mind that her "Sally" should stand out on the screen with all the sartorial loveliness that went with its original creation, and which has been reproduced so faithfully in the South African version. To this end she spent much time and effort, and as for money—well, that's a story that is spoken of in hushed tones.

It is in the garden fête scenes where the little Sally of the Elm Alley Inn blossoms out as the notorious Nookerova, Russian danseuse, that the gowns play their important part, and in view of the beautiful gowns at the Empire it is interesting to hear about them.

Colleen Moore had her own ideas about the costume in which she was to do her dance number, and all of the wardrobe experts and designers and milliners on the United lot were called to her aid. From Miss Moore's own designs they assembled a ravishing garment of turquoise blue panne velvet trimmed in rhinestones and silver braid. Around the bottom of the skirt and the sleeves are wide bands of platinum fox. The hat is of silver net trimmed with rhinestones and aigrettes. Silver boots complete the effect. To add a touch of distinctiveness Miss Moore carries a silver net handkerchief with a band of ostrich around the border.

It is in this particular costume that Sally, posing as Nookerova, performs her Russian dance at the Farquhar lawn fête and achieves the success that later leads to fame, fortune and happiness.

Colleen Moore had rather a nasty accident just as she finished the picture; while working on "The Desert Flower" she fell from a hand-car and had to be put in a plaster caste: it does not do to take any risks, you know, especially when you are in the middle of a big picture. By now we all hope Colleen will be about again, none the worse for the enforced rest.

By the way, I saw a charming picture of her in bed, and as companions she had two of those lovely French dolls that Rene Riano first introduced to us. Hetty King gave one to Iris Hoey, if you remember, on the first night "Clothes and the Woman" was played in Johannesburg. One of Colleen's dolls was her "Sally," of course.

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"THE GREEN GODDESS."

A street scene in the film.

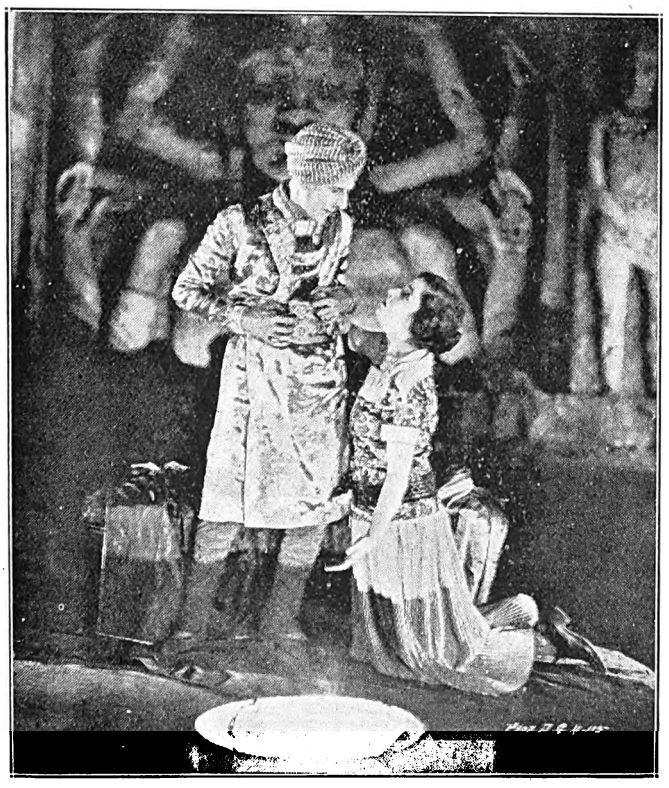
Writing these lines, I am back again, back in a dim temple listening to the mystic wails of the priests as they do obeisance to the six-armed Goddess; living again the moment when the Englishwoman scorns the attention of the Rajah and hearing her gasps of horror as she finds escape impossible.

Then I think more sanely. "Familiarity breeds contempt," they say, and I, even I, have had tea in the Temple of the Green Goddess and have clasped the Rajah by the hand, when George Relph entertained to tea on the stage of His Majesty's, Johannesburg. And now to the Alhambra, Capetown, on the 11th May, and later at the Bijou, Johannesburg, on May 25th, is coming the film "The Green Goddess," and it is one of the most beautiful things we have seen on the screen, and is naturally much fuller of detail than the theatre play.

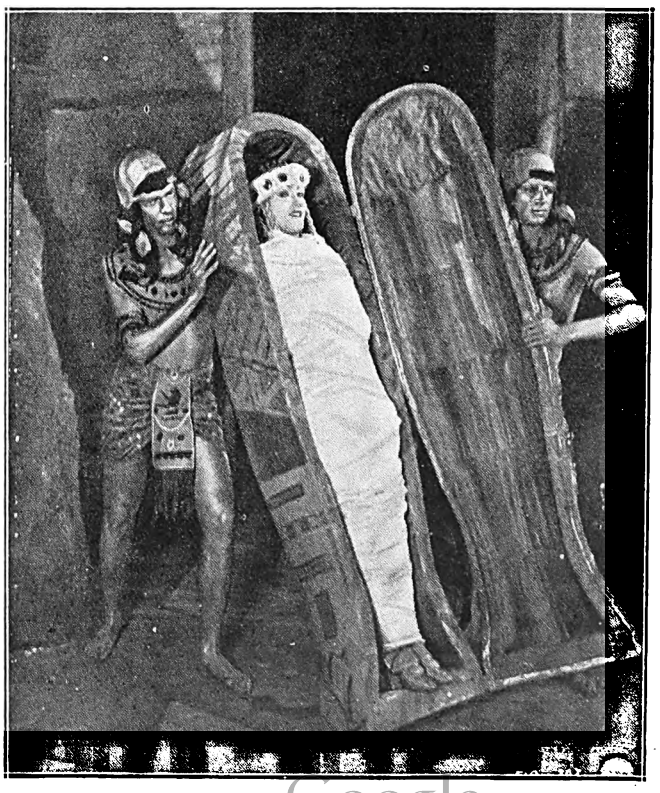
Then there are scenes of Oriental splendour—the audience room of the Rajah's palace, the beautiful dining room, the snuggery of the harem. These sets were designed with keen regard for faithfulness to Indian architecture. The furnishings, hangings and draperies are authentic specimens from Afghanistan, loaned especially for the taking of "The Green Goddess" by the Brooklyn Museum of Art, through the courtesy of Stuart Culin, the curator.

For sheer, compelling melodrama, superbly acted and magnificently set, nothing has ever been done to approach this production, and one of the greatest stage and screen actors of the generation, Mr. George Arliss, plays the part of "the Rajah of Rukh."

Having attained recognition as an inimitable portrayer of spoken parts, Mr. Arliss has within a very brief span of years leaped into the forefront of motion picture stars. His tremendous success on the screen is doubtless due to his absolute belief in the screen as a medium for the finest type of acting. He did not go into motion pictures for material gain—although his salary equals that of any other present day star—but for their possibility in permitting him to develop his art of mimicry to the maximum.



Pleading for her husband's life.



Whose Mummy?

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"A KISS FOR C

The Policeman-Prince,
MR. FRANK FREEMAN.

CINDERELLA'S

The Artist,
MR. HYLTON ALLAN.

The King;
MR. GEORGE MONTFORD.

The
MISS LO

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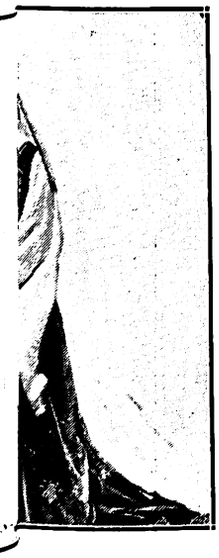
CINDERELLA"

DREAM BALL.

Cinderella.
MISS RENEE KELLY.



hueen,
SA KELLY.

In her ball dress,
CINDERELLA: MISS RENEE KELLY.

The Prince-Policeman,
MR. FRANK FREEMAN.

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These Boys.

AN INTERVIEW WITH VANE AND MORRIS.

By the heading you will imagine that Vane and Morris are partners in a two-man show. But Vane, fortunately, as I am sure you will think when you see their act, has Joy in front of it. Joy Vane and George Morris are known throughout England as a pair of versatile performers who have few equals. They open at the Tivoli, Capetown, on May 13th.

Miss Joy Vane has already played a successful season in South Africa. That was five years ago, when she was with another act. Her husband, Mr. George Morris, has never been to the South before, so she will have to act as Cook's guide to him.

Joy Vane is well known as a principal boy in pantomime. She has played that rôle in no less than nine shows. She admits that she would rather play boy parts than girls'.

"Why? Well, my voice is too deep for me to make a good girl on the stage and, besides, I always feel much happier and more at home as a boy. I should feel like Bert Errol when he dresses up as a woman if I had to wear skirts and long hair on the stage."

However, Miss Vane does not in the least object to being very womanly off stage. In fact, she is very domesticated and can cook and make clothes with the most home-loving housewife in the world.

They both have long careers behind them, these two. Miss Vane's first appearance on the stage was at the age of three, when she played the "accurrrrrrsed chee-ild" in one of the old melodramas. Her father, she told me, was playing the villain's part, and imagine his embarrassment when his small daughter, instead of flying from his pursuing vengeance with frightened baby shrieks, hailed him joyfully with "Daddy, darling daddy."

This versatile little lady has also played most parts in Shakespeare.

I asked her if she thought playing in Shakespeare a good grounding for an actress. She became enthusiastic.

"The best in the world. I have played almost every part in Shakespeare, and I shall never forget my early dramatic experiences. Sometimes I long to leave the vaudeville stage for a while and go back to drama. But, somehow, I don't know—one gets used to the one way of playing and it is hard to change."

Miss Vane has played with the late Wilson Barrett, and has kindly memories of him. She also played Ethel Levy's part in the Shaftesbury production of "Three Cheers." Later, she was with Harry Lauder's Revue. Her uncle, the late Louis Bradfield, was a well-known comedian, so she had an excellent start in the histrionic world.

Mr. Morris, though not so versatile as his volatile wife, has many parts to his credit. He is primarily a singer, and has sung on both the concert and the vaudeville stages. He has sung the leading tenor parts in most of the prominent Oratorios in all parts of England and Scotland. His other parts include the tenor in a light opera called "The Emerald Isle," and "Blodwen" in the Welsh opera of that name.

After he married Miss Vane he played with her in pantomime, and has played all sorts of parts from the "Wolf" in "Little Red Riding Hood," to the "Emperor" in "Aladdin."

Since they have been doing their turn together—the turn called "These Boys," which they are taking with them to South Africa—they have played in all leading music halls in England, including the Alhambra and the Coliseum in London.

Their aim is to play all round the world, and they hope to go on to Australia and America when they leave South Africa.

Their act has a very original musical ending. It is a gentle burlesque on the "Holy Angels" song in "Faust." They do not alter the music at all—being stern adherents to and lovers of classical music—but the words are slightly different from those in Wagner's Opera. They call their act a "classic-chorus-ballad" act because it contains songs from each of these categories.

Miss Vane, besides her acting capacity, is an excellent water colourist, and it has been one of her ambitions all her life to be a journalist. Luckily for the stage, she has not realised this ambition.

The Return of Alice Joyce.

A screen event of no little importance is the return to the screen of the gorgeously beautiful Alice Joyce, in "The Green Goddess," the Distinctive picture starring George Arliss, which is to be shown at the Alhambra Theatre, Capetown, on May 11th, and at the Bijou, Johannesburg, 25th to 30th May.

When Alice Joyce married James B. Regan, Jr., one of the wealthiest young men in New York, she announced she was through with the screen for all time. However, it seems she could not resist the opportunity offered by the excellent part of the young English wife in "The Green Goddess," and it required little persuasion on the part of Arthur S. Friend, president of the Distinctive Pictures Corporation, to have Miss Joyce change her mind, once she had read the scenario.

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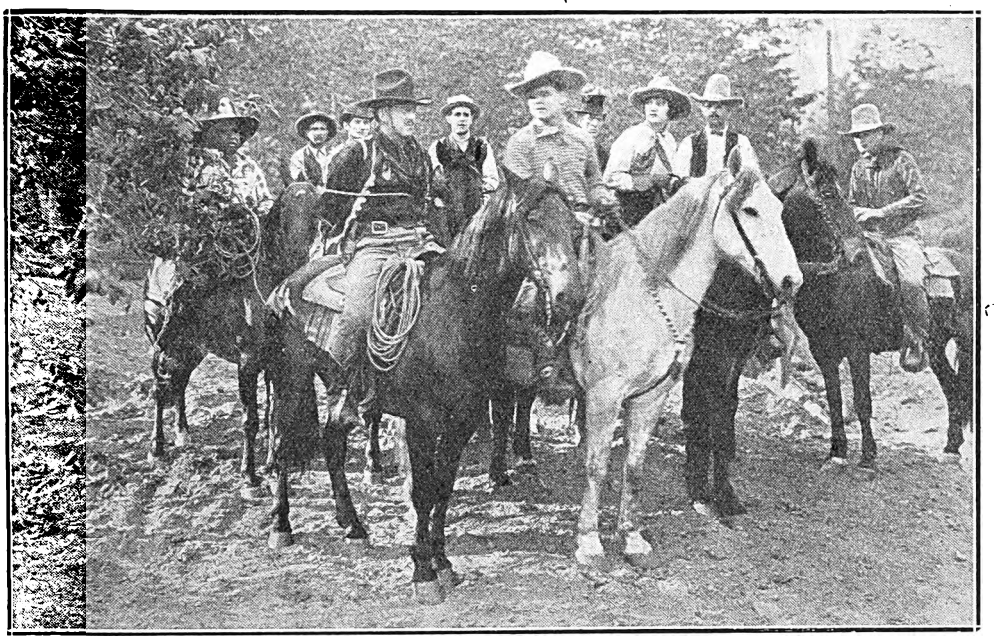

Buck Adams and his Cowboys.

"Rainbow Rangers."

I should like you to meet my friend Buck Adams. He s the head of the "Rainbow Rangers," a little band of nomads of the trail such as you often come across in the Wild West. Each of them had drifted from widely separated walks in life and, one by one, stumbled across each other n their purposeless wanderings. Their mutual enmity for work and genial irresponsibility is the tie which has, thus far, bound them together in an unsworn alliance of "one for all and all for one."

So the story finds them when the film opens at Wolfram's Bioscope, Capetown, on the 14th, 15th and 16th May, and having made you known to each other—Mr. "Buck Adams" in private life Pete Morrison, Rose Warner who is "Peggy Montgomery," and the rest of the cast—the audience, I make my farewell.

Alma Rubens and Gowns.

Next, perhaps, to the joy of wearing lovely clothes must be the designing of them, the weaving together of beautiful clothes into perfect design and line.

Mrs. Greti Thurlow, the talented daughter of the great scenic artist, Joseph Urban, has created the gowns for Miss Alma Rubens, who takes the part of Alicia, Duchess of Delille, in that wonderful film, "Enemies of Women," which is to be shown at the Grand, Pretoria, on May 11th, and at the Apollo, Germiston, on the 18th, 19th and 20th.

Poiret, the great, has carried out the designs in his inimitable style and in a story that fairly blazes colour, passion and emotional fires, the costuming of Alicia, the heroine, is a vital issue in the telling of the story.

So let me tell you of her gowns.

First comes a cloth of silver which is lined with dull blue and makes a wonderful evening gown. Its skirt is cut quite short in front, sloping to a court train, heavily edged with fur. The corsage, a mere strip of silver at the back, is an inspiration for a gorgeous panel of bead embroidery that extends to the floor, done in Russian mood. Fur forms two armlets on each arm, connected by chains of pearls. With this is worn a Russian head-dress of silver and pearls.

Next in gorgeousness is a gold cloth gown, with tight-fitting bodice and trousers for foundation. A swinging skirt of silver net edged in fur, and alluring, unattached sleeves of the net, starting at the elbow and extending to the floor, where they form a sweet ensemble of drapery with the skirt, are features of this toilette.

A black velvet gown for evening is distinctive for its varying hem, and a wonderful jewelled butterfly placed at the left side of the waist line, where it becomes the parent of a gorgeous flowered ribbon drapery that falls to the hem of the gown.

For outdoor—white, the frock of moire with the elongated sleeves, edged with uncurled ostrich of black, the same ostrich collaring the chiffon cape worn over it, has a draped turban with its veil finally trailing off the side and ending around the neck, is a lovely thing and especially suited to Miss Rubens.

One thing you will notice in all the gowns, of that I am sure. Both designer and executor, aided, of course, by Miss Rubens, have caught the strange language of clothes on the screen, the gowns speak lines of the story.

"Sally" and her friends, Kathleen Yates, Tommy Sleigh, Yvette Cochrane, Bruce Milward and Harry Pringle.

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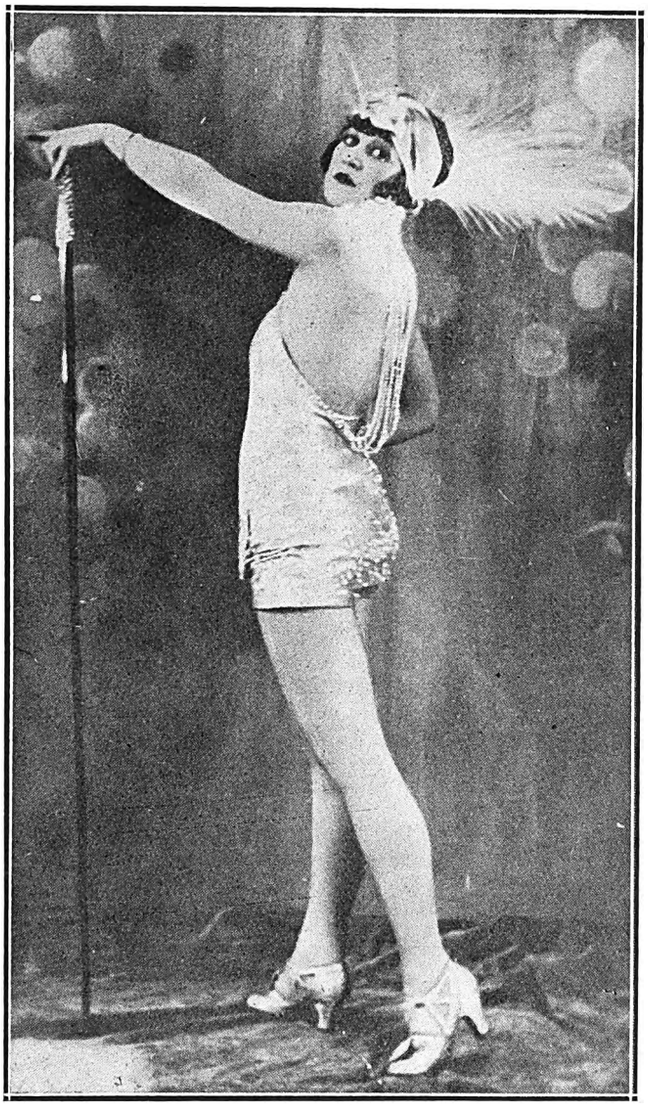

Cecile Evans, a Mack Sennett bathing beauty, whose legs are insured for a million dollars.

Tom Mix should have arrived in England ere now on holiday bent. He brought his wonderful horse Tony over with him and had a special box built for him on the "Aquitania."

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Wedding Bells.

Wedding bells! They have been ringing out vigorously and the sounds of some of them have echoed to South Africa and will interest many of our readers.

Lord Lyveden was married in mail week to Mrs. Ada Springate, a music hall artist. Of course, Percy Hutchison was the best man and no doubt managed matters in his usual breezy style. There was a slight hitch in the proceedings, as the bride had not been given the papers making her divorce absolute, but Percy soon overcame that and all went merrily. "Lordie," as he was affectionately known in South Africa, made a host of friends when he played here with the Hutchison company, and the white-haired, dignified old man was greatly liked by everyone with whom he came in contact.

Really it should be ladies first, so we must apologise to pretty Helen Spencer for giving her second place. Helen, you will of course remember, was here with the Muriel Starr company and her performance was always a sheer delight. Now she has forsaken the stage and married Mr. William Alan Froy, late of the Royal Fusiliers, who has settled in London. The bride, who was playing a leading part in Mr. Godfrey Tearle's production, "Silence," at the Queen's Theatre, returned to play her part after the wedding. At present Mr. and Mrs. Froy are honeymooning in North Africa and Algiers, from whence comes the last news of them.

Miss Helen Spencer.

Miss Estelle Mark, the talented singer of the Femina Quartette, is still with us. Since her first visit here about a year ago she has got married in Australia to Mr. Alston and he is expected shortly in South Africa for a trip. He is a very charming man, at least Estelle says so, and she ought to know, for she is giving up the stage and going to become a real stay-at-home wife.

Miss Iris Hoey.

From the Cape comes news of the success of the Iris Hoey Company. At present they are playing "The Man from Toronto," and everyone is just loving it. You know the story, don't you? The lady of the house is left a sum of money, a very huge sum in fact, on condition that she marries the nephew of the donor, who himself was one of her most ardent admirers. She objects very much to being palmed off in this way on the unknown "Man who comes from Toronto," and enters into a conspiracy with her own nephew and her servants by which she becomes, for the time being of course, "Polly Perkins," the parlour maid. The dreaded man arrives, and, of course, is very nice indeed, and, *of course*, he adores Polly at once. Complications arise in the shape of her guardian and the two sisters of the young fellow, and altogether things seem to be in a great mess up until Polly starts into the middle of matters and the wedding bells ring.

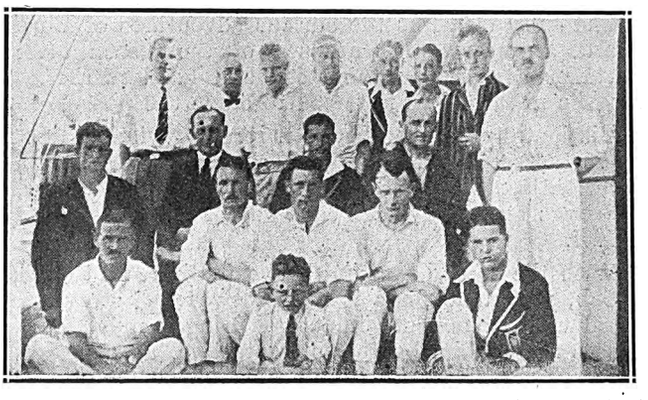
Nothing more fascinating than Miss Hoey's acting as Polly can be imagined. It is a sheer delight, and no one blamed her for falling in love with the "Man," Mr. Cyril Raymond, who is, of course, her husband, for he is very attractive. It's a charming play.

TESSIE BROUGHTON AND DENNIS CREEDON are sure to have a big reception when they open at the Capetown Tivoli on May 6th.

Miss Broughton was the first person to introduce a "straight" ballad into the midst of a musical comedy. She did this in George Edwardes' production of "Havana," and the innovation caused quite a lot of talk in theatreland.

Jack Trent as "Captain."

Coming over on s.s. "Ceramic," Jack Trent, who opens at the Orpheum Theatre on May 11th, was captain and manager of all the cricket matches arranged on the ship. There were an exceptionally good lot of cricketers on board from all quarters of the globe, as the photo reproduced below will show.



Left to right, top row (standing): Capt. C. R. Cormier (Devon), H. E. Burgess (Singapore), R. C. Cook (Sydney University, N.S.W.), Jack Trent (Newton College and Devon), Capt. A. A. Alderman (Adelaide University, S.A.), L. Caskie (Melbourne University, Victoria), G. T. Stevens (Sydney, N.S.W.), W. E. Todd (Kent).

Second row (sitting): G. Page (Kings College, Auckland, N.Z.), Dan Agar (J. C. Williamsons Co. and Warwick), H. What (Yorks), A. Stephens (Leichardt, Sydney, N.S.W.).

Third row centre, sitting in white: W. Mitchell (N. Melbourne, Victoria), L. H. Fieldhouse (Katoomba, N.S.W.), P. J. Mitchell (Footscray, Victoria).

Bottom row: Rev. H. E. Brewer (Uganda), S. Agar (scorer), T. R. Vernon (Palmerston, N.Z.).

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When "Bing" was Caught Napping.

Do go to Wolfram's Bioscope, Capetown, on the 11th, 12th and 13th of May. They are screening "Alias the Night Wind," the story (let us whisper it) of a mysterious lady, a modern Mercury and a Gun-toting Cupid (all in capital letters, you notice). Seriously though, it is a story full of swift action, and William Russell, whose *alias* is "The Night Wind," has never done anything better.

The story concerns the curious adventures of Bingham Howard, a youth who is accused of theft soon after he undertakes a career in the stock and bond market. Not guilty, he nevertheless is forced to elude the police.

Dissipating his time between rescuing victims of stick-ups, and searching for the girl into whose taxi he had inadvertently stepped when closely pursued by the police, Bing grows more convinced each day of the true identity of the thief.

With the second meeting between Bing and the Girl of the Cab, whom he finds is a detective, the story bounds forward with tremendous impetus. Bing is mystified at the kindness shown him by the girl detective, and she, on the other hand, is aiding him in the bare hope of establishing his innocence.

Through the fortuitous intervention of a dear friend, Bing is finally exonerated, and the Night Wind sweeps the Metropolitan streets no more.

"Lightnin'," the success play at the Shaftesbury Theatre, London, with Mr. Horace Hodges playing lead, both play and actor well known to South Africa, is to be filmed. The Fox Corporation have seen great possibilities in it, and Mr. John Ford will produce it. It has not yet been decided who will take the title rôle.

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Gossip from London's Theatres.

Leicester Square,
8th April, 1925.

After Arnold Bennett's "Bright Island," dull enough in all conscience, a few weeks ago, we quite thought that the next play from the Stage Society would be somehow different—and so it was, but in the wrong direction. "The Colonnade," through which we wearily, almost somnolently, sat on Sunday night, was as verbose and tedious as the "Bright Island," nay even more so, for there was not even the glimmer of wit and humour which Mr. Bennett had put into *his* work. Internecine family feuds, even when treated by artists of the stature of a Henry James or a Galsworthy (both of whom failed at least once in their handling of the subject) must for the stage have their due proportion of movement and dramatic evolution. In "The Colonnade," Mr. Stark Young, who is, I believe, one of New York's leading dramatic critics, shows us the clash of temperaments in members of an old American family of the South, and the dispute between a father of the old school and his son, who very hysterically strives after a nebulous state of being he calls "self-expression" (amongst other less simple names). The atmosphere of the '60's, preserved to the present day: the son's rebellion against this and against conditions which years beforehand had caused his mother to abandon her family, are presented by Mr. Young in such long-winded and repetitive style that by the middle of the third act the young hero's introspective monologues provoked quite robust titterings instead of the tenuous sympathy the author set out to evoke. Henry Oscar, another of those rising young actors now under the Sybil Thorndike banner, did wonders as the son, and it certainly was not his fault that the character proved such a priggish bore. His voice, appearance and method are much akin to those of Henry Ainley (in saying this, I note I am at one with the *Daily Telegraph's* critic—no less!) though he is far too much of an artist to indulge in any mimetic copyist tricks. Reginald Dance was highly satisfactory as the father—a rather thankless rôle, and amongst the others that great character actress, Jean Cadell, was content to play the quite subsidiary part of a deaf, octogenarian aunt. McKnight Kauffer's stage settings were strictly orthodox, their severity in fact made it difficult to believe that they were from the same artist who signs those violently cubistic—or should it be vorticist?—posters our underground railways employ to help in luring us to the beauty spots they serve.

("The Colonnade" has lately been published by Ernest Benn, Ltd. at 5s.)

Last night I was present at a sort of theatrical obstetric achievement—the successful re-birth of the Hippo.'s revue, "Better Days," which, after its production two or three weeks ago had fallen on somewhat evil days and received very arctic treatment from the public. When Stanley Lupino left the cast last week things looked distinctly black. However, in a few hours the Hippo. "surgeons" had signed down the "Savoy Orpheans" Band, roped in a couple of American black-faced comedians, Moran & Mack, who happened to be visiting London, devised special scenes to frame up the presentation of the novelties—and by last evening the show was showing obvious signs of being an infant destined for a lengthy and prosperous career. The American couple have surely cabled home that London's the kitten's nightie and their act "a riot," and as for the band—well, there's no more dead-certain box-office draw now known to our managers than a good syncopated orchestra, and the Savoy bands are at the top of the class (though I seriously think their supremacy is going to be strongly contested by an exceptionally fine and efficient new band I heard this morning at a private performance—immediately after which they were snapped up for a tour of South Africa, where I'm told they will open some time in July next. Look out, Joafrica!). The weak spots in "Better Days"—the comedy scenes—are not yet entirely out of the wood, but Maisie Gay and Norman Griffin (*vice* Stanley Lupino) manage to be very funny whenever they can "get their teeth" into the material. The gorgeous "Bead" scenes, with the Coral, Jade and Necklace ballets, also the "Living Curtain," are magnificent and far more imposing than were their prototypes at the "Folies Bergère" in Paris.

Mrs. F. C. Montagu's play, "Yetta Polowski," at the Fortune, does not show any sign of breaking the run of ill-luck which has prevailed there since the house was opened last year. "Yetta" is a young Russian Jewess whose matrimonial and racial aspirations form the basis of the drama, but, strangely enough, the "message" conveyed is by no means pro-Jewish. Hilda Bayley rather over-acted the heroine's part, and Ellie Norwood was at times inaudible as the middle-aged man she sets out to hook. Mrs. Montagu, of course, is a sister-in-law of Lord Swaythling, and an indefatigable first-nighter at West End productions.

Paul Pry.

Pantaloon—and Others.

From the cosy Standard Theatre, on Saturday evening, I took many memories away with me, and among them none more precious than of "Pantaloon," Sir J. M. Barrie's charming fantasy. It was not alone the exquisite dancing of Miss Colleen Purchas and Miss Lily Browse; it was the excellent acting of Mr. Paul Brereton as "Pantaloon" that made one pause and think. The tragic story of the old clown was wonderfully told and tears rose unbidden to the eyes at the delightful climax. It is one of the best things, if not the very best, that Paul Brereton has ever done.

Through a long programme there was not a dull moment. Miss Pearl Adler's pupils acquitted themselves splendidly, and the wee babies were a source of delight. Although it seems a trifle unfair to single out special names where the kiddies were all doing their best in an excellent cause, the Child Welfare Fund, in which H.R.H. Princess Alice interests herself so much, still I would like to mention Iris Hulquist, "Bobbie" Evans and, last but by no means least, Barbara Harrison, a dainty little dancer who shows great promise.

Miss Adler herself was fully deserving of all the nice things the Mayor, Councillor Chas. Walters, said of her, and by her efforts must have benefited the fund considerably. I was glad to see her receive a bouquet and a presentation from her pupils. Her sister, Mrs. Grant Smith, in the front of the house, managed things admirably and everything went smoothly.

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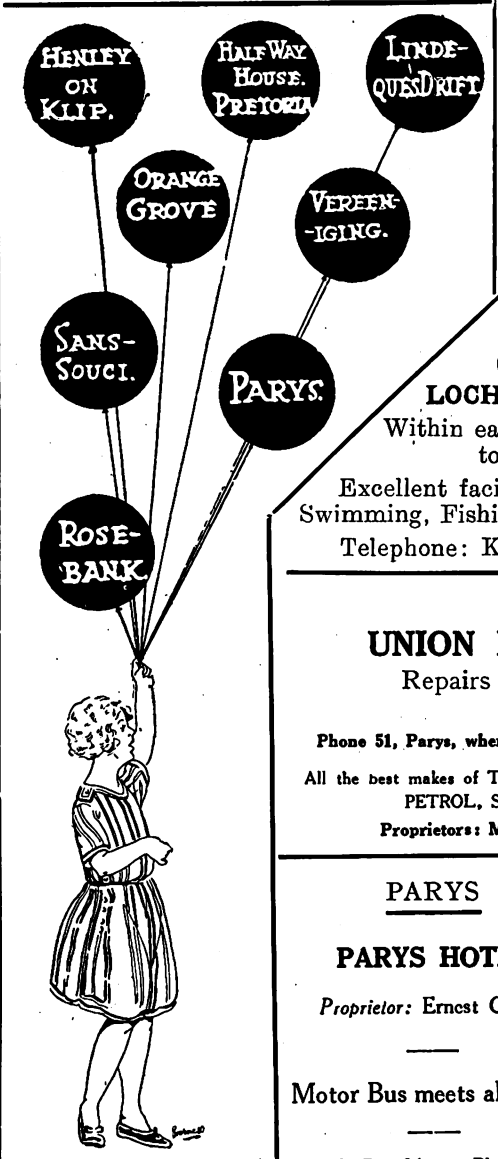

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New Books.

By H.B.

Malay Magic.

Mr. R. O. Windstedt has written a peculiarly interesting and fascinating book on "Malay Magic," and the vaguest knowledge of beliefs and superstitions among Eastern and South Pacific peoples will increase your pleasure in reading this new book, which is published by Constables. I was particularly interested to read that the Malays, although they have certain association with the Maoris of New Zealand, have a totally different conception of the association of Heaven and Earth. Like the Maoris, they trace the world's story from the time when a great man was born of two persons, Drop of Water and Clod of Earth. The Maoris similarly believe that Maui was born of the Heavens and the Earth. But the Malays make Earth the mother and Sky the father, while the Maoris reverse the order.

It is considered a sad omen if a child (male) is born resembling his father in appearance. Among sophisticated whites, this is far from the rule. But the Malays believe that this similarity shows that two hosts are in possession of one soul. So they pierce the boy's ears that he may de different in some respect.

The Mohammedan faith entitles those who die in childbirth to join the rank of martyrs; but not so with the Malays. So, to prevent a woman who dies thus from becoming a sort of evil spirit, in the form of a ferocious bird, her mouth is filled with beads to prevent her from emitting inhuman screams, and hens' eggs are placed under her armpits so that she may not lift them to fly.

It would be presumptuous of me to attempt a solemn review of this book in the *South African Pictorial*, but it is also my duty to call attention to an important and vastly interesting contribution to the library, which brings the mysticism and magic of the East a little nearer to the Western intelligence.

The New Book Illustration in France.

This charmingly got-up book will appeal to practically everyone. It will interest the book-lover, entrance the admirer of France and the French, thrill the amateur of woodcuts, and amuse the good soul who just likes living.

I must admit that I was more than ordinarily delighted with the whole work, belonging, as I do, to all the above-mentioned categories.

Up to the advent of the woodcut, illustrating in France was practically a dead art. To-day, many of the cheap editions are really beautiful productions, thanks to this easily manipulated and decorative medium. I have in my mind the yellow volumes of "Le Livre de Demain."

I believe that the renaissance of illustrating was born of that bizarre fashion paper, *Bon Ton*, alluded to in the work under discussion, but not named. Rarely have type, illustrations and matter blended so perfectly as in this little luxurious monthly, that was so expensive that only the very few could afford to buy it, and even then it ran for some two years.

Illustration, as any one who goes carefully through the pages of this work will realise, does not consist in choosing a situation in the text and faithfully portraying what you imagine were the author's ideas, or, better still, what you imagine the author intended to convey to his reader; that is surely a very poor compliment to the author and the reader. The author should be able to convey all he wants to say without the help of an illustrator, and the reader may at least be credited with a little imagination of his own. Illustration is rather the art of creating an atmosphere round the written word, and carries with it a great deal of architecture. A book is very closely related to a monument.

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"Bluebeard's 8th Wife."

A scene from "Bluebeard's 8th Wife."

Gloria Swanson's latest paramount picture, produced by Sam Wood, is a picturization of Charlton Andrews' adaptation of Alfred Savoir's celebrated French farce, "Bluebeard's 8th Wife." It is said to afford Miss Swanson one of the strongest roles of her screen career, and, what her women admirers will relish most perhaps, provides her with ample opportunities for the display of amazing gowns.

The story is that of a beautiful daughter of French nobility whose father is impoverished and wishes to marry her off to a man of wealth. His wish becomes reality when a rich American meets and falls in love with her. She also loves him.

Then it is learned that the American is a "youthful Bluebeard" and has been married seven times. One wife, it is learned, died. The other six he divorced. Miss Swanson, as the 8th wife, is shocked by the cold-blooded business arrangement made of her marriage, and determines he will not be like the other wives, divorced.

So she becomes his wife in name only, and exasperates him to continual outbursts of temper. But she also wakens his love and the real manhood in him. As a final stunt, she causes herself to be found in a compromising position with another man. Her husband is jealous, and both realise he really loves her. She agrees to give him a divorce, but he, realising what she means to him, does not want it. Instead, he goes to her humbly, her sweetheart.

Miss Swanson's leading man in "Bluebeard's 8th Wife," which will be shown at the Orpheum Theatre, Johannesburg, on Monday, May 11, is Huntley Gordon, a popular player. Paul Weigel, Frank R. Butler, Robert Agnew and Irene Dalton are in the cast.

My Saddest Moment.

By Charles Jones.

"Have you ever been lost on a desert? I was, when only a youngster. That was the saddest moment of my life. My canteen was practically empty, and Heaven only knows if I would have come out alive, had not a prospector trailed along and picked me up. I chummed up with him for almost a year, but didn't unearth an iota of gold. Then I hit back to cow punching, and it wasn't many years later until I blew into the Fox studios at Hollywood and lassooed a job. And I've been there ever since. Which steps from the saddest moment in my life to the happiest."

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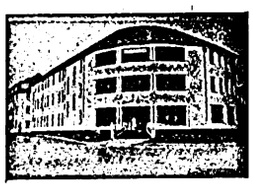

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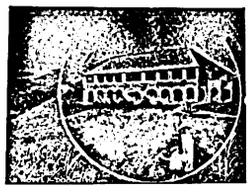

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America and the "Movies."

In an editorial in the *Chicago Herald*, Arthur Brisbane, one of the finest of American writers, has the following interesting article:—

"This is written in the early morning, at Los Angeles, where the moving pictures are made in the sunshine on the edge of the Pacific.

"William Fox comes in to breakfast, and to moralize about the rapid growth of anything that Americans take up in earnest.

"In 1904 he entered the moving picture world, in a small way—the only way—for it was then a very small world.

"Twenty-one years ago, the biggest moving picture ever made contained about 325 feet of film. It took three complete stories to eat up 1,000 feet of film The 'show' lasted thirteen or fourteen minutes. A little earlier, in New York's Eden Musee, where waxworks of famous murderers, presidents, etc., delighted the crowd, the management amazed the public with a moving picture film fifty feet long. It showed a tree with the leaves actually blowing in the wind. The public decided, however, that it was a 'fake,' like 'Ajeeh the chess automaton,' and that they rattled the screen to make the leaves move. Next came a magnificent, astounding film of 100 feet long, showing ocean waves rolling in on the beach. The public was overwhelmed with amazement.

"In those days the regular price paid the author of a moving picture story was $50. The producers felt that was enough; the industry could not stand more. Now you couldn't buy a picture like 'Ben Hur' for a million dollars. And to pay one hundred and fifty or two hundred thousand dollars for the right story is considered nothing.

"Twenty-one years ago about 250,000 people went once a week to the moving pictures. The price of admission was usually 5 cents. Now between seventeen and twenty-two millions go to see the moving pictures regularly, and the prices run up to $3 a seat. Enterprises grow rapidly in the United States when people become really interested."

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STAGE & CINEMA.

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The Week.

Events theatrically move quickly these days. We have a fare spread before us that is rivalled, perhaps, nowhere in the world. Revue, comedy, drama, pass in lightning array, and each is splendidly played, and out of each we get our full hours of enjoyment.

It is said that South Africa is faithful to her own, and now, after two years' absence from the stage, Miss Freda Godfrey is back with us again; there can be no two minds about the welcome she will receive. The years always treat our Freda lightly, and she is as bonny as ever.

A new London dramatic company will support her, each of whom is a well-known artist and comes with a splendid reputation.

"The Heart of a Child," in which Miss Godfrey will open, is in three acts and a prologue, and is dramatised by Gilbert Frankau and Amy de Burgh. It is, of course, founded on the well-known novel which was written by Frank Danby, the mother of Gilbert Frankau.

Miss Freda Godfrey, South Africa's charming actress.

It is interesting to us to know that the play was written for Miss Renée Kelly, and most of it was done in her own house in London. It will be remembered that she played it for long seasons in England.

"The Heart of a Child" loses nothing by being dramatised, and the story is unfolded with a mixture of sauciness and pathos that is sure to interest and grip every member of the audience. The theme? It tells of a poor factory girl who becomes a song and dance idol, and develops into a charming, well-spoken and wholly fascinating young person, eventually marrying a member of the Peerage.

Miss Freda Godfrey takes the role of the poor little waif, with all the charm of which she is capable. It will be her first venture under the banner of the African Theatres, Ltd., and is sure to be successful.

So all ways will lead to the Standard Theatre on May 18th, when the season commences.

And what of the films?

"The Covered Wagon" has made a great impression on Johannesburg, and it is hoped to retain it a second week at the Bijou. It is a wonderful film, and apart from the fine acting, the plot grips us because at heart all of us in this country are pioneers, many of us the direct descendants of the first settlers. "The Green Goddess," the pictures and story of which we published a week ago when it was shown in Capetown, will follow it, and it is a magnificent film.

"Hell's Hole," pictures of which were also in a recent issue, will be at the Orpheum, Johannesburg. It is a fine action picture with a strong story and star caste.

There is no keener competition in any production avenue to-day than that of the films that day in and day out please the million-fold audiences all over the world, and news continually reaches us of big films just finished, each the last word—till the next one arrives.

And we get them all here. We cannot grumble, we of South Africa!

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MISS FREDA GODFREY.

Just a slim young figure in the middle of such masses of gowns, such a riot of blues, of greens, of gold—so I met Miss Freda Godfrey again after two years. They might have been minutes they have changed her so little, our South African "Peter Pan" who never will grow old.

"Why, you haven't even shingled your hair," I exclaimed. "You *are* out of fashion."

Miss Godfrey smiled. Have you ever noticed, by the way, what a fascinating smile she has?

"I adore shingled hair," she said; "but not for this child. I find I have to play so many parts on the stage where I need my hair that I just can't sacrifice it. The present day short skirts? I have a weakness of them—if one has nice legs."

"Where have you been this long, weary time?" I enquired.

"I have spent a delightful year at Hermanus," said Miss Godfrey. "Such a lovely spot, but I am very glad to be coming back to the stage and the dear old Standard Theatre—it will be like home to be there once more, although this time, you know, I am playing under the aegis of the African Theatres, Ltd., and they have been dears to me. Oh! do please tell everyone the Standard is heated, so important these cold nights," this with another charming smile.

"The play? 'The Heart of a Child.' It's a true story, I believe, and I am the little Pickle girl who married into the peerage, a tremendous elevation, and one has to be careful not to get swelled head! We open on the 18th of this month, and I have such a nice company, most of them direct from London. And do let me show you my frocks."

And so we settled down, as all true feminines do, to talk of dress.

What will Miss Godfrey wear?—or should I say, Sally Snape, mam?

We moved aside the heaps of lovely hues and out came a gown of palest rosebud pink, cut in points at the hem and all sewed in shimmering, shining crystals.

Its next door neighbour proved to be a wonderful evening cloak of gold tissue banded in moleskin.

And then?

Well, you are curious, aren't you?

Never mind, I'll be glad to tell you. Old gold with tortoiseshell buttons from neck to hem. Rather an original idea that, don't you think? A Peter Pan collar and the new tight sleeves.

Very *chic* I found the blue and gold taffetas that is to be worn in the third act, and its coat of chiffon velvet and ermine; and then there was a pervenche blue semi-evening gown that was delightful, and—but I'm sure I'm spoiling the first night for you, so please go away and let us finish our tea. It is not often I get a chance of talking to a pickle girl who married into the peerage.

SALLY.

Fascinating, dainty "Sally" still holds sway over the Empire, Johannesburg, and by all the indications is in for a long visit, for no one wants the pretty little lady and her cheery crowd of boys and girls to leave.

"Tommy" Pauncefort and Billy Holland are fun makers supreme, and we are getting quite accustomed to drop in each evening at the Elm Tree Alley Inn.

After that, of course, we visit the Follies' Roof Garden, where the wonderful butterfly ballet takes place. It is safe to say that never in South Africa has such a lovely scene been staged; the costumes are the last word in magnificence and are very beautiful in their shimmering spring colours. Miss Rita Reuas is a magnificent bat with wings some 18-20 feet wide, and is surrounded by the butterflies, while above them shines the blue sky and the spangled stars.

By the time the wedding bells peal out at the little Church round the Corner we are all so interested we just hate to have to go home.

MISS IRIS HOEY.

Cheery news continues to come from Capetown, where Miss Iris Hoey and her company are doing wonderful business. The Governor-General and H.R.H. Princess Alice visited the theatre one evening to see "Clothes and the Woman," and sent for Miss Hoey afterwards to congratulate her.

Photo by Jane Plotz.

Mr. Cyril Raymond is now quite recovered from his serious operation which, you will remember, he had in Johanesburg, and is thoroughly enjoying life again. Miss Hoey and he are both delighted with the Cape Peninsula and very pleased with the receptions they are getting. "We both love Africa more and more every day," they write.

Movie Fans Have New Hobby.

Movie fans have a new hobby! They have begun collecting "a foot of film" showing their favourite players.

According to Jacqueline Logan, who plays a featured rôle in "The Light That Failed," fan mail contains an increasing number of requests for "a foot of film" showing herself in a "close-up." Some of the writers say they have started an album in which they keep the strips of film. Other players besides Miss Logan have received similar requests.

The new hobby promises to sweep across the country with the same impetus that picture postcard collecting did a few years ago.

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[Fictionized by permission from First National; Based on the Novel by Rafael Sabatini.]

A tale of piracy and Moors; of old Spain and young romance; and of Sakr-el-Bahr, the greatest sea-fighter and most gallant lover of his century.

It began by being another tale of the Montagues and Capulets.

A generation before the generation we are dealing with, there had been strife and feud between the families of Sir John Killigrew and Sir Oliver Tressilian.

The ancient blood wrongs still beat in the veins of the present generation of the men. But a complication arose when the young Sir Oliver fell in love with Rosamond Godolphin, of the house of Killigrew.

It was a most unfortunate happenstance viewed from every angle save that of love. But love, the love that laughs at locksmiths, laughs, too, at family feud and the clanking chains of old antipathies, and each time Rosamond and Oliver met their love grew and outdistanced the family differences.

"It is as dry as dust," Sir Oliver said. "In this day and age people who care for one another disregard such skeletons. Would you let what our forefathers bickered over, probably absurdly, stand between you and me and what we mean, the one to the other?"

And Rosamond, in Oliver's arms, foreswore the wrongs of her ancestors.

"If I lost you," Oliver said, his mouth setting in a grim line, "I should forswear all things I know. Life would be carnage to me without you in it—and nothing more."

"I love you," Rosamond said, and that silenced protest.

But Rosamond's love did not silence the angered protests of her kinsmen. After they had reasoned with her for hours on end, pointing out to her the treacherous thing she was doing in giving her heart to a member of the house of Tressilian, and after they saw that argument was of no avail, other methods were resorted to.

Rosamond's brother, Peter, was under no such spell as his sister was. To him Oliver was a member of a loathed and hated family, and should be dealt with as such. To him Oliver's love for Rosamond was a slight and an insult, to be avenged only by the clearance of spilled blood.

One must protect the members of one's family, one's womenkind. This was Peter's slogan. Sir Oliver Tressilian was further wronging the house of Sir John Killigrew by the bumptious pretension of his love. It sprung, that love, from a dark root, so said Rosamond's brother, Peter.

"You had best," counselled the gentle Rosamond, "have nothing to do with this, Peter. Oliver is not the man to be trifled with. And he who plunges his hands in love is apt to draw them forth stained with blood."

But Peter laughed at her. "Your fine Oliver," he said, "is a wastrel and a liver-hearted coward. Besides, he has offered an insult to our house, and an insult does not go unavenged."

"An insult because he loves me," said Rosamond. She smiled a little.

Peter was angered the more.

"*Love!*" he scoffed, spitting the word out between bitter lips. "What does a member of the house of Tressilian know of love. You speak in nursery jingo, my fair sister."

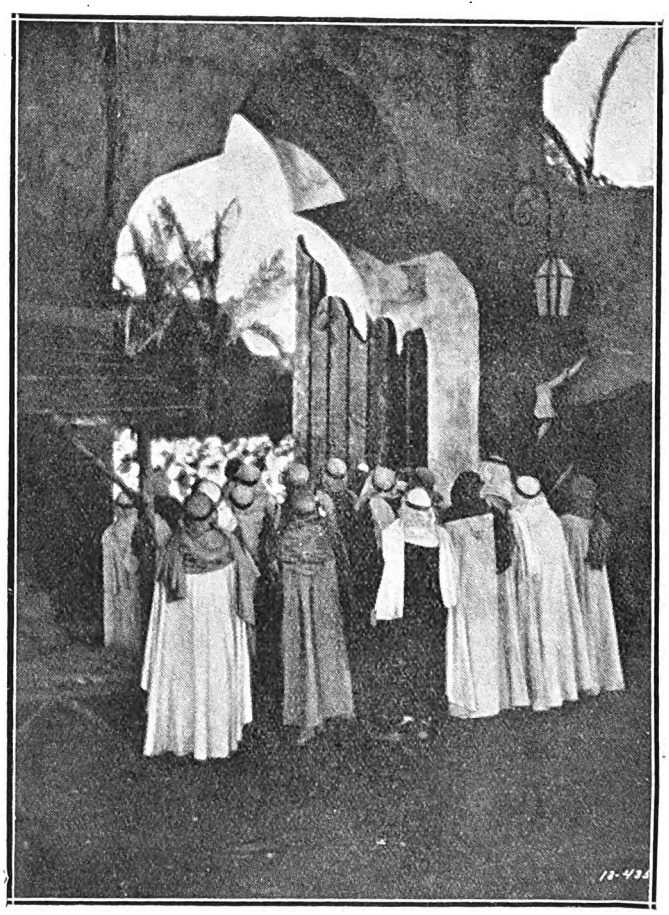
Rosamond said no more. In those days and in that country maids did not dare much beyond their speech. And she knew, too, that Peter was but the mouthpiece of Sir John, whose dour hatreds he followed as he followed all of Sir John's whims and desires.

Peter called upon Sir Oliver Tressilian, and said to him very much what he had said about him to Rosamond. His hope was to anger Sir Oliver into action, to precipitate a quarrel then and there and to go home to Sir John with a proud statement that the rascal was disposed of.

Sir Oliver Tressilian laughed at him. "I only fight men my own size," he said, and his proud, measuring eye took in the lesser inches of his would-be opponent. He laughed again. "It wouldn't be fair," he said, "and you can't very well strike at a man who will not strike back."

Peter was infuriated. "A man!" he sputtered. "You call yourself a man—and cannot fight. Ha, ha!"

"Rather let us honour the truth," said Sir Oliver with a dangerously soft politeness, "and say, 'A man who will



The inflammable Moors gathered in the great market-place to watch the sale of the captive slaves their hero, Sakr-el-Bahr, had brought back from the Barbary Coast. They did not know that one of them was Rosamond Godolphin, Sir Oliver Tressilian's English sweetheart. Neither did they know that Sakr-el-Bahr was ——

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not murder.'" And he added under his breath, with silky accents that had the fine tang of steel, "and his beloved's brother."

Thus Peter crept rather than walked home. Far rather would he have entered Sir John's house battered and bruised and bent in a just cause, than to walk in, softly, safely, the victim of his would-be foe's compassion.

When, that evening, Sir Oliver met Rosamond in the lane they frequented, he told her of Peter's attempted insults and the way in which he had handled him.

"You need never fear for him, my little love," he said. "I would not strike a smaller man at any cost, much less the man whose too unworthy veins still bear your precious blood. You may reassure Sir John on that score."

"You are magnanimous, Oliver," the girl said, and ceased her trembling. She had, secretly, feared for her brother's safety, if he should persist with his taunts to Oliver.

"I am in love," the young man said. And had any man, or woman, even of the house of Killigrew, passed by at that moment and been privileged to see the man's eyes, he could not have denied him the power of loving.

Three weeks after this conversation, Peter Godolphin was found slain in the snow, on the pathway running from the estates of Tressilian to those of Killigrew.

"Sir Oliver's 'compassion' has worn out, by God!" said Sir John Killigrew, and he bit his lips, blanched as they were, to keep back from Rosamond the bloody things he felt like saying.

Rosamond kept silence until it was proved that there were bloodstains on the snow from Peter's fallen body to Sir Oliver's house. The circumstantial evidence was too much for her maiden love. And she was, besides, torn by the sway of her personal grief and under the bitter influence of her kinsmen. She had loved this slight, erroneous, impetuous brother of hers, after her fashion. She had not always approved of him, but she had loved him. And, after all, blood is stronger than water, even the potent water of young love. She turned against Sir Oliver. The trysting-place was forsaken. She joined the townfolk in their justice.

Even when Oliver went before the townfolk and bared his body, proving that there would have to be wounds on the so-called murderer's body before there could be bloodstains on the snow leading to his house, and in so doing convinced the townfolk of his own innocence. Even then Rosamond doubted the man who loved her. Sir John declared that Oliver and only Oliver could have murdered the lad. Who else was there who would have such a motive? How else and why else should he have been found murdered just in that place? And if Oliver were evil enough and treacherously skilful enough to murder the boy, the same diabolical skill would enable him to clear himself before the town tribunal. Weeping over Peter's slain body, innocent and pitiful in death, Rosamond was forced to agree with Sir John.

Sir Oliver Tressilian's pride was at least as strong as his love. If Rosamond had stood by him in the dark hour that had come to him, he would have gone down upon his knees to her and admitted her to his confidence. He would have told her and proved to her, by the sight, if necessary, that it was not he, but his half-brother Lionel who had caused Peter's death. He would have told her that between these two there had long existed a bitter antagonism, fostered, largely, by the affairs *du coeur* each had been carrying on about the village taverns, and that this last fight, ending in Peter's death, had taken place over some girl for the favours of whom each was contending.

He would have told how Lionel, weak and terrified and bleeding, had come to him and begged him in their mother's name to save him from the penalty of his crime. He would have told her how he had hidden the craven boy and had then taken upon himself the onus of the blame, the saddest of which was her own.

But he had neither the inclination so to plead with her, nor, as it fell out, did he have the opportunity. For Lionel, terrified for fear the townsmen would track the guilt to him now that they had satisfied themselves that Oliver could not be the guilty one, conspired with Jasper Leigh, a piratical seaman, to kidnap Oliver and sail with him to a safely distant land. He paid Leigh for this dastardly scheme with Oliver's gold and jewels.

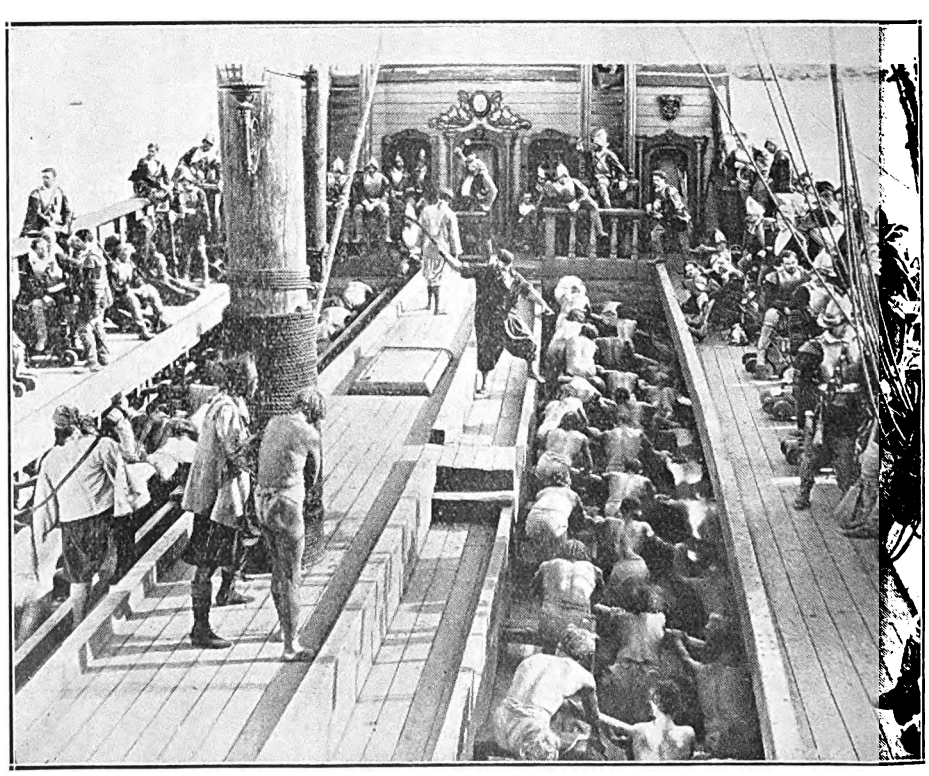
And upon the defection of Sir Oliver the townfolk, including Sir John Killigrew and Rosamond, were again convinced that Oliver had been the murderer, after all, and had made his escape in order to flee his guilt.

Rosamond walked no longer in the gardens, and Sir John Killigrew brooded alone. The name of Sir Oliver Tressilian lived on only in the shadow of a crime.

From time to time there came to the quiet and remoter spots of England tales of Sakr-el-Bahr, the Sea Hawk. In the taverns at evening "desperate tales were told of the exploits and adventures of this greatest of sea fighters of his time."

"They say," they told of him, "that the very bowels of the sea shudder when he passes over them, that the sea dolphins and the sharks and otters curl up to do him obeisance. They say he is without fear and that mixed with the blood in his veins is the essence of the sea." Or, "they say that his face is seamed with a million scars and has yet a strange and powerful beauty. They say that he was chained to a galley for long and hideous months or years and that he got his gigantic strength out of the irons that chained him, and that through the rusted chinks of the galley, the dead men of the sea gave him their wisdom and their cunning."

And when Lionel Tressilian and Rosamond Godolphin were kidnapped from their homes one night when the sea was roaring against the cliffs, the townfolk huddled together with white faces and lowered voices and said, "It is the



Sir Oliver's ship is sunk and he is captured and made a galley slave, the most galling fate a nobleman could endure.

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Sea Hawk! God have mercy upon us!" It was the Sea Hawk.

. . . . . .

Three years later Rosamond Godolphin and Sir Oliver Tressilian returned to their native home. No longer Rosamond Godolphin and Sir Oliver Tressilian, but Lord and Lady Tressilian.

The townfolk wondered. It was a mystery, inexplicable. And their faces . . . they were so different, too. Far more different than three years could have made them.

It was a very long while, and by channels too devious to narrate, before the town knew that Sir Oliver Tressilian was no other than Sakr-el-Bahr, the Sea Hawk, the same who had kidnapped Rosamond and Lionel three years before.

And with this information the whole story leaked gradually forth. Of Lionel's progenial guilt and treachery, and of how he had literally sold his brother into piratical slavery, so that, for months, Oliver had been chained to a galley sweating his strong soul out in the determination of bitterness and vengeance. They heard of Oliver's eventual escape and of his joining forces with the Moorish frigate and her commander, the Basha of Algiers, Asad-ed-Din. Of how Oliver had helped the Moors to victory over the Spaniards and of how he had then become a Musselman and also one of the greatest sea fighters of his time, winning the name of Sakr-el-Bahr, which means the Sea Hawk.

Not only had he kidnapped Rosamond and Lionel, placing Rosamond in confinement and Lionel in the galley where he had himself been placed, but Dutch frigates, heavily laden, had yielded up their treasure to his hand and he had sailed triumphant seas looting and pirating and ruthless.

It was told how Asad, the basha, had insisted that Rosamond and Lionel be sold at the auction block into slavery and how Sakr-el-Bahr had fought against this plan, thus proving that in his roused and ruthless blood there still remained the chivalry of England which would not permit this injury to those who were near to him, though they had denied him in his hour of agony.

And when, in the final mutiny, all seemed going against them, Sahr-el-Bahr helped Rosamond to escape to an English ship, gave himself to the English and their mercy, which would be drastic owing to the laws of the sea against piracy.

Lionel, too, had escaped from his galley, and when the English were about to hang Sakr-el-Bahr for the murder he had done and for the laws of the sea he had violated, Lionel came forward and confessed himself the murderer.

He confessed more than the murder he had committed in a moment of blind and jealous rage. He confessed, although unwittingly, the inherent nobility of the Sea Hawk. His own cowardice had aroused his half-brother's courage. His very weakness had made its successful appeal to strength. Sir Oliver Tressilian had, perhaps, counted on the loyalty of Rosamond. But whatever the workings of his mind had been, his instinct had been that of protection when his weak and distraught half-brother had come to him with blood on his hands and the terror of man and God in his craven heart.

Nor had Sir Oliver "run away," as Lionel had led the villagers, including Rosamond, to believe. This part of the story, too, he told. The truth of the matter was, he blurted forth, he had himself become afraid that the automatic clearance of Sir Oliver would just as automatically point to his own guilt. Someone had done the crime. Someone, dripping blood, had left the murdered man where he lay, and had gone straight to the home of Oliver Tressilian. If not Sir Oliver himself, then who else but Sir Oliver's brother. The native minds worked slowly, Lionel knew, but they worked surely, and when they came to their final conclusion. . . . . .

Lionel told the improvised court of the dark and fearful doubts and horrors that had beset him, until his one overwhelming and overwooing idea was to get Sir Oliver

Fenzileh, the wife of Asad-ed-Din, pleads with him for more power for their son, Marzak, who is jealous of the popularity of Sakr-el-Bahr.

out of the way, thereby proving to the townspeople that, after all, he was the guilty one, evidence to the contrary—and his cowardly flight was the proof positive thereof. He told of how he had known Jasper Leigh in the low taverns of the town. Jasper Leigh, a piratical seaman, who hesitated at no task so long as it was paid well in gold and jewels. The kidnapping of Sir Oliver Tressilian was a job after Leigh's own heart. It smacked of gain, and it smacked, too, of a sort of daring glory. That he, Jasper Leigh, with a story of his own rooted in ferocity and bitterness, should become the master of one of the men sprung from the station in life that had long ago spewed him forth into the dark alleys of the sea.

As Lionel told his story of perfidy and treachery, Rosamond's dark, haunted eyes filled with the light that never was on land or sea. The strong and valiant illusion that had been shattered for her rebuilded itself as Lionel talked.

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She saw in the Sea Hawk a man of mighty passion, fit mate for any woman. When his love and his land had turned him out, when he had been cast into slavery by the hands of treachery, his courage and nobility had turned scarlet and black. He had become high lord of piracy. He had done smashing, amazing things. He had taken life between his strong, white teeth and bitten into its acrid fruit. No weakling, he. A victim of circumstances, he had risen (or fallen, according to the point of view) to a lordship of the seas, and, eventually, become captor of those who had betrayed him in his hour of need.

Thus was Sakr-el-Bahr freed to find that his ruthless courage had impressed to the point of confession the weakness of his half-brother, and had won for him the unqualified love and admiration of the woman who, having served under him in danger, had come to love him as she had never dreamed of loving him before.

Asad-ed-Din, having given orders that the beautiful white captive be sold at public auction, suddenly changes his mind at the sight of her. She shall belong to him.

"She loved him for the
Dangers he had passed;
And he loved her
That she did pity him."

This, and many other tales came gradually to be accepted in the town where Sir Oliver Tressilian and his bride came back to take up their lives together, so that children, when they wanted to be adventurous and greatly daring, would peek from out the hedgerows and shout, tremulously, "There is the Sea Hawk!" and then would skulk away, disappointedly, because the tall man with the scarred face would only turn to the fair lady at his side and smile a little, amusedly. . . . .

Years pass and glory fades, but never the bright hard light of Sakr-el-Bahr. It shone again in the heart of English youth; flared a little in the breasts of old men in whom the shrill voice of adventure was all but stilled; even wide-eyed English maidens nursed the tales in their ever-romantic souls, and looked with envy upon the one they once pitied.

As for that lovely lady, tempered as she was by time and tears, she rested well content now by the side of her dear lord, whose turbulent passions had yielded but slowly to the soothing English air.

And as for the Sea Hawk, if he thought the end was tame for so valiant a career, he never said so. He only smiled again, a grave and twisted smile because of the scar, but a tender, sweet smile withal.

THE END.

Talk With Oldest Actress.

I have talked to-day with the oldest actress in England, says a correspondent in the *Evening News*. She is Miss Rose Edouin, whose brother, Willie Edouin, is remembered by many older playgoers for his delightful performances in "Our Flat" and other farces and burlesques.

Miss Rose Edouin was born in Brighton, 81 years ago last January. She is confined to her bed, under the tender care of Miss Carrick, who as a child accompanied Miss Edouin to Australia.

Miss Rose Edouin appeared on the stage as recently as three years ago, when she played in "Paddy the Next Best Thing" at the Savoy Theatre. She first went on the stage when only seven, so that she was before the public for 71 years.

Her *début* was made in a Dutch dance at the old Marylebone Theatre with G. V. Brooke, the tragedian.

With her brother Willie and her sister Julia, Miss Edouin appeared in a show called "The Living Marionettes," in which the children were the figures, the words being spoken by their elders behind the scenes.

Journeys to Australia and China followed, and it was at Shanghai that, at 19, she married Mr. G. B. W. Lewis, a theatrical manager. He died in 1906, when 89.

Versatility was Miss Edouin's "long suit"; as indeed it was with all leading old-time actresses.

She played the Nurse in "Romeo and Juliet," and Mistress Quickly in "The Merry Wives of Windsor" with Sir Frank Benson at the Shakespeare festival in Stratford-on-Avon in 1915.

She was good, too, in tragedy and pantomime. The pantomime "Puss-in-Boots" was written specially for her; and she claims that she has been the only female clown.

"In 1855," she said, "Mr. Phelps produced 'A Midsummer Night's Dream' at Sadler's Wells. He had tried practically all the children accustomed to public speaking in London in the part of Puck, and could get them only to do it like a fairy. He wanted someone imp-like.

"One of the company mentioned me to him as having played clown. This was on a Wednesday. The rehearsal was dismissed, and I was sent for.

"I was taken in to Mr. Phelps, who was sitting, as it seemed to me, like a king, in a dressing-gown, before a large fire. He spoke kindly to me, and I played the part on the following Saturday."

A Kiss for Cinderella.

At His Majesty's, Johannesburg, the adventures of Cinderella still hold sway. It is a part that suits Miss Renée Kelly to perfection, that of the little half-starved waif who, in her delirium, spends half of her time in dreamland, and she is ably supported by Mr. Frank Freeman, as the lovable young Policeman, quite the best thing Mr. Freeman has done in this country.

Then the Royalties, a wonderful pair, the white-headed artist, the competitors and, last but by no means least, Venus herself. Together with the penny shop they will give you several hours' amusement. Barrie at his very best, in his most whimsical humour.

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HIS CHILDREN'S CHILDREN.

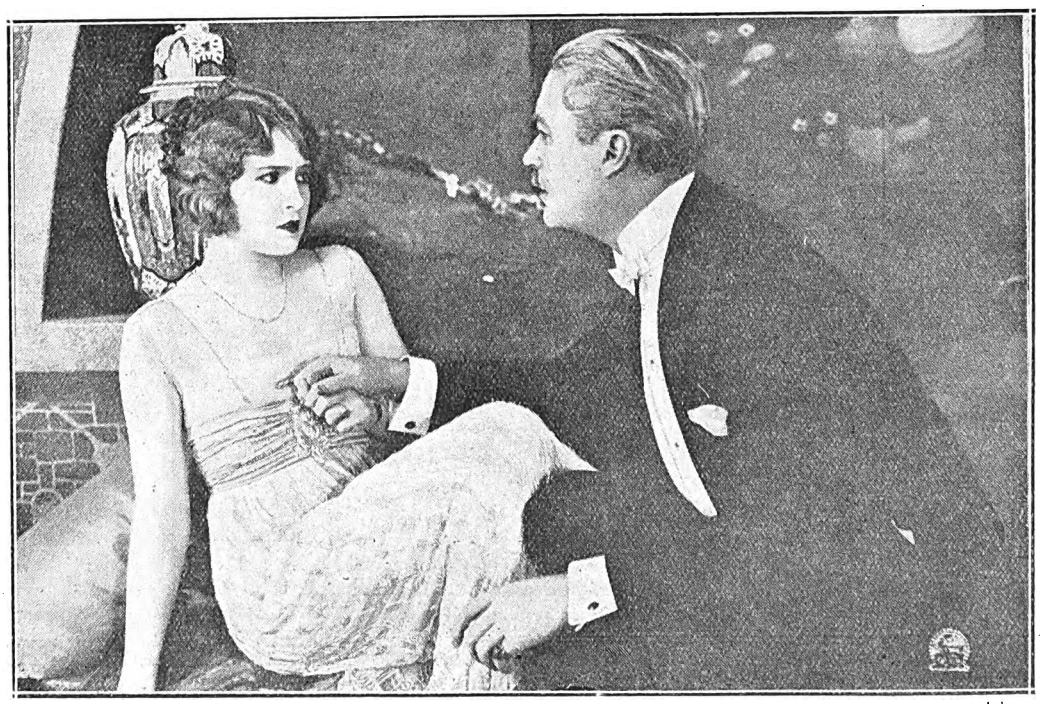
A difficult decision.

The Sam Wood Paramount production, "His Children's Children," featuring Bebe Daniels, Dorothy Mackill, James Rennie and George Fawcett and a picturization of Arthur Train's novel of that name, which will be shown at the Grand Bioscope, Capetown, on May 21st, 22nd and 23rd, treats not of the commonplace story of the "rich man's son," but of the new problem in American life, the third generation—the generation that exemplifies the old saying, "it is only three generations from shirtsleeves to shirtsleeves."

The picture shows how the great fortune of a pioneer railroad builder—a typical American figure—reacts through a smug second generation, and in violent, sudden and complete dissension, shatters the whole family to pieces in the third generation—the jazz generation of the present day. It is not only one of the most sensational and melodramatic novels of recent times, but it is the truest indictment of American society penned since the first novels of Theodore Dreiser.

This production is vested with a cast and general equipment in keeping with the story itself. Some of the amazing features which go to make it intensely interesting, unique and appealing, include an allegorical shot of the banquet of Croesus, richest man of ancient history, an exact duplicate of the first Pullman private car, and the tragic death of old Peter B. Kayne. The picture locations, almost every one of New York and Long Island, are real. In this respect the production is most remarkable.

Playing in support of the principals is one of the strongest casts ever assembled for picture purposes. It includes Hale Hamilton, Mary Eaton, Mahlon Hamilton, Katheryn Lean, Warner Oland, John Davidson and a long list of others, all well known artists of both stage and screen. "His Children's Children" was adapted by Monte M. Katterjohn and A. Gilks did the photography.



A critical moment.

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"Some" Picnic.

Just think of paying five hundred children to attend a picnic! That's just what Sam Wood did for a children's May party in Central Park, New York, which was staged for scenes in "His Children's Children."

With the five hundred youngsters as a nucleus and a merry-go-round, a trick mule, a performing monkey, a Punch-and-Judy show, a hot dog stand, ice cream and gim-cracks of all kinds as magnets, there was little trouble in drawing every kid within calling distance of the Casino into the picture. In fact, the party grew to such proportions within fifteen minutes after the ten sight-seeing 'buses had deposited the children on the picnic ground that Mr. Wood and his assistants had a difficult time handling the uproarious bunch.

But the hardest of all to control were the mothers—five hundred of them, too—who wanted to get into the picture with their offspring or were solicitous about their children being in the centre of the picture. There were more potential Jackie Coogans and Baby Peggys—to take the mothers' word for it—before the cameras in Central Park than one could imagine. Obviously it was impossible for Mr. Wood to put all of the kiddies in the front rank, but he couldn't make the mothers see that. Each parent was positive her child was the cutest and cleverest in the crowd—and there were some mighty cute ones at that, curly blond heads, kinky black ones, dimpled elbows, sparkling blue eyes, and hundreds of cute snub noses.

It was a hectic day, but the result was gratifying to Director Wood. George Fawcett, who plays the rôle of Peter B. Kayne in the story, gave the picnic party, and it was not hard for him to register happiness with nearly a thousand happy kids around him.

The week commencing the 18th there will be two fine films at the Carlton Bioscope. For the beginning of the week "The Fire Patrol," and the last half "One Night in Rome."

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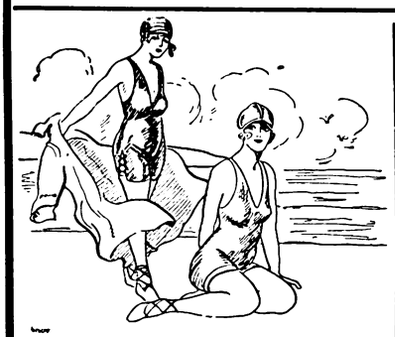

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A Notable Comedienne.

An Interview with Miss Florence Vie.

It is not the first time that Miss Florence Vie, who is playing in "The Heart of a Child" at the Standard Theatre, Johannesburg, on the 18th May, has visited South Africa. In fact, she is an old favourite with South African audiences, and her last trip was made in 1914. She will be remembered for her delightful work in the "Girl on the Film," and in other musical comedies played in the South that year.

Since then she has travelled round the world again. How many times she has performed this feat of voyaging is known only to Miss Vie herself. She is one of the most travelled persons living. Since 1914 she has been to Australia, where she played in "High Jinks" and other musical comedies.

She describes her visit to Honolulu and the Pacific Islands with great vividness. That, of all others, is the place she wishes to revisit. She describes Honolulu as an "earthly Paradise." The lazy life, the constant sun, the moonlit nights with ukuleles throbbing songs through the palms, the long, soothing lap of water against a curved beach—all these remain indelibly impressed upon her memory and upon her heart. Any of us who have seen these sweet islands can cordially agree and rhapsodise with her.

Since her return to London, Miss Vie has been playing for six years running in the West End. She was in the eighteen months' run of "Lilac Time," lately one of the features of the London season, and she played the delightful, sympathetic part of Madame Schubert, mother of the musician.

She was also the memorable "Mrs. Smith" in "David Garrick" at the Queen's Theatre. Although the piece had only a short run, she achieved a huge success in her part, and her eagerness to show her "seven blessid children" to Mr. Garrick was memorable and infinitely amusing.

Nearly all the more important of the London stages know Florence Vie. Lately she has been playing under Charles B. Cochran's management, and it is splendid to hear the praise she gives him.

"He is a born showman," says Miss Vie, "and one of the greatest sportsmen in the world. He takes his knocks with a smile and always comes up laughing. Unlike most theatrical managers he is always keen and eager to try a play out. The word 'can't' is not in his vocabulary, and I feel sure that if he were to fail nine times he would win on the tenth and make a success that would amply cover the nine failures. A splendid man, and I am proud to have worked under his management."

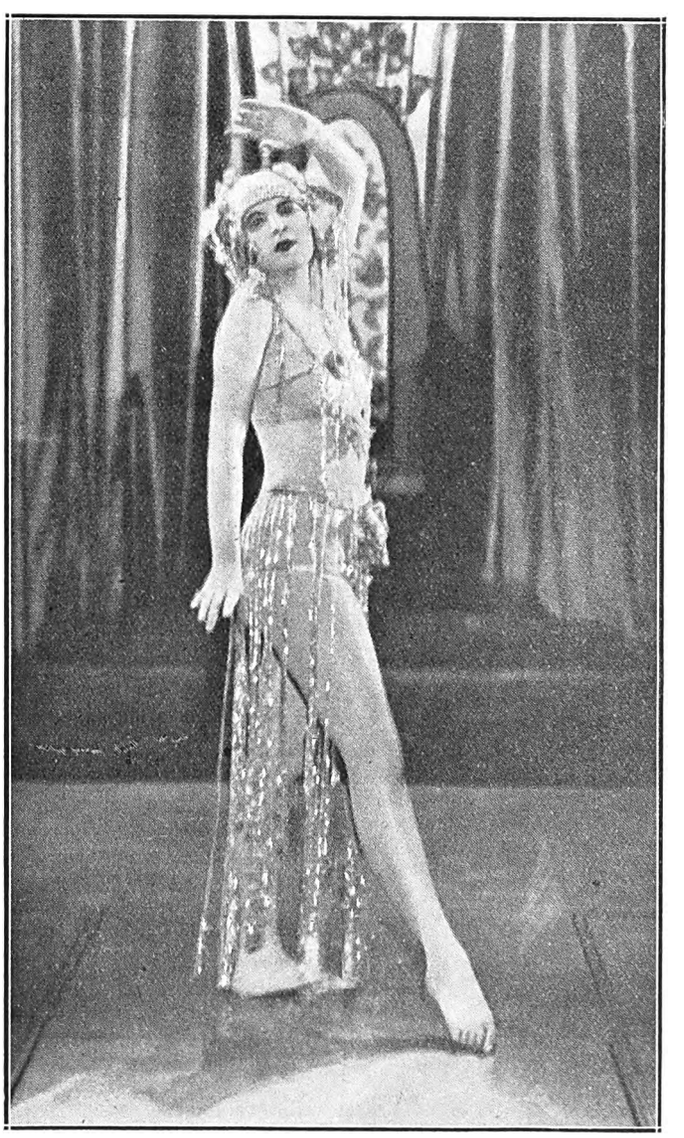
That from one member of the profession to another is worth noting and remembering.

"And what do you think of Colonial theatres as compared with those in London?" I asked her.

Miss Vie laughed. It's a difficult question," she said, "but on the whole I think they compare most favourably—especially in the musical comedy world. Colonial girls dance better and sing better than the average girl one finds in a London musical show. You see, they are taught to dance and trained to act from infancy in the Colonies; they have to know their business from A to Z before they are considered good performers. They have a certain breezy vim and elan and a joy in their work for the work's sake which is absolutely lacking in the usual London girl. Of course, I am speaking generally now.

Then, again, the Colonies only get plays which have been successes in London. English failures are not sent out to the Colonies, so that southern audiences do not have very much chance to compare good with bad, because most of the productions presented to them are of the former kind.

As for Colonial audiences—give me them every time. They are far more warm-hearted and appreciative than the London ones. I'm longing to get on a South African stage again to renew my old acquaintances and to get a whiff of real fresh lovely air.



A dancer in "Sins of Satan," a film which features Rudolph Valentino.

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Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2.30.
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Sir James Barrie's Quaintest and Most Exquisite Fantasy.
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"WHAT PRICE LOVING CUP?" featuring **Violet Hopson.**
FRIDAY and SATURDAY, MAY 22 and 23:
"THE NEAR LADY," featuring **Gladys Walton.**

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Nightly at 8.15.
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday.
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"TO THE LADIES," featuring **Theodore Roberts.**
WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY, MAY 20 and 21:
"THE SILENT PARTNER," featuring **Leatrice Joy** and **Owen Moore.**
FRIDAY and SATURDAY, MAY 22 and 23:
"THE CHEAT," featuring **Pola Negri.**

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"THE ELEVENTH HOUR," featuring **Shirley Mason** and **Charles Jones.**
WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY, MAY 20 and 21:
"CIRCUSMANIA," Special Feature, with **Max Linder** as Star.
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WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY, MAY 20 and 21:
"UNDER TWO FLAGS," featuring **Priscilla Dean.**
FRIDAY and SATURDAY, MAY 22 and 23:
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Depicting a sensational story of a fight between good and evil. Featuring **Charles Jones** and **Ruth Clifford.**

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Daily at 3, 7 and 9.
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"THE FIRE PATROL," featuring **Anna Q. Nilsson.**
THURSDAY, FRIDAY and SATURDAY, MAY 21, 22 and 23:
"ONE NIGHT IN ROME," featuring **Laurette Taylor** and **Tom Moore.**

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Two Shows nightly at 7 and 9.
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 3 p.m.
MONDAY and TUESDAY, MAY 18 and 19:
"JUST AROUND THE CORNER," featuring **Margaret Sedden** and **Lewis Sargent.**
WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY, MAY 20 and 21:
"BELL BOY THIRTEEN," featuring **Douglas McLean.**
FRIDAY and SATURDAY, MAY 22 and 23:
"THE ELEVENTH HOUR," featuring **Shirley Mason** and **Buck Jones.**

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Nightly at 8.15 o'clock.
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 3 p.m.
MONDAY and TUESDAY, MAY 18 and 19:
"PLEASURE MAD," featuring **Mary Alden.**
WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY, MAY 20 and 21:
"THE VIRGINIAN," featuring **Kenneth Harlan** and **Florence Vidor.**
FRIDAY and SATURDAY, MAY 22 and 23:
"THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH," featuring **Will Walling.**

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MONDAY and TUESDAY, MAY 18 and 19:
"THE IMPOSSIBLE MRS. BELLEW," featuring **Gloria Swanson.**
WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY, MAY 20 and 21:
"THE SHEIK," featuring **Rudolph Valentino** and **Agnes Ayres.**
FRIDAY and SATURDAY, MAY 22 and 23:
"BELL BOY THIRTEEN," featuring **Douglas McLean.**
Two Houses Saturday, 7 and 9 p.m.

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(AFRICAN THEATRES, LTD.)
Nightly at 8 o'clock.
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 3 p.m.
MONDAY and TUESDAY, MAY 18 and 19:
"THE RAGGED HEIRESS," featuring **Shirley Mason.**
WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY, MAY 20 and 21:
"TRIMMED," featuring **Hoot Gibson.**
FRIDAY and SATURDAY, MAY 22 and 23:
"SPORTING YOUTH," featuring **Reginald Denny.**

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"WOMAN-PROOF."

Two scenes from "Woman-Proof."

When Thomas Meighan's latest George Ade Paramount picture story, "Woman-Proof," is flashed on the screen of the Grand Bioscope, Capetown, on 18th, 19th and 20th May, the spectators will see a genuine explosion of nearly seven thousand cases of dynamite which was used in the blasting of a thirteen-mile tunnel at Huntington Lake, Cal., where work on the biggest hydro-electric project in the world, involving the expenditure of $27,000,000, was in progress at the time the picture was filmed.

This tunnel passes through a mountain, making the waters of Huntington Lake available for electric power. It is said to be the longest tunnel of its kind in the world. The project was undertaken by the Edison Company to develop electric power for Los Angeles. This location is 340 miles north-east of Hollywood, in the Sierra Mountains, and was chosen after a prolonged search for a spot where the most spectacular scenes of this kind could be filmed.

Mr. Meighan plays the rôle of a civil engineer who is supervising this huge industrial scheme. In the picture, the tunnel is supposed to cave in, entombing scores of workmen. The rescue of these men forms some of the most thrilling scenes in the picture. The picture was directed by Alfred E. Green. The following are the supporting players: Lila Lee, leading woman; Robert Agnew, Charles A. Sellon, Vera Reynolds, Bill Gonder and Mike Donlin.

Why Bebe Daniels Eats Oranges.

A mysterious man with a request for "thirty minutes of your time to present a business proposition" recently telephoned Bebe Daniels, Paramount star, and arranged for an interview at the studio.

At the appointed hour a debonair gentleman arrived and was escorted to the star's rooms. "I'm a business man, Miss Daniels," he said, "and I have a business proposition to make to you. My firm is putting out a skin cream that is going to knock 'em dead. It's great! The best ever! We have heard of you, and now that I have seen you I know it will be a knock-out. We call this the Bebe Daniels skin food, and all you have to say is that this new discovery improves your complexion wonderfully."

"But I don't use cream to protect my complexion. I use something else."

"Something else?" A gleam of hope crossed the 'business man's' face. "Maybe we could get a good substitute and exploit that."

"I'm afraid not; I eat oranges."

"Oranges!"

"Oranges—every day for lunch. They are ideal for the complexion."

As the disappointed man left, he muttered: "No chance; in everybody's back yard. Too bad. Gotta think of something else."

PREVENT DISEASE. USE JEYES' FLUID DAILY.

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"THE HEART O

Miss Freda Godfrey.

A Group of

Mr. Barrie Livesey.

Miss Dale.

Mr. Thom

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OF A CHILD"

COMPANY. [*Photo by Leon Levson.*

MISS JESSIE BATEMAN.
[*Photo by Leon Levson.*

BLEIGH.

MISS FLORENCE VIE.

MR. LESLIE MANNERS.

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VAUDEVILLE PARS.

Miss Leslie Elliott says she will feel it like home again when she opens at the Criterion, Durban, on May 20th.

Having had the famous contralto, Madame Lucy Clarke, for a mother, Miss Elliott cannot help singing, and she cannot help being an actress and artist because she was named with the magic name of her god-mother, Fanny Leslie, the Gaiety star.

Miss Leslie Elliott.

These two have laid the foundations of her career very solidly. This will be her third trip to South Africa and—but I'll let her tell her story herself.

"South Africa? I love the place. When I am back there I feel that I am nome again. I feel far more at nome than I do in England, which, if you'll forgive me, is a country I hate. It never stops raining there. Ugh!

"Shall I begin at the beginning and tell you how I was educated in Belgium and all that sort of thing? No? Well, you know that I write nearly all my own songs, don't you—both words and music. I had my musical education at the Conservatorium of Cincinatti, Ohio, and I won a scholarship there for original composition when I was fourteen.

"At one time I was Chappel's youngest composer, and my songs were sung at the Queen's Hall when I was only seventeen. You can guess how proud I was!"

Since then Miss Elliott has had a very chequered career. She has travelled to Australia and to America, singing her songs at the piano and collecting copy for new songs. She is responsible for about fifty songs of her own. Lately she has been writing English words for German tunes, and these have been sung in a revue in London.

The two last children of her pen and brain are song cycles—one, the "London Dweller," which has just been published by Boosey, and the other, "Cockney Cameos," which have the most delightful, haunting tunes. The last song in the Cockney Cameo cycle is called "Down Petticoat Lane," and Miss Elliott has managed to catch the colour and the liveliness and the laughter and tears of that well-known haunt in London.

Lately Miss Elliott has been broadcasting her own songs through the medium of wireless and she is one of the few people who have been personally congratulated by the British Broadcasting Company. They said her clarity of diction and tone was perfect, and it is probable that she will broadcast again when, or rather if, she returns from South Africa. At the moment she is determined that she will never return to England, but that she is going to live always where sunshine is lavish.

Miss Elliott strikes one as an essentially fearless person. One cannot ever imagine her not being able to extricate herself from any predicament, no matter how dreadful it be.

She is an intrepid horsewoman and loves all outdoor sports, such as tennis and surfing. In her own words—"Let me live out under the sky and I shall want nothing in the world. I would rather be dead than damp!"

Miss Elliott brought with her a trunkful of exquisite gowns from Paquin and Reville, which she will wear on the stage in South Africa.

Her reminiscences of our country are very kindly, and her way of describing them is refreshingly original.

"What do I remember most about South Africa. Oh, heaps of things! One very tender memory I have is of the fact that a dramatic critic said in his notice of my show that I was a beautiful slip of womanhood with hair the colour of autumn maize. I dare say he was merely practising pretty phrases before he wrote a sonnet to his mistress' eyebrow, like the gallant in Shakespeare; but I have always had a very soft feeling for that young—I am sure he was young!—critic.

"What else? O-o-o-h! you will call me a gourmand, but I do not care. I remember those lovely, darling Cape peaches, which look like a baby's cheek and taste like Heaven. I'm sure the angels live on Cape peaches. Oh, and pineapples. I never in my life saw or tasted such delicious pineapples.

Miss Zetta Mor is another artist who is appearing at the Tivoli the same week in her character songs and impressions. Miss Mor is a fascinating artist and sure of a hearty welcome with her comedy characters and mimicry of old-time stars.

Miss Zetta Mor.

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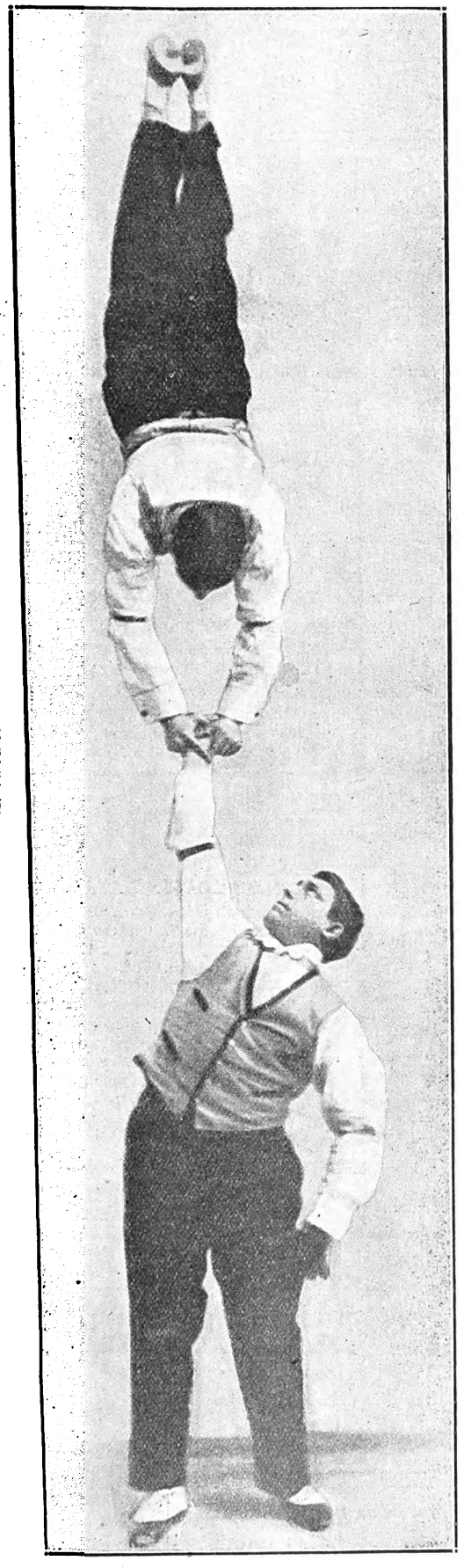


Strength Bros.

STRENGTH BROS., who do a wonderful acrobatic act, and are appearing at the Criterion, Durban, on May 18th. Their act is remarkable for the ease and grace with which each feat is performed.

I found ASTOR AND ASTORIA busy on the stage when I arrived. They were superintending the packing of their "props" to go to Johannesburg, where they open at the Orpheum on May 18th. With them on the bill will be the Femina Quartette.

"Ladies first," of course, so I spoke to Miss Irene Astoria.

"I come from a circus family, and first commenced my professional career when I was seven years old. I was then doing a wire act, but owing to an accident I started to do an act with my sister. We were then with the original Royal Italian Circus with my father, who is a clown, and who has appeared before the late Queen Victoria and also the late King Edward, and we toured together for many years.

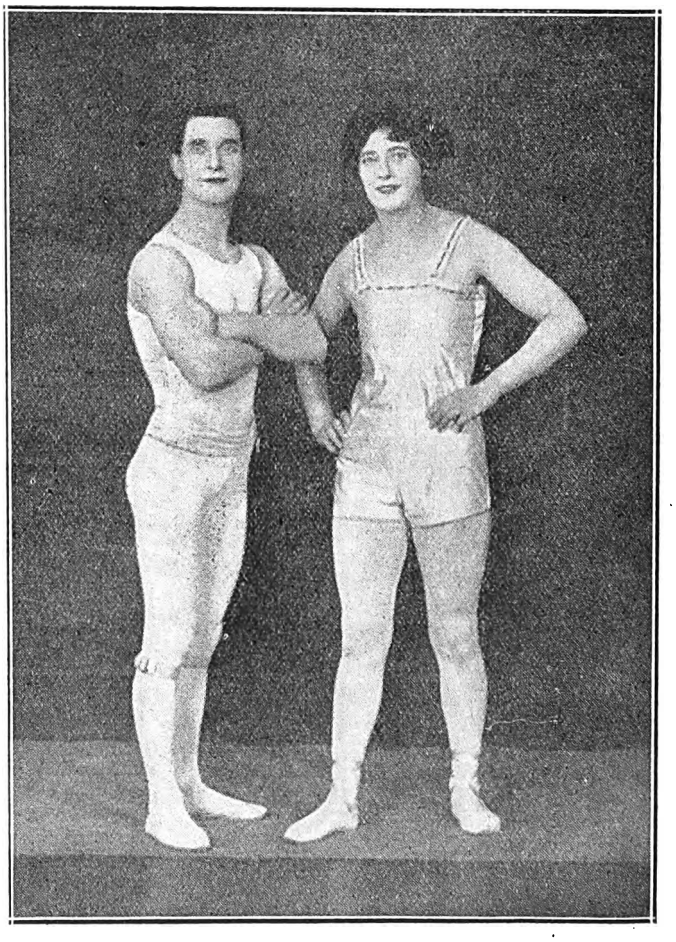
"I then started to do a juggling act on the music halls, and have played all the principal halls in England and South America, France, etc., and during the war I went to France and played many concerts for the troops—also in England—and during this time my present partner saw a photograph of me while he was serving in France and commenced to correspond with me, and on his return to England after Armistice we commenced to work together in this present act."

For a lady, you will own, Astoria was brief, so I turned to Mr. Eddie Astor.

"When I left school in Birmingham, my father, who was a first-class tailor, intended putting me to tailoring, but as I couldn't stand sitting down, I went to the Hippodrome, Birmingham, and started as programme boy at 8s. per week. After that I got a job in the booking office, booking seats, but instead of booking seats I was always practising juggling, till one day the late Morris Cronin played at the Hippodrome and saw me, and gave me a job to travel with his troupe. We played in America, Continent, etc. Then afterwards I started a single act, which I worked until I joined up in the R.A.F. and went to France, and one day I saw a photograph of my present partner and we have been juggling together ever since."

This act might well be described as the "essence of nonsense and obedient clubs."

Just a few words about the VAN DELFTS, whose name stands out prominently, for they hold a foremost position in the speciality acts of the day. They will be at the Tivoli, Capetown, on the 20th. In private life, Gradus and Caroline Vermeulen, they were both born at The Hague, and trained as gymnasts, Gradus making his *début* at the Scala Theatre at The Hague. In 1916, they went over to Paris for a few weeks, but remained for two years, playing at all the principal theatres in the city. This record has never been broken by any speciality act. During their stay abroad they gave over a thousand concerts to the troops, earning the gratitude of the allied armies. Besides playing in France, Holland, Belgium, they have ten Moss and Stoll tours to their credit, three with Macnoughton, eight with the Syndicate tour and four with the L.T.V.



Stella and Partner.

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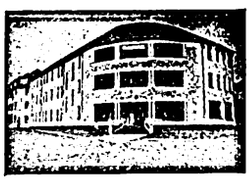

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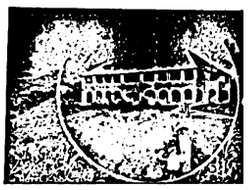

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A Snake Hunt.

What players in pictures do in their spare time on location trips into the wilderness might well interest any campers or automobile nomads who think they know the life of the open road.

The company of players with William Desmond and Gareth Hughes, working under Ernst Laemmle's direction at Lone Pine, California, in the Universal feature, "The Sunset Trail," which is coming to Wolfram's Bioscope, Capetown, on the 18th and 19th of May, devised a new sport that the studio folk haven't quit talking about yet. It was rare, and daring, to say the least.

Lone Pine is on the edge of the great desert region of California surrounding Death Valley, and its resources for amusement in idle moments are limited. But Desmond dared the "gang" to go out with him, armed with four foot sticks, on a rattlesnake hunt. The company's work was held up for a half day on account of slight injuries suffered by Lucille Hutton, leading woman, and nearly everyone in the troupe was recruited without difficulty . . . it was just too good to be missed.

"I'll never be afraid of a rattlesnake again," was the comment of one player, after the hunt.

Desmond, an expert in everything pertaining to the outdoors, led the chase—and the trail wasn't long, for rattlesnakes are as common in desert country as fleas on a sheep ranch. The ones around Death Valley are deadly poisonous, but have a short striking length.

The "hunt" was a lesson in self-protection that many players, unaccustomed to the life, but forced to go on location frequently, needed. Other people from the town of Lone Pine went along with the hunters and pronounced the hunt a "great show." They bagged altogether about forty rattlers.

Some of the favourites in this picture who took part in the snake hunt were Clark Comstock, William A. Steele, Albert J. Smith and S. E. Jennings.

Auto Amazes Natives.

The advent of the first steam locomotive had its echo recently with the entry into the rugged Tonto Basin, Arizona, of the first "horseless wagon." Bearded old settlers brought their families for miles to see the strange machine which was, in fact, just an ordinary six-cylinder automobile.

A circus-like excitement reigned throughout the valley as the advance party of the company producing "To the Last Man," which comes to Wolfram's Bioscope, Capetown on the 20th till the 23rd May, bumped over the rough dirt road in a shiny motor car. Most of the children had never seen an automobile before.

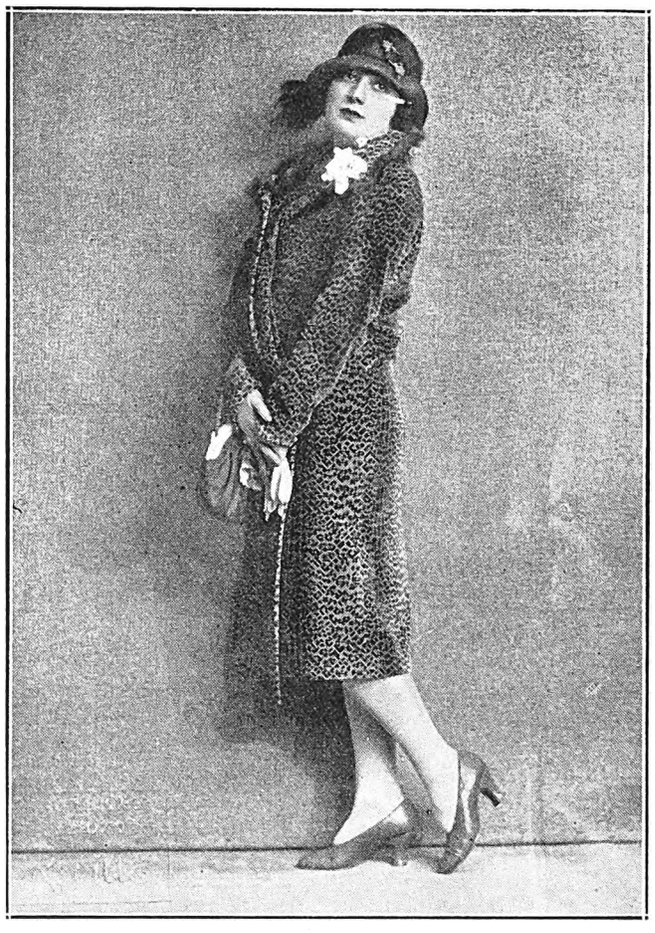
A wagon wheel had never turned within five miles of the spot where the picture was filmed, and the motorists were forced to ride horseback to complete their journey. "To the Last Man" is adapted from Zane Grey's novel. It is the story of a bloody feud, and the action is as thrilling as it is dramatic. The heart interest is most compelling. Lois Wilson, Richard Dix, Frank Campeau, Robert Edeson and Noah Beery are featured.

Fooled the Costumiers.

Utopia has been discovered. That's the opinion at least of the motion picture costume designers. In the rugged hills of Arizona, more than 200 persons have been discovered who wear period costumes as every-day clothes.

Armed with a lot of costumes to dress local residents as pioneers of 1880, Paramount's property and costume men were amazed to discover that the settlers looked even more actor-like than real actors. From high-heeled riding boots, to sombreros, each man looked as if he might have stepped off a Broadway stage where some play of frontier days was being produced.

These men were used to give atmosphere to the Paramount picture, "To the Last Man."



Miss Josè Collins (Lady Innes Ker) in a Reville creation.
[*Photo (copyright): Reville.*

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What the Moon Saw.

I would like to add right away that I have never enjoyed an amateur show more than I did "What the Moon Saw" last Saturday evening at the Standard Theatre.

First of all its originality. Every word had been written by Miss Dorothy Gardner; she had arranged and taught the ballets herself and designed the dresses. This, one would think, would be enough to tire the average person, but Miss Gardner bobbed up smilingly at all three performances and was the life and soul of the revue.

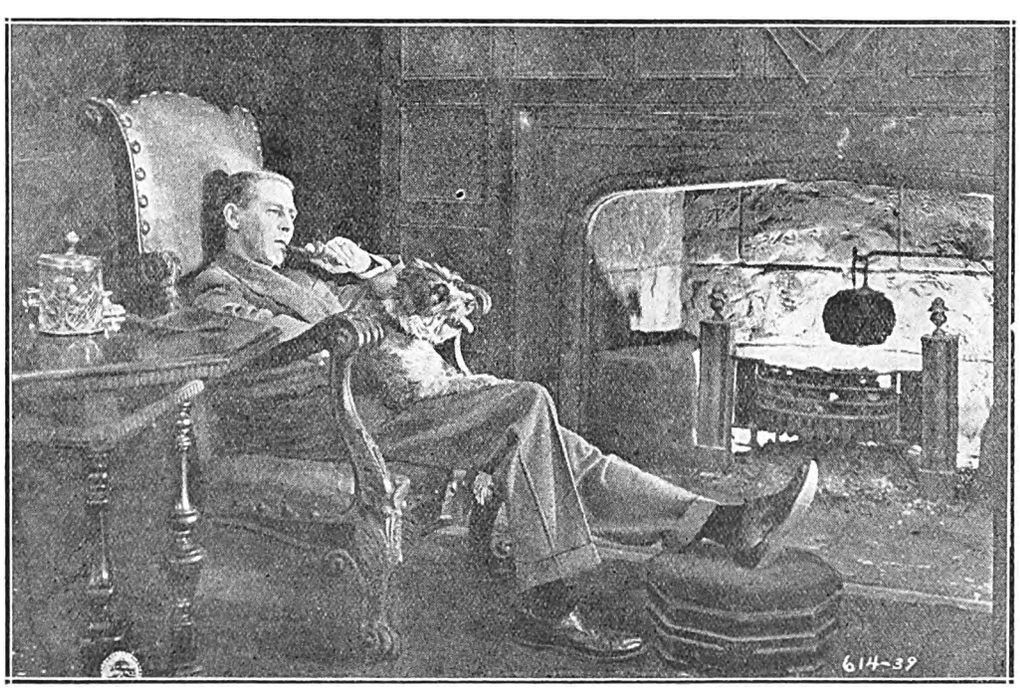
There were 60 of her pupils in the play, and all acquitted themselves so well that it would not be right to single out any of them. The dancing was excellent, the grouping excelled, the elocution excelled, and one saw behind it all the master hand of one thoroughly versed in stage technique, for, of course, Miss Gardner was one of the chief attractions of the Steele-Payne Bell Ringers and, incidentally, ballet mistress and producer.

And just a word of Mr. Cuthbert Rose, a real pantomime dame, who was responsible for lots of fun, and to whom, and to Miss Dorothy Gardner, sincere congratulations.

MARIE Tempest has moved from Chester Terrace to Upper George Street. The famous actress superintended the moving herself in her usual energetic fashion.

A Young South African.

One always hears with pride of a South African girl who has made good. Many of our readers will recognise the above photograph of Miss Ida Patlansky, only Ida has made a slight change in her name. From England comes news of her. She was one of Jackson's English Dancers who appeared before the King and Queen at the command performance recently, and since then has been touring with "Yoicks" as a speciality dancer. Congratulations to Ida.



A scene from "The Light That Failed," showing at the Alhambra, Capetown, on May 18th.

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Here and There.

I HATE plays that I can understand, because they are not like life, which nobody understands.—*Bernard Shaw.*

GLADYS Cooper and Ivor Novello are appearing together in "Iris." They are considered to be the handsomest pair of "Lovers" on the stage. Miss Cooper is the finest box office magnet, so managers tell us, among the British actresses of to-day, and Mr. Novello is the reigning matinee idol, so what more can "Iris" demand?

THERE is to be open air dancing at Wembley this year, that is if the Summer God be kind. The site, an English garden where the old Lucullus Club used to stand, and where, amid the fragrant English flowers, you can point the light fantastic on the green swards. It sounds ideal, anyway.

AND, talking of dancing, ball room favours are dying out in England and all the carnival appurtenances seem to have lost their favour. It is said that after they have exhausted their present store, the Midnight Follies will not give out any more. So farewell to the rakish cap we perch on our shingled heads, to the trumpet Pater Familias blows with such gr[illegible] (little Willie not being there to see him), and to ear-s[illegible]ng rattles. England is to be again her dignified se[illegible]

PAVLOVA [illegible]s been appearing in Mexico, but on September 28th wil[illegible]pen a ballet season at Covent Garden.

THE Diaghileff Ballet is to give their first performance at the Coliseum on May 18th with three entirely new ballets. One of them, "Zephie and Flora," is by Marsine, the music having been written by Dukelsky.

EVERYONE will remember Sutton Vane's play, "Outward Bound," which was produced by the Leon M. Lion Co. Mr. Vane's next play, "Overture," also deals with a remarkable theme. An English dramatic critic writes:—In the first act will be seen various people before they are born into this world, among them a judge, an actor, a society woman, a Cockney workman, a country spinster, and two ardent lovers, and—remarkable to tell, they will be discovered aged and dressed just as they are later when they have fulfilled their earthly destinies. The note of the play is that we get all we want on this earth except happiness—which no one can command.

RUDOLPH Valentino won the "Picturegoer's" Popularity Contest, which gives him claim to be the most popular film star in the British Isles. The winning list is as follows:—

1. Rudolph Valentino.
2. Norma Talmadge.
3. Ramon Novarro.
4. Jackie Coogan.
5. Harold Lloyd.
6. Ivor Novello.
7. Gloria Swanson.
8. Alice Terry.
9. Betty Compson.
10. Bebe Daniels.

I DO love American notices: they are so short and to the point. Here is one about two old friends playing at Keith's, Cincinatti:—

Stanelli and Douglas, skilful violinists, gave imitations and other numbers "in one," and a strenuous inebriate burlesque "in three." Sixteen minutes; three bows.

Here is another from the Palace, Chicago:—

Rich Hayes, elongated juggler and comedian, presents some clever eccentric ball juggling. He wears a sure-fire comedy make-up. Eight minutes, in two; two people; encore and five bows.

And the Orpheum, St. Louis:—

Ducalion, the loquacious English laddie, dispenses a fast line of comedy talk in peppy fashion, all the while balancing himself atop a ladder, He also plays a violin solo while in this position. An unbilled shapely woman serves as prop. Sixteen minutes, in one; two bows.

MAY I whisper it? I thought corsets a thing of the past, but in "Sea Urchin," at the Strand Theatre, London, after the shipwreck, Peggy O'Niel is restored to life by the cutting of her stay laces. The stage is so often the forerunner of fashion, have we anything to fear?

LONDON'S newest playhouse, The Barnes, has just opened its doors with a four-act piece, "Fatherhood," by Harold Owen, with Edyth Goodall as leading lady. The producer is Wilfred Eaton. All seats in the new theatre may be booked, accommodation being provided for 700 people, and only new plays are to be produced.

MISTINGUETTE has become the proud possessor of an estate at Bongival, renowned from the days of Guy de Maupassant. The charming actress was very perplexed as to what name to give it, and in the end decided to call her confreres to her aid. So she gave a real rustic fête, where all the most distinguished people in the theatrical, art and literary world were bidden. But poor Mistinguette is no nearer the solution, for everyone plunged for "Mon Home," which is, of course, a play on "Mon Homme," her famous song, and it has not found favour in her eyes.

THIS year's season at Covent Garden, which opens on May 18th, will be divided into two parts, the first German and the second Italian. It is expected that the "Rosenkavalier" will open the season, and other operas are to be: "The Flying Dutchman," "Tannhaüser," "Elektra," "Tristan," "Lohengrin," "Die Walkure," "Götterdämmerung" and "Die Meistersinger." In the Italian season there will be "Aida," "La Bohème," "Madame Butterfly," "Rigoletto," "Torea," "La Traviata" and "Il Barbiere di Surglia." "Fédora" and "Andrea Clemier" will be revived. They were played at Covent Garden in pre-war days.

Rupert Hazell, opening at Criterion, Durban, May 18th.

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A Story of Rudyard Kipling.

BY CHARLES K. ULRICH.

It was my good fortune to be a reporter on the San Francisco *Chronicle* in 1889 when Rudyard Kipling, then about 24 years old, who had just arrived from India, became a member of the reportorial staff. Everything about him betrayed the man from the Orient, but what impressed me most were his pronounced accent, his stocky frame, heavy bulging eyebrows and great goggles. He was in no sense a "mixer," so that his comings and goings during his stay were scarcely observed by those with whom he came in casual contact.

Mr. Kipling's connection with the *Chronicle* was extremely brief—less than a month. I then lived at No. 608, Bush Street, in the house Robert Louis Stevenson occupied during his stay in San Francisco in the winter of 1879-80. Mr. Kipling roomed somewhere along that street, and several times we walked home in company after our final copy had been turned in at night. On one of these occasions he asked if I knew where he might dispose of some stories he had written.

At my request he gave me two or three manuscripts to read, among them being "The Light That Failed." I do not know whether he wrote this story in San Francisco, as has been asserted, but I do know that I was perhaps the first man in this country to read it as he had penned it. I suggested after reading that he submit the stories to the Sunday editor of the San Francisco *Examiner*, known as "Cosey" Noble. He did so, and some days later told me that Noble, whom he called a "bally ass," had rejected the stories on the ground that they were not up to the high literary standard of the *Examiner!*

Mr. Kipling was highly indignant, and this and other disappointments, at a time when he was in urgent need of money, soured him against Americans and all things American. He hated San Francisco, ridiculed its society, derided its institutions and held the most famous lawyers and orators in the city in contempt. He could not accustom himself to even a study of that American political system of the brand then managed in San Francisco by Chris Buckley, a blind political democratic boss of great notoriety in California. All of this and more he later revealed in his "American Notes."

The future famous author was unable to sell his stories in San Francisco, and one day he disappeared mysteriously without bidding any of us farewell. That he was a writer of signal merit whose forte was not newspaper work, he amply evidenced. His assignments were uncongenial and he infinitely preferred to wander about Chinatown, to "doing" funerals and society functions. It was two or three years later, after the name of Kipling had created a tremendous stir in the literary world by the publication of "The Light That Failed" and others of his superb stories, that we who had known him casually in San Francisco recalled him to memory. He had left San Francisco presumably on a fishing trip, and as far as I am aware, he never visited that city again.

"The Light That Failed," screened by Paramount, and featuring Jacqueline Logan, Sigrid Holmquist Percy Marmont and David Torrence, will be the feature at the Alhambra Theatre, Capetown, on May 18th for a week. It is a George Melford production of the finest grade and packed with thrills from start to finish.

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Racing News.

Saturday's Small Fields.

By "Observer."

Fabaris, for which Mr. C. A. Hadley paid Sir Abe Bailey £500, has been allotted 9st. 11lb. in the Ascot Cup, 1¼ miles, to be run at Milnerton on Monday, May 25. The weight is a big one, but the class engaged is moderate.

They are not a particularly bright lot of seventeen engaged in the Johannesburg Winter Handicap. Wonder represents what class there is in the list, although three others in Duchess Trenton, Desert Gold and Fordwych are previous winners of a Johannesburg Handicap. As the weights had not been issued when this paper went to press, the race will be dealt with next week.

Immediately after the conclusion of the Johannesburg Turf Club's Winter Meeting owners and trainers will be called upon to enter for the Prince of Wales' Cup. This is to be run on Wednesday, June 24, and, in addition to the stake of £1,650, the Jockey Club of South Africa is giving a Gold Cup of the value of £350. The Prince of Wales will present the cup to the lucky owner of the winner.

French Derby Colt.

On Sunday, the Poule d'Essai des Poulains is to be run at Longchamps. This is the equivalent of the English Two Thousand Guineas and is run over a mile. Mon. J. D. Cohn's colt, Ptolemy II., is engaged, and if he does as well as is confidently expected he is to be shipped to England to take part in the Derby, run later in the month. With Saucy Sue not engaged, and a doubt about Manna staying the mile and a half course, the task of the invader does not seem unduly hard. Donoghue rides Ptolemy II. in his French and English classic engagements.

Evidently Messrs. A. Lavenstein, owner, and J. Russell, trainer, are hopeful of getting another race out of Pamphlet. The twelve-year-old son of William Rufus—Amphlet appears among the entries for the Merchants' Handicap, to be run on the third day of the meeting. Considering that Pamphlet, who finished his racing career in a blaze of triumph in 1920, has been at stud since then, it would be a wonderful "come back" if he was to win another race.

Polinique at Durban.

Mr. Donny Lyons, the owner of Polinique, side-stepped Blacksmith II. in the Gosforth Park Plate and held his colt in reserve for Saturday's meeting at Durban. Polinique duly fulfilled his mission and, in winning the Umgeni Handicap (Tops) became the first Rand owned and trained two-year-old to win in open company this season. Polinique now waits over in Durban for the African Breeders' Stakes on July 8, in which Illustrious and Blacksmith II. are not engaged. With his 7lb. penalty, Polinique will have 9st. to carry and, unless the Durban people can unearth something particularly smart or another miracle happens, as when Python beat Red Ronald in 1923, the African Breeders looks a racing certainty for Polinique.

The Passmore Family.

For an old 'un, Mr. A. E. Passmore has enjoyed most of the triumphs that can fall to the lot of a jockey, amateur or professional, in South Africa. Some time ago the executive stewards of the Jockey Club decided that it was time Mr. Passmore gave up riding, and the veteran, although holding a different opinion, was forced into retirement. However, he has not to go outside his own family to ride the horses he breeds, owns and trains. On Saturday the "old man" won a double with two of his own breeding and training, in Beth and Cherry Lass. They were ridden in their respective races by his sons, Reggie and Albert, the latter a midget who is shaping very well. Later in the day Reggie won another race, outside of his father's stable, on Oxton. On the same day, Avanti, bred by Mr. Passmore, won at Durban, as did Gypsy Smith at Capetown. All four winners are by Unequalled, now sharing harem honours with two other high-class colonial horses in Contentment and Red Ronald at Mr. A. E. Passmore's Forest Gate stud farm at Bethlehem, in the Free State. Apart from his racing interests, Mr. Passmore is also going in extensively for cotton growing up Rustenburg way.

Do Bigger Stakes — ?

At the annual meeting of the Owners' and Trainers' Association the slogan of the Chairman was "Bigger stakes make for better racing." This is a nice, high-sounding phrase, but in practice it does not work out. That is if the last two meetings of the Pony and Galloway Club can be taken as a criterion. At both these fixtures the fields were very much on the lean side, and a travesty on those of former days. So far the Stewards of the Pony and Galloway Club have battled to keep up a fair standard of stakes, but if the owners and trainers are not prepared to give the meetings adequate support, they must be prepared for the inevitable—reduced prize money. Undoubtedly there are faults on both sides, for the Stewards of the Pony and Galloway Club are a mighty long time in introducing the retrenchments promised at their annual general meeting. On the other hand, the Owners' and Trainers' Association are not furthering their own cause by in any way withholding active support in the way of entries and runners for the Pony and Galloway Club. Further, the owners and trainers have to thank this particular club for having raised the stakes the "measured" horses are racing for. These stakes are not as good as they have been, but at the same time the owners and trainers must not overlook the fact that there is a risk of them dropping even lower. In the meantime let the Stewards of the Pony and Galloway Club give some sign that they are striving to put their house in order by following out the retrenchment resolutions passed at their annual general meeting.

At the Park.

Although they have been at loggerheads with the Owners' and Trainers' Association oftener than any other racing club on the Rand, the Auckland Park people invariably get good entries for their meetings. For Saturday's fixture the card of eight events is a well filled one, and the following look best in:—

12.30 p.m.—Juvenile Handicap. Seven furlongs.
St. George, 1; Northern Light, 2; Flawless, 3.

1.10 p.m.—Brixton Handicap, "D." Seven furlongs.
Apparition, 1; Windermere, 2; Coracle, 3.

1.50 p.m.—Brixton Handicap, "A." Six furlongs.
Edible, 1; Dinorah, 2; Magicienne, 3.

2.30 p.m.—Brixton Handicap, "C." Six furlongs.
Dispatch, 1; Nitzske, 2; Smithy, 3.

3.10 p.m. Auckland Park Handicap, "A." 1¼ miles.
Back Answer, 1; Prince Orb, 2; View Holloa, 3.

3.50 p.m.—Brixton Handicap, "B." Five furlongs.
Turning Point, 1; Surefoot II., 2; Downcast, 3.

4.30 p.m.—Auckland Park Handicap, "B." One mile.
Outpace, 1; Amphilius, 2; Isobela, 3.

5.10 p.m.—Auckland Park Handicap, "C." Seven furlongs.
Queen of the Karroo, 1; Red Warrior, 2; Chloe, 3.

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PRETORIA AND REEF THEATRES. PROGRAMMES FOR WEEK COMMENCING MONDAY, 18th MAY.

GRAND THEATRE
PRETORIA.

(AFRICAN THEATRES, LTD.)
Nightly at 8 o'clock.
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 3 p.m.
Vaudeville for the Week:
GRANT AND FABER. **BROUGHTON AND CREEDON.**
Photo-Play:
A Screen Version of Alfred Savoir's Celebrated French Farce,
"BLUEBEARD'S EIGHTH WIFE," featuring **Gloria Swanson.**

APOLLO THEATRE
GERMISTON.

(AFRICAN THEATRES, LTD.)
Nightly at 8 o'clock.
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 3 p.m.
Vaudeville:
THURSDAY, FRIDAY and SATURDAY, MAY 21, 22 and 23:
LES AUGUSTINES. **TRENT AND SADIE.**
Photo-Plays:
MONDAY, TUESDAY and WEDNESDAY, MAY 18, 19 and 20:
"ENEMIES OF WOMEN," featuring **Lionel Barrymore** and **Alma Rubens.**
THURSDAY, FRIDAY and SATURDAY, MAY 21, 22 and 23:
"THE MIDNIGHT ALARM," featuring **Alice Calhoun** and **Percy Marmont.**

VAUDETTE THEATRE
KRUGERSDORP.

(AFRICAN THEATRES, LTD.)
Nightly at 8 o'clock.
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 3 p.m.
Vaudeville:
MONDAY, TNESDAY and WEDNESDAY. MAY 18, 19 and 20:
LES AUGUSTINES. **TRENT AND SADIE.**
Photo-Plays:
MONDAY and TUESDAY, MAY 18 and 19:
"HALF A DOLLAR BILL," featuring **Anna Q. Nilsson.**
WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY, MAY 20 and 21:
"SPORTING YOUTH," featuring **Reginald Denny.**
FRIDAY and SATURDAY, MAY 22 and 23:
"ENEMIES OF WOMEN," featuring **Lionel Barrymore** and **Alma Reubens.**

CRITERION THEATRE
BENONI.

(AFRICAN THEATRES, LTD.)
Nightly at 8 o'clock.
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 3 p.m.
Vaudeville for the Week:
MDLLE. MARGO. **IRENE FORDE.**
Photo-Plays:
MONDAY and TUESDAY, MAY 18 and 19:
"WHY MEN LEAVE HOME," featuring **Lewis Stone** and **Helen Chadwick.**
WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY, MAY 20 and 21:
"SPORTING YOUTH," featuring **Reginald Denny.**
FRIDAY and SATURDAY, MAY 22 and 23:
"THE VIRGINIAN," featuring **Kenneth Harlan** and **Florence Vidor.**

EMPIRE THEATRE
BRAKPAN.

(AFRICAN THEATRES, LTD.)
Nightly at 8.15.
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 3 p.m.
MONDAY and TUESDAY, MAY 18 and 19:
"THE CUSTARD CUP," featuring **Mary Carr.**
WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY, MAY 20 and 21:
"THE CHEAT," featuring **Poli Negri.**
FRIDAY and SATURDAY, MAY 22 and 23:
"THE THREE AGES," featuring **Buster Keaton.**

SPRINGS THEATRE
SPRINGS.

(AFRICAN THEATRES, LTD.) Nightly at 8 o'clock.
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 3 p.m.
MONDAY and TUESDAY, MAY 18 and 19:
"THREE WOMEN," featuring **Pauline Frederick, May McAvoy** and **Lew Cody.**
WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY, MAY 20 and 21:
"LAWFUL LARCENY," featuring **Hope Hampton** and **Conrad Nagel.**
FRIDAY and SATURDAY, MAY 22 and 23:
"THE SAWDUST TRAIL," featuring **Hoot Gibson.**

PALACE THEATRE
BOKSBURG.

(AFRICAN THEATRES, LTD.)
Nightly at 8 o'clock.
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 3 p.m.
MONDAY and TUESDAY, MAY 18 and 19:
"THE FOOTLIGHT RANGER," featuring **Charles Jones.**
WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY, MAY 20 and 21:
"THREE JUMPS AHEAD," and **ACROSS THE WORLD BY ZEPPELIN Z.R.3."**
FRIDAY and SATURDAY, MAY 22 and 23:
"WHY MEN LEAVE HOME," featuring **Lewis Stone and Helen Chadwick.**

EMPIRE THEATRE
BOKSBURG.

(AFRICAN THEATRES, LTD.)
Nightly at 8 o'clock.
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 3 p.m.
MONDAY and TUESDAY, MAY 18 and 19:
"CHU CHIN CHOW." Special Feature.
WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY, MAY 20 and 21:
"TO THE LADIES," featuring **Theodore Roberts.**
FRIDAY and SATURDAY, MAY 22 and 23:
"FLYING HOOPS," featuring **Jack Hoxie.**

CAPETOWN AND DURBAN PROGRAMMES FOR WEEK COMMENCING 18th MAY, 1925.

TIVOLI THEATRE
CAPETOWN.

(AFRICAN THEATRES, LTD.)
Nightly at 8.15.
Matinees every Thursday and Saturday at 2.30.
Powerful Vaudeville Bill, headed by
DIO PIA,
In Beautiful Pantomimic Dances.
Zetta Mor—In Character Impressions.
Dolly Victoria and Brother—The Australian Madcaps.
The Van Delfts—The Perfect Gymnasts.
Morris and Vane—In a Character Vocal Scena.
Bradley and Hamilton—In the Farcical Sketch, "Unearthly."
Noni and Partner—In Musical Absurdities.

ALHAMBRA THEATRE
CAPETOWN.

(AFRICAN THEATRES, LTD.)
Nightly at 8 o'clock.
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 3 p.m.
The Screen Version of Rudyard Kipling's great story,
"THE LIGHT THAT FAILED,"
Featuring **Jacqueline Logan** and **Percy Marmont.**

GRAND THEATRE
CAPETOWN.

(AFRICAN THEATRES, LTD.)
Daily at 3 and 8.
MONDAY, TUESDAY and WEDNESDAY, MAY 18, 19 and 20:
"WOMANPROOF," featuring **Thomas Meighan** and **Lila Lee.**
THURSDAY, FRIDAY and SATURDAY, MAY 21, 22 and 23:
"HIS CHILDREN'S CHILDREN," featuring **Bebe Daniels** and **Dorothy Mackaill.**

WOLFRAM'S THEATRE
CAPETOWN.

(AFRICAN THEATRES, LTD.)
Daily at 3, 7 and 8.45.
MONDAY and TUESDAY, MAY 18 and 19:
"THE SUNSET TRAIL," featuring **William Desmond** and **Gareth Hughes.**
WED., THUR., FRI. and SAT., MAY 20, 21, 22 and 23:
"TO THE LAST MAN," featuring **Lois Wilson** and **Richard Dix.**

CRITERION THEATRE
DURBAN.

Nightly at 8 o'clock. Matinee every Saturday at 3 p.m.
Vaudeville:
STRENGTH BROS. **RUPERT HAZELL & CO.** **LESLIE ELLIOTT.**
Photo-Plays:
MONDAY, TUESDAY and WEDNESDAY, MAY 18, 19 and 20:
"THOSE WHO DANCE," featuring **Blanche Sweet.**
THURSDAY, FRIDAY and SATURDAY, MAY 21, 22 and 23:
"ROUGH SHOD," featuring **Charles Jones.**

EMPIRE THEATRE
DURBAN.

(AFRICAN THEATRES, LTD.)
Daily at 3 and 8.
"WELCOME STRANGER," featuring **Dore Davidson.**
A screen adaptation of the stage success of the same name.

Next Week's Theatre Calls.

FOR WEEK COMMENCING MONDAY, 18TH MAY, 1925.

Tivoli, Capetown.—Zetta Mor, Morris & Vane, Dio Pia, Noni & Partner, Dolly Victoria and Brother, The Van Delfts, Bradley & Hamilton.

His Majesty's, Johannesburg.—Renée Kelly and Full London Company in Sir James Barrie's Fantasy, "A Kiss for Cinderella."

Empire, Johannesburg.—The New London Company in the great song and dance show, "Sally," produced by Thomas Pauncefort.

Orpheum, Johannesburg.—Astor & Astoria, Femina Quartette.

Grand, Pretoria.—Grant & Faber, Broughton & Creedon.

Criterion, Benoni.—Mdlle. Margo, Irene Forde.

Rinko, Maritzburg.—Ross, Barker & McLennan.

Criterion, Durban.—Strength Bros., Rupert Hazell & Co., Leslie Elliott.

Vaudette, Krugersdorp.—Les Augustines, Trent & Sadie (Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday).

Apollo, Germiston.—Les Augustines, Trent & Sadie (Thursday, Friday, Saturday).

Vaudette, Kimberley.—Frank Fay & The Little Lady from Dixie, Stella & Partner (Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday).

Vaudette, East London.—(Opening 13th May). Barker & Wynne, Harrisa Bros.

Opera House, Capetown.—Iris Hoey and her Company in the repertoire.

Standard Theatre, Johannesburg.—Freda Godfrey, supported by New London Company, in "The Heart of a Child."

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S.A. PICTORIAL.

STAGE & CINEMA.

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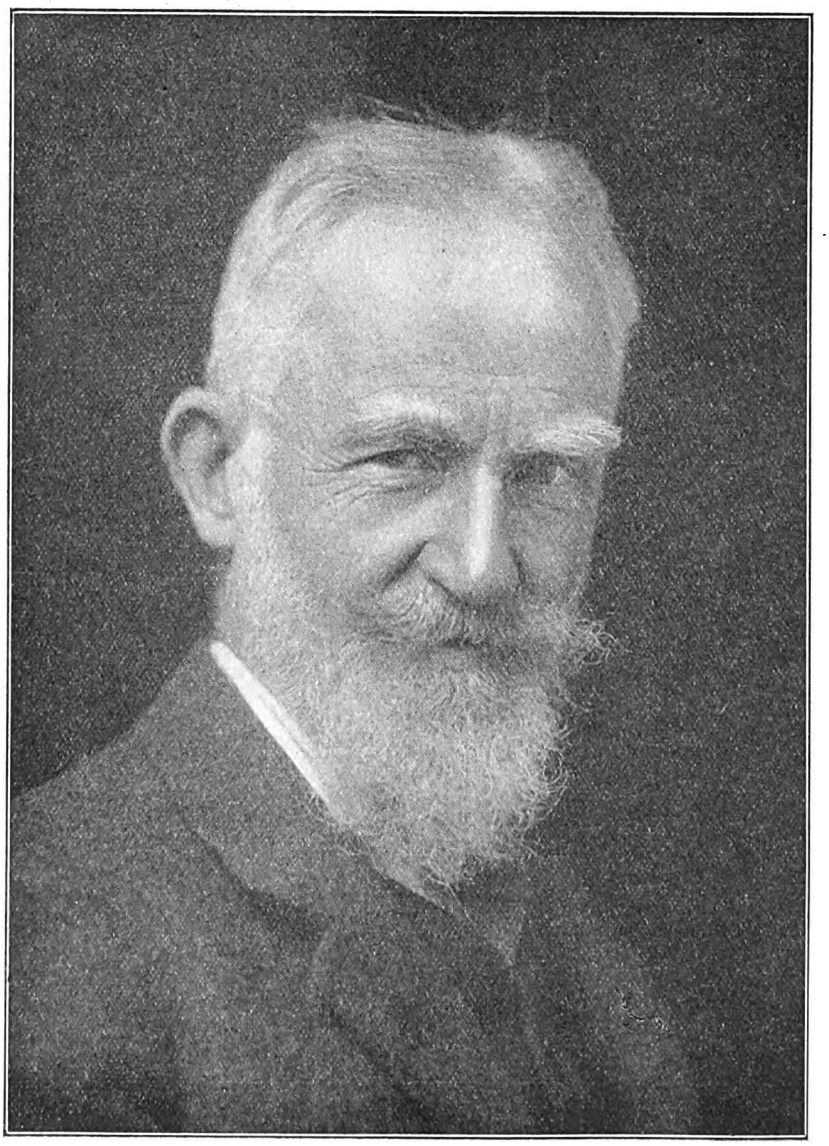
The Week.

Two new plays in Johannesburg this week, and each of them splendidly played and very entertaining. Let me tell you about them.

A dainty figure in a du Barry gown of the palest shell pink embossed in silver, huge panniers round the trim little waist with its tight-fitting corsage, soft silver laces at throat and sleeves, a powdered wig with long black ribbon ends from amid the curls and puffs . . . . for background, black velvet curtains and a demure French maid with the wicked twinkle of satisfaction in her eye . . . . so Miss Freda Godfrey came into her own again when "The Heart of a Child" was staged at the Standard Theatre. I say "came into her own again," for that was the moment of the play when I felt that both Freda and the play had once again made good, that the audience had reinstalled her in the nook in their hearts which she had never really left—which does sound Irish. There was no question as to the reception she received on her first appearance as "Sally Snape" in the pickle warehouse, and at the close of the play, which ends with one of the prettiest "curtains" I have ever seen, when she stood surrounded by flowers and, in a voice that trembled with emotion, thanked the audience, I feel there is no criticism necessary: it suffices to say Miss Godfrey has come back, after two years' absence from the stage, better than ever. The cast? There is so much I want to tell you that half of it will have to be locked away till next week—locked away in the dusty records where we keep our best secrets. Thomas Sleigh made a very adequate lover, the young man about town, the clean living young Englishman whom we all know, and (it should really be printed in large type) he wore Oxford trousers—yes, there they were for the first time on any stage in South Africa, the real "bags." We all adored Miss Florence Vie, ever so smartly dressed; her performance as the "Hon. Ursula Rugeley" was a treat to listen to—it had all the polish and finish of the artiste. Miss Jessie Bateman gave a very fine rendering of the "cat," "Lady Jill Lytham," and gave it so successfully that she had not a friend left in the audience half-way through, to judge from the remarks I heard around me. I loved her clothes, too, and will tell you of them later. Mr. Geo. Montford, who was the producer, and also took the part of theatrical manager, was bright and breezy; Mr. Clarence Bigge was a very good "Brigadier General"; Mr. Leslie Manners got himself generally disliked as "Mr. 'Erbert"; Bertha Ricardo was a natty French maid with a temper, and Mr. Barry Livesey and the girls at the factory all combined to make a real success of the play. For it was a success, there was not the slightest doubt about that.



Mr. Bernard Shaw.

Then I went to "French Leave" at His Majesty's Theatre. If a grey-haired old General, under whom you were serving, and a dashing, good-looking young subaltern with a merry eye, flirted with your wife under your nose, and you could not claim her without running the risk of being shot at dawn, what would you do? And if, furthermore, the said wife were suspected of being a German spy and it was war time and you were at the front, what

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would you do? These two problems confronted "Captain Glenster," *alias* Mr. Hylton Allan, in the play I saw, and it was a difficult position for any self-respecting officer to be in. If you want an amusing, rollicking play, go and see "French Leave"; there is not a weak spot in it. It is a war play without the horrors of war. One can hardly imagine that the peaceful French farmhouse is within reach of the front trenches, and the sight of the familiar khaki only makes you remember how nice our men looked in it. Miss Renée Kelly is a charming and pretty wife masquerading as a French artist, and I make my bow to her for her fluent French and her pretty accent. One has not need of much imagination to feel with the jealous husband. Mr. Jackson Wilcox as the "General" is, dare we say it, very typical of many met with before, after and during the war. Mr. Frank Freeman is a dashing lieutenant with an eye for "a peach" and a jolly boyish manner that appeals. All the smaller rôles are excellently played, there is laughter, there is comedy, much comedy in the lines, lovely gowns for Miss Kelly, including a wonderful flame-coloured fan of feathers, and what more can we ask?

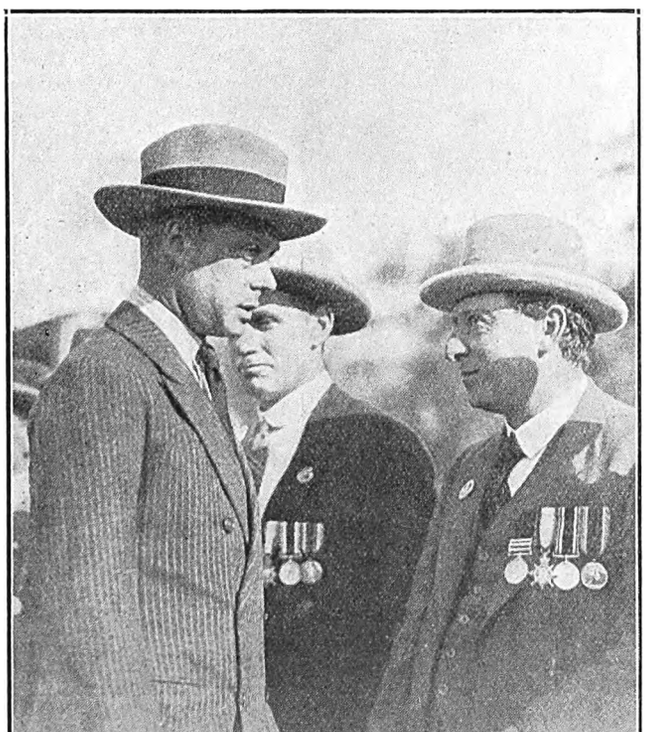
A scene from "Find Your Man."

And, at the Empire, "Sally," as young and as gay as ever, a show brimming over with brightness and mirth, with lovely gowns, delightful scenes and pretty girls, and . . . my apologies, Mr. Billy Holland . . . good-looking men.

And, on the 25th, there will open at His Majesty's Theatre the Bernard Shaw season, of which more anon. "Pygmalion" will be the first play, with a splendid cast. You will see the photographs of many of them on the centre pages.

Miss Iris Hoey, Mr. Cyril Raymond and their company will be by the "sad sea waves" (though why "sad," I don't know) in Durban on the same date, repeating the successes they have had in every city they have visited.

So there, don't you think it has been a full week, with lots more to come?



H.R.H. The Prince of Wales chatting with ex-Corporal E. Doitsh, 1st S.A.I. (Author of "The First Springbok Prisoner in Germany"), at Capetown.

Towards London.

Capetown.

Yo! ho! ho! and a bottle of Van der Hum—and now on the boat for London. Mr. Leon M. Lion travelled down in the train with me. After that marvellous farewell at the station, he sat back on the seat and said, "Well, they're marvellous people. If they hadn't sunshine in their sky, they certainly have it in their hearts. It is a generous country populated by generous people: do you know they made me feel transferred back to the days of the Elizabethans?"

When Mr. Lion returns to London he will put a Monckton Hoff play into rehearsal—almost immediately. The West End, which is suffering a sort of theatrical drought at present, will welcome him back, because he is always a pioneer—breaking new ground—setting standards rather than following them.

I saw Miss Iris Hoey in Capetown—sparkling as ever and very enthusiastic about her tour, which continues with splendid results. After five months in Africa, I honestly feel that the Union sets the standard for the colonial theatre. I know the Australian and New Zealand theatres well, and assure you that shows like these Mr. Lion and Miss Hoey have presented bring the very West End into Africa.

Michael Glass.

Welcome to a Friend.

It will be to sympathetic friends, to people who know and realise his worth as an actor and producer, that Mr. Stanley Drewitt will make his bow with the Bernard Shaw players on May 25th at His Majesty's. You will remember he was here with Maurice Moscovitch just lately and produced "The Merchant of Venice" and "The Outsider," playing "Antonio" in one and the chief surgeon, "Mr. Jasper Sturdee," in the other.

Mr. Drewitt has a wonderfully fine speaking voice and is always a pleasure to listen to. He has toured America as well as being very well known all over England.

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Making Shaw Sure.

How Mr. Charles Macdona Does It.

I don't know whether he is an Irishman or a Scotsman. One never likes to ask, because either thinks it an insult to be taken for the other. Perhaps he is a mixture of both, but my own private opinion inclines to the Irish side. There are twinkles in his eyes that are hardly Scotch—and yet, I don't really know. Let it go, however.

"For years I had been playing in and producing Shaw's 'Pygmalion,'" Mr. Macdona told me, "but it was not till four years ago that I got the tremendous idea of producing all of the plays of the greatest dramatist of our age. It suddenly occurred to me one day that it would be possible to form a Shaw Repertory Company on the lines upon which D'Oyley Carte Opera Company is run.

Well, I took my great idea to the great man himself expecting him to be all eagerness at the prospect of knowing that his plays would be produced in every fairly large town in England. But, to my surprise, he laughed at me—oh, yes, laughed loud and long.

"'Why man,' he said to me, 'You'll be ruined and I shall be dead long before you bring off that scheme!'

"And I replied: 'Anyway, I'm going to try it.'

"So I got my company together and we tried it.

"That was four years ago. I have been producing Shaw all over England ever since. At first, I must admit, things did not go so well. I saw there was a good deal to be said of Shaw's theory that England would never take him to her heart. However, I held on. My motto is 'Whenever you're not quite sure about things, don't ask the proverbial policeman, but just hold on.' So I stuck to it. The tide did not turn at once, nor for some time, and I discussed the matter with Shaw again. He still laughed at me and I still refused to let go.

"And then the wind changed. Suddenly I found England open-armed for Shaw. His star was in the ascendant. I acquired the rights of all his plays for the provinces. It was my aim to put before the public, as a splendid dish, plays which were worthy of its interest and appreciation, and to present them so well that they might become as popular to the proverbial man in the street as to the student of the Literary Club. I wanted to get outside the little circle of highbrows who were once considered, by themselves at any rate, to have the sole rights of appreciating Shavian plays. The company now pays annual visits of three and four weeks to all the big towns in the United Kingdom, and each year they are welcomed with extraordinary ardour—as one welcomes a long-absent friend whom one knows as one's wittiest comrade."

"I hope you made Mr. Shaw apologise to you for his doubts of your success," I said to Mr. Macdona.

He laughed. "Oh, I didn't have to make him. He did it of his own accord. He is the first to admit when his judgment is found to be wrong. He is a splendid man and never interferes with one's productions of his plays. Occasionally he sends me a letter asking me to look with a favourable eye upon some aspirant to Shavian parts, but it is always in the form of a gentle request, never a demand. Frankly, I think Shaw is not only the most broad-minded and modest of men, he is also the best of men. And when I say 'best' I mean it in every sense of the word. I am very proud of my association with him.

"But to return to my Repertory Company, the Macdona players. Last year I took them to Paris, trembling, I will admit, for their reception. I did not know how the French people would receive Shaw, but I thought my company would probably be popular, as Parisians have often witnessed performances in French of 'Mrs. Warren's Profession,' and on each occasion of its production the houses have been packed.

"So we went to Paris, and for six weeks we were booked up solidly every night. Very often there was only standing room left, and that was soon sold too. It was a most successful season. Not only did the English and American residents in Paris come again and again, but French people were also constant visitors.

"Mr. S. Esmé Percy, well known before the war for his productions of classic plays of all periods, including those of Bernard Shaw, Galsworthy, Tolstoi, Ibsen, and Andriev, and who ran the English theatre in Cologne during our occupation there, is my producer for the fourteen Shaw plays in my repertoire. In Mr. Shaw's preface to 'Back to Methuselah,' he speaks of Mr. Percy as having 'led the forlorn hope of advanced drama in England,' and it has been Mr. Percy's and my endeavour to prove that it is not, after all, such a 'forlorn' hope. In fact, I think we have proved it.

"I have received so many requests from South Africa for Shaw plays that I am now sending out a repertory company to try its luck on colonial boards. Several people have written hoping that my first production will be 'Mrs. Warren's Profession.' I do not, however, propose to accede to these requests. My first bill will probably be 'Pygmalion.' I have always found that a very good bill to begin with. That, or 'Fanny's First Play.' In this case, however, I think my choice will rest on the first-mentioned play, 'Pygmalion,' 'Fanny' calls for so many characters, and I am hoping that my producer will be able to pick up some likely people for the smaller parts in South Africa. I am sure that a land like that, overflowing as it is with musical and other artistic talent, should prove a lucky dip for the searcher for histrionic gifts.

"It is my contention, too, that the younger countries will be more quick to take Shaw, in the person of his plays, to their hearts than the English have been. It is a well-known fact that the English people, all except a very few, resent anything that is very new or modern. They are afraid of it, afraid that it is going to shake them out of their usual rut of sleek placidity, they want to sleep cosily in the safe, warm bed of the past, not to go exploring the unknown ways of the future. Now, Shaw is essentially the dramatist of the future. He is the turning point of our age, of many ages, if you will, just as Shakespeare was the turning point of his own and following centuries. I dare swear that Shaw will be commemorated in the future with as much zest as was the bard of old. Probably in Chelsea or Hampstead, or some new suburb, generations of the future will give and witness special performances of 'Fanny's First Play' or 'The Doctor's Dilemma' or 'Saint Joan,' as regularly as 'Romeo and Juliet,' 'As You Like It' and 'Othello' are performed at Stratford-on-Avon when spring comes round each year. Not that I think Mr. Shaw himself desires such a commemoration. For him the joy of his work lies in the work itself, not in the way posterity may look at it.

"It has often been suggested to me that I should send a repertory company to America. In fact, when this present company was playing at Hammersmith some time ago, an American, who had just witnessed a performance of 'The Doctor's Dilemma,' said to me 'Why, Macdona, these people must come to America. We haven't a company there to touch them!'

"I realise, of course, that all the company must be English. No American could possible play one of Shaw's Englishmen even if he had studied the English for years. Take, for instance, the doctors in the 'Dilemma.' They are essentially English, as are also the critics in 'Fanny's First Play.' These characters must be portrayed by English, or at least by British actors.

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"Strangely enough, in spite of his insularity in his drawing of characters, Shaw has been translated into many languages and his plays have been successful in half the cities of Europe. Why then, should they not be played by Americans? I don't know.

"Americans, however, are far more appreciative of Shaw than are English audiences. As usual, they want to teach England how to appreciate what is hers and to point out that England does not understand Shaw as well as America does. But, apart from this, they genuinely love Shaw. They recognise and pay tribute to his greatness. Half of our audiences in Paris were composed of Americans, and over and over again Americans have come up to me and congratulated me on my efforts to make Shaw better known to the general public.

"It is possible that I may accede to the many requests I have received from America that I should send a company there, and, if this company is successful in South Africa, as I do hope it will be, I see no reason why it should not go from the Cape to Australia and thence to America. If this does eventuate the Macdona players will have been all round the world performing Shaw plays, and I shall be a very proud man.

"Let me tell you one or two stories about Shaw. Of course, you may know them. Stories attributed to him are always being rumoured about. Often Shaw is not responsible for them at all, and I have an idea that a little person called Dame Gossip originates them and signs them with his name.

"However, I can vouch for the truth of these.

"This incident occurred when George Bernard Shaw worked as a dramatic critic on a London paper. That was the time when actors and actresses dreaded opening the paper in the morning, after the first night, fearing what slighting and blighting remarks they might find about themselves. And if by chance they did find some little word or line that they might reasonably translate into a eulogy they were in the seventh heaven of delight for days.

"Anyway, the great man arrived on the first night of a certain play attired in a costume that was more Shavian than conventional. He was held up by a gently but firmly protesting attendant in brass buttoms just as he was about to enter his seat in the stalls. In those days it was a heinous crime to enter the stalls in anything less formal than a white tie and 'tails.'

"'What's wrong?' demanded G. B. S. 'Is it the velvet jacket?'

"Relieved, the attendant intimated that was wrong—oh, most horribly wrong.

"'All right,' said Shaw cheerily, 'I'll go in without it,' and he cheerily stripped off the offending garment. The idea of shirt sleeves in the stalls was too much; the man's innermost delicacies and *amour propre* were devastated. Furiously he barred the way, breathing heavily at the thought of what might have happened.

"'What, you don't want me to take off any more,' cried the outraged critic and, with a truly Shavian shrug, he walked out of the theatre.

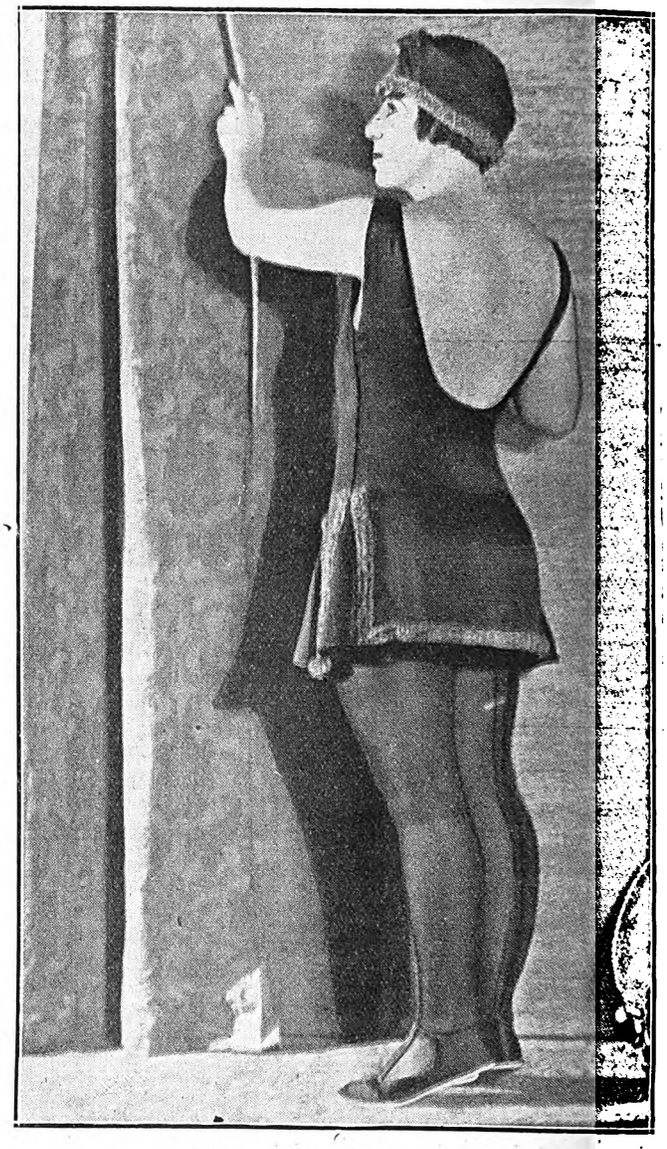
"And the next morning the injured actors and actresses, opening the paper with trembling fingers, looked in vain for the ultra-critical column from the pen of the formidable man.

"The other story is about the first night of 'Arms and the Man.'

"Mr. Shaw appeared before the curtain in response to calls of 'Author, author!'

"There was a tremendous salvo of applause, and Shaw bowed gravely in recognition. But as the clapping subsided an energetic voice from the gods made itself heard in a solitary 'Boo!'

"Shaw looked quizzically up at the gallery and remarked, in far-carrying tones, 'I quite agree with you, but what can you and I do against a houseful?'"



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Everyone who has seen "The Covered Wagon" will remember the tobacco chewing youngster, Johnny Fox, junr. Well, Johnny will be seen as "Little Billy" in "When a Man's a Man," and is sure to make as great a hit.

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Heard About It?

One of the most interesting features connected with the screen production of Harold Bell Wright's famous novel, "When a Man's a Man," which will be shown at the Grand, Capetown, on May 28th, 29th and 30th, is the fact that the picture was photographed on the exact spot where the story was written.

Pola Negri's Advice.

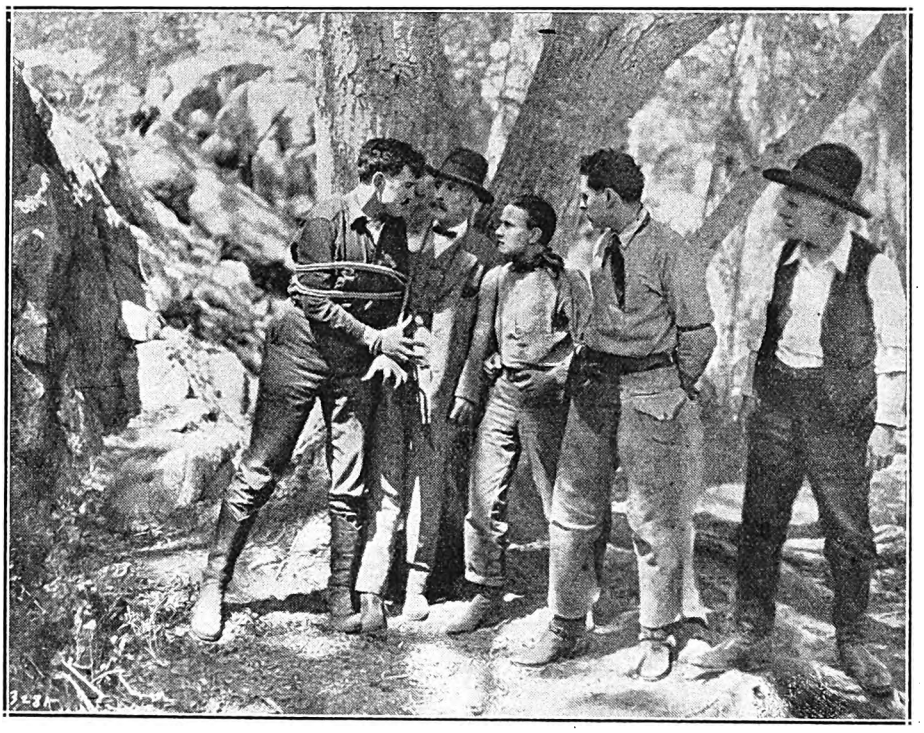
I asked Pola Negri to give me some advice for young people who wanted to go on the screen, and the famous star agreed at once with one of her charming smiles. She is a delightful personality, don't you think so?

"My advice to any girl who contemplates engaging in motion picture work, is to ask yourself this question: 'Am I prepared for hard work?'

"You must also ask, 'Am I ready to spend all my leisure time in study? Am I willing to bring all my faculties to the task of understanding the terse directions which a busy director will give me, when he is directing a scene? Am I content to work long hours without recognition, in the hope some day my reward will come?' When you ask yourself this question and answer 'Yes,' be sure that you mean what you say. If you don't, the actual test of *work* will discover the self-deception you have practised.

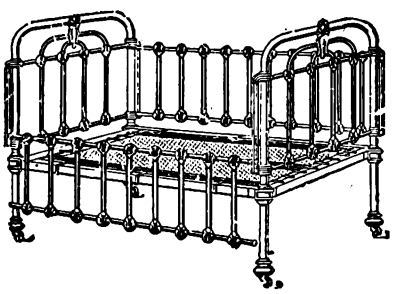
"No one gets anywhere without work. For my current picture, 'The Spanish Dancer,' which Herbert Brenon is producing for Paramount, I worked harder than at any time in my career. The rôle I play is the greatest character I have ever been given. I think of her all day and sometimes I dream about her at night. Stardom does not mean that one has finished with endeavour. The more work you show yourself capable of doing, the more will be expected of you in the future. And after all, when you consider the rewards, isn't it worth while?

"Remember, if you would succeed on the screen, you must face the most critical judges in the world."



A scene from "When a Man's a Man."

Pola Negri as "The Spanish Dancer."



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Next Week's Theatre Calls.

FOR WEEK COMMENCING MONDAY, 25TH MAY, 1925.

Tivoli, Capetown.—Dio Pia, Noni & Partner, Dolly Victoria & Brother, Bradley & Hamilton, Bert Maddison.
His Majesty's, Johannesburg.—The Macdona Players in Bernard Shaw's "Pygmalion."
Empire, Johannesburg.—"Sally," the Winter Garden Success, with all-new London Company.
Orpheum, Johannesburg.—Leslie Elliott, Harrisa Bros.
Grand, Pretoria.—Barker & Wynne, Strength Bros., Astor & Astoria.
Criterion, Benoni.—Femina Quartette, Trent & Sadie.
Rinko, Maritzburg.—Rupert Hazell & Co.
Criterion, Durban.—Broughton & Creedon, Stella & Partner, Wilma & Garcia.
Vaudette, Krugersdorp.—Roos, Barker & McLennan, Mdlle. Margo. (Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday.)
Apollo, Germiston.—Ross, Barker & McLennan, Mdlle. Margo. (Thursday, Friday, Saturday.)
Standard Theatre, Johannesburg.—Freda Godfrey, supported by new London company, in "The Heart of a Child."
Grand Theatre, Bloemfontein.—Renée Kelly and Company in "Daddy Long Legs" (Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday) and "A Kiss for Cinderella" (Thursday, Friday, Saturday).
Theatre Royal, Durban.—Iris Hoey and her Company in "Clothes and the Woman."

"Broughton and Creedon," showing at the Criterion, Durban, on May 25th.

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Pygmalion Himself.

The first Pygmalion of legend, they say, made a beautiful statue out of marble, and it was so real that it became alive in the guise of a woman. Of course, the sculptor immediately fell in love with her, and then—as the archives and tomes have it—there was "the devil to pay."

But the Pygmalion manufactured by Mr. Bernard Shaw and acted by Mr. George Wray has a still more difficult task—that of making a fine lady out of a little slum-born flower girl. This modern Pygmalion is called by the tough and well-worn name of Higgins, but his weapon is sarcasm instead of a chisel, and it takes a long time every night for *his* marble block to turn into a beautiful lady.

We feel the same sympathy with Higgins as that we have for the Pygmalion who, if he ever lived at all, must have existed many hundreds of years ago.

Interpreted by Mr. George Wray, the part of Higgins, a man of wealth and, according to his housekeeper, of many dear words, assumes enormous significance and importance. In so many productions Eliza dwarfs everybody else. But this quiet-voiced, sarcastic, very human Higgins can very well hold his own against the flower-girl in the Shaw-Macdona production of the play soon to be seen in South Africa."

"You know, this is all wrong," said Mr. Wray to me when I went to interview him during rehearsal. "I don't like being interviewed. I'm not used to it. I'd much rather be judged on my acting alone. Must I be interviewed?" he demanded, pathetically.

But I was adamant and insisted. So he shrugged his shoulders and gave himself up for lost.

He began lugubriously: "I was born in——"

"O-o-h, not *that* kind of an interview," I said.

"What?" he demanded, "haven't I got to tell you that my favourite colour is blue and that my ambition is to play Hamlet, and that my grandfather, the Bishop of Cuddleton, disinherited me because I went on the stage—and all that sort of thing?"

"I shook my head, and he brightened visibly.

"Oh, then that's all right. Now I can go ahead."

So he went ahead—rapidly.

"Well, of course, I always wanted to go on the stage. Any actor worth his salt and his salary wants to go on the stage from the time when he first gets out of petticoats and can walk alone without the help of a chair leg. I'm sure I did.

"I got my first theatrical experience at the age of twelve, when I was still at school. I suppose everybody tells you that, but it's true. I distinguished myself by playing the part of Shylock in 'The Merchant of Venice.'

"Later on I went to Xavius College in Belgium and was in the dramatic club there.

"You know, I have a theory that an actor needs to know all the details of his profession. No actor in the world ever gets to that wonderful stage in life when there is no more to learn. I maintain that the best actors go on learning their art until they die, and even then they probably go on as supers in some great drama in Heaven, and work up the ladder of fame there.

"My father, as you perhaps know, was in the theatrical business as an agent, and later on, as I grew up, he took the Hippodrome Theatre at Keighley. I stuck to my theory of learning all sorts of the theatrical profession, and went to the box office as assistant manager. There I got a glimpse into the stage as it is seen by the audience and the outsider. I learnt how people could act very well one night and give a dreadful performance the next. I watched the show every night, you see, and it was a great eye-opener to me.

"At last I decided that it was time to remove myself to the other side of the footlights and see what went on there.

"So I did what my father had done before me years ago. I took the part of a dame and did a sketch on the music halls. Now, don't look expectant, because I've very little to say about that venture. It failed. Chiefly, I think, because my voice was too large. My father suffered from the same disability. However, I have since learned to modulate my voice to the size of whatever theatre I am playing in.

"I failed as a dame, but I was not discouraged. I determined to go on with the stage, and I stuck fast.

"I went on tour, playing all sorts of parts from Shakespeare to modern drama. No, I never played Hamlet, and don't know that I ever wanted to very much. The more stalwart Shakespearean parts appealed more to me.

"That Shakespearean tour was a very good gruelling for me. Oh, the memorising of all those parts! It sounds like a nightmare when I recall it now. But my watchword for young actors or actresses beginning their stage life is 'Shakespeare, Shakespeare, and then Shakespeare, and after that, Shaw!'

"Oh, yes, I mean that. There are no other dramatists whose parts can teach so much to the beginner if he is at all enterprising and not afraid of study. I know that Shakespeare and Shaw have given me the best acting experience I have had in my life.

"What next? Let me see. Oh—then a trip to Australia. This time I was again on the onlooker's side of the footlights, as I went out there primarily to see my brother who lives there, and next to do business for my father as agent. It was that trip which bred in me a desire to see more of the world. And I made up my mind that one day I should fulfil my wish. I think I have started out on that fulfilment, coming to South Africa with the Shaw-Macdona Repertory Players. South Africa is my stepping-off place, as it were. It used to be one of my boyhood's dreams that I should make a trip there. It has always had a halo of romance for me—possibly because I have read so many books about it, but more probably because I hear that there is always a sun of some kind there. Now, that assurance, to an Englishman, is very encouraging. After a winter such as we have been through in England the thought of being here positively makes me joyous.

"Well, I returned to the stage when I got back to England, and toured with 'Tantalising Tommy' and 'The Rotters.' And then I joined that master of producers, Albert de Courville, and made my first excursion into musical comedy.

"You see, I was still clinging to my idea of learning something, however small, about every branch of the profession. De Courville was very good to me, and I played all sorts of parts. And what is more, I liked playing them. All branches of the stage appeal to me. I like what the present-day critic is pleased to term high-brow plays, but I must also confess to a great affection for music halls.

"After all, if a part is played well, it does not matter whether it is comedy or tragedy, drama or farce. The acting of it is all that matters, and there are artists in every branch of the profession.

"I think the only thing I have not done in connection with the stage is painting scenery. That, I confess, is beyond my capabilities.

"My next adventure in stageland was a very happy one, for I joined Mrs. Patrick Campbell's company. For years I had thought of her as England's foremost dramatic actress, and several seasons with her only served to cement my first impression. I always found her utterly delightful. She was generous on the stage to anybody she liked, and, of course, deliciously witty.

"You may remember her remark when Sir George Alexander, when they were playing in the same production,

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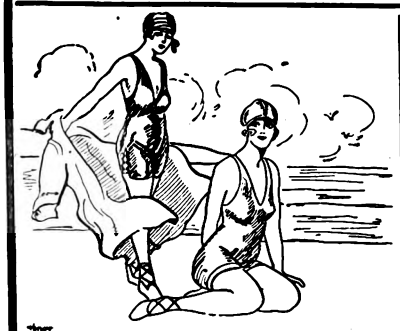

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sent her a note asking her to refrain from laughing at him while they were on the stage. And she retorted: 'Mrs. Patrick Campbell's compliments to Sir George Alexander, and she will try and wait until she gets home.'

"I played the part of Inspector Donohue with her in 'The Thirteenth Chair' and that of Dudevant in 'Madame Sand' at the Duke of York's Theatre in London. She was magnificent in both the plays, and even now, when she is not so young as she used to be, I would willingly walk miles to see her act.

"It was when I left Mrs. Campbell's company that I first joined Mr. Macdona's company, and went on tour with Shaw's 'Pygmalion' (which is to be our first bill in Johannesburg), and the same author's 'Fanny's First Play.' I played the part of Higgins in the first, and Juggins in the second.

"That brings me up to the present moment.

He broke off.

"Heavens, that's my cue!" he cried. "You might mention that my brother and sister, known on the musical stage as Byron and Byron, have lately been in South Africa, so that the family is not entirely unknown there."

And, gathering up his part, he went quickly through the wings—two chairs side by side—to take his place on the impromptu stage.

He told me later that being interviewed was not so terrible, after all.

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Would you sacrifice a professional career for only the promise of love?

Vantine gazed intently at the slim, silver-swathed figure outlined sharply against the black velvet curtains, bowing cold acknowledgment of tumultuous applause.

So this was she, Danae, the famous White Moth his young brother had lost his head over. Beautiful, he had to admit; but undoubtedly just another little "gold digger." She knew Doug had social position and money—the young idiot had already spent a fortune on her—to say nothing of considerable personal charm. Altogether a rather good catch.

Well, it couldn't go on, that was all there was to it. Doug seem to be quite forgetting his fiancee back home. What right had he to get entangled with stage women in Paris if he were going to marry Gwen? He'd find some way of preventing it.

Oblivious to the still cheering crowd about him, Vantine suddenly left his seat and passed down the aisle.

In the dressing-room of the Folies Royale the White Moth was seated before her mirror watching one of her Burmese maids carefully brush out her long hair, when her dancing partner, Montrez—El Volcano, he was placarded—came in. Would she attend the Bal des Artistes with him?

At Danae's indifferent refusal, the jealousy that consumed him ever since she accepted Doug Vantine's attentions burst forth.

"You go with that American," he stormed. "Very well, this is the end. I shall replace you in our act."

The girl regarded him indifferently, and her calm only infuriated him further.

"You are impossible," he cried; "a pampered, selfish, ingrate girl whom I myself have made into the artiste. You forget where I picked you up."

"I never forget," Danae interposed quietly. I acknowledge my debt. But surely I have repaid you with success."

In the mirror, her eyes found his in a mutual memory of the moment his words recalled. From a middle-western town she had come to Paris, possessing a good voice, dreaming of grand opera and fame. The end of a year had found her ill and discouraged, her resources gone. Life seemed not worth the living. There was the Seine. . . .

But as she leaned out over the water an arm had suddenly drawn her back.

"What of the moment?" El Volcano seized the trend of her thought. "Did I not perceive instantly your possibilities? There was the White Moth conceived at that second, you with the death pallor on your face. Did I not bring you back to life, train you, guard you, make you all you are to-night?"

"You have received full compensation in my professional success, Gonzalo. . . . If you wish now to place someone else in the act, do so by all means."

"Diavolo, but I hate you!" he cried.

* * * * * * * *

The first step in Van's campaign was to make the acquaintance of the White Moth unknown to his brother. This he accomplished by the simple method of attending the Bal des Artistes, masked, and casually cutting it on Doug.

Seated in one of the boxes with Danae, he opened fire with flattery and banter. Every word, every action, was carefully calculated to pique her interest. And then, when he seemed to have succeeded, he suddenly disappeared, leaving her in possession of a priceless ring, an Arabic inscription on it. "Fire of life," he had told her it meant.

The next morning Van received a 'phone call from the manager of the theatre, Tothnes.

"Danae leaves at once," he said. "El Volcano has already filled her place."

"Thanks," said Van laconically. "You did good work, Tothnes, in helping me break up the affair. Send me the bill."

The afternoon papers featured the sensational withdrawal of the White Moth, and the substitution of Ninon Aurel in her rôle. In the interview, Montrez had given an unabridged story of his discovery of Danae on the brink of suicide. Danae read the story, smiled over its well-directed shafts, and planned her revenge.

Just as the velvet curtains were being drawn at the Folies that evening, Danae, brilliantly gowned and more beautiful than ever, entered an upper box.

"Vantine gazed intently at the slim, silver-swathed figure outlined sharply against the black velvet curtains, bowing acknowledgment of tumultuous applause."

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Suspended in the great silk web across the ceiling of the auditorium, El Volcano looked down and recognised her. He drew his breath in anger as he grasped the intent of her revenge. The slender, appealing Ninon was revealed against

"You have received full compensation in my professional success, Gonzalo . . .; If you wish now to place someone else in the act, do so by all means. Now go."

the black pillar on the stage, but none saw her. Every eye in the audience was fixed upon Danae, standing there in her box, deliberately letting fall her cloak, and smiling her gratification as the audience acclaimed her.

A shout went up of "Danae, Danae, vive Danae!" She leaned from the box and threw them kisses.

The act was ruined.

Suddenly, without warning, Gonzalo appeared on the stage, his face a livid mask of hate, a pistol levelled at the dazzling figure in the upper box. A shot rang out, but his hand had trembled, and the bullet went wild.

Through a wild, sobbing, adoring crowd, Danae slowly made her way out of the theatre and to her car.

As she reached it Van appeared at her side.

Here was his opportunity, if he worked quickly, to get her out of Doug's way. She would be forced to prosecute the Spaniard, he told her, if she remained in Paris.—Yet, as he pointed out, she was under a heavy obligation to him. Wouldn't it be better to avoid the necessity of getting Gonzales in trouble, avoid, too, much unpleasant publicity, by leaving Paris immediately?

He could promise her certain success in New York. . . .

With sudden relief at the prospect of getting away, she accepted his suggestion. She would sail for New York at once.

During the six days of the voyage Van paid ardent court to his companion, and when a wireless arrived from Doug, "Cannot live without you; sailing next boat," Van replied, over Danae's signature, "Am marrying Van."

This certainly had not been in his original plan. But obviously Doug was not to be thwarted by anything short of that.

It was all very brief and business-like. They were married at City Hall immediately upon their arrival. Van had business to attend to, and Danae went to his apartment.

He came in just before dinner, armed with legal documents. Her economic future was taken care of, he assured her. He had established a trust fund for her, had transferred stocks and bonds to her name. Now he had to go away on a business trip to South America.

"I want to talk to you, Danae," he suddenly interrupted himself.

"I told you once I could be brutal. I've got to be now, but you won't grieve over it. You'll only hate me for cutting in on your game and spoiling it."

And then, baldly and briefly, he told her that he had married her only to protect Doug's and Gwen's future happiness.

A wave of emotion overcame Danae's pride.

"But, Van, you're wrong," she besought. "Can't you see that I love you?"

"That's not in the bargain," he laughed, grimly; "I haven't the slightest desire to rival El Volcano." And in a moment he was gone.

As far as Doug and Gwen were concerned, Van's scheme was highly successful. Along about mid-winter, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Vantine took their place together in society.

Under the protecting wing of Van's aunt, Mrs. Delaney, the erstwhile White Moth, now Mary Vantine, began to make her appearance at society affairs. It was inevitable that she

"That's not in the bargain," cried Van; "I haven't the slightest desire to rival El Volcano." And in a moment he was gone.

should meet Doug again sooner or later, and when she d he immediately attempted to renew his love-making.

"Doug," she told him at dinner one night, when had followed her out to the garden, "you're married to

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nicest girl I've ever known. She adores you and deserves all of your love."

They heard the sound of weeping, and there was Gwen on the grass in the darkness, her head pillowed against a tree.

"I guess you're right, Danae," he said softly, as he took his wife in his arms.

Van's trip, meanwhile, lengthened from two to three months, and then to four. Mary, alone knowing the circumstances of their marriage, tried to play her rôle of the adored bride, separated from her husband only by the most urgent business. But it was difficult, and there were moments when nothing but her sporting instinct carried her through.

And then Montrez reappeared. At a dinner party one night, a big spectacular affair, at which he and Ninon had appeared as professional entertainers, she suddenly came upon him face to face, just as she was about to leave.

"Danae!" he gasped.

Mary regarded him coldly. "The White Moth is dead." she said. "Mrs. Vantine has no desire to know you."

But Montrez was not to be thus easily put off. His resentment had given place merely to a renewed desire to have her dance with him again—it was she, really, who had made him famous.

Calling repeatedly, only to be told she was not at home, he, finally, by a trick, forced his way into her house, to her room. Angrily, she ordered him to leave.

"Danae," he protested, "you are not happy in your marriage. You are only pretending. Your place is on the stage. This life means nothing to you—your art everything"

For a moment Mary faltered. The thought of her marriage had been sometimes intolerable. Van should learn that she couldn't be treated this way, that she had her independence still. She knew she would create a sensation on the stage in New York . . . and success here would be sweet.

But her love for Van, which she had tried to deny and stifle, was still great. And she had promised him she would stick to her part of the bargain. No scandal, he had said. No talk. But if he would only come home. She couldn't endure it much longer.

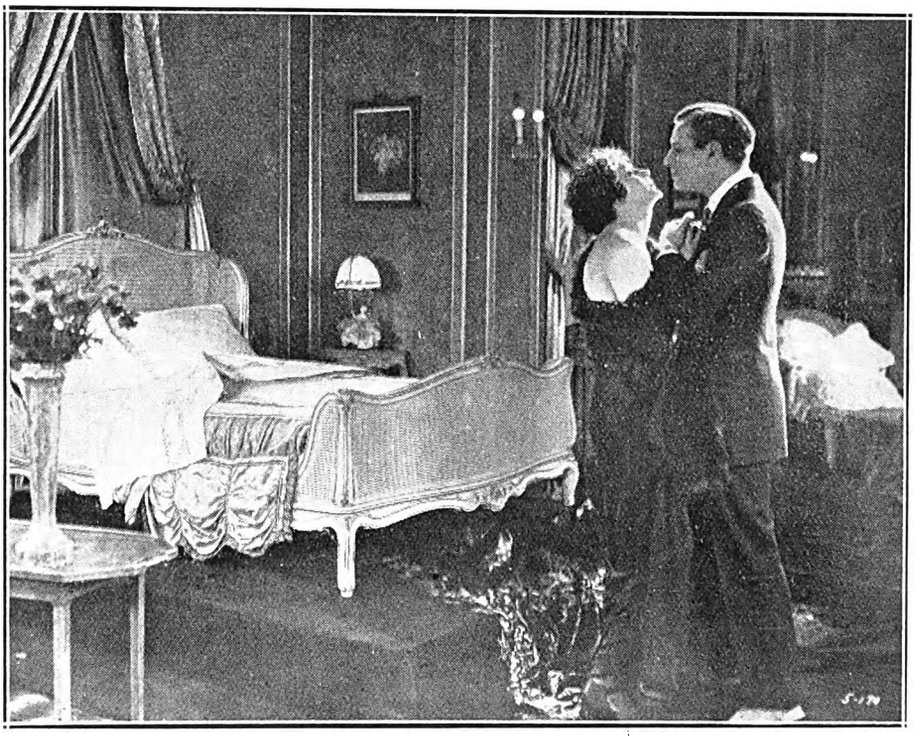
"No," she told Montrez with finality, "I am not at all interested in returning to the stage. I am too much in love with my husband. Please don't suggest it again."

The maid entered, bringing important news. "Mr. Vantine is here," she announced in restrained tones.

Mary, trembling with eagerness, dismissed Montrez hurriedly, as Van entered by another door.

He came to her with arms outstretched. "Danae," he begged. "Will you forgive me. I love you so."

In her eyes he read the answer, and their lips met in a long kiss.



He came to her with outstreched arms. "Danae," he begged, "will you forgive me? I love you so."

"I had to come back," he went on eagerly. "I couldn't stand it without you another minute."

Montrez, in the hallway, considered the situation. If Vantine thought there was anything between him and Danae, he realised, he wouldn't care to hold her. Opening the door softly, he went back into the room, unseen, dropped his gloves on the table, and then coughed apologetically.

"I'm sorry," he muttered, as Mary and Van swung about, "I left so hurriedly, I forgot my gloves—and to say *au revoir*." And then he was gone again.

Van, his face white and drawn, turned upon his wife. "I might have known it," he said in level, icy tones. "Montrez wouldn't have put you where he did without—full value received."

Mary was inarticulate before his contempt. Whatever she told him he wouldn't believe her. But she couldn't lose him now. No! Montrez should be forced to tell the truth.

She was suddenly calm.

She went to her dressing-room, deliberately took a revolver from the table drawer, picked up her cloak and made straight for Montrez's studio.

"You are going back with me to tell him the truth," she said, sharply.

He laughed. "The truth—that I love you? Do you want me to tell him that? Your husband wouldn't take you you back now, anyhow. Don't you think you'd better stick to me?"

Mary drew her pistol.

Five minutes later, when Van arrived—he had seen Mary leave the house and followed her—he found his wife gazing horror-stricken at a limp, blood-spattered figure on the floor, a revolver in one corner of the room.

A low moan drew his eyes to the balcony, where a white-faced girl, with revolver clutched in her shaky hand, stood swaying at the rail. It was Ninon, who had tried unsuccessfully to kill El Volcano.

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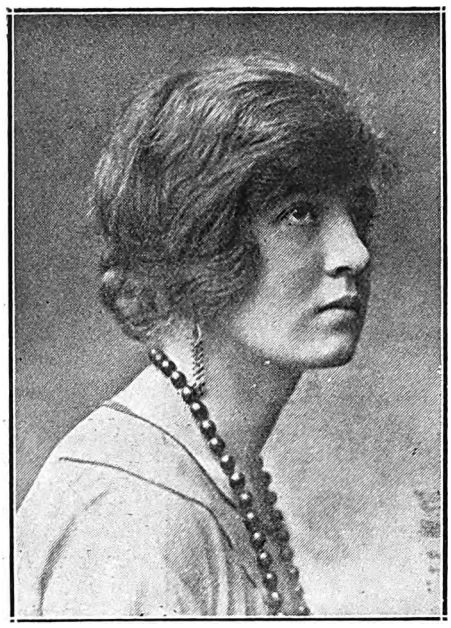

Miss Joan Hopegood.

"Eliza Doolittle" in *Pygmali*

Miss Alice O'Day.

Mr. John Boddington.

Mr

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at His Majesty's, Monday Next in

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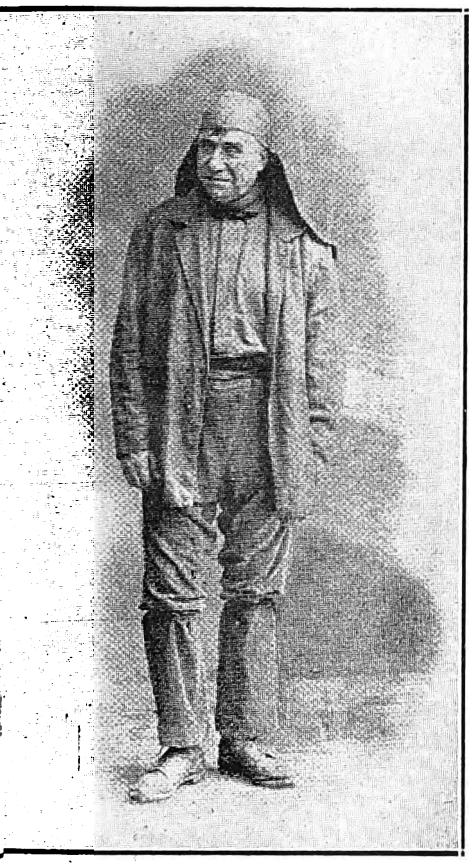

ALFRED DOOLITTLE" IN *Pygmalion*.

WOOD.

MR. GEO. S. WRAY.

MISS DORA MACDONA.

MISS SYBIL JANE.

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Racing News.

By "Observer."

In at least four of the races at Auckland Park on Saturday, backers were hopelessly befogged. These were events won by Fighting Fusilier 20 to 1, Medeboeler 20 to 1, Emmet D. 10 to 1, and Almeida 14 to 1. All four paid out much longer prices on the tote, and a 10s. investment each way on the quartette would have yielded a very nice return of £270 10s. for the £4 invested.

The Prince's Meeting.

Elaborate arrangements are still being made and under consideration for the Prince of Wales' meeting at Turffontein on Wednesday, June 24. The whole of the centre of the course is being turned into a 5s. enclosure for the masses. Pomp and pageantry are being provided in the Prince's processional drive up the straight, with suite and escort, and the crowd present on the day will be the biggest ever seen at any race meeting in South Africa. For will not this be the people's greatest chance of seeing our Royal visitor moving about among them and freed of any ceremonial restraints ?

Fighting Fusilier who, neglected by his stable, led all the way in the Stewards' Handicap of seven furlongs at Auckland Park, is a promising chestnut colt by Silverpoint out of Fusilier. Fighting Fusilier is thus half-brother to Musketeer Dan, and especially over a distance of ground he promises to be a useful sort. This was his first win, and the solitary 10s. invested on him in the win tote brought in a return of £164 1s., or at the rate of 327 to 1. As a yearling Fighting Fusilier gained first prize in the class for colts, but for championship was beaten by Sir Abe Bailey's filly Gracia, who, at New Clare three days earlier, also gained the first success of her racing career.

Stewards Have Busy Day.

At Auckland Park on Saturday the Stewards shook off a lethargy that seemed to have settled more or less permanently, not only on them but on most other similar bodies, and gave themselves quite a busy day. On their own initiative they disqualified a placed horse, Woodlands, for failing to keep a straight course and so interfering with others in the race. Not satisfied with the riding of J. Murphy on Brag, they suspended him for the day and reported him to headquarters. They also dealt firmly with two shockingly frivolous objections, Edible *v.* Medeboeler and Odysseus *v.* Almeida, and in each case forfeited the five pound deposit. Two other minor cases of unsatisfactory riding, one at the request of the owner concerned, were also gone into, and the explanations of both jockeys concerned were accepted. Having made such a satisfactory though fairly late start, it is to be hoped that the Park Stewards will continue on the alert. And who knows but what their good example will not be followed by the stewards of other Rand racing clubs.

Germiston.

Germiston Sporting Club supply the venue for Saturday's meeting. A card of eight events is being put forward, in which the following read best:—

12.25 p.m.—Stewards Maiden Handicap. Five furlongs.
1, Evening Dress; 2, Polyfoil; 3, Chrome.
1.0 p.m.—Rose Deep Handicap (A). Six furlongs.
1, Edible; 2, Dinorah; 3, Rex Lee.
1.40 p.m.—Rose Deep Handicap (B). Five furlongs.
1, Boxer; 2, Turning Point; 3, Elmo's Fire.
2.15 p.m.—Rose Deep Handicap (C). Six furlongs.
1, Royal; 2, Windermere; 3, Beatrice II.
2.55 p.m.—Park Hill Handicap (B). 1¼ miles.
1, Junian; 2, Isobela; 3, Barretto.
3.30 p.m.—Rose Deep Handicap (D). Seven furlongs.
1, Odysseus; 2, Weary Knight; 3, Chateau Thierry
4.10 p.m.—Park Hill Handicap (A). Nine furlongs.
1, Cardinal's Guard; 2, Memoria; 3, Magicienne.
4.50 p.m.—Park Hill Handicap (C). One mile.
1, Topnote; 2, Almeida; 3, Cherry Blossom.

Benoni.

On Monday the Eastern District Sporting Club are celebrating Empire Day—their one holiday fixture of the year—with an attractive card of eight events. Many of those engaged on the Benoni course also figure in the Germiston list for Saturday, consequently it is difficult to surmise what will be their engagements, but at present the following read best:—

12.10 p.m.—Stewards Handicap. Six furlongs.
1, Flood; 2, Flawless; 3, Alexandra.
12.50 p.m.—Maiden Handicap. Six furlongs.
1, Chloe; 2, Apparition; 3, Toddler.
1.30 p.m.—Galloway Plate. Six furlongs.
1, Boortje; 2, Wilsan; 3, Lady Galway.
2.10 p.m.—Boksburg Handicap (A). One mile.
1, View Halloa; 2, Medeboeler; 3, Prince Orb.
2.50 p.m.—Boksburg Handicap (B). 1¼ miles.
1, Zotos; 2, Done Brown; 3, Nitzke.
3.30 p.m.—Boksburg Handicap (C). Seven furlongs.
1, Pop Gun; 2, Royal; 3, Dispatch.
4.10 p.m.—Boksburg Handicap (D). Five furlongs.
1, Loved One; 2, Morgan's Faye; 3, Woodland.
4.50 p.m.—Junior Galloway Plate. Five furlongs.
1, Cry Baby; 2, June; 3, Great Karroo.

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"Ladies to Board" (Orpheum, Johannesburg, May 25th.)

When it comes to new tricks,
Depend on Tom Mix
To furnish the movie fans' thrills.
In "Ladies to Board" this cinema lord
Has a cure for all audience ills.

As a real laugh provoker,
Tom proves he's no joker:
A full house acclaimed him an ace.
For real entertainment and screenland attainment
The Orpheum will be the place.

A story of merit,
Makes Thomas inherit
An old ladies' home in the East.
From here to the fade out, the yarn will allay doubt
That this is an optical feast.

With women a-plenty,
From sixteen to twenty,
The cowboy has both his hands full.
Because of his shyness, His Cow-punchin' Highness
Is just like a china shop bull.

But to tell you the story
Would rob it of glory.
Suffice it to say that it's good.
Its humour and action give such satisfaction,
That I'd see it again if I could.

Petite Gertrude Olmsted,
As old Pee Wee Holmes said,
Is sweeter than sugar molasses.
Her sense of dramatic is really ecstatic,
She'll capture the heart of the masses.

Bert Maddison, who is appearing at the Tivoli, Capetown, on May 27th, was in South Africa some years ago, but then only played for a very short season, on his way to Australia. He will appear here in burlesque. Since he first went on the stage in 1900 as a concert singer, he has taken part in innumerable revues and pantomimes. In England he does all his journeys by motor car, and in this way has covered over 100,000 miles. Among his relatives on the boards are Winnie Crichton, Remmington West Symes, Walter Gill and Emily Lloyd. Of Mrs. Maddison, it is said that she plays more parts than any woman in vaudeville. While she was in revue, she changed her costume no fewer than 38 times, each evening.

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Felix the Cat?

It all started with Felix the cat. I went into the Orpheum Theatre last week to see his black majesty's latest adventures. One of the funniest I have seen, because the poor animal had been smitten with the love germ. Of course, it all came right in the end, after Felix had seen some of the world, during which scenes we saw Africa as other people see it. I am so glad there are really no tigers, lions, hippo and other fearsome creatures as were portrayed, and, after the many hair-raising frights the hairy adventurer had, it was pleasant to come home and see *my* Felix asleep before the fire. Was he in love, too? I wonder?

But I've got quite off the subject. It *did* start with Felix, but I want to tell you *what* started. Why, my seeing the "Covered Wagon," of course, for I found it was the feature on the bill that night at the Orpheum, and it will be all this week again.

It is a wonderful film. That sounds a bald statement. Set down in cold, hard print, it stares back at me unsympathetically. But it is true. The director has put into it not only the mere acting, which is very excellent, but the spirit of the times when the American forefathers steered their white wagons over the spreading plains in the same way as *our* South African forebears made this country fit for us. The long, long line on the trek, the oxen, the heavy whips in the hands of the drivers, all found an echo in our every day life. We knew and recognised the beauty of the plains, to us the veld, the dangers of the flooded rivers through which the wagons passed, and the gold rush of California found an echo in our hearts—hearts of the Transvaal, of South Africa.

If you have not seen it, don't miss it. It is a picture that has become a classic, in the same manner as our own "Vortrekker" film, of which we are so proud.

So I was grateful to Felix, very grateful.

By the way, gentlemen, may I ask you a question? Do you hold your hats on your knees for comfort at the Johannesburg Bijou, or don't you know that there is a hat rack under every seat?

"The Covered Wagon" will be shown at the Alhambra, Capetown, on June 1st.

News by this mail comes from Mr. W. T. Mackay, who is well known in the London theatrical world. He has just been elected W.M. of the "Chelsea" (London) Lodge of Freemasons for the ensuing year. The Chelsea Lodge is probably unique in the craft—inasmuch as its members are drawn entirely from the ranks of vaudeville artists. Many brethren from South Africa have been received as honoured guests at "Chelsea," and many of them will remember "Bill" Mackay.

His Love for Snow Waif.

As Carter Brent, better known as "Ace-in-the-Hole," slowly worked his dog team toward the small Indian village, he was brought to a stop by the actions of two rum-runners who were selling the natives illicit whisky. When the men had left, Brent noticed a beautiful white girl clad in Indian costume and walking toward one of the cabins with an old Indian squaw.

His attempt at a friendly greeting did not gain much for him, as the girl ordered him away from the camp. He tried to explain that he was a mining prospector and not a rum-seller as she had thought. Later the girl, who was called "Snowdrift" by the Indians, saw him refuse liquor to some of the men of the tribe and tell them that he had nothing to drink. This meeting starts a series of stirring adventures in the story of "Snowdrift," a William Fox production starring Charles Jones, which comes to Wolfram's Bioscope, Capetown, on May 25th, 26th and 27th.

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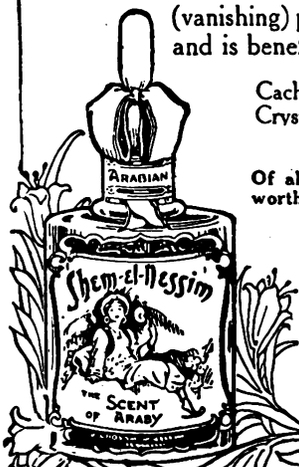

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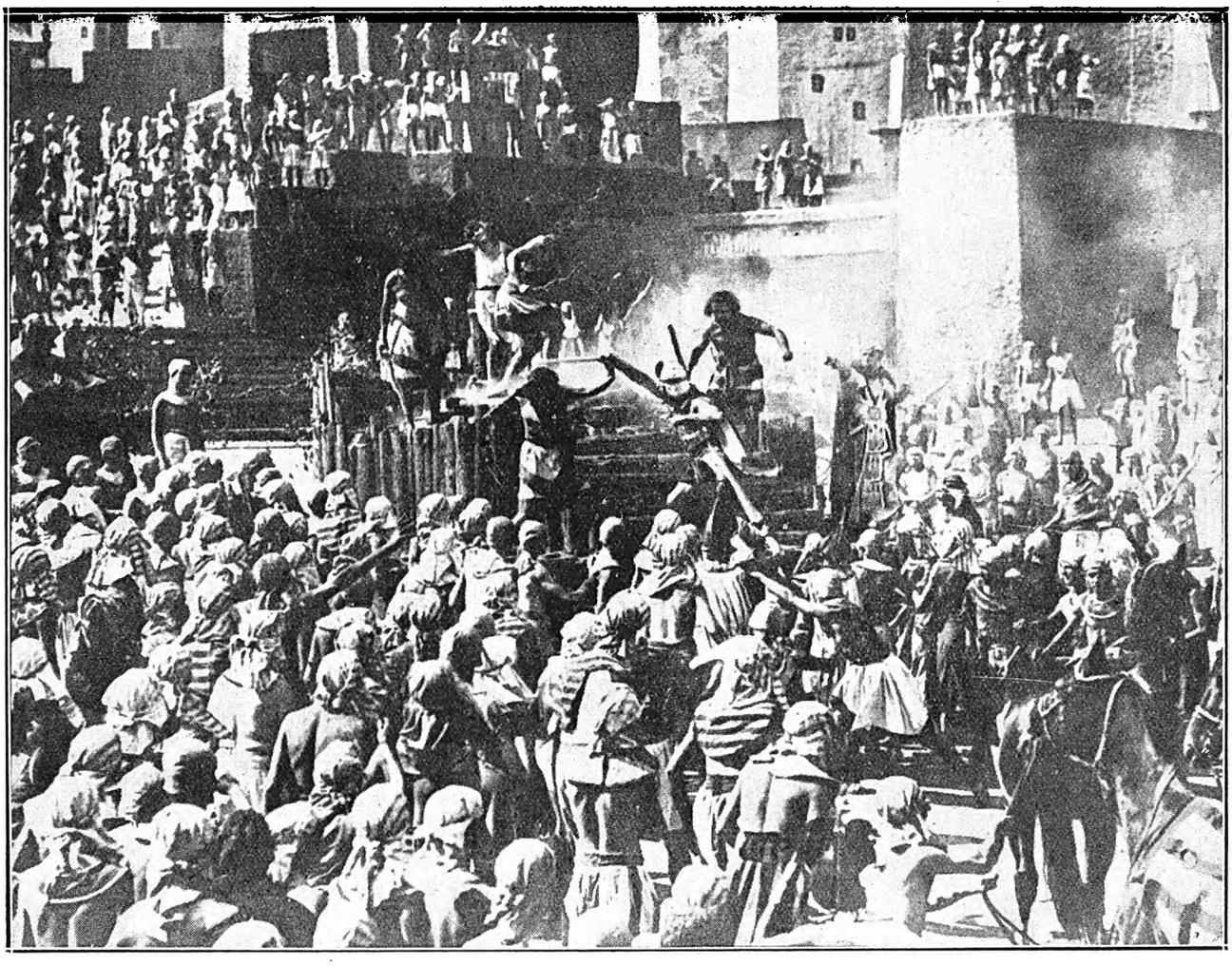

"The Moon of Israel."

Following on the death of Sir Rider Haggard last week comes the news that his famous film, "The Moon of Israel," has been so much appreciated that it will be shown again at the Johannesburg Town Hall on May 25th. There are no fewer than 25,000 players in the film, which is rightly acclaimed one of the world's masterpieces, and the whole thing forms an immense spectacle, through which is threaded a tender love story. The pomp and circumstance of the mighty Pharoahs and the escape of the Israelites out of the land of bondage are shown. It depicts the dividing of the Red Sea before the Chosen People, and the actual passage of the sea is very convincing. The "trek" of the Israelites is done with much varied life, and Henry Mar, as "Moses," is a natural, striking figure. The story relates how Prince Seti, who is old Pharaoh's son, falls in love with the Jewish maid Merapi, and, in defiance of his father, marries her. Merapi is "Moon of Israel," and Seti, stirred to the soul by the oppression of the Children of Israel by his royal father, seeks in vain to alleviate their lot. A biblical story comes to life on the screen, and, as a spectacle, "Moon of Israel"—quite apart from the mere numbers of the twenty-five thousand cast—is far and away the most impressive vision of Egypt that the cinema has shown us.

Other centres will have an opportunity of seeing it shortly, for it will be screened at the Rinko, Maritzburg, on June 8th, and at the Empire, Durban, on June 18th.

"The Green Goddess."

A week or so ago, when "The Green Goddess" was being screened in Capetown, I told you much about it, for it is an exceedingly fine film. Now we shall see it at the Bijou on the 25th May, and will remember, of course, that Mr. George Arliss will be the "Rajah of Rukh."

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In Mail Week.

MAURICE Moscovitch was playing "The Outsider" at His Majesty's, Brisbane, opening on Easter Saturday.

HOUDINI was recently appearing at the New York Hippodrome with great success.

WE hear that Wilkie Bard has a new act, "The Turkish Bath Attendant." which he has been showing round London.

ANNO & Louis were at West's, Adelaide.

MURIEL Starr, in "East of Suez," was the Easter attraction at the Royal, Adelaide.

HUGH Ward has bought the Australian rights of the "Music Box Revue," and has made arrangements to take the entire show and production to the Antipodes with him.

EVISON & Hester and their bath chair were at the Bijou, Melbourne, presenting the first half of the bill.

ZILLAH Bateman, who will be remembered here with the Thurston Hall Co., has taken Nell Carter's place in "The Green Goddess" at the King's Theatre.

MARIE Burke was playing in "Wildflower" at the Theatre Royal, Sydney, with great success.

HENRY de Bray & Doris Hare were opening at the Tivoli, Sydney. Chris Charlton and Tom Clare were other old friends on the bill.

THE Lecardo Bros. were at the Empire, Brisbane. Mrs. Lecardo (Lena Jooste) was with them as a single turn, and the Hains family were also playing at the same theatre.

THE premiere of "The Green Hat," a dramatisation of Michael Arlen's book under the same name, took place at the Garrick Theatre, Detroit, and was a complete success. A distinguished audience filled the house and showed more enthusiasm over the play than has greeted any other attraction here this season. While some essential changes in construction and treatment have been made in the stage version, the play captures the spirit of the book very nicely. Katherine Cornell gave an inspired performance of the rôle of "Iris" and was supported by a fine cast.

THE London production, by the way, of the dramatised version of Arlen's "The Green Hat," says *The Theatre World*, is likely to be delayed somewhat, since Gladys Cooper, who secured a six months' option on it with a view to playing Iris Storm, will now probably appear first of all in the revival of Pinero's "Iris." I have heard Tallulah Bankhead's name mentioned in connection with "The Green Hat"; this would certainly be an excellent choice. Of course, from the box office point of view, it would be advisable to produce "The Green Hat" without undue delay, while the demand for the novel remains unabated. At the same time, if the play is really a good one, it will be a success whenever it is produced.

CHEERY news comes from Australia of our old friend Scott Sanders, who was appearing at the Tivoli, Melbourne. They say that "without any exaggeration Mr. Sanders can be classed as an entertainer of the highest order. His work is so varied and so different from anything we have seen." On the same bill were W. V. Robinson and Foster & Ninon.

LEON Kellaway, who danced so magnificently at the Lyceum during the recent pantomime, had the misfortune to break his knee-cap, and will not be allowed to dance for a couple of months. Leon has toured England as dancing partner to Madame Kyasht, and left her for the Lyceum pantomime, but will, I hear, join her again when he is better. Cecil and Alex. Kellaway are in Australia.

TRENT & SADIE will be at the Criterion, Benoni, the week commencing the 25th in their own original burlesque, "The Colonel and the Yorkshire Lass." Sadie is billed as the "girl with the six-cylinder voice," and her innocent, witty replies to the "Kernal" cause much merriment wherever they have appeared.

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Horlick's brings restful sleep. It soothes the whole system, producing a feeling of peace and contentment. All the time it is helping nature to restore the jaded nerves, which have been so heavily overworked during the day, and building up the system and replenishing it with life force. Of all Stores in South Africa

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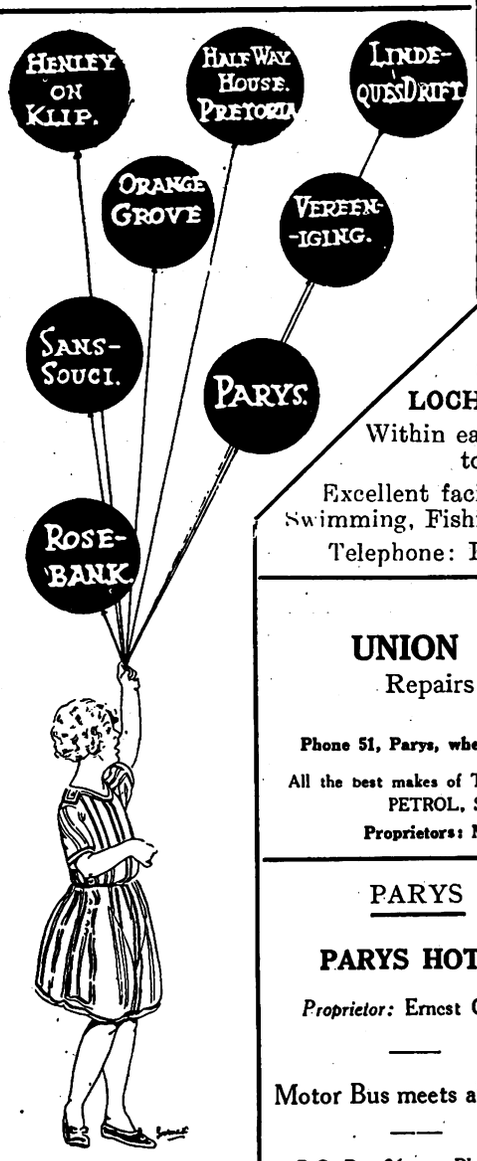

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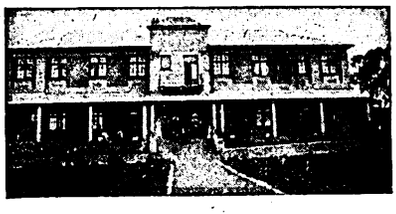

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The Best Wines and Spirits stocked. TERMS MODERATE.
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Best Cuisine. Fully Licensed.

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Mr. Frank Freeman.

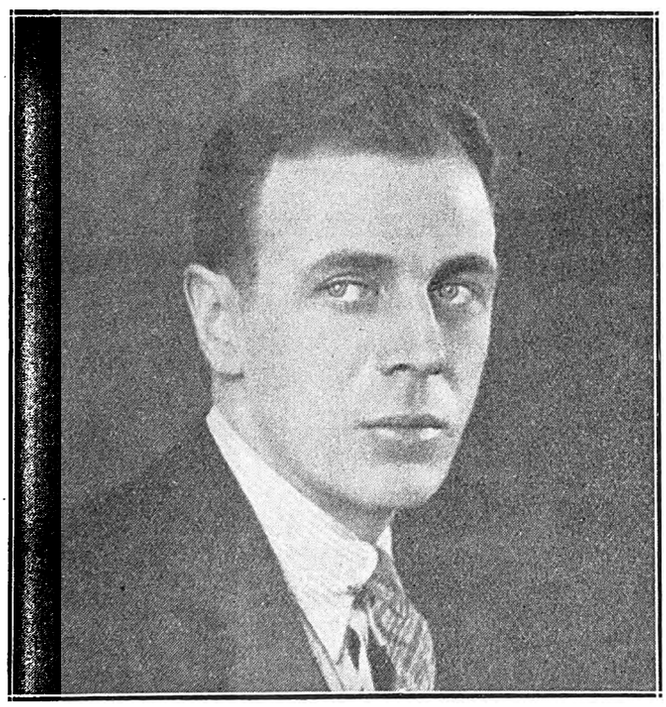
"Come in," said a voice as I stood before a dressing-room door at His Majesty's Theatre, Johannesburg; a door on which was printed in neat characters, "Mr. Frank Freeman."

"Thank you, I will," I said to myself. You have always to be polite, even to yourself, you know, if you are a perfect lady. And I entered.

Now, I might have known it was the voice of a policeman I heard, brisk and "none of yer nonsense" style about it, and so, although I was surprised when he opened the door, I might have known.

I timidly asked him for the story of his life.

"Stand up," he said, with a suspicious look. "Name?" getting a small pocket book out of his pocket—a very official pocket book. I began to be sorry I had



Mr. Frank Freeman.

[*Photo: Jane Plotz.*

come. It took me quite a long time, quite five minutes, to make him understand *I* had come to question *him*. Policemen are like that, you know, and it was ever so difficult to drag the evidence—dear, dear, I mean the story out of him.

"No, I don't come of a theatrical family," he said. "My people are all seafaring folks, and I was born within sight and sound of the sea at St. Leonards-on-Sea, in Sussex.

"I have been most of my life on the stage. No,"—very firmly, with a return to his official manner—"I shall *not* tell you my age."

Well, it was no good arguing, was it? So I asked the Policeman his favourite part.

"'Tom Armstrong,' in 'Romance,' I really think, for I have played it 800 consecutive performances; then 'Prior,' in 'Outward Bound,' and this part of the Policeman—Prince, in 'A Kiss for Cinderella,' runs it a close third.

I was really getting interested when the voice of the call boy came and the Policeman rose. "Make yourself at home," he said. "I'll be back in a minute."

It could not have been much more, I'm sure, for I'd only begun to inspect his pictures—such delightful ones, and in the centre a photo of a sweet-faced girl with large eyes, whom I afterwards found out was his only sister—when he returned and the door opened. I sprang to my feet. "Your Highness," I faltered, for there in white brocade and diamonds stood the Prince! And yet he was the Policeman. "I'm getting all mixed up," as poor Cinderella said.

Anyway, as we talked, there were flashes every now and then of Robert through his gay manner, so I felt at ease. It was the first time, I assure you, I have interviewed a Prince.

"I went over to Australia for six months," he told me, "and stayed two years, and I like the country there immensely. I hope to return there, and also to South Africa, one day. People have been so good to me, and I like your audiences. In Australia I played in the 'Maid of the Mountains,' among other things—it ran 22 weeks in Melbourne—and 'Dick' in 'Tilly of Bloomsbury.' Hobbies? Catching criminals, of course (this was the Policeman). Music (this was the Prince). I adore dogs, and no," peevishly, "I don't collect stamps. A story? Well, when I started on the stage, I was getting £1 a week, and I was with a Shakespearian repertory company who did fourteen plays. We played all the 'fit ups' in Scotland, and I was assistant stage manager, had charge of the wardrobe and played all the juvenile leads.

"One night we got to a village where we were showing, and I was in the 'theatre' till midnight, and when I went to find rooms, there were none to be had. The cottages that had an extra bed had let them to members of our company. I had to walk three-quarters of a mile down the line to where our railway carriage was standing, and then found the door locked! I still think with gratitude of the porter who gave me a whole pound of candles, and I sat in the little shed on the platform all night, with the candles lit on my suitcase, trying to keep warm.

And I rose to go.

"Come and see me again, will you? It does not do for a Prince or a Policeman to take 'French leave,' but that is what I am doing on Wednesday. Hope to see you then."

What is Mr. Freeman like off the stage? He's got a straight, clear look, has Frank, and there is friendliness written in his eyes. A delightful smile and kinkly hair. I do love kinkly hair, don't you? Although he is very modest about himself, he has made a big name in Australia and has repeated it here in South Africa, where everyone has looked forward to his acting in each of the Leon M. Lion productions. And we hope he will come back. We have long memories in South Africa, and we never forget a friend.

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HIS MAJESTY'S

(AFRICAN THEATRES, LTD.)
At 8.15 Every Evening.
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2.30.
OPENING MONDAY, MAY 25.
African Theatres, Ltd., present the World-Famous English Company,
THE CELEBRATED MACDONA PLAYERS
in
BERNARD SHAW REPERTORY,
commencing with
"PYGMALION."
A Romance, Brimful of Exceptional Witticisms, Dramatic and Humorous Situations.
Booking at the Carlton Hotel and all Reef Theatres.

STANDARD THEATRE

(AFRICAN THEATRES, LTD.)
Nightly at 8.15.
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2.30.
African Theatres, Ltd., present South Africa's Most Popular and Brilliant Actress,
FREDA GODFREY,
Heading a Specially Selected New London Company,
including
Jessie Bateman, Florence Vie, Cecile Dale, Dorothy Roberts, Barry Livesey, Tom Sleigh, Leslie Manners, etc., etc., in
"THE HEART OF A CHILD,"
By Gilbert Frankau and Amie de Burgh.
Produced by Geo. R. Montford.
Advance Booking at the Carlton Hotel and all Reef Theatres.

NEW BIJOU

(AFRICAN THEATRES, LTD.)
Nightly at 8 o'clock.
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 3 p.m.
The Screen Version of the Famous Stage Success,
"THE GREEN GODDESS."
With **George Arliss** as the "Raja of Ruhk."
Advance Booking at the Theatre, Jeppe Street. 'Phone 3609.

PALLADIUM

(AFRICAN THEATRES, LTD.)
Daily at 2.30, 7 and 9.
MONDAY and TUESDAY, MAY 25 and 26:
"THE ELEVENTH HOUR," featuring **Shirley Mason** and **Buck Jones.**
WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY, MAY 27 and 28:
"THE CRADLE," featuring **Ethel Clayton.**
FRIDAY and SATURDAY, MAY 29 and 30:
"JUST AROUND THE CORNER," featuring **Margaret Sedden** and **Lewis Sargent.**

JEPPES THEATRE

(AFRICAN THEATRES, LTD.)
Nightly at 8 o'clock.
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 3 p.m.
MONDAY and TUESDAY, MAY 25 and 26:
"THE THREE AGES," featuring **Buster Keaton.**
Also another series of **THE PRINCE OF WALES' TOUR.**
WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY, MAY 27 and 28:
"THOSE WHO DANCE," starring **Blanche Sweet.**
FRIDAY and SATURDAY, MAY 29 and 30:
"WELCOME STRANGER," with **Dore Davidson** and **Florence Vidor.**
Two Houses Saturday at 7 and 9.

BROADWAY THEATRE

ROSETTENVILLE.

(AFRICAN THEATRES, LTD.)
Nightly at 8 o'clock.
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 3 p.m.
MONDAY and TUESDAY, MAY 25 and 26:
"THE IMPOSSIBLE MRS. BELLEW," featuring **Gloria Swanson.**
WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY, MAY 27 and 28:
"CLARENCE," with Star Cast.
FRIDAY and SATURDAY, MAY 29 and 30:
"THE FOG," featuring **Mildred Harris, Marie Prevost** and **Cullin Landis.**

PALACE THEATRE

TURFFONTEIN.

(AFRICAN THEATRES, LTD.)
Nightly at 8 o'clock.
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 3 p.m.
MONDAY and TUESDAY, MAY 25 and 26:
"THE CRADLE," with **Gladys Walton.**
WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY, MAY 27 and 28:
"TRIMMED," with **Hoot Gibson.**
FRIDAY and SATURDAY, MAY 29 and 30:
Special—"CIRCUSMANIA," starring **Max Linder.**

EMPIRE PALACE

(AFRICAN THEATRES, LTD.)
Nightly at 8 o'clock.
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2.30.
African Theatres, Ltd., present the Winter Garden Success,
"SALLY."
A Song and Dance Show in Three Acts.
Produced by Thomas Pauncefort.
Book and Lyrics by Guy Bolton and Clifford Grey.
Music by Jerome Kern.
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Entirely New Company of Principals and Chorus.
Plans at the Carlton Hotel and all Reef Theatres.

ORPHEUM THEATRE

(AFRICAN THEATRES, LTD.)
"The Place where Everyone Goes!"
Two Performances Nightly at 7 and 9.
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 3 p.m.
Vaudeville for the Week:
LESLIE ELLIOTT. HARRISA BROS.
Photo-Play:
Tom Mix and his Wonder Horse, **Tony,** in their Latest Comedy,
"LADIES TO BOARD."
One of the most laughable Comedies ever screened.

CARLTON THEATRE

(AFRICAN THEATRES, LTD.)
Daily at 3, 7 and 9.
MONDAY, TUESDAY and WEDNESDAY, MAY 25, 26 and 27:
"FOR SALE," featuring **Robert Ellis** and **Claire Windsor.**
THURSDAY, FRIDAY and SATURDAY, MAY 28, 29 and 30:
"STEPHEN STEPS OUT," featuring **Theodore Roberts** and **Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.**

TIVOLI THEATRE

FORDSBURG.

(AFRICAN THEATRES, LTD.)
Two Shows nightly at 7 and 9.
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 3 p.m.
MONDAY and TUESDAY, MAY 25 and 26:
"WHERE IS THIS WEST," featuring **Jack Hoxie.**
Also Final Episode, **"THE FAST EXPRESS."**
WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY, MAY 27 and 28:
"THE SHEIK." Special Feature, with **Agnes Ayres** and **Rudolph Valentino.**
FRIDAY and SATURDAY, MAY 29 and 30:
"THE IMPOSSIBLE MRS. BELLEW," featuring **Gloria Swanson.**

ALHAMBRA THEATRE

DOORNFONTEIN.

(AFRICAN THEATRES, LTD.)
Nightly at 8 o'clock.
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 3 p.m.
MONDAY and TUESDAY, MAY 25 and 26:
"TO THE LADIES," featuring **Theodore Roberts.**
WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY, MAY 27 and 28:
"POISONED PARADISE," featuring **Kenneth Harlan** and **Carmel Myers.**
Also Second Episode of **"THE SOCIAL BUCCANEER."**
FRIDAY and SATURDAY, MAY 29 and 30:
"WHY MEN LEAVE HOME," featuring **Helen Chadwick** and **Lewis Stone.**

PALACE THEATRE

VREDEDORP.

(AFRICAN THEATRES, LTD.)
Nightly at 8 o'clock.
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 3 p.m.
MONDAY and TUESDAY, MAY 25 and 26:
"MIGHTY LAK' A ROSE," featuring **Dorothy Mackaill** and **James Rennie.**
WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY, MAY 27 and 28:
"JUST AROUND THE CORNER," featuring **Margaret Sedden** and **Lewis Sargent.**
FRIDAY and SATURDAY, MAY 29 and 30:
"LEGALLY DEAD," featuring **Milton Sills.**
Also **H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES' SOUTH AFRICAN TOUR** (Series 3).
Two Houses Saturday, 7 and 9 p.m.

LYRIC THEATRE

BRAAMFONTEIN.

(AFRICAN THEATRES, LTD.)
Nightly at 8 o'clock.
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 3 p.m.
MONDAY and TUESDAY, MAY 25 and 26:
"THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME." Special Feature, with **Lon Chaney.**
WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY, MAY 27 and 28:
"MIGHTY LAK' A ROSE," featuring **Dorothy Mackaill** and **James Rennie.**
FRIDAY and SATURDAY, MAY 29 and 30:
"LAWFUL LARCENY," featuring **Hope Hampton** and **Conrad Nagel.**

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RETORIA AND REEF THEATRES. PROGRAMMES FOR WEEK COMMENCING MONDAY, 25th MAY.

GRAND THEATRE
PRETORIA.

(AFRICAN THEATRES, LTD.)
Nightly at 8 o'clock.
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 3 p.m.
Vaudeville for the Week:
BARKER AND WYNNE. STRENGTH BROS. ASTOR AND ASTORIA.
Photo-Plays:
MONDAY, TUESDAY and WEDNESDAY, MAY 25, 26 and 27:
"ONE NIGHT IN ROME," featuring **Laurette Taylor.**
THURSDAY, FRIDAY and SATURDAY, MAY 28, 29 and 30:
"ST. ELMO," featuring **Barbara La Marr** and **John Gilbert.**

APOLLO THEATRE
GERMISTON.

(AFRICAN THEATRES, LTD.)
Nightly at 8 o'clock.
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 3 p.m.
Vaudeville:
THURSDAY, FRIDAY and SATURDAY, MAY 28, 29 and 30:
ROSS, BARKER AND McLENNAN. MDLLE. MARGO.
Photo-Plays:
MONDAY, TUESDAY and WEDNESDAY, MAY 25, 26 and 27:
"BLUEBEARD'S EIGHTH WIFE," featuring **Gloria Swanson.**
THURSDAY, FRIDAY and SATURDAY, MAY 28, 29 and 30:
"THE SILENT PARTNER," featuring **Leatrice Joy** and **Owen Moore.**

VAUDETTE THEATRE
KRUGERSDORP.

(AFRICAN THEATRES, LTD.)
Nightly at 8 o'clock.
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 3 p.m.
Vaudeville:
MONDAY, TUESDAY and WEDNESDAY, MAY 25, 26 and 27:
ROSS, BARKER AND McLENNAN. MDLLE. MARGO.
Photo-Plays:
MONDAY and TUESDAY, MAY 25 and 26:
"LAWFUL LARCENY," featuring **Hope Hampton** and **Conrad Nagel.**
WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY, MAY 27 and 28:
"THE MIDNIGHT ALARM," featuring **Alice Calhoun** and **Percy Marmont.**
FRIDAY and SATURDAY, MAY 29 and 30:
"BLUEBEARD'S EIGHTH WIFE," featuring **Gloria Swanson.**

CRITERION THEATRE
BENONI.

(AFRICAN THEATRES, LTD.)
Nightly at 8 o'clock.
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 3 p.m.
Vaudeville for the Week:
FEMINA QUARTETTE. TRENT AND SADIE.
Photo-Plays:
MONDAY and TUESDAY, MAY 25 and 26:
"THE CHEAT," featuring **Pola Negri** and **Jack Holt.**
WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY, MAY 27 and 28:
"LAWFUL LARCENY," featuring **Hope Hampton** and **Conrad Nagel.**
FRIDAY and SATURDAY, MAY 29 and 30:
"POISONED PARADISE," featuring **Kenneth Harlan** and **Carmel Myers.**

EMPIRE THEATRE
BRAKPAN.

(AFRICAN THEATRES, LTD.)
Nightly at 8 o'clock.
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 3 p.m.
MONDAY and TUESDAY, MAY 25 and 26:
"THE SAWDUST TRAIL," featuring **Hoot Gibson.**
WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY, MAY 27 and 28:
"WELCOME STRANGER," featuring **Dore Davidson.**
Also **Charlie Chaplin** in **"THE RINK."**
FRIDAY and SATURDAY, MAY 29 and 30:
"THE SPEED SPOOK" featuring **Johnny Hines.**

SPRINGS THEATRE
SPRINGS.

(AFRICAN THEATRES, LTD.) Nightly at 8 o'clock.
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 3 p.m.
MONDAY and TUESDAY, MAY 25 and 26:
"THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH," featuring **Will Walling.**
WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY, MAY 27 and 28:
"SILVER WINGS," featuring **Mary Carr.**
FRIDAY and SATURDAY, MAY 29 and 30:
"IF WINTER COMES." Special Feature, with **Percy Marmont.**

PALACE THEATRE
VOGELFONTEIN.

(AFRICAN THEATRES, LTD.)
Nightly at 8 o'clock.
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 3 p.m.
MONDAY and TUESDAY, MAY 25 and 26:
"THE MIDNIGHT ALARM," starring **Alice Calhoun** and **Percy Marmont.**
WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY, MAY 27 and 28:
"THREE AGES." Special Feature, with **Buster Keaton.**
FRIDAY and SATURDAY, MAY 29 and 30:
"THE CHEAT," featuring **Pola Negri** and **Jack Holt.**

EMPIRE THEATRE
BOKSBURG.

(AFRICAN THEATRES, LTD.)
Nightly at 8 o'clock.
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 3 p.m.
MONDAY and TUESDAY, MAY 25 and 26:
"THE MIDNIGHT ALARM," featuring **Alice Calhoun.**
WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY, MAY 27 and 28:
"THREE AGES"—Special—starring **Buster Keaton.**
FRIDAY and SATURDAY, MAY 29 and 30:
"THE CHEAT," with **Pola Negri** and **Jack Holt.**

CAPETOWN AND DURBAN PROGRAMMES FOR WEEK COMMENCING 25th MAY, 1925.

TIVOLI THEATRE
CAPETOWN.

(AFRICAN THEATRES, LTD.)
Nightly at 8.15.
Matinees every Thursday and Saturday at 2.30.
Full Vaudeville Bill, headed by
DIO PIA,
In Beautiful Dances with Wonderful Electrical Effects.
Noni and Partner—In Musical Absurdities.
Dolly Victoria and Brother—The Australian Madcaps.
Bradley and Hamilton—In Short Sketches.
Bert Maddison—The Burlesque Comedian.
Etc., Etc.

ALHAMBRA THEATRE
CAPETOWN.

(AFRICAN THEATRES, LTD.)
Nightly at 8 o'clock.
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 3 p.m.
"THE SPANISH DANCER."
Starring **Pola Negri, Wallace Beery** and **Adolphe Menjou.**
A Masterpiece of the Screen, with delicious Comedy and Romance in every scene.

GRAND THEATRE
CAPETOWN.

(AFRICAN THEATRES, LTD.)
Daily at 3 and 8.
MONDAY, TUESDAY and WEDNESDAY, MAY 25, 26 and 27:
"FIND YOUR MAN," with the World-famous Dog, **Rin-Tin-Tin.**
THURSDAY, FRIDAY and SATURDAY, MAY 28, 29 and 30:
"WHEN A MAN'S A MAN." From the novel by Harold Bell Wright, featuring **Marguerite De La Motte** and **John Bowen.**

WOLFRAM'S THEATRE
CAPETOWN.

(AFRICAN THEATRES, LTD.)
Daily at 3, 7 and 8.45.
MONDAY, TUESDAY and WEDNESDAY, MAY 25, 26 and 27:
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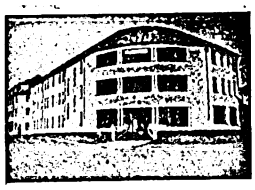

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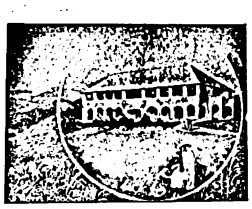

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Wonder Dog of Screen.

Rin-Tin-Tin, the wonder dog of the screen, is loved by thousands of people the world over by reason of his work in "Where the North Begins," and more recently in "Find Your Man," which is coming on May 25th, 26th and 27th to the Grand Bioscope, Capetown.

The members of the company were having lunch and Rin-Tin-Tin, himself having finished before the others, broke his rope and strolled away into the woods for a short walk, before resuming his work.

Presently a great commotion was heard and Rin-Tin-Tin bounded out of the bushes, his face and chest bristling with quills that friend porcupine had presented him in a none too friendly manner. The company all pitched in and with pliers plucked his face and body free of the painful quills.

Nothing serious ensued and Rin-Tin-Tin was able to go to work again that afternoon.

Assuming the Drinking Virtue.

During the rehearsals of "Resurrection" in London, Sir Herbert Tree was casting for some small parts. He wanted a big husky man to read the lines, "I think the girl is guilty." The stage manager picked a man from among the extras and gave him the line. When it came time to read it, the man, whereas he looked big and husky enough, spoke the words in a youthful, affected tenor voice. Sir Herbert said, "No, no, my man, you will not do. I want a man who is big and ugly, with a red nose, and slovenly of manner—a man who looks as if he were a heavy drinker."

Looking around the stage, he saw a type which suited him. "Here you, you are the man I want." The man in question assumed a hurt manner and said, "I hope I don't look as if I drank, Sir Herbert. As a matter of fact, I'm a teetotaler." "My dear sir," retorted Sir Herbert, "assume the virtue if you have it not."

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STAGE & CINEMA.

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The Week.

I should like to say very frankly that one of the greatest treats I have had in the theatre was the performance on Monday evening of "Pygmalion." It will stand out as a white stone for very many reasons, not one of the least being the splendid portrayal of "Higgins" by Mr. Geo. S. Wray.

There has been so much talk in Johannesburg about Bernard Shaw, about "highbrow" plays, so much of "education," of "uplift," that one detected on the first night a feeling of relief through the audience. "Can this be Shaw?" they seemed to say, as the human, farcical play unfolded itself. "Why, we understand him, we like him, his cynical humour and his sly digs at us all—at the world as it was and as it is." Of course, I don't mean to insinuate that you who read these lines do not know Shaw. Most of us do, but, on the other hand, many of us—the great majority, perhaps—do not, and now that you have been formally introduced and, excuse the simile, found it, like going to the dentist, "not as bad as you thought," you'll go again. How can it be otherwise? A Shaw play and a Shaw company. A company who are all, so to say, specialists. So there was not the slightest doubt of the popularity of "Pygmalion." One grows accustomed to weighing up the applause, to detecting the true ring behind it, to balancing its real worth. There are words in it, words used by the flower girl of the streets, that are not used in polite society, but what of it? They are used, and they get under the veneer of civilisation with which we have all coated ourselves, primitive man and primitive woman.

I mentioned Mr. Geo. Wray. One cannot criticize his acting; it would savour, to my mind, of impertinence. He was the embodiment of Shaw; there was the self-centred professor with his supercilious doctrines, experimenting on the "lower classes" without regard to their feelings. Science, the excuse.

Photo: Charlotte.
"Sally": Miss Cecile Maule-Cole.

Then Miss Joan Hopegood as "Liza Dolittle," the flower girl, found first by us—or should it be by Higgins?—in the portico of St. Paul's Cathedral, Covent Garden. At times, at first she rather overdrew the part; it might have been just first night nervousness in a new country, but as the play progressed she got right "into the skin" of it and made the very most of a difficult part. One saw the "flower girl" through the "Duchess," as Liza strove to live up to her rôle, as laid down by Higgins. Mr. A. S. Homewood gave us a delightful study as "Alfred Dolittle," a dustman, the father of "Liza." His work is very well known to South Africans, and it is, if anything, even better than when we saw him out here last time. The outraged father whose feelings could be soothed for a "fiver," but who was afraid that a "tenner" was too much to spend on a spree and ought to be saved. Miss Joan Blair as "Mrs. Higgins" was the respectable housekeeper living with two eccentric masters. Mrs. Homewood in private life, she is also no stranger to us and gave the same finished performance one expected from her, knowing her work when she was here before. Mr. Stanley Drewitt, to whom also go the honours of production, as "Colonel Pickering" was excellent. Miss Dora Macdona as "Miss Eynsford Hill," Miss Naomi Rutherford as "Mrs. Eynsford Hill," Mr. Cecil Trouncer as "A Bystander," Mr. John Boddington as "Freddy Eynsford Hill," Mr. J. Denton-Thompson as "A Sarcastic Bystander," Miss Mary Wray as "Mrs. Pearce," and Mr. Bertram Cecil as a manservant, all contributed their share to a splendid whole.

The scenery, which was designed by Rudolph Haybrooks and painted in the studios of The African Theatres, Ltd., was splendidly done and struck the right note all the way through.

And, as a lady leaving the theatre remarked in the vestibule, "If this is Shaw, give us some more"

Of other plays round the country, Miss Iris Hoey and her company are in Durban and, according to reports, having a splendid time, in and out of the theatre. Miss Renée Kelly has gone on tour with her company, after a really wonderful last night in Johannesburg. And as they have interested us all in South Africa, so will they interest and amuse hundreds of theatre-goers in other centres in South Africa.

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Eliza Off Stage.

The last thing she reminds you of is an actress. She doesn't look like an actress, she doesn't talk like an actress, and you feel your mouth growing wider and wider with surprise as the names of all the parts she has played trip nimbly off her tongue.

And her name becomes her. Hopegood—a good old name, essentially English and smelling of moors and heather and newly-sprung leaves in spring time. She herself is redolent of the English country side and she has the lovely bloom of English summer in her cheeks.

"You see," she says, to explain this, "my home is in Brighton, and I've lived nearly all my life there. I have always lived an outdoor existence, and walking, swimming, tennis and golf have always had a high place on the ladder of my affection. That is why I have looked forward to my trip to South Africa. I love long days in the sun, with no roof over me but the sky. I have never before been out of England, and I have longed to know what a colony looked like.

"But there is another part of me—the part that is ambitious and wants very much to be famous some day. That part of me wants to study all the time, and it is only because I know that too much work makes one stodgy that I give way to my love of exercise and sport.

"I think I must have worked and studied for the stage ever since I was six. My family have always been against my going on the stage. They have the old-fashioned idea that the stage is a place haunted by villains of the deepest dye and pick-pockets and dissolute old men. However, I think, I have managed to make them think differently now, and by this time they are accustomed to the idea of my stage career.

"About this time when I was six years I conceived my desire to go on the stage. It was then that I found I could memorise. At my school the older pupils were performing the 'Merchant of Venice' on a ricketty school platform. I expect their lines were just as shaky as the legs of that improvised stage, but I know that I loved that performance more than any I have ever seen since. It was printed very deeply upon my mind, and I found that three days after seeing it the lines were still in my memory. I determined in my small heart that one day I would act the 'Merchant of Venice,' too. But at that time the apex of my dreams was the shaky school stage. I did not dream that out in the world there were other and larger and more wonderful stages and audiences for my conquering.

"After that I began reading Shakespeare—strange mental fare for such a mite, you will say. But I loved it. I was soon quite familiar with most of the plays, and even on speaking terms with some of them. The other pupils began to tease me for my pre-occupation with the drama, and when, being a little older, I wrote an essay in which figured largely a 'villain who seemed to have eliminated all the milk of human kindness from his nature,' the whole school descended upon me and I had to undergo a perfect torrent of teasing.

"But I stuck to my guns— one has to do that, you know, if one is striving for something which the grown-ups want to withhold.

"So I grew up—still reading Shakespeare, still committing his plays to memory, still determined that one day I should figure largely in them.

"The first real play on a real stage which I saw was 'The Tempest,' and that, of course, fired my imagination further. I wanted to be a fairy flying about the forest on wire, I wanted to be Ariel, I wanted to be Miranda, and—you will laugh, I know—I also wanted to be Prospero. A ridiculous wish for a small girl. But I find I am not unique in the wish, as an American actress once told me that at the age of fifteen her dearest desire was to play Shylock in the 'Merchant of Venice.'

"I went home and worked harder; went to every theatre I possibly could, and positively prayed for the time when I could daub grease paint upon my face and be behind the footlights instead of in front of them.

"At last that day came. Oh, how nervous and how deliriously happy I was! It is a most wonderful feeling that— to want a thing for years and then to find it suddenly in your hand.

"I went on tour with the Charles Doran Shakespearian Company, playing Rosalind, Portia, Helena, Mistress Ford, the Queen in 'Hamlet,' and a host of other parts. Of course, I was well prepared for them, and the study was not so great as it would have been had I come to it as a stranger. But I had studied the plays for so long that they seemed like old friends to me.

"What next? Well, when I returned to Brighton after long touring and acting in iambic pentameters, I was chosen to play in the Brighton Annual Shakespearian Festival. I played Hermione in the 'Winter's Tale.'

"Then I set out on my travels again, playing different parts all the time. This time Shakespeare was locked away for a little time, and I played in modern drama.

"I had a small but very showy part as the French maid in 'Woman to Woman,' Rachel Shaw in 'Advertising April,' and Connie in 'Tilly of Bloomsbury.' That trip made me realise that Shakespeare, although the greatest, was not the only dramatist who could write good parts for acting people, and I was glad to get experience in modern acting methods."

Joan Hopegood's face lights up as she talks. She is as keen as she is young, and has all the unbridled enthusiasm which is the prerogative of youth. It is a serious and grave enthusiasm, however, and one feels that here is somebody whose heart and soul is in her work. And it is so. Nobody watching Joan Hopegood rehearsing the part of Eliza in Bernard Shaw's "Pygmalion" could doubt her care for detail and her scrupulous desire to get the part exactly as she wants it, and, better still, to extract the utmost from the part.

While she was talking to me she had to break off constantly to go back to the rehearsal and resume her part of the Cockney girl. She has made a special study of the Cockney dialect, and her Eliza is a young woman born, evidently, in the very slummiest part of the London slums. Her early careless speech in the first act savoured of Limehouse or Shoreditch, and her forced gentility in the second act, with the occasional swear words filtering through the veneer of respectability were delightfully differentiated. And this only at a rehearsal with no scenery, lights or other effects to help her.

But to Joan Hopegood, as to Hamlet, the play's the thing. It does not matter to her that she is playing in London, or on the stage in South Africa. She will work just as hard and just as well in either place. It is the play that matters.

She came running back for a minute between an exit and an entrance.

"Played in Shaw before? No, never, unless you can But I've always wanted to, though. And now I am to count an amateur performance of 'Arms and the Man' play a long list of Shavian parts. It seems too good to be true. My next budding ambition is to meet and speak to Shaw himself. That would be a grand moment for me

"The play of Shaw which has most interested me is 'Getting Married,' probably because Edith Evans, my great heroine on the stage, was playing in it.

"I want to play all the parts that Edith Evans has played. I think she is the greatest actress in England And I want———"

But here the stage manager called her, and she dashed off again in answer to her cue. I never found out what it was that Joan Hopegood wanted. Probably something terribly audacious and ambitious, and she will probably get it since she seems to have got what she has wanted so far.

As I left she was again Eliza protesting in delightful Shavian cockney, "I'm a good girl, I am." And I could see that everything in the world was forgotten but Eliza.

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Footsteps clanged dully down the flagged passage without the cell doors and Peter Blood raised his bowed head and listened intently. The hangman? The hangman, come to take him into the square and stretch him before a thousand inquisitive eyes? Afterwards he would be drawn and quartered and his name would be a bye-word with the riff-raff of the gutters. In imagination he could see the derision that he would never survive to see, and a sneer of bitterness crossed his lips. He rose to his feet, walked proudly down the cell and stood at the door waiting.

And yet, for all his felon's cell, this Peter Blood was no criminal. A physician who had attended a nobleman who had supported the Duke of Monmouth in his rebellion against James II.; such was his rank and such was his crime. But that "crime" had come to the ears of the king himself, and this was the punishment—to be hanged, drawn and quartered like a thief or a murderer!

The jailer rattled his keys and the door fell back. Doctor Blood stepped out briskly and with head raised, but his eyes did not meet those of the hangman, for the hangman was not there. He looked round and found that all the cells in the gaol were similarly being emptied. And presently, to their great astonishment, they were formed into ranks and marched off under a strong guard to the river-side. Without any explanation being forthcoming, they were taken aboard a great ship and chained below—herded together anyhow, Peter Blood, the physician, next to a cut-throat from Shoreditch. And it was here, suddenly, that the truth burst upon Blood in all its ugliness. He had heard of such cases before, of course. There might be much to be said for killing off a criminal, but a dead man was unprofitable. And the noble king could replenish his coffers to the extent of ten pounds a man by selling his criminals into slavery. That was it! This was a slave ship, and they must all be bound for Barbados!

Peter Blood sank despondently into the corner of the gloomy hold and buried his face in his hands.

Of the two fates, he was not now sure that he did not prefer hanging.

Barbados in the days of James II. was even more remote from the softness of civilisation than it is to-day. Colonel Bishop was head of the Militia, and he it was who invested ten pounds a head in Blood and eleven others of the slaves. Blood was on the verge of being passed over. Bishop considered him a surly-looking brute; but the colonel's daughter, Arabella, was present when the "cargo" was unshipped and found herself strangely interested in the unkempt doctor. There was something in his bearing, for all the indignity of his position, something in his voice when he protested against the keeper's handling of his outcast mob, that compelled this interest. She pleaded with her father, and much against his private inclination he made his twelfth purchase.

It was a life almost beyond belief, a fantastic life, an unthinkable life, to which the slaves were now cast. All day long they toiled in the fields on the island, yolked to ploughs like human oxen. Cattle! Nothing more, and cheap cattle too. If their labours flagged . . . . there were whips . . . .

However, Blood managed to escape most of this after the first few days, for he was the only man in Barbados who could relieve the Governor's gout, and Bishop soon found him more useful as a doctor than as a plough-dragger in the plantations. By night he lived in the compounds with the other slaves; but by day most of his time was occupied at the Governor's residence. This brought him often in proximity to Arabella, Bishop's daughter, and once, greatly daring, she spoke to him.

"You are used to this?" she hinted.

"Used to it?" He smiled bitterly. "No man is ever used to it, Madame."

"To medicine?"

"Ah. I thought you meant to slavery. Yes, I am—used to *this*. Or, I was . . ."

She said no more, and after a moment's hesitation walked away. But afterwards she would stop and exchange a few words with him, and in the days that followed he would find her furtively watching him as often as she found him furtively watching her. A fantastic kind of friendship sprang up between them, almost empty of words.

One day a ship drew in close to the island, bearing the English colours, and it was not until the unsuspecting islanders found themselves facing the cruel swords of Spain that they realised the deception. Unprepared, the colonists had no means of defending themselves, and very soon the island was in the clutches of the Spaniards completely. In

Arabella Bishop.

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one little particular the invaders thought they showed their wisdom. They set no very firm guard over the slaves. Slaves have not the intelligence (they argued) to plot escape. Slaves are the riff-raff of nations. In short, cattle. Leave them to sleep in the fields, and they will be there when morning dawns.

But the Spaniards were reckoning without Peter Blood. He was a slave of a variety outside their experience. And so he was able, during the evening, when the Spaniards were ashore, looting and drinking, to go by back ways into the town itself and look about and make plans. Plans that an ordinary slave would never have the wit to make.

He turned a corner towards the shore, his eyes ready for the slightest mischance, when suddenly he was aware that a dishevelled woman was running towards him, hotly pursued by a Spaniard. He drew back in the shadows and waited. The woman came abreast of him; then the Spaniard. And then he sprang from the shadows with sword flashing.

It was a swift fight; so swift that the Spaniard had little time to realise it was a fight. It ended almost as soon as it began; and it ended with the Spaniard dead on the street. Then Blood turned to the girl—for she was little more than a girl.

"Who are you? Where are you from?" he asked. For the light was bad, and at first he did not recognise in her one of Bishop's household.

"Arabella Bishop's friend, Mary Traill," she sobbed; and then as she gave signs of developing inconvenient hysterics he took her arm and hurried her up to the Governor's house.

"Rouse your servants at once and get away to the north of the island," he said to the two girls. "It is barren there and the Spaniards know it. They will keep to this end of the place, and most likely depart pretty soon. They are busy rioting now, and you will get away unseen."

Leaving them to make their preparations, he hastened to the compounds, and roused his fellow slaves.

"Form in line," he commanded. "Keep quiet and follow me."

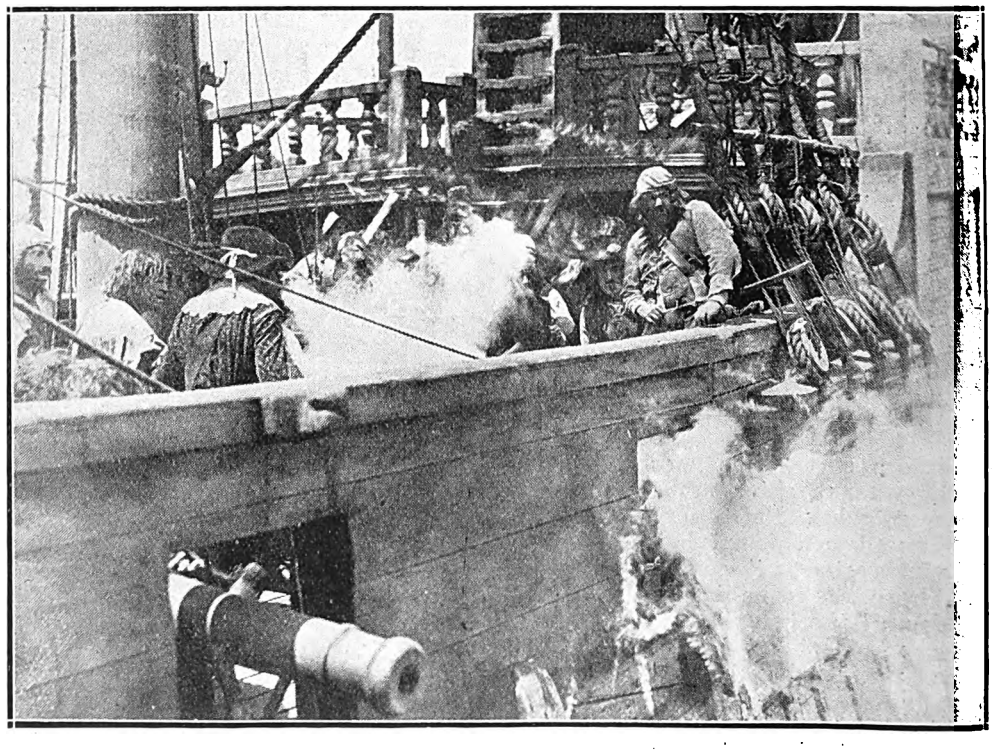
They fell in at his word as if he had always been their commander and never their fellow-slave. In the blackness of night, silently as the night itself, the long line of desperate men crept down the hillside to Barbados harbour.

Next morning the islanders, considerably poorer than before the Spaniard's visit, gathered on the shore to watch the enemy depart, heavy of spirit but bitter, too. One by one, like wooden sneers, the boats pulled off, the first bearing Don Diego, the Spanish leader, and his son, and filled with stolen treasure—"ransom" it was conveniently called. The others, some score of them, contained Don Diego's men, half-drunk, shouting and singing their victory across the waters. A quarter of a mile out rode their great ship, and the nearer they came to it the louder they cheered, laughed and sang.

Suddenly an unlooked-for thing occurred. Don Diego's boat reached the ship's side; a rope ladder was dropped and Don Diego and his son ascended to the decks. And at that moment the galleon's guns spat, and one by one the boat-loads of Spaniards behind sank to the bottom of the ocean. Don Diego was safe in his own ship, but not a man of all his crew survived.

A great cry arose on the shore.

"Somebody from the island has captured the vessel!"



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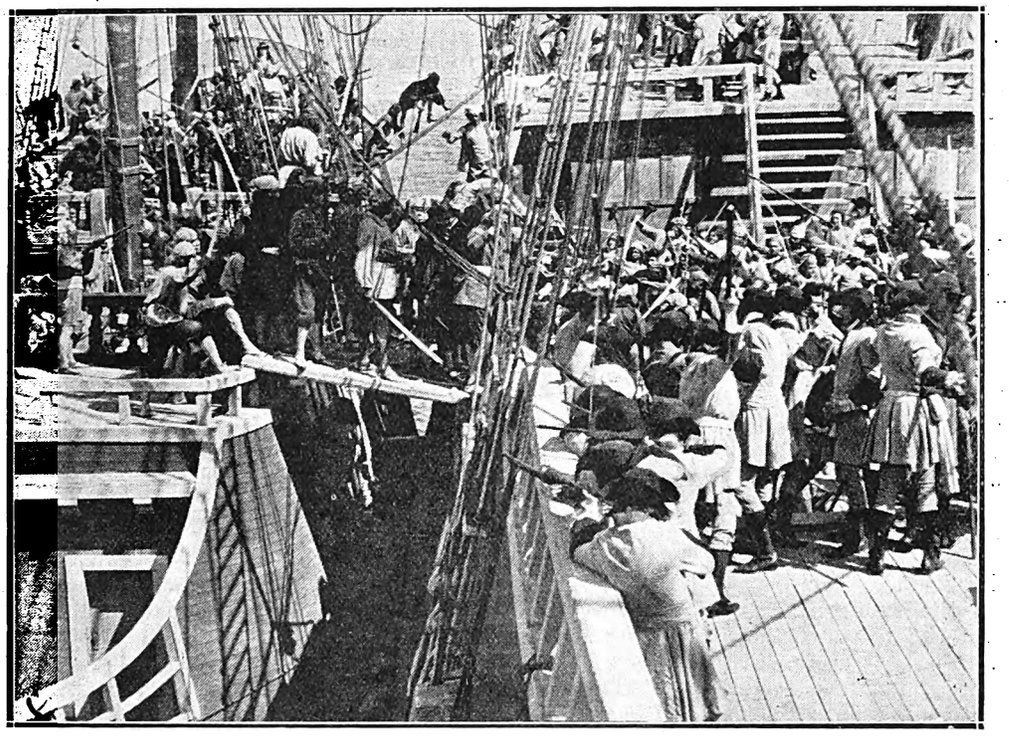

"Smart! Smart! Clever work!"

"See—the British flag is flying from the mainmast now!"

And so it was. Without more ado, Colonel Bishop ordered a boat to be put out and straightaway rowed to the galleon to do the unknown heroes fitting honour. His joy at discovering his stolen treasure intact was almost as great as his amazement at discovering that the unknown heroes were none others than his own slaves, under Blood, the physician. But his surprise over he gave some show of being—for Colonel Bishop—magnanimous.

"This shall be reported, I promise you," he said. "I do not doubt that I shall get some of your sentence remitted for your conduct to-day."

"*Some of it?*" gasped Blood.

"Why, certainly," said Bishop, smugly.

There was a short silence, and then a hoarse cry arose from somewhere.

"String him from the yard-arm!"

Bishop fell back.

"What! You dare—"

His face was gone suddenly white. He looked from the eyes of Blood calmly smiling into his, to the brutish eyes of the slave crew, some of whom had been human "cattle" for many years now—so many years that they were more cattle than human. But Blood only burst into ironical laughter.

"No," he conceded, "this time I'll refrain from taking their advice. This time . . . But something must be done and we'll do it very soon. Can you swim?"

"Y-yes. . . ."

"Good. For you. . . ."

They turned to sea, holding the Colonel until they were well out of range of the guns at Fort Barbados. Then, with a polite farewell from Blood, Bishop was dropped over the side into the water. As he set off to swim back to his home a derisive cheer arose from the appropriated decks behind.

"I wonder," mused Blood, watching from the rails, "if he'd be swimming now, if he were not the father of Arabella?"

He repeated the name softly once or twice and then called one of the slaves towards him.

"If there is paint below we must make a change in this good ship's name at the first opportunity," he ordered; adding after a moment's consideration—"Henceforth she shall be called the 'Arabella.'"

So did the "Arabella" take to its new life on the high seas. So, there being nothing else for it, for he was in command of another man's ship and had stolen it—so did plain physician Blood, one time of St. James's, become Captain Blood; the notorious Captain Blood, the most daring buccaneer that ever sailed the Spanish Main.

The fame of Captain Blood spread across the world, across the ocean to England. Where, to everyone's surprise, it met with rather a different reception from the one anticipated. Strange tales of his exploits had come in by the score in the two years that had gone by since he had left Barbados; and it was everybody's firm conviction that sooner or later the king would give firm orders for his extermination. Such, however, was not the case.

"Find me this man," the King commanded one day. "Do not *get* him—*find him*. A fellow so daring would be more than useful to me in the Navy. I would I had more like him. If he is willing I will grant him a commission and a free pardon at the same time."

He entrusted his commission to Lord Julian Wade, and Lord Julian Wade set sail from Southampton Water in May to scour the seas for the notorious Captain Blood.

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Later in the summer he put in at Barbados for news, but no first-hand news of the buccaneer had been received on the island since his departure. Plenty of stories of his exploits had come through, but as for the man himself, not a hair had been seen in the two years. Lord Julian stayed overnight in the town, and next morning, after taking aboard stores and a passenger, took his departure.

The passenger was Arabella Bishop. Since the eventful days of two years before her father had been promoted Governor of Jamaica, and she was now on her way to join him. Lord Julian, always ready to spend much time in the company of a beautiful girl, chatted with her freely, and once in her hearing wondered if they would come up with the famous Captain Blood in the journey to the West Indies.

"I sincerely hope not!" snapped Arabella.

And she was sincere indeed. For not all the tales that had come through about the buccaneer had been as truthful as they might have been, and there was more than one of the fictions that was concerned with some charming lass in ports far across the ocean. Blood, all unknown to himself, had acquired a reputation for other things than bravery. Arabella Bishop wished never to see him again.

"If—" began Lord Julian. But the sentence was never finished. Wild cries arose down the ship. Great volumes of smoke began to arise, and very soon it was plain to every soul aboard that the vessel was on fire. Every man fell to with a will supplemented by frenzy, but it was soon seen that their combined efforts were to be as nothing against the fury of the flames. In terror Arabella turned to Lord Julian.

"What can we do?"

"I will have the boats lowered. So long as the men do not mutiny—"

"If they do—?"

He said nothing, but his face was grave.

Suddenly a cheer arose. They looked along the rails and found a sailor pointing. Unseen in the turmoil another ship had come in close and was even now on the point of lowering boats to their rescue. Lord Julian fumbled for his telescope and soon was spelling out the name of the newcomer.

"A-R-A-B . . . Why, yes—it's the 'Arabella'—Captain Blood's boat! It is!"

"The—'Arabella!' Is that what he calls it?" gasped the girl. And the peer nodded.

He was too excited to notice her frown. All hands now left the fire to take its own course and busied themselves with the boats. In a quarter of an hour, with the help afforded by Blood's boats, every man had been taken off the burning ship and given safety on the "Arabella." Blood's pleasure at once more meeting the daughter of Colonel Bishop was unbounded, but quickly was it damped when he saw that, for some reason he could not gather and which she was reluctant to explain, his pleasure found no reflection in her. He bowed, turned away, and went below with Lord Julian, who was eager to acquaint him with the details of his commission from the King.

For the remainder of the voyage they might have been unaware of each other's presence. Three days later the "Arabella" put in at Jamaica.

But things were not so smooth running as the King had planned. Once again Captain Blood fell foul of Colonel Bishop. Some of his men refused at any terms to join the King's Navy, and these Blood permitted to go free. This, according to Bishop, was a violation of the buccaneer's commission, and he made preparations to effect the latter's arrest. But Blood's nimble wits, aided by his pistol, contrived to get him out of this scrape; and once again the "Arabella" took to the high seas as a pirate ship, under the command of Captain Blood, who was still a pirate.

And so another year went by.

In the meantime James II. was deposed, and William III. became King of England. Changes took place everywhere, at home and in the colonies. And one day, to his dismay, Colonel Bishop learned that Lord Willoughby was coming out to Jamaica as Governor-General of the West Indies. At once he realised what this meant. Now that James was no longer king it meant that Captain Blood was no longer an outlaw. If the Colonel were ever to earn revenge of this upstart pirate it must be soon or—never. And so, before Lord Willoughby had time to arrive in the west, Bishop called out his fleet and set forth to scour the seas for Blood and send him to the ocean's depths. Twice had he been thwarted by this fellow. Payment was overdue.

Meanwhile, not far across the seas, a little drama that might have turned Bishop back in his tracks, had he known of it, was being enacted. Lord Willoughby, on his way to Jamaica, was suddenly attacked by the fleet of France, with which country England was at that time in a state of war. Willoughby's ship was sunk and Willoughby himself callously turned adrift. It seemed that he must surely die; but no—for almost as soon as the French fleet was out of sight to the north, into sight in the south came the "Arabella," and picked up the distressed peer.

"For which," as Willoughby afterwards admitted to Captain Blood, "no gratitude of mine can ever be sufficient."

He informed Blood that he was on his way to Port Royal, Jamaica, to take up his new post; and without more ado the buccaneer commanded his fleet to turn about and conduct the peer to his destination. For, indeed, it was now a small fleet that Captain Blood commanded.

They set sail. Night fell. And when day broke, the little fleet of Captain Blood found itself surrounded by the French squadron, on its way to attack the undefended island.

"I may be a pirate, but I'm an English pirate. Fall to, men," was all Blood said.

And they fell to as never they had fallen to before. They fell to, not like a crew but like a nation. It was not a fight; it was a battle, and it was not over until near to sundown. And then. . . . .

Victory.

Victory, pathetic, strange. For Captain Blood's pride, his flagship, the "Arabella," was down on the ocean bed, and most of his little fleet was shattered. To be sure, not a French ship remained afloat; but Blood had loved the "Arabella" almost as much as he loved the one whose name he had taken for the ship.

Victorious but broken, the remains of the buccaneer's tiny navy crept into Port Royal as the sun dipped.

"And now?" queried Blood, ruefully.

"And now," said Lord Willoughby, with a smile—"and now, sir, I appoint you Governor of Jamaica."

"What!"

"One of my first duties was to replace Bishop. Let us go at once to the Government House and—replace him."

Bishop, however, was not to be found. He was still out upon the high seas searching for his old enemy. He did not come in, indeed, until morning. Then he strutted up to the Government House with some of his old swagger, for all his disappointment at not being able to find Blood. Strutted up, he did, and kicked open the door of his official room and . . . .

And found Blood sitting there at his own desk!

"What! What! You! Here? You—you—*pirate*. . ."

He stormed across the room and thumped his fist on the desk.

"You are under arrest."

"On the contrary," said Blood, smoothly, "you yourself are under arrest."

"What do you mean, you infernal—"

"I mean," announced Blood, "that Lord Willoughby, who this moment is sleeping above our heads, has been good enough to appoint me Governor of Jamaica. You are under my orders. And I arrest you."

"What!"

All the colour drained from Bishop's face. He swung about, started for the door, stopped on seeing it guarded by Blood's men, and suddenly sat heavily on an uncomfortable chair he had always reserved for visitors.

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"But—"

"But," Blood amended, "if you care to retire to your plantation in Barbados, perhaps I can persuade the Government at home to forget your existence."

Bishop looked up hopefully.

"Go upstairs to your old room and think it over. See me later in the day," said Blood. And with his nose in the air again, Bishop strutted out.

Outside, in a quaint old tropical garden, Captain Blood came upon Arabella Bishop.

"I—I have learnt all," she faltered.

Blood waited, expecting congratulations. But it was not of his appointment she wished to speak, but of the rumours that once she had listened to, and the truth of which she had since discovered.

"And when," he asked politely, "do you become Lady Wade?"

"But—never . . ." she said, a look of surprise lighting her eyes.

"I thought—" stammered Blood.

"Foolish man!" said Arabella.

"Ah," said Blood, "then—when do you become—Captainess Blood?"

Between them, they settled the "when" of it.

Mr. Harry Pringle, who takes the part of Mr. Richard Farquhar in "Sally."
Photo: Levson.

Next Week's Theatre Calls.

FOR WEEK COMMENCING MONDAY, 1ST JUNE, 1925.

Tivoli, Capetown.—Clive Maskelyne, Graham Bros., Bert Maddison, Trent & Sadie, Astor & Astoria, etc., etc.

His Majesty's, Johannesburg.—The Macdona Players in Bernard Shaw's "Pygmalion."

Empire, Johannesburg.—"Sally," the Winter Garden success with All New London Company.

Orpheum, Johannesburg.—Mdlle. Margo, Stella & Partner.

Grand, Pretoria.—Rupert Hazell & Co., Leslie Elliott.

Criterion, Benoni.—Wilma & Garcia, Strength Bros.

Rinko, Maritzburg.—Broughton & Creedon.

Criterion, Durban.—Barker & Wynne, Zetta Mor, Nina & Nora, Morris & Van.

Vaudette, Krugersdorp.—(Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday) Femina Quartette.

Apollo, Germiston.—(Thursday, Friday and Saturday) Femina Quartette.

Standard, Johannesburg.—Freda Godfrey, supported by New London Company, in "Spring Cleaning."

Grand, Pretoria.—Renee Kelly and her Company, in "Daddy Long Legs" and "A Kiss for Cinderella."

Theatre Royal, Durban.—Iris Hoey and Company in "Clothes and the Woman," "The Pelican" and "The Man from Toronto."

Mr. George Wray.

Mr. George S. Wray, who has given us such a wonderful portrayal of Higgins in "Pygmalion," is a firm believer in the theory that all actors should know something about every branch of the theatrical profession. He himself has not only worked behind the footlights, but has been stage manager, assistant stage manager, theatrical agent, house manager, in the box office. On the artistic side he has played on the music halls, in drama, in musical comedy, in farce, and in Shakespeare. Now he is making an excursion into Shaw and playing the leading part in the new production of "Pygmalion."

Mr. Wray tells an amusing story of his touring days. He was playing in "Tantalising Tommy" at Landryddnod in Wales one Saturday, and the company was due in Aldershot on the following Monday. It was discovered that the only possible train would land them in Aldershot ten minutes after the performance was due to begin.

They arrived at twenty minutes past eight on Monday night, and the whole company had to go straight on to the stage without make-up and in the clothes they were wearing.

The applause at the end of the evening showed that the audience had enjoyed the play none the less.

Mr. Wray is an amusing raconteur and tells a story of one occasion when he was playing Bill Walker in Shaw's play "Major Barbara."

Bill Walker is a cockney, and the producer told Mr. Wray that his nose was too aristocratic for the part.

"He told me," said Mr. Wray, "to build it up with putty. So I made up my face as usual, put on my coster jumper liberally beplastered with buttons, and proceeded at the last minute to make a nobbly, cockney nose out of face putty.

"Two minutes, Mr. Wray," called the boy through my door. I hurriedly dabbed some colour on the new proboscis and fled on to the stage.

Imagine my horror when, after I had been on for five minutes, I looked down and beheld myself in striped trousers and spats! I had been in such a hurry to make my nose less aristocratic that I had forgotten my coster trousers.

What to do? I was in a panic. I couldn't leave the stage and yet I felt I couldn't go on. However, I stuck it out as the scene was a dark one, and when I questioned some people who had watched the scene from the audience they said they had not noticed my defection.

Miss Joan Hopegood, who takes the part of Eliza Dolittle in "Pygmalion" with such conspicuous success, first appeared on the stage in 1921, taking the part of Raina in "Arms and the Man" at Brighton. Since then she has played Connie in "Tilly of Bloomsbury," Rachael in "Advertising April," and has sustained the parts of Hermione, Viola, Portia and Rosalind in the Shakespearean plays.

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Good Fare at the Carlton.

"The Ridin' Kid from Powder River," Universal-Hoot Gibson production, coming to the Carlton Theatre on June 1st, 2nd and 3rd, is a screen story based on one of the most romantic periods of the history of the Far West, the days when the cattle-man was making a violent stand against the so-called nester. The picture is one of thrilling adventure, in which the famous Universal Ranch Riders have important parts. Edward Sedgwick directed and in the supporting cast are Tully Marshall, Gladys Hulette and Walter Long.

"The Lover of Camille," screen adaptation of the famous stage play, "Deburau," by Sacha Guitry, which David Belasco produced, is to follow it on the 4th, 5th and 6th. "The Lover of Camille" is the story of Jean Gaspard Deburau, one of the many unfortunates whom Camille wins and casts aside. He is the idol of France, a master pantomimist, loved by all women except the one he loves. Broken-hearted, he tries to hide his sorrow from the public behind his grinning mask, but the disillusioned lover cannot go on, and he leaves his beloved public forever.

Monte Blue portrays the rôle of Deburau, and Marie Prevost is Camille. Others in the cast are Willard Louis, Pierre Gendron, Rose Dione and Winifred Bryson.

About the Macdona Players.

Dora Macdona is, of course, a relation to Charles Macdona, and made her first appearance under his management in 1920, playing in "The Chinese Puzzle" on tour. Since then she has taken the part of Violet in "Man and Superman," Dolly in "You Never Can Tell," Clara in "Pygmalion," Maud in "Home and Beauty," and also played in "Quality Street."

Cecil Stallard Trouncer was born at Southport, and first appeared on the stage in "The Man Who Stayed at Home," when it was played at the Town Hall, Sandown, Isle of Wight. He took the part of Pennicuik.

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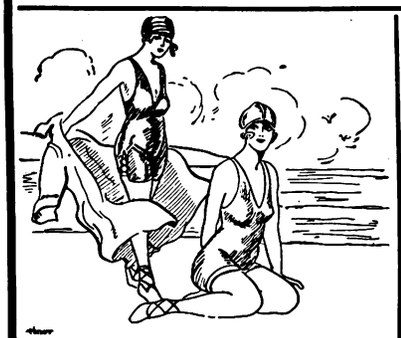

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Butler and Boots.

A Chat with the Graham Brothers.

Here are two people who can balance a broom on their noses or toss twenty balls in the air and catch the whole lot in one hand with equal facility. You will see these two brothers in a comedy acrobatic turn that is new to South Africa, for they will open at the Tivoli, Capetown, on June 3rd.

The Graham Brothers have travelled into most places, except the colonies, and their visit to South Africa will give them their first glimpse of colonial audiences.

Paris has been a favourite port of call for them, and they have often done their turn in Belgium. They assert that the continental audiences are delightful to English performers, and that all their enthusiasm is aroused by acrobatic turns in particular. Over there, the local acrobats merely play "straight" in the parlance of the theatre. That is, they do not mix comedy or knockabout stuff with their usual trapeze and hoop-riding acts. They revel in the unfortunate tumblings and pseudo-accidents of the Graham Brothers in their respective parts of Butler and Boots in a hotel. Juggling also entrances the continental audiences, who sometimes stand up in their seats to clap and show their appreciation. They are far less conventional than the English audiences.

"How did you come to be acrobats in the first place?" I asked the Graham Brothers. They smiled in unison, as if at some far-away memory. Then the Butler portion of the turn answered laconically:

"By throwing one another downstairs." He explained further.

"You see, our father did not approve of our going on the stage. In fact, he prevented it as long as he could. Like most fathers of that time, he considered the stage a snare and a delusion and wanted us to do something in life which would be more, as he put it, 'reputable.' However, we had no leanings that way and did not see eye to eye with our father, so we practised hand-springs and trapeze acts (with a trapeze made by our own selves) and jumped in and out of windows, and, as I said before, threw one another downstairs on top of a thick mat.

"But, at last, our father had to give way, when he saw that we were determined to go through with it, and he allowed us to embark on our long-dreamed-of acrobatic career with many injunctions to be good boys. So we joined a troupe of Barrel Jumpers which were passing through our town at the moment, and that was how we began.

"Since then we've had all sorts of ups and downs and have, so far, come out on top, thank goodness, in spite of the fact that our family had no belief in us at first and discouraged us.

"During the war we were officially engaged as physical training instructors to the navy, and we worked hard at that for years. We had all sorts of great people coming to us for physical culture lessons, and we went on teaching physical jerks and dumb-bell exercises until we almost did them in our sleep. At any rate, we felt that that was our bit, and we enjoyed doing it.

"For the rest, we have played all over England and on the Continent, picking up scraps of jokes and new patter everywhere. We have played in pantomime and revue and by ourselves at the different music halls. We prefer pantomime to any other production, because we think it gives one more scope. In the late production of "Cinderella," for instance, we had to act, turn somersaults and do all the usual acrobatic things, as well as juggle and sing."

The Graham Brothers confess that their dearest ambition is to travel all round the world as many times as they can before they die. Their usual hobbies are connected with wireless and photography, but at the moment their spare time, stolen from the trapeze and rope ladder, is spent in dreaming of a golden country in the South.

Nona and Nora, who are appearing at the Criterion, Durban, on June 1st.

Miss Jessie Bateman, who is playing in "The Heart of a Child" at the Standard Theatre, Johannesburg, has had a long experience of the stage, and has had some amusing adventures.

She describes one occasion when she was last in South Africa. She, and the rest of the company, before they left England, had been filled with stories that South Africa was a land which positively flowed with milk and honey, gold, silver and diamonds. All these were to be had for the asking, and many people in England prophesied that she would come back with a diamond tiara at least, if not a necklace and several bracelets studded with the same stone as well.

"I waited and waited for that tiara," said Miss Bateman, "and yet it never came. I travelled from town to town hoping that if it did not eventuate in one it would turn up in the next. But still it did not make its appearance, and I found that gold and precious stones were almost as rare in South Africa as they are in London.

"However, the last night of our season in Johannesburg arrived, and I was handed up a square box at the end of the performance. My heart leapt. Here, I thought, is the long-looked-for tiara!

"Imagine, then, my surprise and disappointment when, on opening the box, a small white mouse jumped out and fled terrified into the wings.

"Rumour, as usual, proved a jade."

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WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY, JUNE 3 and 4:
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FRIDAY and SATURDAY, JUNE 5 and 6:
"THE STRANGER'S BANQUET," with **Claire Windsor** and **Hobart Bosworth.**

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Tom Mix in **"THREE JUMPS AHEAD,"**
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FRIDAY and SATURDAY, JUNE 5 and 6:
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Daily at 3, 7 and 9.
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"THE RIDIN' KID FROM POWDER RIVER," featuring **Hoot Gibson.**
THURSDAY, FRIDAY and SATURDAY, JUNE 4, 5 and 6:
"THE LOVER OF CAMILLE," with All-Star Cast, including **Marie Prevost, Monte Blue** and **Willard Louis.**

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"LONG LIVE THE KING," featuring **Jackie Coogan.**
Also First Episode, **"SOCIAL BUCCANEER."**
WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY, JUNE 3 and 4:
"FOR BIG STAKES," starring **Tom Mix.**
FRIDAY and SATURDAY, JUNE 5 and 6:
"MIGHTY LAK' A ROSE," with **Dorothy Mackaill** as Star.

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WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY, JUNE 3 and 4:
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"THE CHEAT," starring **Pola Negri.**
Two Shows on Saturday at 7 and 9 p.m.

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WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY, JUNE 3 and 4:
"THE ETERNAL CITY," Sir Hall Caine's Famous Novel, with **Lionel Barrymore** and **Barbara La Marr.**
FRIDAY and SATURDAY, JUNE 5 and 6:
"SILVER WINGS," featuring **Mary Carr.**
Two Shows Saturday at 7 and 9 p.m.

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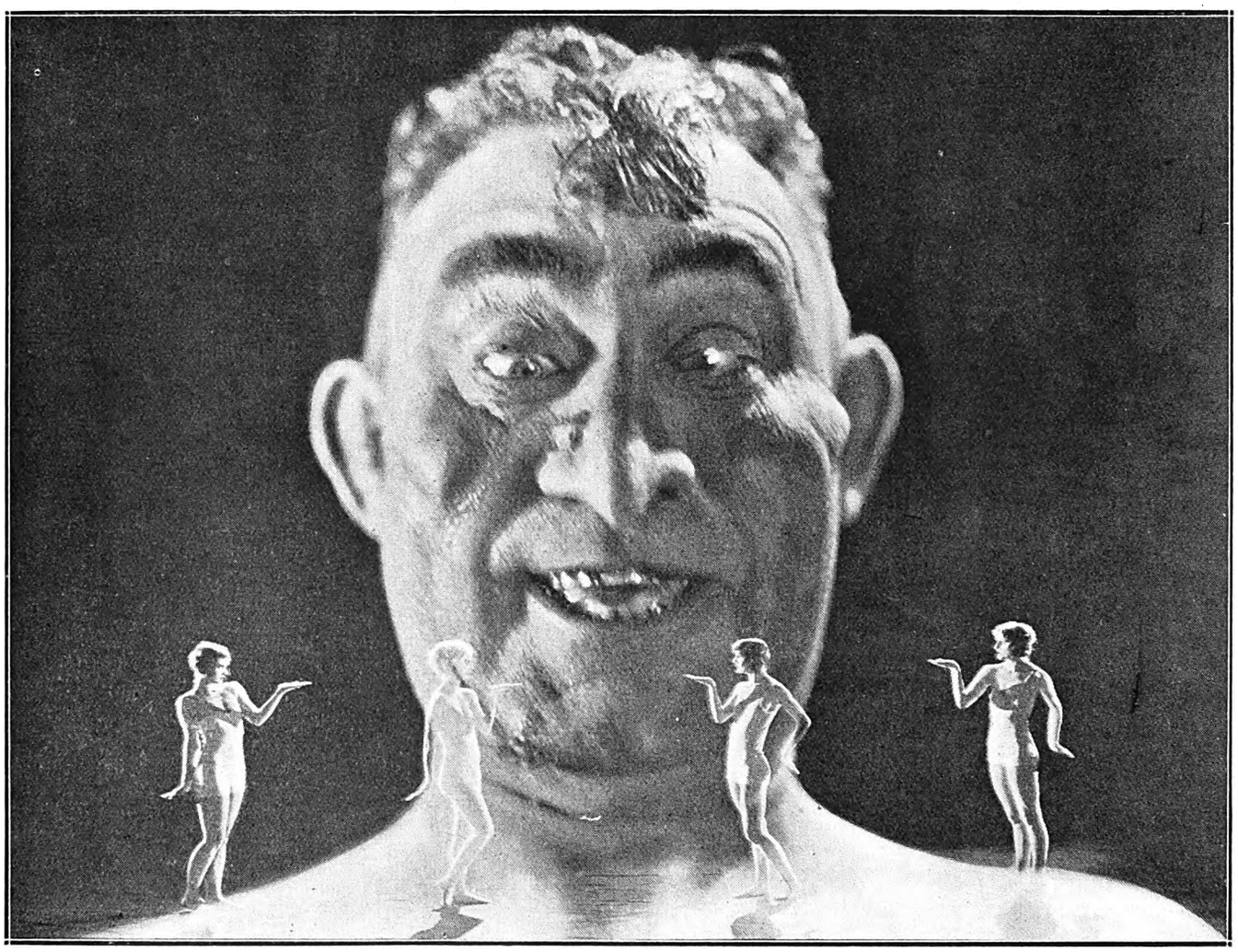

A wonderful picture of Lon Chaney in "The Monster."

A Secret Document.

How this came into our possession matters not to the gentle reader. There are dark chapters in the life of every journalist. It suffices that we are able to give to the world this startling document, these *hitherto unrecorded events in the life of Rupert Hazell.* Hush! he is speaking . . . . .

"I was born on the 31st February, 1837. It is untrue to say that my father looked at my face and ran away to Australia. My father showed much better taste. He went to South Africa. At a very early age I showed promise of a remarkable professional career. Up to the age of nine months I held the long-distance voice-production championship of the southern counties. Then Chinston Wurchill was born.

"At the age of 14 my voice broke. A year later the same thing happened to my finances. Neither has yet recovered.

"A few years ago, when I was giving Paganini a violin lesson, I was rung up on the telephone by one of our principal music-hall agents, who asked me to book a week's engagement at Sheffield. This city, as you all know, is where steel is manufactured. The audiences eat it.

"I repaired to the theatre and—although you will be loth to believe this—I swear it is true. The theatre was packed from floor to dome—*and one man in the front row didn't read his paper.*

"On another occasion at Sunderland, where the audiences wear rubber gloves and put cotton wool in their ears, I was the cause of a riot. This town is perhaps—or perhaps not—one of the most cheerful in all England. When Sunderland puts on its holiday clothes, a funeral is a recklessly gay function by comparison. The theatre is happily named the 'Crypt.' In wet weather one can smell the bones of dead comedians. This is the place where American soft-shoe dancers hear themselves walk off.

"My fame soon spread round the town, and on the Saturday night the crowd broke down the doors and the management had to call out the South Shields mounted police to quell the disturbance. It is interesting to record in passing that the nurse who grafted on my ear next morning would have married me had not her parents intervened.

"It is not generally known that I was originally intended for the Bar, and to that end I spent several months as a potman in Aldgate. During the whole period of my employment in this capacity the public-house failed to show a profit, and it was for this reason that my services were dispensed with.

"It was then decided that I should go in for the Church, but the Church got to hear of it. My father—tired of trying to get me to earn an honest living—decided to put me on the stage. He trained me himself.

"After he had taught me to say, unblushingly, 'I'm the most wonderful thing that ever happened,' my education was complete. I expressed my surprise at the shortness of the course, but he assured me that this and a copy of 'A thousand and one gags for a shilling' was all that was necessary for a comedian. I have since found that he was right."

Mr. Rupert Hazell is appearing at the Grand, Pretoria, on June 1st.

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JACK STOCKS.
"The Woman Hater."

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Dolittle and Do-Much.

Mr. A. S. Homewood, who has all his life given the lie to his stage name of "Dolittle" in Shaw's "Pygmalion."

When asked to tell of his career the average actor saws the air, calls in vain on Heaven for information and then turns despairingly to the interviewer and, with outflung hands, says "I can't remember anything! If I had only been warned! The thing uppermost in my mind is the fact that I once went on the big switchback at Blackpool;" or, something equally irrelevant. Actors as a class are terribly irrelevant. They always remember the things you don't want and search in vain through the store-room of their memories for things of importance. They have to be helped out of their dilemma by kindly and judicious questioning, and even then they find being interviewed very difficult—some of them. Others make one want to shake the hand of the man who declared that "brevity is the soul of wit." Anecdotes flow from them in gushing torrents, the dates and the names of theatres and titles of plays in which they have acted come tripping off their tongues in a vast army of words. It is difficult to stem the tide of their reminiscences.

But some of them—rare ones—attain the happy mean. Of these is Mr. A. S. Homewood, who is now on his fourth visit to South Africa. He first went there with the B. and F. Wheeler company in 1906, then with the famous H. B. Irving, and then for a two and a half years' season commencing in 1914, under the Williamson banner, with Madge Fabian. And he is a positive gold mine of theatrical information. He practically writes his interview himself as he talks.

"Well, how shall I begin?" he asked, as he seated himself on a corner of a table behind the scenes, where a rehearsal of "Pygmalion" was in full swing.

"Shall I tell you that I have been all round the world and back again—well, more than once? You see, I am now stepping into the lean and slippered pantaloon age, and I'm not a bit ashamed of it. I've had the young parts and I've had the middle-aged parts and now I've got to the old parts: from Orlando to old Adam, as it were. And I have liked them all. The young parts and the middle parts and the old ones—they all had something to give me, all had some measure of delight in them. To me, middle age is as happy as youth; and I think I shall find old age worthy of them both. I am a happy person, you see.

"My first job, when I was a youngster hardly out of my teens, was with Isabel Bateman's company. Of course, you won't remember it, but Miss Bateman once played Ophelia for two hundred consecutive performances to Sir Henry Irving's Hamlet, at the old Lyceum. Her father was Colonel Bateman, manager for Sir Henry.

Well, she gave me my first part—or rather my first parts, because I remember being a footman and a butler, and a young dandy and a cub reporter in the same play. I probably delivered the very famous line, 'My lord, the carriage waits,' in that same production.

"That's how I begun my career. Of course, I had my ups and downs like every other actor. But, somehow, the downs always made the ups seem so much better when they did come along.

"I have played every part in Shakespeare it is possible for one man to play, I think. I began with such young parts as Lorenzo and Fenton and went on up the scale to banished dukes and kings and people of more solemn and graver mien. Oh, I've played 'em all, and I believe that if anybody were to ask me to play the King in 'Hamlet' or Kent in 'King Lear,' to-morrow, I'd be able to do it without looking up the script.

"Funny how the old lines cling to the memory. Splendid man, Shakespeare. Youngsters in the profession can't do better than study him continually. He's the mine from which I dug my own early experience, and I've never regretted it.

"Shakespeare and—Barrie! Now, of course, you will call me a traitor for not saying Shaw before Barrie. But the other two come first in my heart. Shaw touches the brain first and then the heart. But Shakespeare and Barrie make their first appeal to the heart and the mind comes in later as a very tardy second. Three great men, though."

Mr. Homewood's face wore a far-away look as he spoke of Barrie. It is easy to see that the little Wizard who created "Peter Pan" and who has had the unique privilege of being the only person to be in Kensington Gardens after lock-out time, commands a very large portion of his heart.

He came back from birdy heights to speak to me of the faery pen of the Wizard.

"You know, I don't think I have ever been so happy as when I was playing with Ellen Terry in Barrie's play 'Alice-Sit-By-the-Fire.' What a delicious fantasy! And what an adorable Alice! There's an actress for you. You can have your Bernhardts and all the other stars you can mention, but give me Ellen Terry with her mysterious witchery, her tantalising femininity, her serene and exquisite personality like laughter dancing a quadrille on the brink of a pool of tears.

"And 'Mary Rose'—did you ever see loveliness so impersonated in words as in that play? I played the parson in America for over two hundred consecutive performances.

"But of all the Barrie parts, give me 'Pantaloon.' I cherish 'Pantaloon as if he were a brother. I ask for nothing better than to go on playing 'Pantaloon' until I die.

"It might interest you to know that I have played cricket with Barrie. As you know, he is a very keen cricketer, and plays with that zest which characterises all he does. But I must not rant or you will tell me to be brief.

"I have a wonderful memory—that of seeing Sir Henry Irving in 'Becket,' the part he played when he was dying. His performance was most stirring and dignified, and I shall never forget the scene at the altar of the church. I also saw him play other parts including Hamlet, which, in his hands, was a superb piece of acting.

"This, of course, is my fourth visit to South Africa and I think—or rather hope—that they will remember me. It's a splendid country. I have a great affection for England's colonies. I have always enjoyed travelling in them. In 1907 I toured through Australia and New Zealand, so I know something about the dominions. I have also toured in America, and know what a relief it was to get back to England or Australia or South Africa after my trips there.

"In the colonies one is never lonely. There is always so very much to see and hear and do beyond one's stage work. And, best of all, there is always the good fresh air and the open country to escape into. For anybody who likes open air life the colonies are the ideal touring countries. In America one arrives in a town, sticks in one's hotel bedroom until it is time to go to the theatre, plays one's little part and goes back to the hotel bedroom. And you can believe me when I say that this kind of life is not very inspiring,

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One makes no friends, lives a forlorn and dull existence, and the murk and the grime of the cities come down like a cloak upon the heart. No, no. The open places for me. I like walking and seeing new country and new friendly faces. To say that I like a constant companionship with the sun, is putting it mildly. And where can one get this except in the South?

"But America has its good points. I had a very good time there when I was playing with that delightful actress, Olga Nethersole. The Americans are strange people. One knows immediately whether they like a play or not. If they like it they give most tremendous and hearty applause. Give it generously, too. No half-hearted genteel patter of hands for them, but a hearty appreciative roar of stamped feet, smarting hands and praising voices. But if they do not like the play—well, they are still polite about it in their own way. There is no booing and hissing. The American way of 'giving the bird' is different from ours. There the audience simply gets up, puts on its hats and coats and gloves and walks out, and the unfortunate actors are left to cry out their despair or shout their delight to an unresponsive, empty auditorium. It is a subtle revenge on the part of the audience, and one that no actor would care to bring down upon his unfortunate head.

"Luckily, the London audience is more kindly and those in the colonies truly generous. It is always a delight to me to play to colonial audiences. They seem to live the play with one, not merely to watch it, but to be in it with the actors themselves. Their applause and their laughter is always generous. Altogether—well, I'm loving playing again in South Africa. Tell them that.

Miss Zetta Mor, who will open at the Criterion, Durban, on June 1st.

With the Shaw Players comes Miss Joan Blair, Mrs. A. S. Homewood in private life. She has been three times in South Africa—with Bob Wheeler's Comedy Co., 1906; H. B. Irving's Co., 1912-13, and J. C. Williamson's Co., 1914-16, this latter company becoming the African Theatres, Ltd., half way through its season. Miss Blair has also played in England, America and Australia.

Molly and Will in "The Covered Wagon," which will be shown at the Alhambra.

"The Covered Wagon."

"The Covered Wagon" is sure to attract as much attention when it is shown at the Alhambra, Capetown, on June 1 as it has done all round the country. It is a very wonderful film, and one of the things that struck me most about it when I saw it was the marvellous directing of many hundreds of white folk and Indians. The scenes in the flooded river through which the seemingly endless line of wagons, oxen and horses go is particularly fine, and one wonders how it is all done. It is a picture that should not be missed.

An Australian Contemporary.

For some months past I have been noticing a tremendous improvement in the theatre magazine which comes from Australia. I sought the reason a day or two ago and found it was because Miss Goodie Reeve is the new editor. She is well remembered in South Africa, not only for the fact that she is the daughter of the famous Ada Reeve. It is the first time that an actress has edited a theatrical paper, and, by the way, this is the oldest theatrical paper in Australia. I remember Goodie Reeve in Sydney. Among other things, she wore an ivory bracelet which was presented to her by the manager of a theatre in Bulawayo, where she helped them out of a difficulty at the age of thirteen. She was touring with her mother, when the orchestra went on strike, so Miss Goodie Reeve made her first public appearance accompanying her mother at the piano. The bracelet has the word "Rhodesia" inlaid in gold on it. Miss Goodie Reeve has been in Australia for some years now. While her mother has been making history in the theatre, she herself has been recording that history in the papers. Her theatrical magazine is very bright and very entertaining, and the *South African Pictorial* extends its congratulations to its Australian contemporary.

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A Chat With Miss Alice O'Day.

Miss Alice O'Day, who has arrived in Johannesburg with the Macdona Players in Bernard Shaw repertory, is an Irishwoman, and she claims to have been born in a little village near Limerick which is doubly famous. The name of the village is "Bruree," which is pronounced "brewery," and its claim to fame lie in the fact that it is the birthplace of de Valera (Miss O'Day lived next door to him) and the breeding place of three Derby winners of long ago—two things which would make any village famous.

"In the Ireland of my very early youth," says Miss O'Day, "there was very little for a girl to do other than enter a nunnery or get married. Not being attracted by either of these careers, I decided to go on the stage.

"My first attempt towards this end was to elope from the Dominican convent where I was being educated and run away to join a circus in Dublin. However, my daring plans were frustrated, and I was brought back ignominiously.

"But at last fortune smiled upon me, and I joined a Shakesperean company run by William Mollinson, father of William Mollinson, the producer. Soon I was playing Kathrina and Emilia, and the Queen in 'Hamlet,' and a host of other parts.

"I stuck to Shakespeare for two years, and I must say that I think a first training in Shakespeare is splendid foundation for any actress or actor.

"After that? Well, all sorts of things. I have played in everything from Masefield to the movies, from Shakespeare to Shaw, and from musical comedy to—well, anything you like.

"I was for some years with Miss Horniman's Repertory Company in Manchester. There *was* a company. The pity of it is that it is not still running. It died—as all good things, alas, eventually die.

"During my time with this repertory company I played Mrs. Pargetter in Masefield's drama, 'The Tragedy of Nan,' and Miss Ramsden in Shaw's 'Man and Superman.' The latter part is the one I have played most often, and I shall play it in South Africa. I played it at the Queen's Theatre, London, for two hundred consecutive performances, and afterwards with Robert Loraine at the Criterion.

"More parts? Well, I have understudied and played Miss Maire O'Neill's part in the 'White Headed Boy.' I have also understudied Miss Sara Algood, her sister.

"I played under C. B. Cochran's management in the musical comedy 'Phi-Phi,' and also with Sybil Thorndyke in several plays, notably 'Advertising April,' in which I had the delicious part of the Princess.

"With Miss Thorndyke I also played the Nurse in the 'Medea.' So you see I haven't been idle since I went on the stage first. O, yes, and I've played in the 'Farmer's Wife,' the great success lately at the Court Theatre, and before leaving England I was playing with Madge Titheradge and Owen Nares in 'Grounds for Divorce.'

Miss O'Day, like all her countrymen, is a very keen sportswoman and loves to be out in the open air. Her chief exercise nowadays is walking, though she confesses that she used to love riding best.

Last summer she and Miss Sybil Jane, who is also with the Macdona Players and will play such parts as Ann in "Man and Superman," the name-part in "Candida," and Gloria in "You Never Can Tell," went on a punting expedition from Richmond to Oxford. When they arrived at the mouth of the River Wey in Surrey they decided to turn and go up it for a little way. They spent about six weeks on their trip and had about three fine days in all.

"We spent most of our time," said Miss O'Day, "under a canvas flap, cooking meals and reading and trying to keep the rain out.

"We stopped and landed at one place which had once been an old mill, but which had been turned into a laundry. We asked for shelter as there was a dreadful storm brewing. The weather grew so terrifying that we were forced to stop all night, and we received permission to sleep on the floor of the laundry. We were also lent the services of three cats to keep the mice away, and several candles. It was a great adventure, especially when we discovered two huge boilers in which we could amply make up for the morning baths we had lost during the trip. You can imagine what a joy these boilers were to travel-stained adventurers.

"Now we are in South Africa, and I am imagining how I shall relate my adventures when I return to England."

"I Am the Man."

"I Am The Man" is a story of a strong man who has always been able to gratify his every wish and who took what he wanted. A power in finance and politics his every wish is law, and it is only when he falls in love with a woman who does not reciprocate his affection that he learns that there are some things that money and power cannot buy. How he works out the greatest problem of his life makes one of the most interesting pictures we have seen in a long time. The film will be shown at the Grand Bioscope on June 1, 2 and 3.

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Harrison Ford and Enid Bennett.

"Fool's Awakening."

This thoroughly entertaining film is acted by a well-chosen cast under the direction of Harold Shaw, who will be remembered by many people in South Africa.

Harrison Ford plays the leading role of John Briggs who builds up a network of lies and has a hard time living up to his fictitious past. Enid Bennett is the heiress whom he marries without revealing his secret to her, and Mary Alden, her companion, who tries to protect her. The rest of the cast moves through the exciting situations and dramatic scenes with a convincing air.

"Woman-Proof."

When Thomas Meighan's latest George Ade Paramount picture story, "Woman-Proof," is flashed on the screen of the Bijou, Johannesburg, on June 1st, the spectators will see a genuine explosion of nearly seven thousand cases of dynamite which was used in the blasting of a thirteen-mile tunnel at Huntington Lake, Cal., where work on the biggest hydro-electric project in the world, involving the expenditure of $27,000,000, was in progress at the time the picture was filmed.

This tunnel passes through a mountain, making the waters of Huntington Lake available for electric power. It is said to be the longest tunnel of its kind in the world. The project was undertaken by the Edison company to develop electric power for Los Angeles. This location is 340 miles north-east of Hollywood, in the Sierra Mountains, and was chosen after a prolonged search for a spot where the most spectacular scenes of this kind could be filmed.

Mr. Meighan plays the role of a civil engineer who is supervising this huge industrial scheme. In the picture, the tunnel is supposed to cave in, entombing scores of workmen. The rescue of these men forms some of the most thrilling scenes in the picture. The picture was directed by Alfred E. Green. The following are the supporting players: Lila Lee, leading woman; Robert Agnew, Charles A. Sellon, Vera Reynolds, Bill Gonder and Mike Donlin.

Betty Compson wears this robe of white georgette embroidered in crystal beads and with a crystal fringe in the film, "New Lives for Old."

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Palace and Pyjamas.

He owned a palace and a suit of pyjamas!

Antonio Moreno, who plays in "The Spanish Dancer," woke up one morning to find that all he owned in the world was a palace and his night attire. It was made of fine silk and had a monogram and coat of arms embroidered on the front, but the fact remained, it was not precisely fashionable wear for a stroll through the streets of the city.

However, it all took place in the reign of King Philip IV. of Spain, and Moreno was reviving an incident in the life of Don Cesar de Bazan, a leading character in the picture.

While Don Cesar sleeps, his creditors enter the ancient mansion of his family and carry off everything it contains. Cesar awakens in time to utter voluble protest as they ruthlessly steal the sheets from under him.

"The Spanish Dancer" is a costume picture with a very strong story of love, intrigue and human interest running throughout. The character of "Maritana" gives Pola Negri the greatest opportunity she has had since she came to America.

Heading a strong supporting cast are Wallace Beery, who plays the rôle of King Philip IV.; Kathlyn Williams, as Queen Isabelle; Gareth Hughes, as Lazarillo; and Adolphe Menjou as Salluste.

All four rôles are important parts of the story and give ample scope for the ability of these players. Herbert Brenon, who produced the picture, paid careful attention to the details of dress, custom and manners of the period which made the seventeenth century history in Spain so elaborate and magnificent.

Three New Novels.

Three light and readable novels came by the last mail—they were "Late Roses," by Amy J. Baker; "Five People," by Marjorie Bowen, and "If To-day Be Sweet," by Dorothy Rogers.

The two latter are published by Ward Lock and Company, and "Late Roses" is a John Long publication—actually a story of South Africa.

"Late Roses" is the story of Etta van Arnhem, who is born in Capetown—from a family long associated with the development of the South. She comes to the Northern Transvaal (how true it is that all good Capetown people come to Johannesburg), and here in the Transvaal she makes her home. Although Amy J. Baker has written many novels, this is the first of hers I have read, so who knows but what I am dealing with quite a figure in the world of people who read light, popular novels. "Late Roses" is not well written, but it is very readable and very interesting, and the story of Miss van Arnhem opens with sadness, because her mother is drowned, and ends happily. Nobody could ask Miss Amy J. Baker to give them more than that.

"Five People," by Marjorie Bowen, is better than any other book I have read by this writer. There is a directness, a courage in her style that lifts her a little beyond the world of popular light fiction to which most reviewers would assign her.

People are incessantly asking me—"Tell me the title of a new novel?" They don't want anything heavy. They just want to be entertained. Any one of these three novels—in fact all of them are worth the five shillings and sixpence one is asked for a novel in South Africa.

"If To-day Be Sweet," by Dorothy Rogers, has a story laid in the Cotswold and upon the French Riviera. Miss Rogers rings very true in her psychology and character drawing. Action is the mainspring of this novel—it is almost melodramatic—certainly in its closing stages.

Here are three books well worth reading.

A Scene from "The Spanish Dancer."

One of "Sally's friends. Mr. Charles Warren, who dances extremely well in the Empire play.

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Racing News.

By "Observer."

The winter meetings of the Durban Turf Club commence on Monday next, Union Day. The Prince will attend the second day's racing, Wednesday, June 3rd, when the chief race of the day will be the Prince of Wales's Cup.

J. Murphy, who rode three winners at Germiston on Saturday, is now connected with W. E. Pullen's stable at Auckland Park, which supplied Murphy with two of his winning mounts in Lady Bill and Narcissus. Before coming to the Rand, Murphy rode at Capetown for Mr. Narrow Gauge Marcus.

An Objection Winner.

F. W. Murray completed a fairly lucky double at Germiston. He won the first race with Sir Abe Bailey's Policeman, who is a useful second class two-year-old. In the next Mr. Murray had a dash on his own gelding Valmar, but Dinorah beat him pointless. When an objection was lodged, it was stated that Dinorah crossed the other two, but not Valmar, at the barrier rise, and the stewards awarded the race to Valmar. The verdict, no doubt, was a sound and just one, but it did not seem to be quite on all fours with the Charon-Ocean Rose case of March last.

Entries Getting Scarcer.

Judging by the pronounced falling off in entries all round lately, the executives of the different Rand racing clubs may have to consider an amendment of their programmes during the lean months of winter. Springs Racing Club received less than 30 entries for six races this week, and abandoned their meeting. The other Wednesday courses, New Clare excepted, are faring but little better, while fields have fallen away perceptibly at the Saturday functions.

Various reasons, such as cold weather, the hard going, and stables being moved to Durban, are put forward as excuses. The real reasons, however, are an excess of racing, and the increasing shortage of money among the active supporters of the game. Our population is too small to continue the supply of horses and the support in the way of attendances at two and three meetings a week. And the constant drain on the purses of all concerned by the iniquitous Provincial taxation has now reached the closing stages of the strangulation process. Punters are broke, books are broke, the majority in the hands of the money lenders, owners can no longer continue the unfair struggle, and very few of the clubs are balancing their books on recent meetings. The only one showing an assured and bloated profit out of racing is the Provincial Council, and from all one reads and hears there is no mercy to be expected from them.

The Winter Handicap.

In vivid contrast to the days of not so long ago, Saturday's Johannesburg Handicap is an absolute dead letter. There is no betting on the race in the Rooms, and likely to be none until the numbers are framed on the course. Tattersalls people have decided to call over the card, and we can expect the same funereal proceedings that marked the corresponding race in the Autumn. Of the four quarterly handicaps, the one run in the winter was always considered the least important, but it is open to question if it ever descended to such depths of mediocrity as the one we are about to celebrate.

The Strongest Hand.

Mr. A. Rowe can make a selection from Surprise Sauce, Princess Alice and Lord Bronte. On his good second to Memoria at the Park on May 16, Surprise Sauce must have an undeniable chance. Carrying 9st. over a severe mile and a quarter, he ran Memoria, 6st. 11lb., to half a length. In Saturday's Winter Handicap the weights are 7st. 7lb. and 6st. Under the 21 lbs. lighter scale and with a 10 lbs. pull in the weights, Surprise Sauce should beat Memoria, whose form of late has been most consistent. On her recent running, Princess Alice could not win "let loose," and Lord Bronte may not be class enough.

Mr. J. Gard has or had two strings to his bow in Wonder, 9st. 4lb., and Prince Orb, 7st. 3lb. The former is much more likely to wait for Durban, and Prince Orb, who had been backed by someone to favouritism, pulled up lame at Benoni on Monday: so lame that his seeing the post is doubtful. Of Major Cooper's pair, Desert Gold, 7st. 10lb., is much more likely to be reserved for Durban, and this stable can produce a fair substitute in Thoughtless Beauty, 6st. A couple of months ago this Free State-bred mare was in the D division at Auckland Park. In three starts she has won unextended, and for the first time appears in handicap company. And if we knew that astute Major Cooper strongly fancied her, few of us would look elsewhere for the winner. As it is, the Major, one of the good old school, has a profound reverence for stable secrets.

Though not so well handicapped as he has been on some of the Saturday courses, Fordwych is well enough in to win another handicap after a lapse of nearly three years. Golden Tip's form is patchy, and once or twice it was thought she did not put it all in, but perhaps the fault was not altogether her own. Cardinal's Guard can have no chance with Memoria on the Germiston running, but Magicienne, under her light weight, might be on the premises.

At the time of writing, which is a few days before the race, I prefer them in this order:—

SURPRISE SAUCE	1
FORDWYCH	2
GOLDEN TIP	3

At the time of going to press the handicaps for the minor events on the opening day had not been disclosed.

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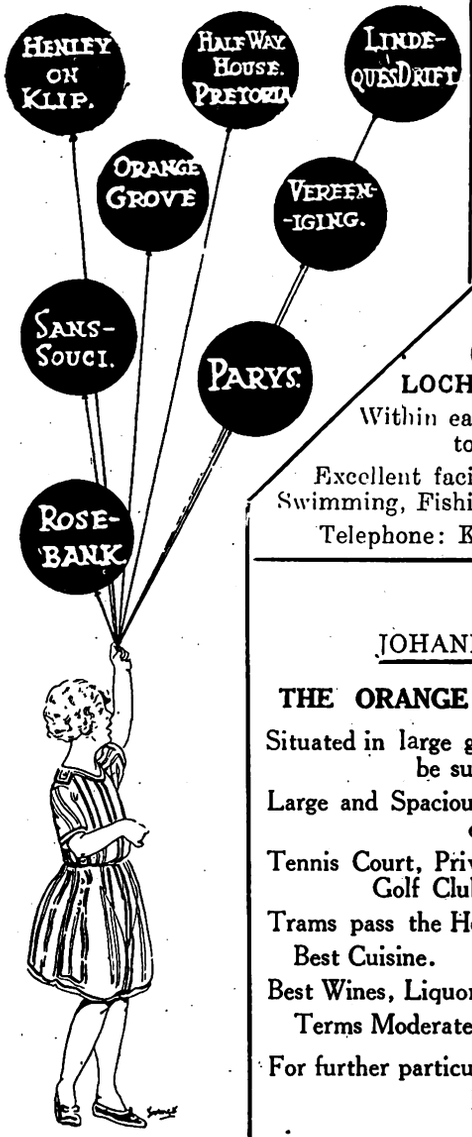
WEEK-END PLEASURE SPOTS



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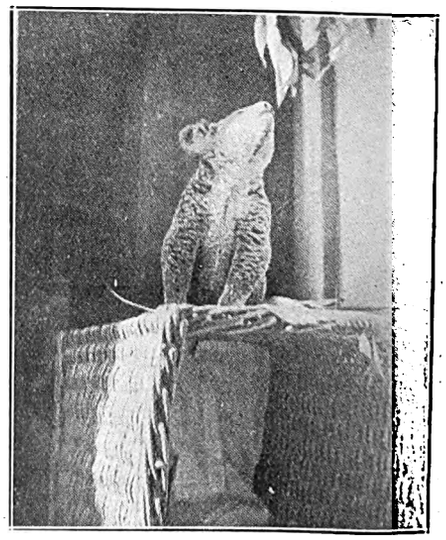
A scene from "I am the Man."



Miss Florence Vie's pet black bear. Miss Vie, who is playing in "The Heart of a Child," at the Standard Theatre, Johannesburg, is probably the only actress who has such a quaint and strange pet.

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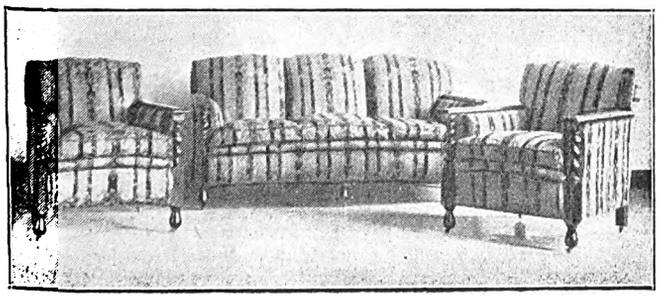
"Desert Blossoms."

Deserts blossom as the rose
Everywhere that water flows.
Streams are brought from mountains down;
Engineering wins renown.
Righteous anger rises when
Thieves attack the work of men.

William Russell in "Desert Blossoms."

Blessings follow enterprise
Launched with purpose strong and wise,
Overcoming, each and all,
Scores of obstacles that fall,
Stumbling blocks along the way
Of achievement day by day;
Men who won't consider less,
Sure to win complete success.

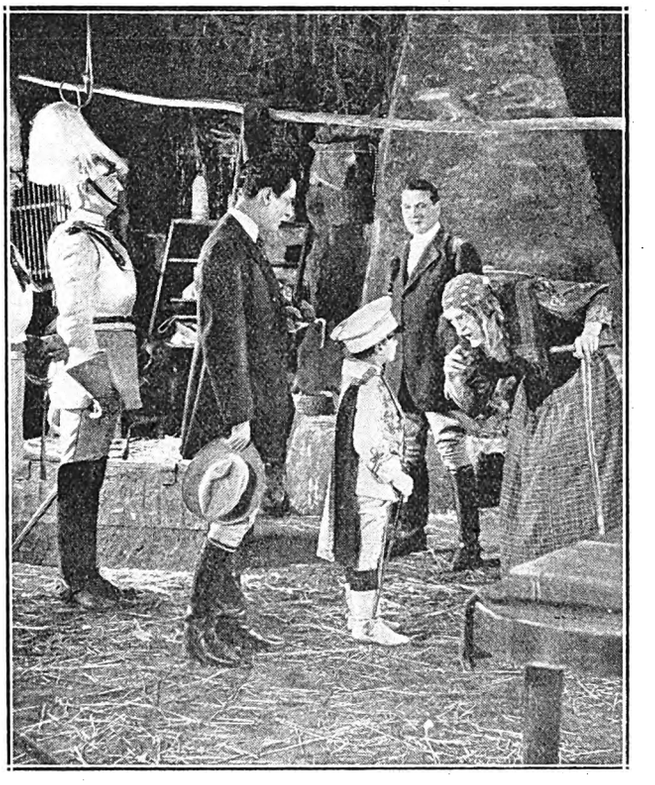
"Desert Blossoms" is coming to Wolfram's Bioscope, Capetown, on June 1, 2 and 3.



At Geen & Richards.

"Truxton King."

In "Truxton King," the Fox production that starts on June 4 to 6 at Wolfram's Bioscope, Capetown, there is a scene in which John Gilbert, the star, is knighted by the six-year-old Prince Robin, enacted by Mickey Moore. Now, Mickey had never seen anybody knighted before, and when the property man brought out a sword at the director's request, the youthful actor creased his brow in deeply puzzled thought. He rushed his lunch and went through an hour of more of fencing practice. John Gilbert returned with the director and both of them were surprised at the



Prince Robin.

sight of the young Prince battling with an imaginary foe. Thrust followed thrust. Occasionally a parry, swiftly succeeded by a lunge, kept the blade leaping like a tongue of flame.

Gilbert spoke. "Say, Mickey, where did you learn to handle a sword like that? And what's the fight all about?"

"I'll tell you, Mr. Gilbert. I watched you on the screen in that 'Monte Cristo' duel about six times. As long as they expect me to put up a scrap with you, I made up my mind that I would give you a tussle while it lasted. I won't lay down in any kind of fight."

"Truxton King" is a tale of Graustark and an American who saved a throne.

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Miss Jessie Bateman.

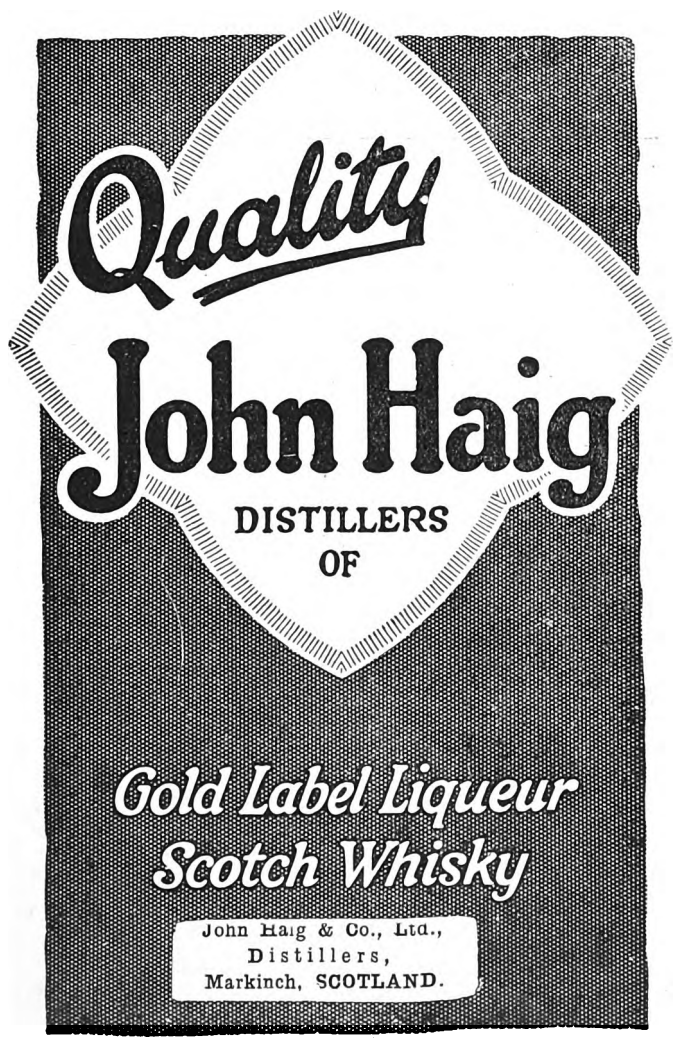
Miss Jessie Bateman, who is making such a success in "The Heart of a Child"—a success although every woman in the audience designated her as "cat" such is the part—is one of the few present-day actresses who do not seek publicity. There are still some of the old school of acting, such as Miss Bateman, Sir Gerald du Maurier, and a few others, who do not strive to have their names in the papers except when they appear in dramatic critiques.

When Miss Bateman was in America some years ago, a young reporter came to interview her in New York.

She, being unused to interviews, and not knowing how necessary they are to Americans, gave the young man very little information. Every thing she told him seemed to him very tame and not likely to cause a stir. However, he went away biting his pencil thoughtfully, and promising to make something of the information she had given him.

Miss Bateman's surprise was colossal when, on reading the paper next morning, she read the paragraph: "Miss Jessie Bateman not only keeps a tame cow when she is in London, but she milks it every day herself, and it follows her about the streets and every where she goes with all the faithfulness of a dog."

Such an experience would be enough to make most people refuse to give interviews for ever more. But Miss Bateman was more amused than angry.



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Discovered by Cherokee Indians. Stops Falling Hair and Produces New, Long, Luxuriant Growth of Beautiful Hair, even on Bald Heads.

Photo of Miss M. Little after her hair grew.

HEAD WAS QUITE BARE.

Gorton.

Dear Sir,—What Kotalko has done for me is nothing short of wonderful. Four years ago I lost all my hair. My head was bare and shiny just like the back of my hand. I had been under a hair specialist and a doctor, but all in vain.

One day, on seeing your advertisement, I decided to try Kotalko, and I am simply delighted that I did so, for I now have a head of beautiful, curly, silk-like hair, which is admired by everyone. Kotalko has certainly proved itself a true hair grower.—Yours gratefully,

(Signed) MARY LITTLE.

MILK-WHITE BALDNESS.

My friends have watched the gradual change in my head from its state of milk-white baldness to its present **wonderful thickness of hair.** The growth did not start immediately—in fact, I had used nearly two tins before the first signs of renewed growth were to be seen. **This was a great joy** and almost a surprise to me, as I was beginning to wonder if the roots were dead. I used to apply Kotalko every day to the scalp until **the hair grew all over my head in its natural brown colour, and thick and curly,** as the photograph shows.—Yours truly,

(Signed) Mrs. M. O'NEILL.

Photo of Mrs. O'Neill after her hair grew.

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Mary Carr.

If Mary Carr had the usual amount of feminine vanity, she would rise up and smite all the writers and well-meaning friends who call her the "grand old lady" of the screen. Far from being old, she is young, vital and some twenty years younger than the mother characters she portrays so admirably in motion pictures.

At a tea given for her by Daniel Frohman, the guests, who had only seen her in films, looked around for a demure, little old lady in a rusty bonnet and a shabby-genteel black frock. In her place they found a happy-faced, well-groomed woman in her forties, dressed in an Alice-blue gown which matched her eyes and harmonised most effectively with her blonde hair, which is just beginning to turn silver.

I was one of those who gave a start when Mr. Frohman introduced Mary Carr. I had pictured her as the story-book mother so worn with her cares of motherhood she had no time for anything outside her home. With her six children she probably has had all the cares of motherhood, but she doesn't show it. Like Lady Astor, she isn't letting the children make her old; she is letting them help her stay young.

"They all call you 'Mother.'"

Some such sentiment, I expressed to Mrs. Carr, and she laughingly said she could not escape the name mother if she would.

"They all call me mother, even Mr. Fox. It is an honorary title and I have no desire to drop it."

"Wasn't it splendid?" she said, her eyes shining. "Mr. Fox worked so hard to help me win the contest. I shall never forget it. I think it was the happiest evening of my life. My children were so excited I could scarcely restrain them. When the 10,000 additional votes put me at the top I was almost overcome, but I had to forget my own feelings to keep the three older children from annoying everyone with their enthusiasms. The three younger ones were at home in bed, so they could not add their noise to the rest of the excitement," she explained.

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Photo-Plays:
MONDAY, TUESDAY and WEDNESDAY, JUNE 1, 2 and 3:
"FOR SALE," featuring **Claire Windsor, Adolphe Menjou** and **Mary Carr.**
THURSDAY, FRIDAY and SATURDAY, JUNE 4, 5 and 6:
"HELL'S HOLE," with **Charles Jones.**

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Nightly at 8 o'clock.
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THURSDAY, FRIDAY and SATURDAY, JUNE 4, 5 and 6:
THE FEMINA QUARTETTE.
Photo-Plays:
MONDAY, TUESDAY and WEDNESDAY, JUNE 1, 2 and 3:
"MOON OF ISRAEL," by Sir Rider Haggard. A Special Feature Film Masterpiece.
THURSDAY, FRIDAY and SATURDAY, JUNE 4, 5 and 6:
"FOR SALE," featuring **Claire Windsor, Adolphe Menjou** and **Mary Carr.**

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MONDAY, TUESDAY and WEDNESDAY, JUNE 1, 2 and 3:
THE FEMINA QUARTETTE.
Photo-Plays:
MONDAY and TUESDAY, JUNE 1 and 2:
SILVER WINGS," featuring **Mary Carr.**
WEDNESDAY ONLY, JUNE 3 (Matinee and Evening):
"DARING CHANCES," with **Jack Hoxie.**
THURSDAY ONLY, JUNE 4:
"THE SILENT PARTNER," starring **Leatrice Joy** and **Owen Moore.**
FRIDAY and SATURDAY, JUNE 5 and 6:
"ST. ELMO," featuring **John Gilbert, Barbara La Marr and Bessie Love.**
Also **Charlie Chaplin** in **"ONE A.M."**

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MONDAY and TUESDAY, JUNE 1 and 2:
"WELCOME STRANGER," with **Dore Davidson.**
WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY, JUNE 3 and 4:
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FRIDAY and SATURDAY, JUNE 5 and 6:
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Nightly at 8 o'clock.
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 3 p.m.
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"THE VIRGINIAN," with **Kenneth Harlan** and **Florence Vidor.**
WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY, JUNE 3 and 4:
"THE SPOILERS," featuring **Milton Sills** and **Anna Q. Nilsson.**
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FRIDAY and SATURDAY, JUNE 5 and 6:
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WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY, JUNE 3 and 4:
"THE SPEED SPOOK." with **Johnny Hines.**
FRIDAY and SATURDAY, JUNE 5 and 6:
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WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY, JUNE 3 and 4:
"THE SPEED SPOOK," featuring **Johnny Hines.**
FRIDAY and SATURDAY, JUNE 5 and 6:
"WELCOME STRANGER," with **Dore Davidson** and **Florence Vidor.**

CAPETOWN, DURBAN and EAST LONDON PROGRAMMES FOR WEEK COMMENCING MONDAY, JUNE 1st.

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Full Grand Vaudeville Bill, headed by
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The Screen's Greatest Triumph,
"THE COVERED WAGON,"
With **Lois Wilson** and **J. Warren Kerrigan.**
A stirring tale of America's Great Trek.

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(AFRICAN THEATRES, LTD.)
Daily at 3 and 8.
MONDAY, TUESDAY and WEDNESDAY, JUNE 1, 2 and 3:
"I AM THE MAN," featuring **Lionel Barrymore** and **Seena Owen.**
THURSDAY, FRIDAY and SATURDAY, JUNE 4, 5 and 6:
"FOOL'S AWAKENING," adapted from William J. Locke's story, "The Tale of Triona," with **Enid Bennett, Mary Alden** and **Harrison Ford.**

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Daily at 3, 7 and 8.45.
MONDAY, TUESDAY and WEDNESDAY, JUNE 1, 2 and 3:
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THURSDAY, FRIDAY and SATURDAY, JUNE 4, 5 and 6:
"TRUXTON KING," with **John Gilbert** and **Ruth Clifford.**

CRITERION THEATRE
DURBAN.

Nightly at 8 o'clock. Matinee every Saturday at 3 p.m.
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BARKER AND WYNNE. **ZETTA MOR.** **NINA AND NORA.**
MORRIS AND VANE.
Photo-Plays:
MONDAY, TUESDAY and WEDNESDAY, JUNE 1, 2 and 3:
"THE LIGHTS OF NEW YORK," featuring **Estelle Taylor.**
THURSDAY, FRIDAY and SATURDAY, JUNE 4, 5 and 6:
"STEPHEN STEPS OUT," with **Theodore Roberts** and **Douglas Fairbanks, Junr.**

EMPIRE THEATRE
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(AFRICAN THEATRES, LTD.)
COMMENCING MONDAY, JUNE 1:
Daily at 3 and 8.
"ENEMIES OF WOMEN."
A picturisation of Vincente Blasco Ibanez's story and as great as the author's "Four Horsemen."
Starring **Alma Reubens** and **Lionel Barrymore.**

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Nightly at 8 o'clock.
Matinees Wednesday at 3.30 p.m. and Saturday at 3 p.m.
MONDAY, TUESDAY and WEDNESDAY, JUNE 1, 2 and 3:
"CORNERED," featuring **Marie Prevost.**
THURSDAY, FRIDAY and SATURDAY, JUNE 4, 5 and 6:
"A LADY OF QUALITY," starring **Virginia Valli.**

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"HALF A DOLLAR BILL," featuring **Anna Q. Nilsson.**
WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY, JUNE 3 and 4:
"THE WESTERN WALLOP," featuring **Jack Hoxie.**
FRIDAY and SATURDAY, JUNE 5 and 6:
Hoot Gibson in **"THE SAWDUST TRAIL."**

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S.A. PICTORIAL.

STAGE & CINEMA.

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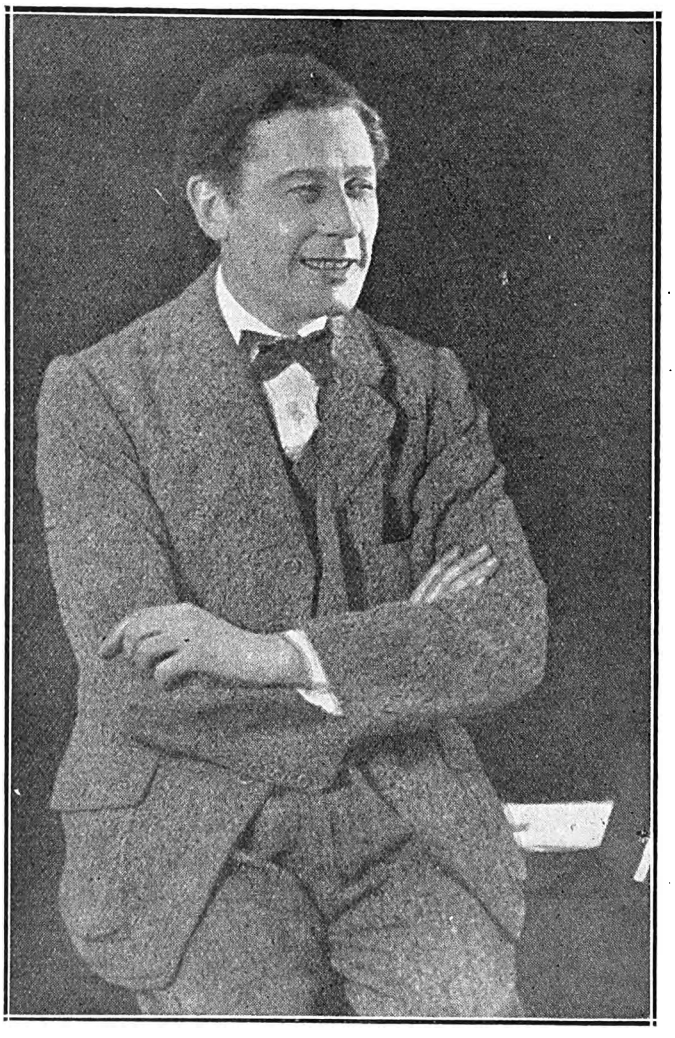
The Week.

The play of the week was "Spring Cleaning," at His Majesty's Theatre, Johannesburg, a human play that must interest us all. Not that I mean that you, dear ladies, would ever approach the border line of taking a lover or that your husbands would have accosted women of doubtful character and brought them to the house. But the theme is love, the love of husband for wife and wife for husband, and round it there is created quite a problem. Was the husband wrong or right? Mr. Frederick Lonsdale's three-act play was perfectly cast and splendidly produced by Mr. Geo. R. Montford. It went with a brilliant sparkle from start to finish and there was not a dull moment. Miss Freda Godfrey made a delightful wife, never did her charm of manner show so markedly. Mr. Clarence Bigge gave a wonderfully fine rendering of the husband, a sincere human study, watching which, you felt the theatre fade away and you yourself in some home absolutely looking on at a domestic trouble, really too sacred for your eyes. Mr. Barry Livesey as the lover, the base profligate, scored an enormous success, and Miss Naomi Rutherford as the "street woman" added true realism to the story, never exaggerating her part. Miss Bertha Ricardo, as the smart young woman with a penchant for cocktails, an original and dashing young person, was truly excellent. One found it difficult to imagine her relationship to our sweet and charming "Cinderella." A bouquet for Miss Ricardo. One was amused at Miss Florence Vie, who gave an excellent character study of "Connie Gillies," and was, as usual, beautifully gowned. Miss Dorothy Roberts as "Lady Jane Walton," Mr. Geo. R. Montford as "Archie Wells," Mr. Leslie Manners as "Willie Somers," and Mr. Jack Parry as "Walters," all contributed their full share to a witty comedy, brilliantly played.



MR. GEO. S. WRAY.

Miss Rene Kelly and company will be at the Opera House, Capetown, on the 8th, and Miss Hoey and her company will continue their season in Durban.

The Macdona Players in Bernard Shaw repertory are putting on "Man and Superman," on the 8th, at His Majesty's Theatre, Johannesburg, and everything points to it being a splendid show.

Among this week's arrivals in South Africa is the famous "magician," Captain Clive Maskelyne, the decendant of a famous house of illusionists, who is touring the Union under the aegis of the African Theatres, Ltd.

The story of the founding of Maskelyne & Cook makes romantic reading. It was just 50 years ago when the present Captain Maskelyne's father saw the performance of the Davenport Brothers at Cheltenham and offered to reproduce their seance. He got hold of a friend called Cook, who was a ship's carpenter, and they started the famous firm, engaging the St. James's Hall in London. They then moved to the Egyptian Hall on a month's lease, but their success was so great that they remained there for 30 years. This hall eventually got too small, and a move was made to St. George's Hall, in Upper Regent Street, which has been their headquarters for over 20 years. Meanwhile, Mr. Cook died and Mr. David Devant became a partner in the firm.

Captain Maskelyne is not a believer in Spiritualism, and says that there is nothing that is done under the name of Spiritualism that he cannot reproduce on the stage by mechanical means.

Captain Maskelyne opened his Capetown season on June 3rd. He travels with four assistants.

If it is possible for "Sally" to have improved since the first week of its run, it has done so. Several new features brighten the show and attracted me considerably. There is the dance of the Empire girls in their be-ribboned frocks—splendid dancers all of them—which is added to the first act. Then a charming Spaniard sings in a voice which is of phenomenal range, and is well worth listening to.

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If any conception of the development of an ordinary pair of horn-rimmed spectacles into a trademark worth thousands of pounds had been existent ten years ago, it would have been regarded as ridiculous and farcical in the extreme. Yet, such is the evolution of time that not only are these spectacles accepted as such a trademark, but as the symbol of the very acme of unadulterated, unrestrained and spontaneous laughter.

But perhaps a little discourse on the origin of this particular pair of spectacles, and their adaption to the screen for laughter purposes under the sponsorship of Harold Lloyd, might not prove entirely devoid of interest.

Harold Lloyd first made his bid for public favour in the character of Lonesome Luke some nine or ten years ago. At that particular period, Charlie Chaplin had reached the very pinnacle of his career, and consequently, every comedian who aspired to fame, wore a little toothbrush moustache and a pair of abnormally "baggy" trousers. All, excepting Lloyd, who, having his own ideas of originality, adopted the other extreme by wearing his trousers skin tight. Although these comedies could not have by any stretch of imagination be termed failures, Lloyd possessed the ingenuity to realise that in such comedies, he was only catering to children and those with childish minds, and in the continuance of such subjects, he could hardly hope to proceed very much further up the ladder of success. It was his greatest aspiration to provoke laughter, not at the grotesqueness of a certain costume, but at the humour inherent in an ingenious idea. This principle, to which he undoubtedly owes his remarkable success is pronounced throughout his entire series of films, all of which have been purchased at a prodigious sum, involving over £15,000, for exhibition in South Africa.

It must be remembered that in discarding the character of "Lonesome Luke," in which he had created a large following, and beginning afresh, he was jeopardising his career, but such is the reward of enterprise and the appeal of a clever, elevating and subtle type of comedy that his adoption of a new character was not only found to be justified, but to have proved such an eminent success as to firmly implant his name as the greatest among the film comedians of the day. It is extremely doubtful whether he would have enjoyed this exalted position had he not possessed the intuition and ingenuity to credit his audiences with intelligence.

Without resorting to anything banal, he considered it expedient to adopt a symbol that, while making him conspicuous and easily recognisable, would not appear ridiculous, so in his first single comedy the now famous horn-rimmed spectacles were introduced. It is interesting to note that they differ from an ordinary pair in that they are actually frames, specially constructed so as not to conceal any facial expression.

A few months after the showing of these short comedies, the public began to realise that there was some potent force, some subtlety in this type of comedy that appealed to them, some attraction this new star possessed to which they responded. Lloyd, therefore, soon extended his activities of the production of the long comedies, which are so phenomenally successful.

To anyone associated in any way with the film industry, it must have been a constant source of diversion to have read the various oversea film critics' declarations, that "in Lloyd's latest, he had reached his very best." They were so very confident that it represented such a fine unsurpassable standard of entertainment. But, in due course, Lloyd would produce another, and the critics, flabbergasted, would express their admiration a little more forcibly, if that were at all possible. There certainly seemed no termination to the cleverness of the actor. He would make one very great production only to completely emulate it by the next, which being so different from its predecessor, rendered repetition in scenes and incidents practically impossible.

A scene from "The Narrow Street."

The characters of the "Human Fly" in "Safety Last," the timid youth in "Girl Shy," the cowardly character in "A Sailor Made Man," the newly-wed in "Hot Water," the doctor in "Dr. Jack," are so totally different in their conception, and so refreshingly original as to truly warrant the appellation "remarkable."

The prominence and success to which Mr. Lloyd has attained are due not to the spectacles but to the wonderful brain behind them, his keen sense of humour, his ability to exploit it without resorting to vulgarism, and his natural aptitude for devising new and effective methods of creating laughter.

The South African theatregoer will, therefore, receive with keen anticipation of many hours' enjoyment, the announcement that the Harold Lloyd comedies will be shown shortly at the leading picture theatres throughout the country. *H.J.W.*

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King of Jesters.

The world needs laughter—plenty of it—and very often the King's Jester is more potent at Court and out in the world than the King himself.

Noni, the clown, with his wide, billiken smile, his large Chaplin feet, his weird eyebrows and tufty head, is the very king of jesters at the court of laughter, and he is making his very first trip to South Africa, and will be next week at the Criterion, Durban.

Noni!

It isn't No-ni, nor Non-i, but Non-ee, as they say it in French. Noni is as French as the Comédie Française, or the River Seine, or the Eiffel Tower, though he is uncommonly proud of the way he can "speak" English.

He was born in the south of France, almost inside the sawdust ring of a circus. All his people for generations back have been connected with the circus. They have been clowns, trapeze artists, riders, singers, horse-trainers, ring-men, so is it any wonder that Noni's blood is richly tinged with some brave quality of adventure or that his heart responds swiftly to any gypsy call?

Noni has carried his ingratiating grin into most countries of the laughing world, for he has that rare gift of making people laugh no matter what language he speaks. He could, in vulgar parlance, make a cat laugh. It is a far call from a stolid roar of fat appreciation from a stout butcher in Berlin to the twinkling giggle of some little French milliner, and yet the quality of the laughter is fundamentally the same when that laughter is inspired by Noni.

He will ride you a circus horse, sing you a tragic song, play divinely and ridiculously upon a one-stringed violin, dance you a tripping measure or a buffoon dance, gyrate bravely on a swinging trapeze—anything that will bring you a moment's laughter Noni will do.

A story was once told of a misanthropic lady who went to see Noni act.

"I won't laugh, I will not laugh!" she declared, with melancholic vigour. "I don't like clowns, and I won't laugh at him."

A few minutes later her friend was thumping her busily on the back to prevent a threatened collapse.

Such conquests as these are common occurrences to Noni. And yet he is always so very pleased when they happen—childishly pleased, is if somebody had suddenly given him a very nice new tricycle.

His running fire of remarks and commpanying gestures convulse his audiences. All his sideplay is so ridiculously irresistible that it has the merit of appearing to be quite spontaneous.

It is not what he does but the manner in which he does it that matters, and his radiant personality is the largest factor towards his success. He is youth incarnate—the spirit of youth dressed up in striped trousers of abnormal width, a tight little coat and the ridiculous tufts of hair crowning his head. And he will sit down at the piano and lull you into exhaustion by his foolish, joyous antics.

Anyway, let him speak for himself in his very good "Eenglish."

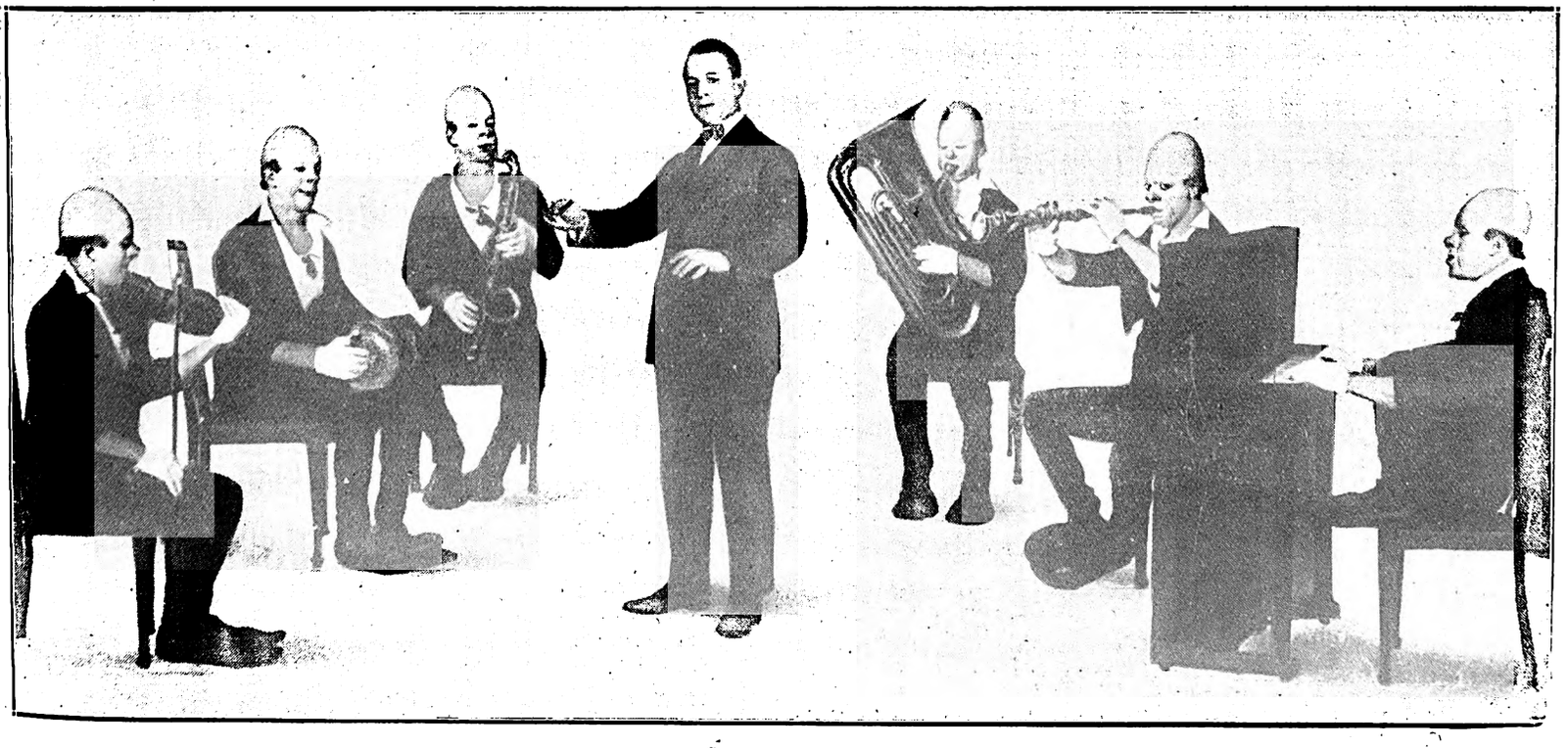
"I am born at Caen, in France, where my parents were performing in the circus there. And when I am but four years old I am doing cart-wheel hand-springs. You know? Down on one hand and up with the feet—so and so!" He describes his young beginnings as an acrobat with appropriate and very Noni-esque gestures.

"My father, he gets the great surprise when he is giving his farewell performance at the circus. I am dressed up as a little small clown with much grease paint and funny clothers, and brought into the ring to him by my mother. Oh, the laughing! My father, he laugh; my mother, she laugh; and the audience, they laugh. Ha-ho—so!

"No, I have not been to school at all. While I am travelling with the circus I have a governess. When I am eleven I am riding in the ring and juggling on the back of the horse. At fourteen I have a terrible fall, and I have to give up riding for a time and study the piano and the violin.

"That was how it began. Now, I am Noni—no more the little boy clown but the old clown. But not yet so very old, perhaps. Yes?

"I have been all over the world—or most of the world. I have not been before to South Africa. But they tell me that the people in South Africa laugh easily because they are born under the sun and there are no dull days ever. It is easy to laugh in a land like this, I think. They have laughed with me, these South Africans. I will make them trrrremble with laughing and then some—as they say in America.



Noni conducting himself playing six different instruments.

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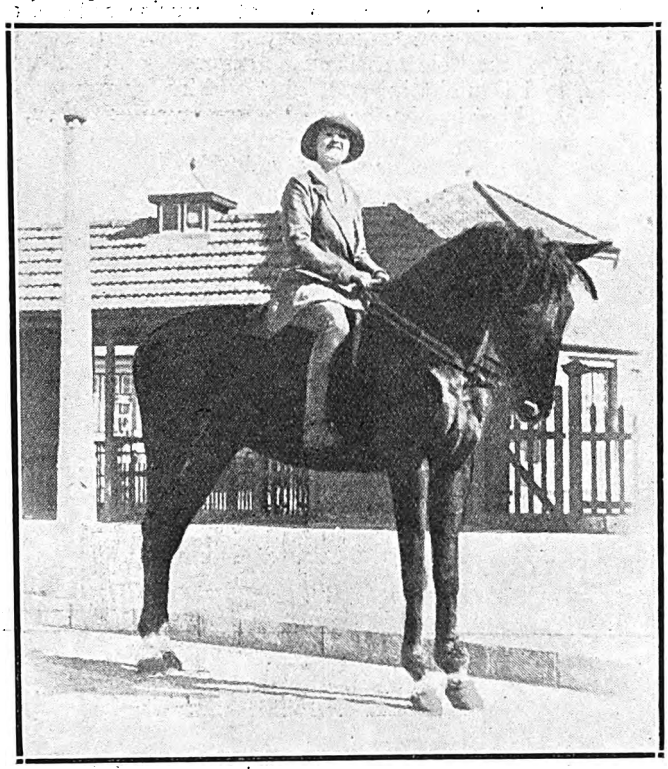
"In 1921 my partner Horace and myself, we appear at a Royal Command performance at the home of Queen Alexandra at Marlborough House, London, and there are present King George himself with Queen Mary and many princesses and the King and Queen of Belgium. I am nervous; Horace is nervous. We are both nervous together. And yet, why? They all laughed their heads off at us.

"And I have also appeared before Prince and Princess Arthur of Connaught, Sir S. Greville, Sir Arthur Stanley and Sir Neville Macready. And they were much tickled.

"And all you people in South Africa will laugh also."

And that is an excellent prophesy, even though it is made by Noni himself. He simply takes your heart and sets it spinning, so that laughter comes pouring from your mouth and eyes. He is the magic begetter of laughter.

Noni, in spite of owning a lovely home in England and a Rolls-Royce car, is very modest about his possessions. These do not mean nearly so much to him as does a certain small person whom the stork brought to him and Mrs. Noni last year. This tiny lady is the very apple of Noni's eye, and the laughing roar of a huge audience in the centre of the world does not mean nearly so much as the delighted gurgles of his small daughter.

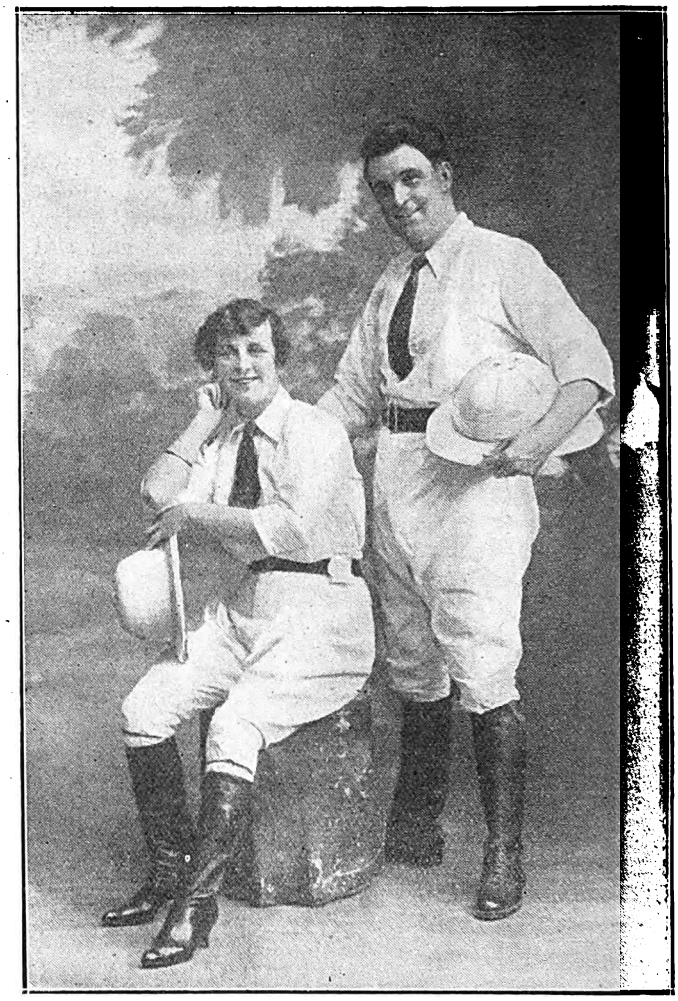


Miss Leslie Elliott on horseback.

Next Week's Theatre Calls.

WEEK COMMENCING 8TH JUNE, 1925.

Tivoli, Capetown.—(Opening June 10th.) Trent & Sadie, Spalding & Vanguard, Barker & Wynne.
Empire, Johannesburg.—"Sally," the Great Winter Garden Success, with all-new London Company of Principals and Chorus.
His Majesty's, Johannesburg.—The Macdona Players in "Man and Superman."
Standard, Johannesburg.—Freda Gorfrey, supported by new London company, in "Spring Cleaning."
Orpheum, Johannesburg.—Morris & Vane, Strength Bros.
Grand, Pretoria.—Mdlle. Margo.
Criterion, Benoni.—Stella & Partner, Broughton & Creedon.
Rinko, Maritzburg.—Zetta Mor, Nina & Nora.
Criterion, Durban.—Noni & Horace, Dolly Victoria & Brother.
Vaudette, Bloemfontein.—Femina Quartette, Wilma & Garcia.
Vaudette, Krugersdorp.—(Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday.) Rupert Hazell & Co., Leslie Elliott.
Apollo, Germiston.—(Thursday, Friday, Saturday.) Rupert Hazell & Co., Leslie Elliott.
Theatre Royal, Durban.—Iris Hocy and her Company in their repertoire.
Opera House, Capetown.—Renée Kelly and London Company in "Daddy Long Legs."



Morris and Vane.

Cameramen Tour for "Torment."

Two cameramen and an assistant director were sent to Russia and then to Japan, making a complete circuit of the globe, for scenes for Maurcie Tourneur's "Torment," the First National picture showing at the Grand Bioscope, Capetown, on the 12th and 13th June. This expensive step was taken after a careful cost survey had determined that money would be saved by the long trip. Construction of sets at the studio would have cost more than the expense of the globe tour it was found.

The story, an international crook drama, is laid in Russia, America and Japan—and on the high seas. While Mr. Tourneur was directing the intensive action of the picture at the United Studios in Hollywood, his trio of assistants were filming extensive scenes of ruin and havoc abroad.

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Royal Gown Worn by Pola Negri.

Sixty yards of material in a single costume! Created for Pola Negri to be worn in scenes for her starring picture, "The Spanish Dancer," a brilliant costume of scarlet satin and gold ribbon contains enough material for ten dresses, although so much material was used, the dress appears almost severe in its simplicity, owing to the chaste lines of the bodice. Below the waist, the scarlet satin falls from the hips in lines of ruffles. Miss Negri wears the scarlet satin costume in a garden fete which occurs in "The Spanish Dancer," a Paramount feature coming to the Bijou Theatre, Johannesburg, on June 8th for a week.

One hundred ladies-in-waiting to Queen Isabelle, played by Kathleen Williams, appear in this scene. Each wears a dress containing twelve yards of velvet. Over twelve hundred yards of velvet and five hundred yards of gold lace were used in making the costumes for this group of players. The dresses were sewn over with bushels of pearls.

In keeping with the fashions of the period, each lady-in-waiting wears an elaborate head-dress containing sufficient hair to supply five heads with ample covering. Featured opposite Miss Negri in "The Spanish Dancer" is Antonio Moreno. An unusually strong cast is headed by Wallace Beery, Kathlyn Williams, Gareth Hughes, Adolphe Menjou and Robert Agnew.

Pola Negri and Antonio Moreno in "The Spanish Dancer."

"Skid Proof."

Burned, and with hair singed, and clothes in shreds, Charles Jones finally emerged from a burning trestle bridge pulling a battered and flame-scarred racing car behind him. The flames still roared about him, yet he seemed unconcerned.

This was the third time this scene was attempted by the William Fox company on location for scenes in "Skid Proof," which is coming to the Grand, Capetown, on the 8th, 9th, 10th and 11th June, and afterwards to the Orpheum, Johannesburg, from the 29th June to the 4th July. The action was to take Jones across a burning trestle bridge, during his attempt to win the cup given to the winner of the Transcontinental Auto Race.

Twice before, cameramen were stationed around the bridge, oil was poured and the action started. Twice the flames got beyond control, obscured the action, swept the actors and ruined the film. The director, Scott Dunlop, was beginning to despair. The third attempt was successful, however, but the star's accumulation of burns from the three efforts rendered him faint. He was taken to a local hospital, where his burns were administered to. He left the hospital three days later, and resumed work on the picture.

The story concerns an impulsive young man who runs a race, loses, and runs into his ideal girl. She is a movie actress, but Jack has no objections. In fact, he expresses his approval by becoming a movie actor. Yura Anson is Nadine—his ideal girl.

"Some" Thrill.

Jack Hoxie blows up a dam and then rescues a woman from the raging torrent let loose by his act in "The Sign of the Cactus," in which he is the star. The picture will be shown in Wolfram's Bioscope, Capetown, June 11th-13th. The story has to do with the struggle between ranchers and a water company. The supporting cast includes Helen Holmes, Josef Swickard, Francis Ford, J. Gordon Russell, Jack Pratt, Frank Newberg, Muriel Frances Dana and Bobby Gordon.

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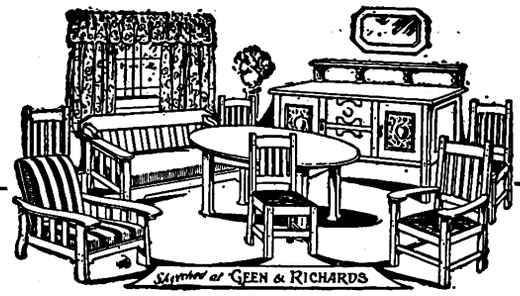

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This amazing incident is only one of the many interesting episodes that make "The Narrow Street," the Warner Bros. production that is being shown at the Alhambra, Capetown, on the 11th, 12th and 13th June and later in the month at the Orpheum, Johannesburg, for a week's run, as exciting as a world war.

Matt Moore is seen as the retiring and much-abused bachelor, while Dorothy Devore furnishes some unusual comedy relief in her inimitable fashion.

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From Follies to Screen.

Miss Bebe Daniels is featured in "His Children's Children," which will be shown at the Carlton Bioscope, Johannesburg, on June 8th, 9th and 10th.

It is interesting to note that Mary Eaton, recently of Ziegfeld's Follies in New York, had her camera baptism in the same film. She is most enthusiastic over motion picture work now that she has made the discovery that she screens well.

"I was more thrilled when I went before the camera than I was on my first stage appearance," said Miss Eaton. "It all seemed so strange. Mr. Wood said 'Camera' and the cameraman began to turn the crank; I felt for a second, as if I could not walk on to the scene. But the minute I was in action, everything went all right. Of course, it wasn't a hard scene. All I had to do was walk into Delmonico's and join a party for luncheon. I am fascinated with the work."

Miss Eaton's three years in the Follies has fitted her for the part she is playing in "His Children's Children," that of Mercedes, a Follies girl, described as only Arthur Train, the author, could word-paint her. Miss Eaton does one of her famous dances in the picture. In fact, she is a typical Follies girl all the way through.

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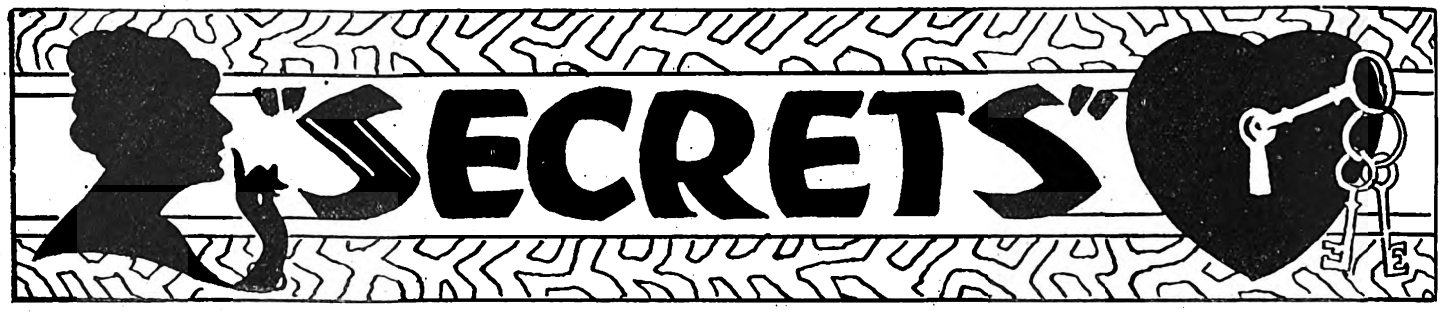


[FICTIONIZED BY PERMISSION OF THE FIRST NATIONAL PICTURES; ADAPTED FROM SAM H. DAVIS'S WORLD-FAMOUS PLAY.]

Sir John Carlton's long and brilliant career was fast drawing to a close. Even Doctor Arbuthnot, the greatest specialist in all London, had practically admitted to his four middle-aged children, sorrowfully awaiting the verdict in the stately drawing-room of the Porchester Terrace mansion, that little short of a miracle could save the aged statesman. Only Lady Mary, the silver-haired, dainty little wife and mother, whose devotion had never once failed her husband in the fifty-five years of their wedded life, hoped on. For eighteen hours she had maintained her vigil by his bedside, steadfastly refusing to yield her place to anyone else. But at last, upon the assurance of Doctor Arbuthnot that Sir John would sleep for at least an hour, she permitted her oldest and favourite son, John Carlton, Junr., to lead her into her boudoir.

"Don't let the children worry about me," she gently chided. "I'm all right. As if one could ever tire one's self out in the service of love. But Doctor Arbuthnot says he'll call me the moment your father awakens, so I'll just sit here with my diary and dream a while."

The eyes of the middle-aged son were wet as he rejoined the family group. Better than all the rest he understood and idolised this gentle, frail little lady, with her whole-souled worship of his somewhat tyrannical father.

"Poor little mother"—Lady Lessington, his widowed sister, wiped away a furtive tear—"she's wearing herself out just to satisfy father's whim. He's always made a slave of her. If she's out of his sight five minutes it's 'Mary, come here; I want you.'"

John Carlton smiled musingly.

"Not such a bad thing for a woman to hear, if you ask me," was his thoughtful comment. "Perhaps if more wives heard such sentiments from their husbands' lips the divorce courts would not be so busy."

"No wonder dad worships her!" flashed Audrey, the younger sister. "But, with all due respect to his great career and splendid traits, what is there in father's nature, for that matter, to inspire such adoration and unremitting devotion?"

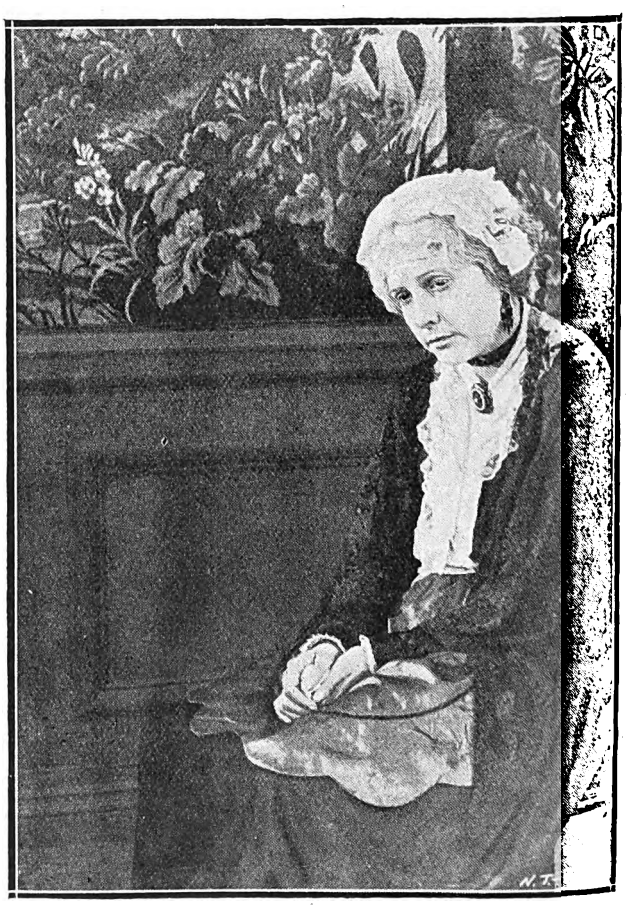
But this was a question not even the sympathetic understanding of the eldest son could answer, and silence closed in upon the waiting group. Could they have looked over the shoulder of the fragile little woman upstairs, as she read the yellow pages of that journal of her marriage and evoked with her the living memories of the past, perhaps the sceptical Robert would have understood.

Fifty-five years ago it was that the owner and author of those priceless secrets had first heard that now familiar command, "Mary, come here; I want you." She had been a bewitching, mischevious young girl then, one of the most courted belles in London society, where the wealth and high social position of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Marlowe, had set her far above the reach of John Carlton, a humble clerk in her father's office. What a cyclone had broken upon the prim, mid-Victorian household when it was discovered that Mary, the demure and sedulously guarded, had made the acquaintance of this penniless unknown during a casual visit to her father's place of business, and was carrying on a clandestine correspondence with the connivance of Susan, her faithful maid.

As if it were but yesterday, those stormy scenes lived again in the memory of the white-haired woman above the masterfulness of her handsome young lover. How she had thrilled at his peremptory, "Mary, come here; I want you!"

She had been all dressed for a great ball at Lady Coningsby's. Her mother and dear Aunt Eliza, the spinster aunt who lived with them, had been assisting Susan to put the finishing touches to her toilette when in burst William Marlowe, apoplectic over the discovery of his daughter's "disgraceful entanglement with a nondescript adventurer." It had ended by his locking her into her room until he could think of a punishment sufficiently severe. And while sixteen-year-old Mary wept and shivered over the prospect of a separation from her John, suddenly from the garden below her window rang out an unmistakable signal—the whistle agreed upon between the lovers as their code. Before the palpitating little prisoner could count ten, John Carlton had scaled the wall and was in the room beside her, taking command of the situation with a boldness that made her heart stand still.

"Your father has given me the sack, but it doesn't matter at all," he cheerfully confided. "A boat is sailing to-morrow for America. I'll be the first on board, and when I've made my fortune I'll return for you."



Lady Mary Carlton.

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"Oh, no, John," Mary clung as tightly to her beloved as the voluminous bulk of her hoop skirt would allow. "I cannot let you go alone; I will go with you!"

Then, when she had overcome his remonstrances at taking her from the lap of luxury into the wilds and hardships of America's far west, Mary came very near to dying of shame when her lover commanded her to take off the unsuitable ball dress and put on a travelling costume. Never in her life had she dressed without a maid. What was she to do?

"Why, I'll be your maid." John's resourcefulness solved the difficulty. So, blushing with embarrassment, the girl acquiesced, and all was proceeding fortuitously when, to the horror of both conspirators, a heavy tread was heard along the corridor, and the next moment William Marlowe's voice spoke outside the door.

"Mary, I've decided upon your punishment. I've come to pronounce your sentence."

Her travelling dress half on, as John held it ready to slip over her head, Mary looked fearfully towards the door. Already the key was turning in the lock.

"Quick, crouch down by the dresser!" It was the girl who now took the lead.

Then, as John meekly obeyed, she flung over his manly form the billowing flounces of her discarded ball gown, concealing all but his boots. On this tell-tale evidence, she resolutely flung her own spreading skirts, and when her father entered the room, no one else was in sight.

"To-morrow, miss, you will leave for your grandfather's in Scotland, and there you'll stay until you have put this penniless fortune-hunter out of your mind for good and all. I never want to lay eyes on him again."

"Heaven grant your wish may be fulfilled!" The irrepressible imps in Mary's girlish heart prompted the response.

Then, when at last they were alone, and the details of the elopement perfected with the writing of a note her lover dictated, how deliriously she had run into his arms when, holding them out to her, John Carlton had cried, "Mary, I want you."

Then there were those wild, adventurous days on the cattle ranch in far-away Wyoming. The young man's prophesies had indeed come true—hardships there were in plenty, and the soft, smooth hands of the petted child of luxury grew rough and red, but to Mary life was full and sweet. Did she not have her John, and the wee, little son that came to them at the end of the first year, while John counted his prosperity also in a thousand acres of rich pasture land and three thousand head of cattle?

But then came that terrible winter when, closed in by miles of lonely waste and raging storms, the two faced alone the Angel of Death hovering over the cradle. By a miracle, Dr. Arbuthnot, then a young and struggling physician, won through to the lonely cabin. His practised eye, as he bent over the tiny form, told him how desperate must be the fight. But he did his best. And when he had given such comfort as he could to the anxious parents, he called John aside.

"Red Jake's gang has vowed vengeance against anyone who had a hand in the lynching of the cattle rustlers," he told him. "Last night they got Charlie Jones. To-night they're headed here. I've got to go on to Tom Watson's wife. Her baby is due. But as soon as I can finish there I'll get a posse and come back to your assistance. Better warn your two hired men."

"Mary knows nothing of the lynching, thank Heaven," Carlton told his friend. "She's got enough to worry about in the baby's illness."

But when, with elaborate caution, John Carlton began the preparations to defend the little cabin against the cattle rustlers, his little wife looked up with the calm announcement: "What can I do to help you, dear? Of course, I knew all along about the lynching. It was the only thing you could do to preserve law and order, but I've been expecting reprisals ever since."

"What a wife God has given me!"

For one precious moment the young rancher held her in his arms, then both turned to the stern tasks at hand. The mother-instinct flew first to the sleeping infant, and she concealed him in the next room. Only the faithful Joe Clegg lived to reach the cabin—the other man was shot down by the oncoming mob. Two men and one woman to stand off that band of desperadoes! It was an ill-matched combat, and more than once only the scalding water dashed down upon the attacking party by the plucky wife saved the stout doors from being battered in. And in the midst of it, Mary, rushing to the side of the sick child, found that the greatest Enemy had been there before her. Forgetting the menacing dangers by which she and he and her man were surrounded, the stricken woman gathered up the little dead baby in her arms and rocked dazedly back and forth. It was thus that John, running in to tell her that Joe Clegg had been frightfully wounded, found her. She must not let him know, in his extremity, that their little son was gone. She must somehow keep the fighting spirit alive in him. So, with quivering lips she answered:

"Baby is sleeping. I'll lay him down and join you outside in a moment."

Then, from that chamber of death she had gone back into the kitchen to shoot down with her own hand the skulker who had forced an unseen entrance and was in the act of aiming at her husband's heart. Just in the nick of time, Doctor Arbuthnot arrived with his posse, and the day was won. A few years later John Carlton, rich beyond the dreams of avarice, turned his back upon America and returned to England. But the hearts of both young people could never forget that lonely little grave left behind in the great west.

Years of undreamed-of prosperity and worldly triumph followed. A knighthood was conferred upon John Carlton, and the most brilliant hostesses in London vied with one another for the privilege of entertaining the handsome baronet and his lovely wife.

William Marlowe had quite forgotten his once expressed desire never to lay eyes upon his son-in-law again, and with his wife and dear old-maid Aunt Eliza was a frequent caller at the house in Porchester Terrace. Four lovely children had come to assuage the loss of the first-born, and to all outward seeming Lady Mary Carlton, on her thirty-ninth

Mary and John.

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birthday, was indeed blessed among women as her eldest son, glorying in his first long trousers, led her into the drawing-room to see the surprise the children had prepared for their adored mother.

"What a beautiful birthday cake!" Duly she enthused over its sparkling white frosting and sputtering candles. "But we'll wait until your father comes down before we cut it, won't we, dears."

"Sir John left word that he will not be in until very late this evening," the butler's voice announced from the doorway.

Only the keen eyes of the eldest child caught the shadow that for a moment clouded Lady Mary's gentle face. With a quick caress, John, Junior, led his mother to a chair.

"But we'll wait for father just the same, little mother," he assured her, "even if the cake isn't cut until to-morrow."

"Mr. and Mrs. William Marlowe and Miss Eliza Channing."

Again the butler's announcement created a diversion. Graciously Mary went forward to receive the felicitations of her relatives upon her birthday. But Mrs. Marlowe's grim face was even more forbidding than its wont.

"Send the children out of the room, Mary; your father and I have something to tell you that cannot be discussed in their presence."

There was a wrathful gleam in the eyes of the eldest son as he obediently led his sisters and brother from the parlour. Why must his precious little mother's peace of mind be preyed upon by these old vultures?

"Mary, it is only right that you should know that the name of Mrs. Eustace Mainwaring is being coupled with your husband's. You know the evil reputation that woman bears. Surely, you ———"

"Thank you, Mamma," interrupted Lady Mary, with white lips, "I think we need not discuss it. I have every confidence in John. Moreover, every man in public life is the victim of gossip. This rumour, I am positive, is absolutely false."

Like the voice of fate, the butler's stentorian tones rang out:

"Mrs. Eustace Mainwaring."

"What!" shrieked Mrs. Marlowe.

"Such effrontery!" growled her husband.

"Oh, Mary, my poor lamb!" Tender-hearted Aunt Eliza patted her niece's arm.

"We shall go at once." Mrs. Marlowe marshalled her husband and sister. "I will not countenance that woman's presence by remaining to meet her. And surely, Mary, you will turn her out of the house."

The rustling entrance of a handsome, heavily-perfumed woman, dressed in the height of fashion, cut short the colloquy. Mrs. Marlowe audibly gasped. Lady Mary, with perfect self-command, presented her caller to her relatives as if nothing had happened. Then, as her mother in high dudgeon led the way towards the hall, she excused herself while she bade the departing guests adieu.

It was during that moment while the notorious beauty was left alone in the parlour that young John entered the room. Mrs. Mainwaring swept a glance of involuntary admiration upon the clean, boyish good looks of the newcomer, then rather contemptuously greeted him:

"So you're Johnny, I suppose?"

The lad drew himself up to his slim height.

"I'm John Carlton, Junr. I've come to tell you to go.—~~You've no right here.—I ask you to leave before my~~ mother comes back."

"Indeed! And suppose I refuse?"

The Sick Baby.

"I must protect her." John's colour rose. "There is no one else to do it."

"Other women have the right to protection, remember," was the insolent reply.

"Not women like you," answered John, with a wisdom beyond his years. "My mother must, at all events, be spared the knowledge of my father's folly. It would break her heart."

At that moment a soft voice broke into the strange dialogue.

"John, dear, perhaps you had better look after the younger children." Lady Mary paused a moment on the threshold to kiss her bonny young protector on the forehead. Then, as he reluctantly withdrew, she came forward to where her unbidden guest stood in haughty disdain.

"If you came here with the intention of hurting me," she said quietly, "you have succeeded. It is exceedingly bitter that my son should know of his father's sin."

"Sin!" hissed the insolent beauty. "Who are you to sit in judgment and condemn him? Who are you to commandeer the whole life of such a man as Sir John Carlton. You've never lived and felt—so-called 'good woman' that you are. It is women like you who ruin the lives and break the hearts of spirited, brilliant men."

"And is that what you came here to tell me?" Still Lady Mary's voice was even, her poise undisturbed.

"I came here to tell you that your husband loves me," stabbed Mrs. Mainwaring. "My husband knows—he has letters of Sir John's that will make it simple enough for him to get a divorce, naming your husband as co-respondent. But Sir John says that you will never let him go—that he cannot marry me because you will never consent to a divorce."

"He is mistaken." Still the brave voice did not tremble. "Whenever my husband wishes to leave me he is free to go."

Before the astonished adventuress could express her feelings, the door opened and Sir John Carlton walked in. At the sight of the two women his face blanched, but it was toward his wife that his first startled glances were directed.

"What has this woman told you," he cried hoarsely.

"Lady Carlton knows all," Mrs. Mainwaring interrupted exultantly. "She's willing to set you free, John; she said so."

"Mary, is this true?" Carlton's hand flew to his breast as if he had received a mortal thrust.

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"Yes, John," came the soft voice.

"What has she said?" Guilt and terror looked out of the man's eyes.

"That you love her—that you want to be free to marry her."

"She lies!" Savagely Sir John flung open the street door and turned to Mrs. Mainwaring. "Go," he cried, "though you and I ought to marry each other. We deserve a special hell for our sins."

The hard, bitter mouth of the most talked-of woman in London society curled into a sneer.

"So far as I am concerned, Lady Mary, you may keep your husband"—she tossed her head as she crossed the threshold—"if you still want him."

For what seemed like an age, Sir John Carlton stood as if stunned, his miserable eyes fixed upon the floor. His wife, without a word, returned to the drawing-room, seated herself upon a davenport and took up her embroidery. At last she looked up at the cringing figure.

"Is there anything you want me to say to you, Mary?" asked John.

With an effort the brave wife kept her tears from her voice as she answered:

"Yes, I want you to tell me everything."

"About Mrs. Mainwaring?" echoed the man, dully.

"No"—steadfastly Lady Mary went on with her embroidery—"we have finished with Mrs. Mainwaring. About the others."

Her husband flashed her a swift, startled glance. Then painfully he said:

"There was a widow—we met on board ship that time I had to go to South Africa. She—I—oh, Mary, it wasn't love. It was because you were thousands of miles away." He buried his head in his hands and was silent.

"Go on, John"—the tender lips were quivering now—"you haven't told me everything, you know."

"In that musical comedy I financed there was a dancer. You would not know her name if I told you ——"

"You mean Cora Standish?" Again that lightning-like look of consternation gleamed in the man's shamed eyes. Again the tremelo in that gentle voice threatened to overwhelm it.

"I was not a thousand miles away then, John. I was with you at the time."

"Oh, Mary, there's only one explanation"—Sir John broke down—"the beast in me. A woman—a good woman—can't understand."

Two damp spots grew upon the snowy linen beneath Lady Mary's needle, but still that heroic self-command did not give way.

"And now, John, you want to tell me, don't you, that you never really stopped loving me, even when you were most unfaithful? You don't know that I knew all the time. You don't know at this moment that I am still just as sure of your love as I am of the love of God."

The proud head of one of England's greatest statesmen was bowed low in speechless adoration of such love and understanding. Sir John Carlton fell upon his knees at his wife's feet.

"Mary," he sobbed aloud, "I am unworthy to touch the hem of your garment."

Softly the fluttering hands brushed the iron-grey hair. Unrestrained at last the tears rained down. As a mother comforting a grieving child, Lady Mary soothed and sustained her husband.

"But our children—they will know their father's shame," he groaned. "My name will be blazed abroad, scarlet with scandal."

"John, dear, we won a fight once before, out in the Wyoming ranch country," Lady Mary encouraged, "and the odds then were almost overwhelming. Together we'll win again."

"Together, Mary?" As if he could scarcely believe in such largess of compassion and forgiveness, Sir John looked down into his wife's brown eyes.

"Together, John," she answered tenderly.

All these secrets that made up the mainspring of a life-long devotion passing understanding were locked in the heart of the little white-haired woman dozing before the fireside. Now, at the sound of a beloved voice, Lady Mary roused herself.

"Doctor Arbuthnot, I thought I heard my husband call?" she questioned anxiously, as the physician appeared in the doorway.

"He has slept soundly for the past hour. The crisis is passed. He is out of danger," announced the great specialist triumphantly, as the four other members of the family hastened to hear his report. From the adjoining sick chamber a querulous voice cried imperiously:

"Mary, come here; I want you!"

Trembling with excitement, the exquisite little figure in the black silk and Irish point adjusted the cap over her clustering white curls.

"My husband is always so particular about how my hair looks," she explained coyly. Then, as again that longed-for summons rang out, Lady Mary Carlton answered, as she had answered half-a-dozen times a day for the past fifty-five years:

"Yes, John."

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SPECIAL FEATURE:

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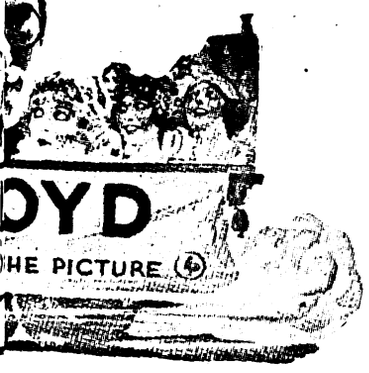
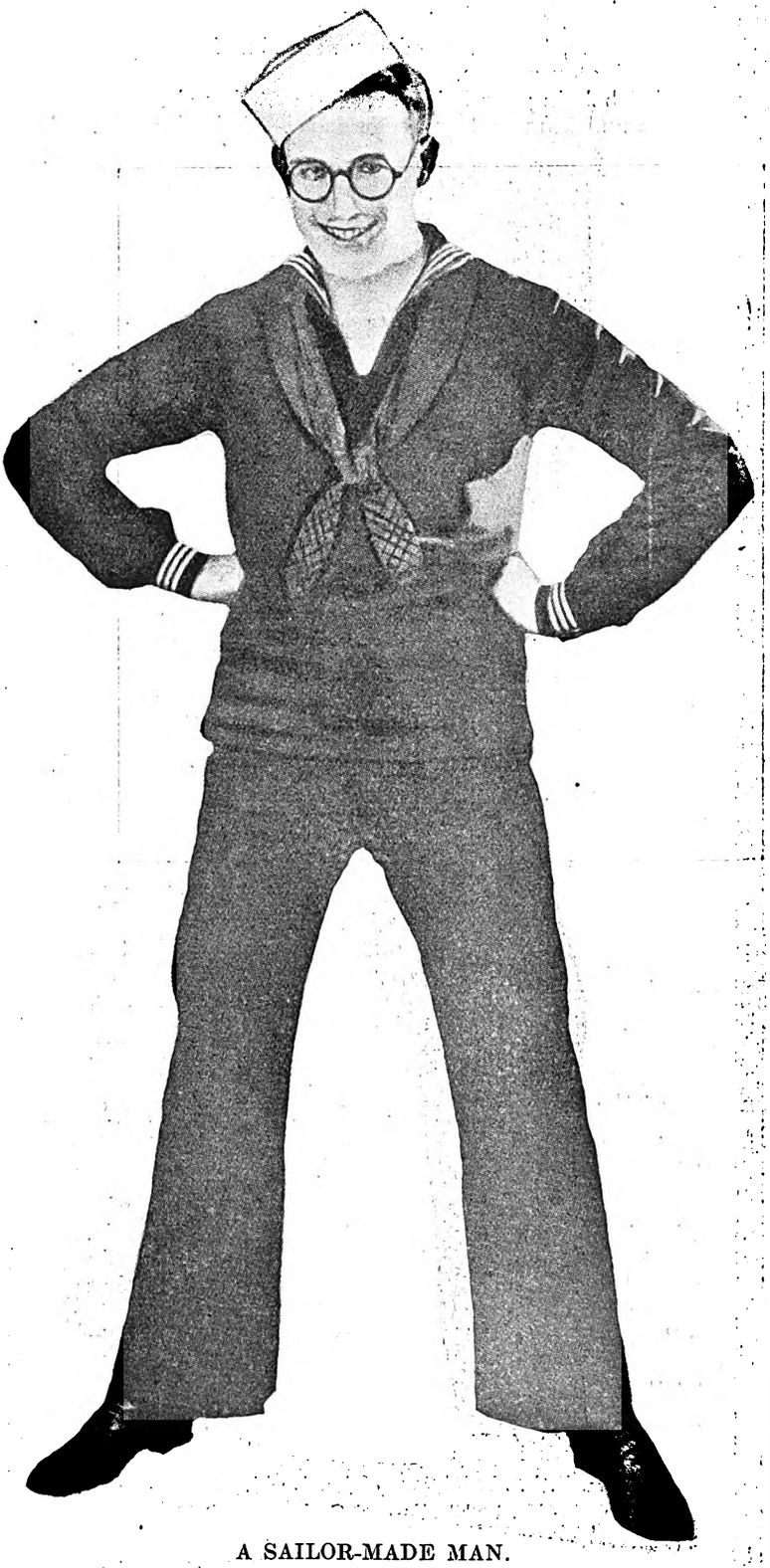


DR. JACK.



A SAILOR-MADE MAN.

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Bobbed Hair is Out.

At least, so far as Ruth Miller is concerned, shorn feminine locks are utterly *passe*. Miss Miller, who plays an important part in William S. Hart's Paramount production, "Singer Jim McKee," coming to Wolfram's Bioscope, Capetown, on June 11th, 12th and 13th, is a great believer in experiment. She's the same young lady who tried changing her name to Marjorie Boyd, and didn't get any work for two years, then changed her name back again and has been working ever since.

She tried bobbing her hair, and the next day she wept copious tears and immediately began growing it back again.

She has figured it out that her hair will grow approximately six inches per year, at which rate it will take several years to repair the damage she accomplished in twenty minutes. Phyllis Haver is Mr. Hart's leading woman in this picture, an original screen story by the star himself. Miss Miller, plays the role of Betty Gleason, a sheriff's daughter.

IN THIS FILM WILLIAM HART WEARS AN APRON.

Unreal as it may sound, it is a fact. The famous two-gun man of the screen dresses up in an apron for some of the scenes. Furthermore, he actually cooks a supper in the picture, and a most original sort of cook he makes.

James Darton-Thompson of the Macdona Players, who are showing in Bernard Shaw Repertory at His Majesty's, was born at Ince, and made his first stage appearance in 1904 at the Theatre Royal, Stafford. Since then he has played many parts: Tony Lumpkin in "She Stoops to Conquer," Matthias in "The Bells," Launcelot Gobbo in "The Merchant of Venice," and the First Gravedigger in "Hamlet."

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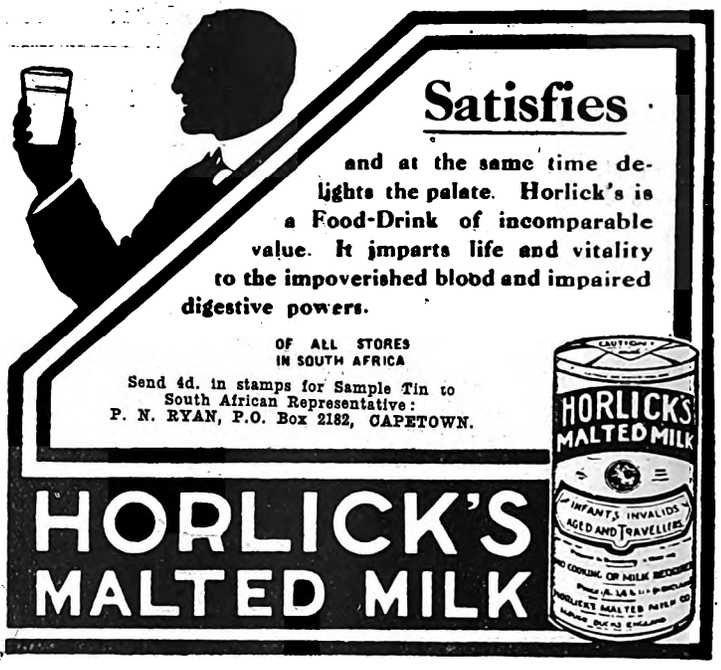

MARINE CHAMBERS, GARDINER STREET, DURBAN. LARGE AND WELL FURNISHED.

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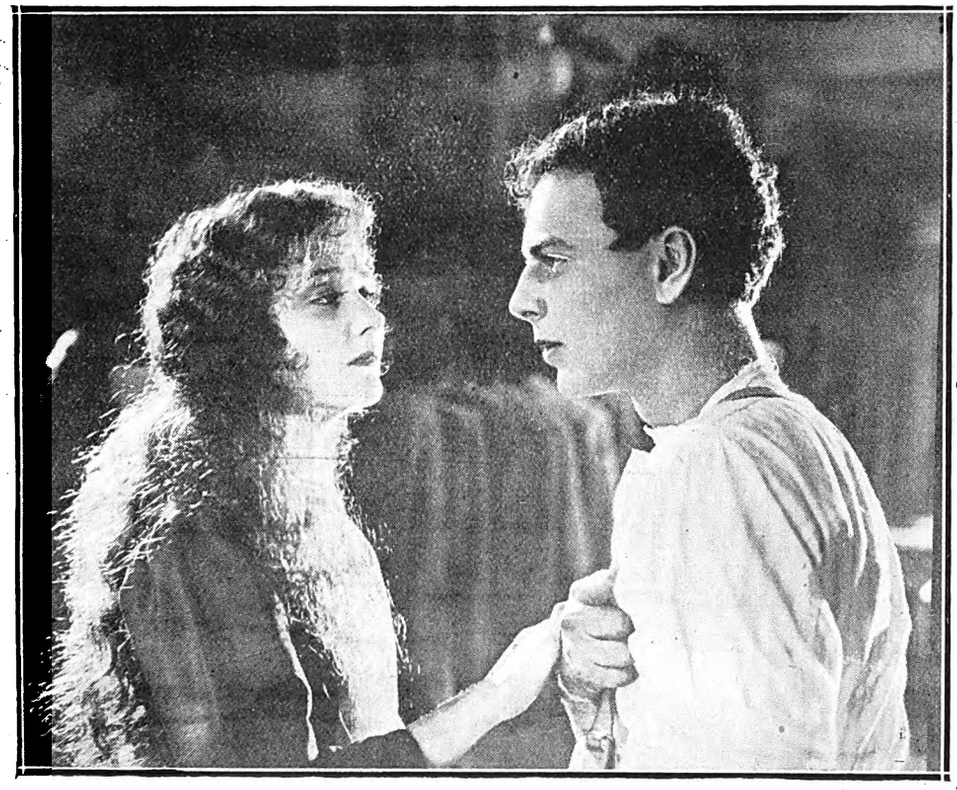
The Fool's Highway.

The old Bowery, with its quaint resorts that have gone down into romantic tradition; Chuck Connors, Philadelphia O'Brien and Steve Brodie, the man who took a chance and thundered down the years to fame; these all will live again in a gripping film romance, "Fool's Highway," first great Universal starring vehicle for Mary Philbin since her astounding success in "Merry-Go-Round." The new picture, a spectacular picturization of Owen Kildare's famous life-story, "My Mamie Rose," comes to the Alhambra, Capetown, on June 8th, 9th and 10th, and to the Bijou, Johannesburg, on the 29th July.

The story is a tense heart-interest tale laid about the old New York street and its famous folk. It is known that the tale was the true story of the life of the author, who, starting as a gangster and fighter, eventually became one of America's most famous authors.



From "The Fool's Highway."

The principal charm in the story is in its intensely human types; one actually comes to love old Levi, as played by Max Davidson; the kindly old Irishwoman that Kate Price portrays; the irresponsible but lovable Mike Kildare, played by Pat O'Malley, and the rest of the odd characters. These were all based on actualities; and old pictures of Bowery celebrities were used to guide the actors in making up for the roles.

The Bowery, rebuilt from old photographs, was reproduced in detail at Universal City; Brodie's resort, "Chickory Hall," "Suicide Hall" and other famous resorts are transferred to the screen exactly as they existed for settings in the tale.

The supporting cast is one of particular note. Pat O'Malley, Kate Price, Charlie Murray, Max Davidson, William Collier, Jr., Edwin J. Brady, Lincoln Plumer, Tansey Sherry and other noted film players are included. Irving Cummings, noted actor, author and director, directed Miss Philbin in the new screen classic.

If Winter Comes.

Everyone has read that popular book "If Winter Comes," and now we have the film story of it, which critics acclaim as being mightier than the book. The inhabitants of East London will be able to judge for themselves when the film will be shown at the Vaudette on June 15th, 16th, and 17th, and they are sure to agree with the critics.

There is one cardinal virtue in the film: it is to our knowledge, the first motion picture ever produced that abides religiously by the author's intention. As I said before, so widespread has been the circulation of the novel that it seems unnecessary to detail the complicated twists of fate that followed Mark Sabre through and just beyond the period of war. Percy Marmont takes the part of Mark Sabre with conspicuous success. Every shade of expression, every gesture, reproduces the childlike idealist of Hutchinson's story, the man who was almost irritatingly lamblike in his own behalf, but who could become a raging lion in defence of another. Marmont's work in the courtroom scene presents a picture that will stamp itself ineradicably upon the mind and imagination of everyone who sees it. And, combined with the finish of technique, Marmont brings to the screen a freshness of personality that makes the work delightful.

A better "Mabel" than that of Margaret Fielding could not have been found. Miss Fielding gives a perfect interpretation of this unimaginative, soulless, sexless woman who was a vindictive fireside autocrat into the bargain.

"Bright Effie" is played by Gladys Leslie with appealing effect, and Ann Forrest's Lady Tyber is beautifully done. Every actor in the cast has been chosen with unerring taste and discrimination and except in the case of Sydney Herbert, who plays old Twyning, they are all new faces.

The settings are worthy of a story in themselves. The glimpses of London and Brighton; the magnificent English manor house, with its moat, its lily pond and rose garden; its decorative peacocks; the little villa in Tidborough; the wooded bridle paths; all of these are tantalizingly beautiful.

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From "His Children's Children."

Jack Hoxie in "The Sign of the Cactus."

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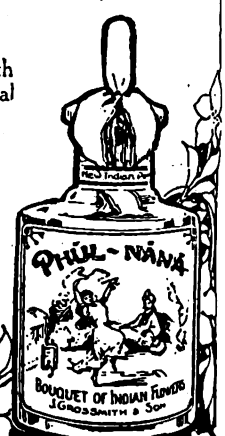

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Baby Peggy.

Baby Peggy, known in filmdom as "The Baby Bernhardt," stands to-day as perhaps one of the most important factors in box office success in the motion picture world. This, of course, is greatly due to the fact that she is surrounded by grown-ups of star ranking. The diminutive comedienne—who is just as clever as a tragedienne—is literally everybody's little girl. The whole world loves her. Her second big production, "The Law Forbids," comes to the Orpheum, Johannesburg, on June 8th to 13th.

Little Peggy Montgomery has been before the public ever since she was a very small tot—and even now her age can be counted on the fingers of one hand. Her picture possibilities were first discovered by Abe and Julius Stern of the Century Comedies; then followed a series of Baby Peggy comedies that made her name the byword of the picture houses. "Jack the Giant Killer" showed her in a fanciful fairy tale, adored by the children; "Peg O' the Mounted" in a burlesque the elders roared at. Baby Peggy's versatility made every picture a new idea in screen art. Then Universal obtained her services for Jewel productions; the first one, "The Darling of New York," established her for all time as one of the big pets of the screen. "The Law Forbids," her latest, shows the diminutive artist as the central motive of a dramatic, gripping problem play.

Baby Peggy in "The Law Forbids."

Jess Robbins directed. He is known for his successful big productions. In "The Law Forbids" he has such favourites of stellar ability like Winifred Bryson, of "Thundering Dawn," who repeats her vamp role here; Elinor Fair, of "Kismet" and "Driven"; Robert Ellis, William E. Lawrence, James Corrigan, Eva Thatcher, Joseph Dowling and many others.

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An Episode of Broadway's Night Life, with **Baby Peggy** in the title role.
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Capetown, Durban and East London Programmes for Week Commencing Monday, June 8.

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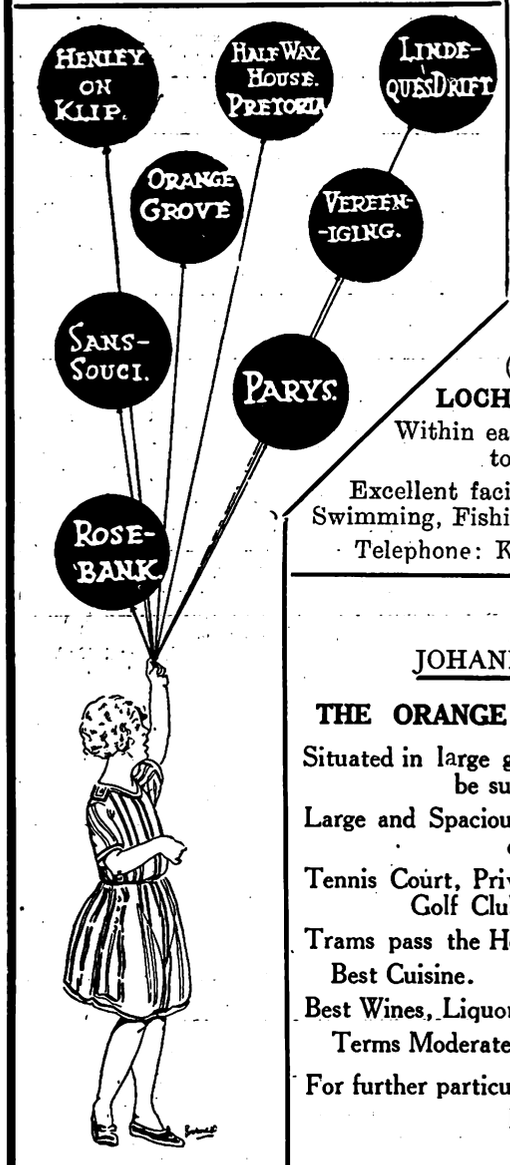
WEEK-END PLEASURE SPOTS



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A scene from "Torment."

"Wild Bill Hickok."

"Wild Bill Hickok" marks the return to the screen of the popular star William S. Hart after a prolonged absence.

"Wild Bill Hickok" was the quickest "draw" in the west, and in the discharge of his duties as a peace officer in the reconstruction days following the Civil War, he was forced to bring to a premature close the lives of some sixty persons who were foolish enough to want to be bad men. Some of the famous historiacl characters introduced in the course of the production are "Calamity Jane, William B. ("Bat") Masterson, Wyatt Earp, Doc. Holliday, Chalk Beeson, Bill Tighlman, Shot-gun Collins and Luke Short, all figure prominently in the story, which deals with a highly-interesting phase of early days in the middle west.

The picture will be shown at the Carlton, Johannesburg, on June 11th, 12th and 13th.

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Miss Sibyl Jane.

There are some people who appeal to one on first sight, whom you will never forget if your ways in life do not cross each other other for very many years.

Such a one is Miss Sibyl Jane, who is with the Macdona Players, in Bernard Shaw Repertory at His Majesty's Theatre. She was most energetically wrestling with a dress basket in her dressing-room when I went in to see her, and while it was being reduced to obedience I was enabled to have a quiet look at its owner.

Dark hair with a natural wave in it, smoothed straight back and fastened in a loose knot at the back of the head ("for I am sure Bernard Shaw would never approve of the shingle," laughed Miss Jane), dark eyes with a humorous twinkle in them, and cheeks on which the English breezes have left their roses. Very bright, very vivacious, and very interesting, I found my—I nearly wrote, victim. But Miss Jane welcomed me wholeheartedly, and the interview resolved itself into a nice long chat, such as women love.

"I was born in Madras," said Miss Jane, "and I always wanted to go on the stage, but my people did not see eye to eye with me in the matter. When I was 17, as a a great concession, they paid for singing lessons for me, and I studied under Madame Albani and began to dream of a great career, when my voice broke. It was a terrible tragedy to me. Then I got married and just stayed at home. I am very domesticated, by the way."

"Yes," said Miss Alice O'Day, who shares her dressing-room, "Miss Jane makes the finest scrambled eggs in England! and she is an excellent all-round cook."

"I was head cook in a Red Cross hospital part of the war," went on Miss Jane, "and I must tell you a story about it. It was down in Devonshire, and I was at the station seeing a friend off, when a corporal and his pal passed. 'William the Cornquerer' we used to call the corporal, because he was the chiropodist. 'Who's the lidy, Bill?' asked the pal. 'Lidy! that ain't no lidy,' answered 'William,' 'that's my cook.'

"To continue, as I couldn't go on the stage, I became a journalist, and was sub-editor of *The Quiver*, a paper that was, of course, very proper and did not like the stage. Then I wrote for *Chums*, *Little Folks*, etc., and ran a library club for *Little Folks*. Eventually, I borrowed the fees to train at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art, and won a two years' scholarship, which was very lucky, as I got my fees returned and two years' training and maintenance as well. When I left there I took the part of 'Lady Pat,' in the play of that name. Mrs. Patrick Campbell played it, you will remember. A London agent was in the house that night, and next day wrote and asked me to come and see him. I went, and he offered me the second lead with Robert Courtneidge in 'Clothes and the Woman,' and second lead with Percy Hutchinson for his last South African tour. I could not go so far from home then, so I accepted the former. Later, Miss O'Day and I joined Miss Sybil Thorndike, and were with her for a year."

"The happiest theatrical year of our lives," interjected Miss O'Day.

"It certainly was," said Miss Jane. "I understudied her, and I played 'Rachel Shaw' in 'Advertising April,' 'Mademoiselle' in 'Scandal,' and 'Medea,' the chief of the Greek Chorus. We had lovely times—Miss Thorndike is always in great request, laying foundation stones and opening bazaars, and we lesser fry used to eat the luncheons with joy. I think her husband, Lewis Casson, is a marvellous producer. It is good of me to say so, for he nearly killed us. Miss O'Day and I went for a drive with them in 'Anxious Annie'. . . ."

"Anxious Annie?" I queried.

"Yes," laughed Miss Jane, "Anxious to go but can't, you know! Well Mr. Casson got a great idea of driving down a disused coach track in Derbyshire, almost a precipice, and we all hung on anxiously. Of course, the worst happened—we skid, skid, skid, jumped out wildly, and ran alongside, throwing rugs under the wheels to try to stop it, but it was not 'Anxious Annie's' good day, and she toppled over into the ravine."

"Hobbies?" Miss Jane, I enquired.

"My small son principally," was the reply, "he is nine and very much against the stage as a profession; says it is a dog's life. He is going to be an inventor, he says. Of course, I love to be 'out of doors.' On one of the wettest summers, Miss O'Day and I took a punt and went 120 miles up the river—six whole weeks. We slept out, once in a disused mill, where we had a cat to keep the mice away. Then there was the business of getting through the locks. Once they forgot to give us the key, and I had to borrow the handle of a mangle to open it with."

"Miss Jane has just left 'The Farmer's Wife,' in which she was playing lead in England," said Miss O'Day. A very distinguished-looking woman this, with white hair framing a young face; it is easy to see how she adores Miss Jane and what friends they both are. I hope to tell you more of her later.

"Do tell her about my venture on the halls," said Miss Jane.

"It was after you left Miss Thorndike," Miss O'Day obligingly told me, "that you went to interview a red-nosed comedian; of course, he had not a red nose off; no, quite a nice nose. He asked Miss Jane if she had done any farcical work on the halls before, and she said that she had only been once in a music hall in her life."

"Then," went on Miss Jane, "he asked me to read the part; it was a Scotch one, and I told him I had no idea of the accent. Luckily, neither had he, for, at the end, he said, 'That's the stuff to give 'em,' and I toured for a year playing eight parts, and I really enjoyed it. And here we are in Africa. I am playing 'Ann' in 'Man and Superman,' next Monday, and I do hope you will like it."

It is interesting to note that "Spring Cleaning" at the Standard Theatre, Johannesburg, is Mr. Geo. Montford's 50th production in South Africa.

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FRIDAY and SATURDAY, JUNE 12 and 13:
Kenneth Harlan and **Carmel Myers** in **"POISONED PARADISE."**

Racing News.

By "Observer."

Backers will soon have enough problems to consider. Weights for the Prince of Wales's Cup, to be run at Turffontein on June 24th, will be published on Wednesday morning, and on Thursday next Mr. M. Chinnery will disclose his weights for the Durban July Handicap, to be run on Saturday, July 4th.

Mr. J. T. McGrath, father of the well-known jockel, F. McGrath, died on Tuesday morning. Mr. McGrath, who hailed from Australia, was taken ill at the Benoni meeting of May 31st, and a fatty heart was the cause of his unexpected death.

C. Westwater and G. Nicoll, with four wins apiece, have been the shining lights among the jockeys at the Winter meeting. L. Howe has ridden a winning double, as has G. Askew, while E. Jacobie, with a win and a dead-heat, has done the best of the rest of his profession.

We have got through with two days of the Winter Meeting at Turffontein, and, as the weights for the concluding session are not to hand at the time of going to press, one must deal solely with the past. Starting favourite, and a short-priced one at that, Thoughtless Beauty won the Winter Handicap. Bred in the Free State and raced by a man who has never before owned a race horse, Thoughtless Beauty goes down in history as one of the luckiest winners of a quarterly handicap.

In herself, the short pedigreed daughter of Wilkins Micawber—Miss Roche is not more than a useful second class horse, and she owed her somewhat sensational victory to the superb condition in which Major J. Cooper sent her to the post and the unstinted favours of the fickle goddess of luck. G. Nicoll, easily the best of jockeys we have, handled her to perfection, and Thoughtless Beauty, with a clear run on the rails most of the way, gained a short head victory from Mr. Harry Solomon. On the other hand, Golden Tip, drawn No. 11 in a field of eleven, came wide around everything in the race, and over the last furlong was none too well served, in what passed for jockeyship, these days, from G. Askew.

In a scrimmage close home, Thoughtless Beauty, leaving the rails, cannoned into Jacques and Memoria, while Surprise Sauce, just coming through to deliver what would have been a very telling challenge, was squeezed out between Jacques and Memoria. And as Surprise Sauce subsequently won the Goldfields, staying on, that scrimmage must have seriously affected the placings.

Mr. Jos. Simpson, one of our youngest, is also one of the most astute, of our owner-trainers. In his day a useful jockey, he is now one of the best we have at placing a horse, and this, after all, is the great art of a trainer. Jos. keeps a fairly large team of horses and annually augments his stable with a judicious selection of yearlings. As two-year-olds, they have a fairly easy time, and are allowed to develop more or less naturally. But when they are ready they are placed to the fullest advantage. As a rule, they have sunk to the fourth division before they commence winning, but when fit and fancied they repay the care and patience expended upon them and the oats they have eaten. Seriphos, Noble Polly and St. Mark are just a few that need be mentioned which Jos. has transformed into first class horses. At the Winter meeting he has been in evidence with Cardinal's Hope, Ocean Rose and Orbit, who between them won 4½ races. The two sprinters may never reach the eminence of Noble Polly, but Cardinal's Hope, who is only on the threshold of his career, will bring further grist to the mill. Although no relation, blood or otherwise he very strongly resembles Contentment, and, like that great horse, will shine over a bit of a distance.

Wonder ran last in the Winter Handicap, but showed better form on the second day. This was in the Broker's Handicap tops, in which he was running on at the finish. At the first glance Wonder appears to be carrying a "tummy," but his appearances are misleading. He is very deep in his back ribs, and, if Jack Gard can give him a couple more hard races between now and July 4th, Wonder will be very hard to beat in the July Handicap.

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STAGE & CINEMA.

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The Week.

Another Shaw play at His Majesty's, Johannesburg, Monday evening, "Man and Superman," and another iumph for Mr. Geo. S. Wray. Again it was frankly his ay; not that the rest of the company d not do their share—their full share but his splendid acting was the great ature of the evening. And he was ually splendidly supported, as I wrote fore; for if there is one thing more an another that strikes you in e Macdona Players it is the care th which even the smallest part is stained and played. Mr. Wray's per-rmance ranks with the finest I have er seen on the English or Continental ages. He gets right into the character portrays; nay, he does not portray, *is* the character. In the scene of e oak-panelled study of Roebuck amsden, finely played by Mr. Stanley rewitt (who is also the producer of the aw plays) one feels as if one is truding on the private life of an dividual—John Tanner, to wit. He in that room, he remains in that om; never by word or gesture does he tray that he knows the audience is ere. In the carriage drive in the rk of the country house near Rich-ond one feels again like an eaves-opper hiding behind a hedge, for nner obviously does not know you are ere; and the same may be said of in e garden in Granada. Mr. Wray feels naw, he lives Shaw; he conveys the enius of the great master mind to you; John Tanner, or Tom Smith, or Bob nes, whatever the character may be—not Geo. S. ray. At the end of each scene there were curtains too umerous to count, and at the final drop the audience se and applauded, no light tribute from the critical eatre public of the Rand.

May one be pardoned for taking next the Mrs. Whitefield of Miss Joan Blair. One's first impression was of ow well we knew the little lady, how often one had met er in real life; proof that Shaw *is* life, is human to e last sketched word. Mrs Whitefield could not have been left in more capable hands than those of Miss Blair, and in her scenes with Mr. Wray one felt the play had reached its finest. Miss Sibyl Jane as Ann Whitefield deserves full honours, and although one had a certain sympathy—why should one disguise it ?—a great sympathy with the unfortunate—or should it be fortunate ?—John Tanner, one was glad, from a woman's point of view, she got him in the end.

Mr. John Boddington as Octavius Robinson had a difficult part; that of an unsuccessful lover is always a thankless one (as in real life), but his earnestness carried conviction.

Miss Alice O'Day, as Miss Ramsden, gave a fine character study; Miss Dora Macdona as the misjudged Violet, with an eye to the "main chance," was excellent; and Mr. Cecil Trouncer gave us an American in Hector Malone who was not exaggerated in manner or accent.

Miss Sibyl Jane, who takes the part of "Ann Whitefield" in "Man and Superman."

Of the other characters, 'Enery Straker, played by J. Denton-Thompson, might have been a shade more aggressive, but was, nevertheless, a good rendering.

Mr. A. S. Homewood gave a fine study of the Irish-American millionaire, and Miss Mollie Burns was a charming parlour maid.

The setting was at all times good and effective. Mr. J. Denton-Thompson is the stage manager for the Macdona Players, with Mr. J. Henry Ashford assistant stage manager.

The next Shaw play to be produced at His Majesty's Theatre will be "You Never Can Tell," which is described as a comedy of the purest delight. It is one long laugh from start to finish.

It is interesting to learn that when Mr. Macdona took his company over to Paris, opening at the Theatre Albert Premier with "Pygmalion," the season, which was to have been for six weeks, was so successful that Mr. Macdona was persuaded to let his company return to Paris later on in the year and give another season of four weeks.

Americans came in positive hordes to witness the plays, and the audiences were made up of a conglomeration of English, French and Americans.

It is notable that European people appreciate Shaw equally as much as the English are now learning to do.

The Freda Godfrey Company are leaving for Pretoria at the end of the week, where they are showing at the Opera House in "The Heart of a Child" on the 15th, 16th and 17th, and return to Johannesburg on the 18th to resume at the Standard Theatre their successful season of "Spring Cleaning."

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On the South African Stage.

Two famous actresses who are charming South Africa: Miss Iris Hoey, who is appearing with her own company at Scott's Theatre, Maritzburg, on June 15th, and Miss Renee Kelly and company in Capetown at the Opera House on the same date.
Photos: Jane Plotz.

Mr. George S. Wray.

Everyone is talking about him in Johannesburg, not only on account of his brilliant acting in "Pygmalion" as "Henry Higgins," but also on account of the fine performance he has just given us in "Man and Superman" as "John Tanner." I managed to corner Mr. Wray for a few minutes as he was leaving the stage. Corner is the right word really, for it is one thing to write nice things of him from the other side of the footlights, but it is quite another to get him to talk of himself. Of the play, of Shaw, of his colleagues, but with the most consummate skill he always turns you off the subject you are most interested in——himself.

What is the talkative "John Tanner" like off the stage? Really the same in features; he does not rely on "make up" for his effect, does Mr. Wray. But on the stage you do not get his delightful smile that crinkles up his eyes. Sitting, looking at him, there came back to me a memory of a dainty lady, of a dark-haired man who appeared on the Empire stage some little time ago, on by no means their first visit to us—a lady with the same "crinkly" smile.

"Why, do you know my sister?" ejaculated Mr. Wray, when I told him of whom he reminded me. "Yes, of course, Mrs. Byron of Byron and Byron; here's a photo of her."

You would have thought then he would have taken pity on me and told me a great deal, wouldn't you? Not a bit of it. In the most charming manner this is what he said:

"I am liking our visit out here so much, and I am so glad that you think the public likes my humble efforts to interpret the words of the master brain, Shaw. It is the co-operation of my colleagues that makes the play go so well. one gets their responsiveness all through. It is always a mistake to think that there is only one character in a play, the lead. All the rest are equally important. I like the part of "John Tanner" immensely. You can't go wrong in it. (I secretly felt that many of us could, and go very wrong.) I love doing Shaw work. I was for four years with Mr. Macdona in England and Paris, and when he approached me I was very glad to come, I wanted to see your country very much. Oh!" with a sigh of relief, "here's the call boy—" and Mr. Geo Wray darted off.

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[BEING A SHORT STORY BY DR. WARNER FABIAN, OF THE FIRST NATIONAL PICTURE, WITH ILLUSTRATIONS TAKEN FROM THE PRODUCTION.]

Tiptoed down the stairs and out into the moon-lit garden, a little figure. Around the far corner of the house came a boy, a nice boy ordinarily, but now quite drunk. "Hello, peaches an' cream," he ejaculated, coming upon the little figure grotesquely arrayed in its older sister's glaring finery. "I came out for air but I didn't expect a knockout."

"Dearest," whispered a voice suddenly from the shrubbery behind them, "kiss me again———"

"Don't be afraid," said another voice from just inside the door, "I'm not going to hurt you—but let me hold you in my arms—tight. Don't be afraid—don't———"

The hypnotic beat of an expert jazz orchestra swung out on the warm night air; the rhythmic swaying of many dancers locked close, made itself felt; the whispering voices —the sudden silence; the everlasting thrill of forbidden fruit—all made a mad whirling melody in a youthful heart-questing adventure. Irresistibly, as if propelled by an unseen force, the two young things drew close together. "O-oooh," breathed the girl, and shivered—but not with fear. The boy's arms, steady enough for holding, closed around her. She felt his hot cheek against her own. His breath was hot, too, and strong with many cocktails. It was repugnant to her . . . yet . . . . .

Suddenly his mouth closed down on hers. Her head drooped back, her eyes closed . . . hungry, hungry . . . fasting her fill . . . drinking deep of the heady wine of life. . . . . It was little Pat's first "red kiss." And Pat was only fifteen.

. . . . . .

Mona Fentriss lay dying. Her lifelong friend, Dr. Osterhout, sat beside the ridiculous ornamental couch that passed for a bed. He loved her—had always loved her—and Mona was a woman now with grown children, two of them married. Her heart was weak and she never spared it. So it had failed her. She did not want to die. Her life had been full of pleasure—pleasures indulged in, until happiness was lost sight of and the danger signal of satiety was unfurled. Her husband was wealthy, charming and indifferent—to her. She had filled up her life with gaiety, easy enough now with the world gone mad for it. She cast her lot with her daughters and palled with them rather than mothered them. She joined the reckless stream of insurgent youth, recognised its allure and yielded to it. But it had taken its toll—and now she lay dying.

"Bobs, dear," she half whispered, "I don't want to leave Pat. She's potentially wilder than either Dee or Connie. I've been a sister to them, but I've been a mother to Pat—I think. She's a headstrong little thing, and a truer child of this reckless, lawless century than either of the others. I hope . . . you will keep an eye on her, Bobs. . . . I wish there was some way you could let me know how she weathers the gale. . . . Couldn't you write?"

"What do you mean, Mona?" Dr. Osterhout asked hastily, believing her delirious, and eyeing her dubiously.

Mona smiled. "I mean—you could come over here—to this room, and write me letters, long letters about Pat, and mail them in the wall safe in the corner. Oh, I know I'd get them, dear old Bobs. Don't look so startled. I know I can come back . . . to get them. Anyway, whether you believe or not, you'll do it . . . won't you?"

"Why, yes, Mona, I will do anything you ask—I will do anything you ask. I will always have things to say to you."

"Good old Bobs. You do love me? . . . There was another man once who loved me as you do . . . his name was—is Cary Scott. He said he'd come back to America some day. . . . He is fine and clean and true—like you, Bobs. I hope he will come back . . . even when I'm gone. I'd like Pat to———" She stopped suddenly, wincing with pain. "Send for Pat—quickly—I———"

Patricia Fentriss came trembling to her mother's room. "Dearest, don't leave Pat," she whispered, dry-eyed and frightened, her head close to Mona's.

"But I must, my baby," the mother answered gently, "but I'm leaving you something that will be an everlasting comfort and, I hope, a help and good counsel for you."

She told her about the letters Bobs would write and mail to her, and taught her the combination to the safe, and reminded her that she could see herself more clearly through another's eyes; and then she kissed Pat's crisp, brown hair and her slim young hands, and told her favourite child good-bye, and went away to that far country from whose shores one never returns.

Pat crept downstairs, terrified and alone. The last guest had departed, but the disgusting remains of a party littered the floor. At the magnificent house-organ her father was playing and singing with drunken hilarity: "I've taken my fun where I found it———" Pat dropped

Miss Colleen Moore, who takes the part of Patricia Fentriss.

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softly to the floor, face down, and lay there unheeded far into the night.

. . . . . .

Patricia Fentriss was home from boarding-school where she had been for the last three years, and where she had painted her surroundings, if not red, at least an unholy pink. She had capered blithely from one love affair to another, and as a "necker," in her own vocabulary, she was a proficient artist. Pat had indulged in many "red kisses" since that first one—far too many—and never a "white" one in the lot. The "white kisses" one saved for—for—well, what? Pat hardly knew. Both of her sisters, married three and five years respectively, now held their husbands in, at best, a friendly contempt. Her father, who had been a somewhat promiscuous gallant even before her mother's death, was now at it harder than ever. No one in Pat's unconventional though well-born set had any respect for marriage. A spoiled, selfish, weak-willed, harmfully attractive lot of women, young in years but old as the Appian Way in sophistication, they openly flouted their husbands, and were in turn betrayed by them. No one seemed to care—much. "White kisses," then, weren't even to be saved for husbands. So Pat went her reckless gait unhampered by good example. No discipline of any sort was exercised over her. Dr. Bobs, it is true, made the effort, but it never had any result. Pat, it seemed, was going to what is inappropriately known as "the dogs," when a hand reached out suddenly to stop her.

Patricia Fentriss came trembling into her mother's room. "Dearest, don't leave Pat," she whispered, dry-eyed and frightened, and her head close to Mona's.

Cary Scott came over to America. He was unutterably shocked to find Mona Fentriss dead, and little Pat, of whom he had heard, grown up. As for that young person, she simply wallowed in a romantic sea of her own inventing. What if Cary would fall in love with her! She adored him from the start, but she only amused him. Pat tried all her little wiles, aired her bag of tricks, and added to the stock. They bored him! Pat was horrified and in a state bordering on terror. They had always worked before. If she had only known he was pretending to be bored!

As a matter of fact, his state of mind also bordered on terror. He was more than twice her age. He had loved her own mother. The thing was incredible—horrible. Besides, he was married. How could he be so attracted to her? She was just another of a full crop of flappers; shallow, artificial, utterly childish at heart for all their veneer of sophistication. How could he? Yet he was. There was no denying that. When Pat sidled over to him and rolled her eyes and primped up her lips, it cost him a positive pang to turn away. She looked so cunning doing it. She was such an impudent, roguish little elf, so worldly wise, so paradoxically innocent. Yes, there was no denying he was beginning to care. Any incipient attachment is half sad, half sweet, but it seemed to Scott that this one was all sad.

A sort of climax—or, rather, an anti-climax—precipitated itself one night after a wild—wilder than usual—party in one of the adjoining estates, where the guests, becoming bored with jazz and booze and loose conversation, had stripped then and there on the lawn and made for the bathing pool, in the flimsiest of under-garments. Scott was shocked, and so was Pat, inured as she was to utterly reckless behaviour. They crossed the lawn and entered the gate of Pat's home.

On the other side of their grounds another fête was in progress of quite a different nature. A select circle of guests sat primly on the terrace in the moonlight and listened respectably to a young violinist pour forth his soul on muted strings. Faint and far away the sweet strains came to Pat's ears. They paused under an arbour, moon-flecked and glamorous, as romantically unreal-looking as a stage set.

"Cary, dear," said Pat softly, but it was the first time she had ever called him Cary, "you'll have to watch out for me. I'll probably go all to pieces on your hands. I always do when I hear wonderful music———"

"I—I wish you would, you adorable witch!" exclaimed the man, swept off his feet by her elfin spell.

"Oh, you darling," breathed Pat, and put up her face and kissed him on the cheek. "There's a 'white kiss' for remembrance———"

Embarrassment seized her then and she started to run away, but two young men, slightly the worse for gin and vermouth, were crossing the lawn from the other house.

"Treechie's place, isn't it?" asked one.

"Yes," answered the other. "She's a cute little number, but a bit too easy to kiss to suit me. I don't go in strong for inhibitions, but a little reserve is a charming thing. Treechie hasn't———"

"Treechie?" queried Cary Scott, looking at Pat in wonderment. Her eyes filled suddenly with humiliated tears. She flushed crimson and slowly the colour faded until she was as pallid as the moonlight. She hung her head like a guilty child. "It's my nickname," she whispered.

"I see," said Cary, shortly, thinking of the white kiss.

"Don't look at me like that, Cary," begged Pat. "You're the only one I—I—have any respect for. You make me so ashamed. You make the things I've done seem so cheap and common. I'm going to cut it all out. I am, I am, Cary. Come back to-morrow—I can't stand any more to-night."

She went straight to her mother's room, locked the door and opened the wall safe. Nothing had been touched in this room. Here, quiet reigned serene and aloof from the rest of the big house, where reckless gaiety still screamed far into most of the nights. She took out the little bundle of letters that dear old Bob had faithfully written to her dead mother. She had often seen him up here at her mother's desk. Indeed, she and he were the only ones who ever came near the room. Apparently it meant nothing to her father and less to her shallow sisters. But Pat loved it. She hadn't read any of the letters for a long time, and she needed the warm friendship that betrayed itself in Bob's finely written pages about her.

But they were different in tone. She read through the last few rather breathless. Here and there a sentence arose from the paper and slapped her burning cheek. "...

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headstrong little fool! . . . Even her own fast set is talking about her . . . very popular, but at what a price! . . . indiscriminate kissing . . . petting parties . . . where will it end? Oh, Mona, Mona, your Pat needs you. . . . There's better stuff in her than in Dee or Connie. She's worth saving . . . but she is behaving badly . . . cheap . . . at times, like a demi-mondaine . . ."

Pat sank to the floor a limp bundle of inarticulate woe. Her humiliation was complete. Cary Scott would probably not come back at all. And she could not blame him. She had taken her fun where she found it, and now love must pass her by. For Pat knew it was love that she felt for Carry Scott. Yes, it was love—and it was too late.

But little Pat was mistaken. Carry Scott did come back in the morning, a grave but determined man she hardly knew.

"We must be sober, Pat," he said after one swift irresistible kiss.

Pat wriggled free of his arms. "Why?" she asked in surprise.

"You know I am married—"

"But, yes."

"It will take some time to get a divorce. I shall go immediately to Paris—"

"No, don't go away. You need not get a divorce. I—I wouldn't marry you, Cary."

"My dear!" exclaimed the man in surprise. Don't you love me?"

And Pat had difficulty explaining. With all the wisdom of her nineteen years, she had decided that marriage was a failure. It destroyed romance. It made a mock of happiness. It took away your liberty, your very entity, and gave you nothing in return. There were her two sisters, both wretched because they were married. There was her own father and mother. For that matter, there was Cary himself, who had been separated from his wife for years, having lived together only three of their total of fifteen. Modern marriage meant nothing anyway. Nearly everyone Pat knew had got a divorce, were contemplating a divorce, or hopelessly longed for a divorce. The remaining few who hadn't, weren't, and didn't, took lovers or mistresses as the case might be. She didn't see why they bothered to marry at all. She never meant to. She wouldn't face the inevitable disillusion and ghastly humdrum.

Cary was shocked, but a little amused. "Nevertheless, my dear child," he said looking Pat square in the eyes, "I shall spend the allotted time in Paris, and when I am free, I shall come back and marry you—whether you will or not."

"Oh, Cary," sighed Pat, not knowing whether to be thrilled or angered, and feeling a little of both.

. . . . . .

The girl closed her eyes and leaned back on the chaise-lounge perched like a throne in the middle of a big studio-room. Tapestries covered the walls; deep toned thick rugs carpeted the floor. There were flowers in great profusion, and their heavy sweet scent permeated to the far corners. There was an air of voluptuous languor about the room, an inexpressible sexual taint. There was very little light. Standing at the feet of the girl a pale young man stood caressing the strings of a violin which responded with utterly ravishing sounds. It was Leo Stenak, and the first time Pat had heard him was across the lawn that memorable night when she had given her first "white kiss" to Cary Scott.

Now Pat had been a little surprised when Cary had actually gone. And a little hurt. She had practically offered to become his mistress, and he had refused. Well, she would never marry him. But she loved him. Hateful old conventions! They stifled everything that was real and true—and—fundamental, Pat decided having just discovered the world. She wanted to be free, all in capital letters. Naturally she had been lonely after Carry had gone, and he had been gone a long time. Everyone else bored her to death. Her own crowd she had left flat. They seemed utterly vapid to her, which indeed they were. There never had existed any particular friendship between either her sisters or with her father, and Pat was too much an individual to have many real friends. She would watch her sisters impersonally with a slight antagonism, as though they were strangers. So she was lonely and bored, and you know about Satan's finding mischief for idle hands to do . . .

She remembered one day, the young musician whose playing had so moved her. The despised conventions did not hinder her here. She wrote to him and naturally he was flattered. He didn't believe in conventions either, and, what was the more remarkable, really practised what he preached. She went to his rooms often, and he played for her. Leo Stenak began to stand for something fine and free in Pat's life, a symbol of liberty greatly to be desired. She was coming under his spell, which truth to tell, had been exerted for many women and always successfully. Poor little Pat! Poor foolish little Pat! There was no one to help her now. She had cravenly locked the doors of her mother's room and refused to read any more of Dr. Bob's letters. There had been a scene, and she had told him the truth. He was shocked and disappointed into inactivity and left off coming over to the big house, so that even his slight influence was denied her.

Leo was weary of playing for Pat, just playing, that is. He had been pretty patient with this wild bird, but her capture was imminent. Leo did not believe in waiting too long, lest the tired heart could not enjoy what it had spent itself to gain. He had introduced her to his friends, who were likewise free—and easy. Pat had discarded flapperism for young intellectualism, and moved in a haze of new ideas. In other words, she had simply discarded one vicious circle for another. Everyone in this new set did something, or dabbled in something at any rate. The pose was the thing, with the gesture running it a close second. Pat longed to express herself in something. Merely to be different was the cult here, and so weirdly complete was the success of most of them that Pat found any sort of individuality hard to maintain. Their only similarity to the young things she had left behind her, lay in the fact that they both despised

". . . . headstrong little fool! . . . . even her own fast set was talking about her . . . . very popular, but at what a price! . . . . indiscriminate kissing . . . . petting parties . . . . where would it end?"

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marriage, only these new associates despised it openly. They didn't bother to marry, and this moral lapse, by a twisted and inverse reasoning, filled Pat with admiration. Well, given the opportunity, she, too, would be free.

Opportunity knocks but once, we are told, but the sort of opportunity Pat was looking for fairly beat a tattoo on her door. All right. She would be free. The obvious person then, to compass freedom with was Leo Stenak, who was growing restive anyway. Pat closed her eyes, stifled her instinctive protests and took the plunge. It was on a yachting trip party with Leo and an assorted group of his friends. They suddenly decided to take a cruise to the tropics, and Pat was persuaded to go along.

"You will be my little love on this trip?" Leo asked. "I can feel that you care, and as for me, I adore, I worship, I—I—desire you."

Pat was thrilled in spite of herself. Her demurring was only half-hearted.

"Marriage," went on Leo, encouraged beyond measure," is not for us. We are more advanced. We have evolved. Our ideas have crystallized into the clear waters of right thinking, that is, correct thinking, no morals being involved. We have passion and romance in our souls, dreams and visions in our heart and—common sense in our minds. Is not that so?"

"Yes, of course," agreed Pat, although it really didn't sound very sensible to her.

And several weeks later Pat was on board a magnificent pleasure yacht bound for the tropics, shut up in a stateroom with Leo Stenak. There were three other couples along, none of them married, at least not to each other. The realisation made Pat a little sick. Even being free had its price. It seemed to be self-respect. The yacht was still at anchor, and Pat resisted a wild impulse to order the power launch and get back to shore. No. She would see it through now. Only stupid, ignorant, middle-class people were afraid of this sort of thing. Men like Cary Scott—but as quickly as the thought, there rushed into her consciousness the denial. She stopped thinking about Cary Scott. It was too disturbing. She looked at Leo rather closely, for the first time. He was standing before the mirror examining the part in his hair. He had taken his coat off, and the intimacy of that flared into an acute resentment on Pat's part. He turned around and looked at her and smiled. Now, she felt quite sick—and frightened. He came towards her and terror rose in her like a flood. She had had other men approach her with that look in their eyes, but this was different, somehow. She knew the end would not be more or less harmless kisses.

"Don't touch me," she cried shrilly, backing away.

Leo was honestly surprised and undeniably annoyed. "My dear lady," he murmured.

"I—I can't stay," said Pat. "If you touch me, I'll die."

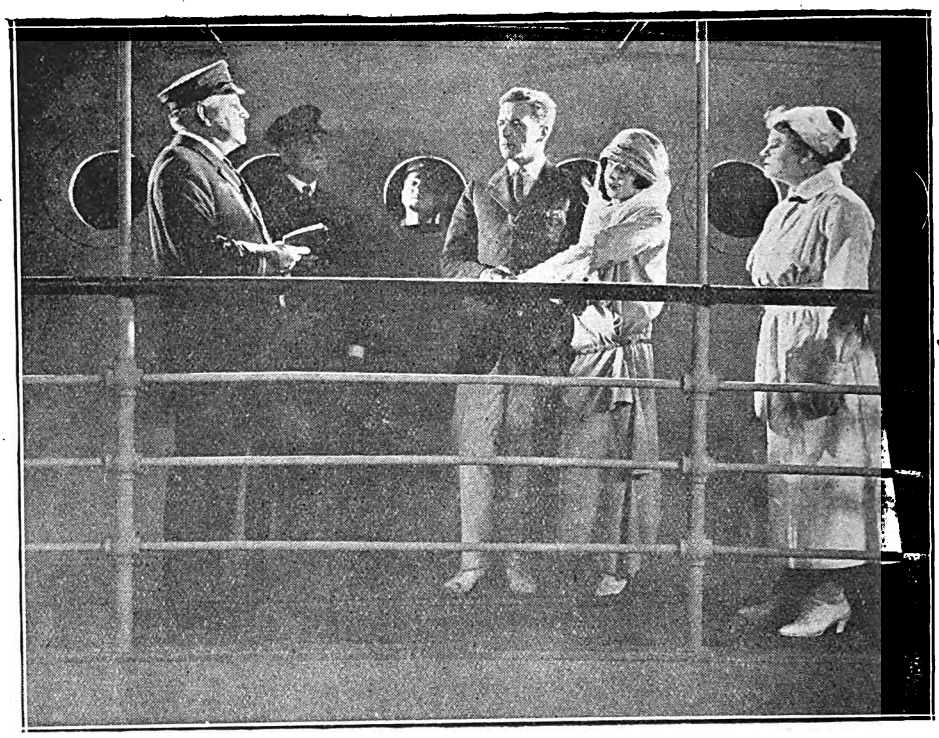
"Don't be absurd," objected Leo. "Don't tell me you're going to pull a fit of temperament at this stage of the game"

"Call it anything you like, but I must be put ashore," answered an almost hysterical girl.

"Ashore nothing! We are under way. It can't be done now. Come, come. I can't be the first—"

He literally grabbed the girl, and she struggled like a wild thing. "You—you—" she faltered, and then Pat fainted, which was the most appropriately feminine thing she had ever done.

Stenak laid her none too gently on the berth and went for some water. Pat opened a wary eye, coast all clear. Then she unscrewed the heavy glass cover of the porthole, breathed a fervent, "Oh, Mother, Mother," and climbed through. Down, down, down . . . fathoms deep in the cold clear water . . . roaring and rushing . . . breathless . . . choked . . . strangled.



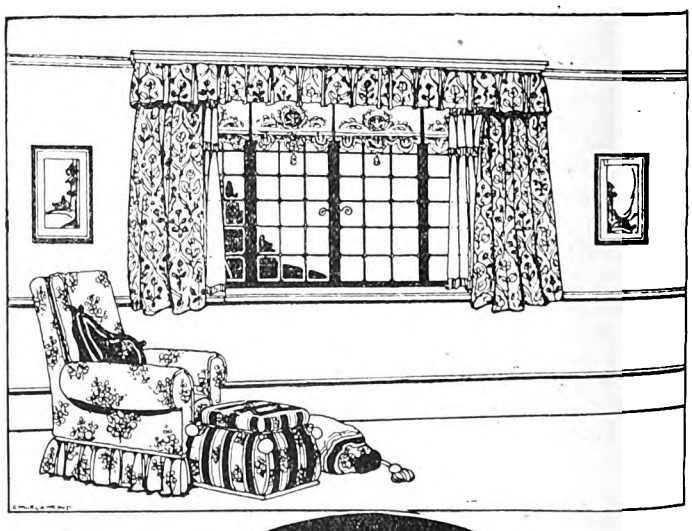
It was not far to the end of the trip, and what was happening aboard ship then was bringing the lovers nearer the realisation of their happiness.

"Oh, Cary, darling," said Patricia Scott as they leaned over the rail of a big ocean liner. "I thought I'd never want to see the water again after—after—oh what if they hadn't pulled me out and sent me home to you!" She moved within the circle of his arm. "But they did and you were back and oh, I love it now. I feel safe with you. I'm happy to be married. I'm proud of the plain gold ring. I'm glad we got married on shipboard. I love the ship's chaplain. I love everybody. I love everything. I love—love—love—"

"Dear little heart," said Cary Scott and held her tighter. "This is worth waiting for, and striving for, and sacrificing for."

"Yes," whispered Pat, her lips against his cheek, "but, now that you'v got me, as a husband, you'll have to be most awfully on the job as a lover—there are so many men in the world—"

But Cary Scott was not afraid.



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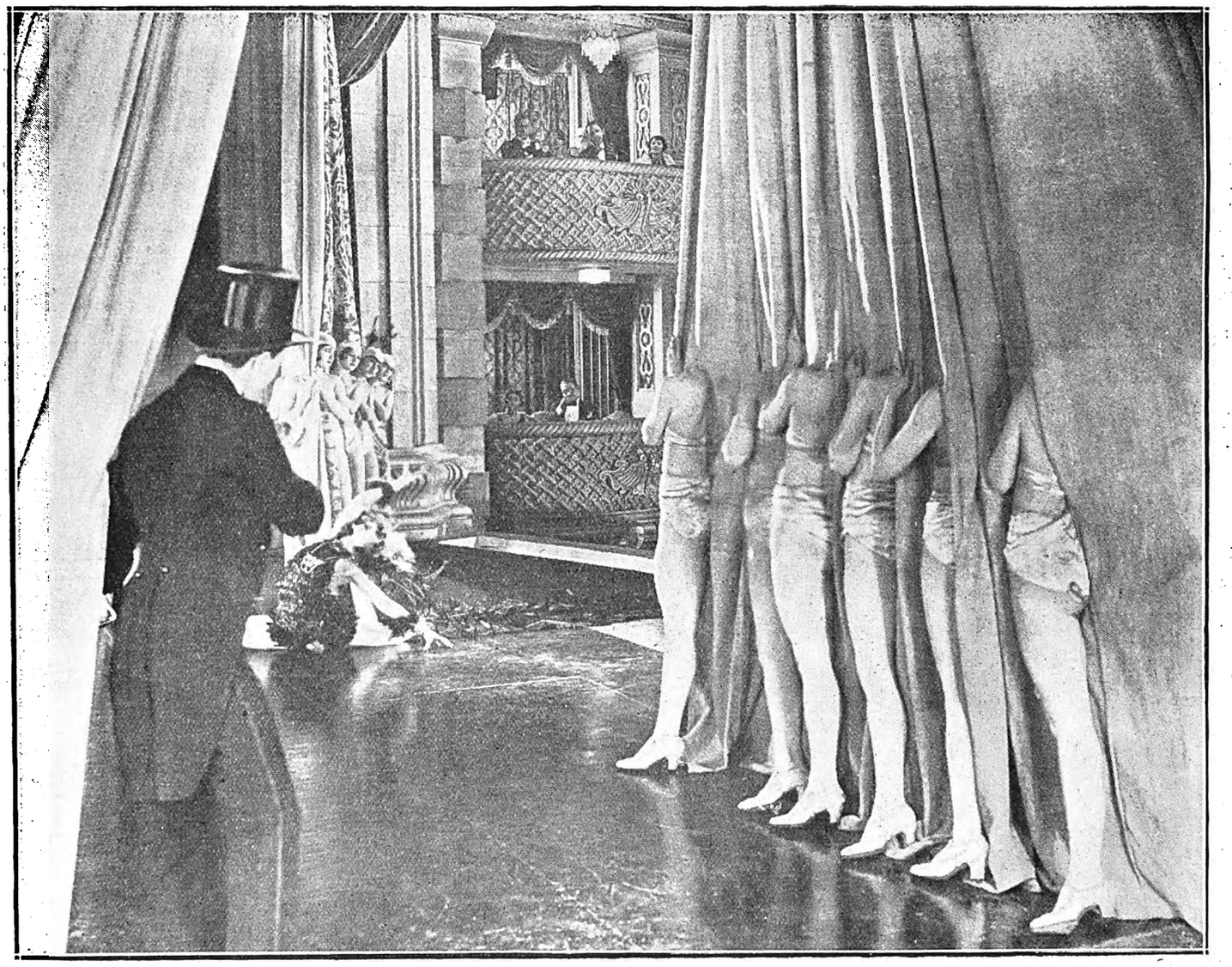

A scene from the wings. Leo White is the young man gazing in fond admiration on the players. The lady in the dance pose is Rosemary Theby. The other ladies? We don't know their names, but they're part of the supporting cast in First National's "One Year to Live."

Maskelyne's.

Captain Clive E. Maskelyne will be appearing at the Criterion, Durban, on the same bill as the Graham Brothers, on June 15th.

The entertainment, which is known throughout the civilised world as "Maskelyne's," is unique. It was established in London in 1873 by John Nevil Maskelyne, the grandfather of Captain Clive Maskelyne, who, inheriting the remarkable talents of his father and grandfather, is well qualified to conduct "Maskelyne's Theatre of Mysteries," London.

When Captain Maskelyne is presenting some of his wonderful illusions out of London his place at headquarters is taken by his brother, Mr. Jasper Maskelyne. The two brothers have such a large repertoire of illusions that they could easily provide sufficient material for half-a-dozen programmes.

Having been established for over half a century "Maskelyne's" has come to be regarded as one of the "institutions" of London. A visit to London is not considered to be complete unless the visitor has attended at least one of these mysterious performances which, it is interesting to note, are given twice a day all through the year, except during Holy Week and a brief holiday in the summer.

The founder of the entertainment may be said to have invented the matinee performance, and for some years—until theatrical managers copied his example—he was able to advertise "Maskelyne's" as "the only entertainment in London this afternoon." To-day, in spite of modern competition, "Maskelyne's" is well able to hold its own, and the cause of its perennial success is easily explained.

The entertainment makes a very wide appeal. All children revel in it, and yet it is not designed solely for the amusement of children, for at the performances you will always find men and women of all ranks in life, of varying tastes, habits and occupations, but united for the time being in wishing to be "taken out of themselves" and to be transported to a fairyland of wonders.

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"Chu Chin Chow."

If I am telling you anything you know already, please excuse me!

"Chu-Chin-Chow" is based on the Arabian Nights legend of Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves. The story centres around the love of Omar and Zahrat, the slave girl portrayed by Betty Blythe, who are kidnapped by Abou Hassan, a bandit, who, in the guise of "Chu-Chin-Chow," lives a Robin Hood sort of life. Hassan uses Zahrat as a confederate in his intrigues. From this is developed a thrilling adventure story, screened with all the exotic beauty of the ancient East.

Of course, you may have seen the play when it was so splendidly staged in South Africa some little time back; you have probably been singing the "Cobbler's Song" ever since. But whether you have or not, you will surely go to see the film at the Vaudette, Krugersdorp, on the 17th and 18th June. Ten thousand people appear in "Chu-Chin-Chow," with Herbert Langley opposite Miss Blythe in the rôle of Abou Hassan, and Eva Moore, Randle Ayrton, Jameson Thomas, Judd Green, Jeff Barlow, Olaf Hytten, Doris Levis, and the dancer, Dacia, prominent in the large cast.

Mae Marsh will be the leading lady to Ivor Novello's hero when work is begun on the British film "The Rat." Miss Marsh is reported to be very pleased about this, saying she never enjoyed working with anyone so much as with Mr. Novello.

* * * * * *

Adolphe Menjou, the famous film star, is protesting against the parts he is called upon to play. Since he became famous as the blasé cynic in "A Woman of Paris" he has had a surfeit of these parts. The Famous Players Corporation apparently feel for him for they are soothing his feelings to the extent of increasing his salary of £400 a week to £700. Would that everyone's employers had the same delicate sense of justice!

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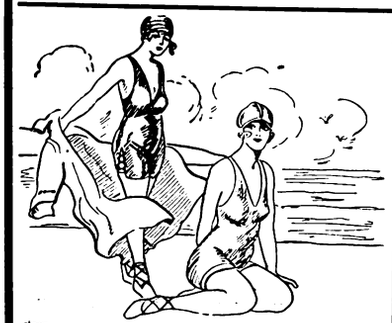

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Colombine and Company.

Take a marble hall made (probably) of canvas and wood—green tesselated with gold, take curtains of dull green figured with golden harps, take dim lights through which bright lights flicker and dance into mauves and soft, kind saffrons—take all these things and you have the ingredients for a scene of enchantment, a gentle scene to make a fitting casket for three dancing, whirling, wholly-joyous figures.

These are Annita Bronzi and the Farabonis, who will open at the Criterion, Durban, on the 22nd June.

They are Italians, and their manipulation of the English language is a constant trial to them.

Annita Bronzi.

But on the boards of the stage what does that matter? They speak a universal language with their feet and hands and eyes.

There is no one who cannot understand the pretty speeches and light poems which Annita Bronzi writes upon the stage with her two small feet.

Like Mercury, these feet of hers have wings. Had we but the right kind of eyes, we might even see them sprouting from her heels. But mortal eyes are strangely deficient in such accomplishments, and we have to take the wings for granted, being very sure that they are there invisibly.

They are veterans of the stage, these three; each one having started dancing when still thinking that seventeen is old age. Now they come to us perfectly in tune with music and rhythm and harmonious gesture.

We, of course, watching them from the front, cannot guess what hours they spent in practising glissade-stays, pas,-bäs. chassees, pliees and all the rest of the names which the French language has given to the steps in dancing.

We can conjecture that Annita Bronzi's small toes must have ached a good deal in the past that they might achieve the delight which is theirs now. I have rarely seen anybody —the greatest dancers included—who stood upon their toes with such sure poise and arched grace. Her toes, when she stands upon them, are in a straight line with her nose, and the two tiny feet go twittering across the stage like leaves in autumn blown about by a high wind.

So much for her feet. But there is more witchery still in her hands and arms. They speak and cry and sing—these arms of Annita Bronzi's. She makes no gesture that is not absolutely perfect and requisite. Nothing ungainly or superfluous about her gestures, but something appealing, at times a sadness and at times an ecstasy, emanates to the audience from these swaying arms of hers.

She has a way of turning her hands backwards, like white birds suddenly darting out in flight southwards.

In her dancing there is a mixture of languor and vivacity which catches the mind and sets it soaring from the keystone of that small figure down there on the stage.

The act of Annita Bronzi and the Farabonis is an excellent one and goes with a swing from start to finish. Each one of them knows his—or her—job thoroughly. There is no waiting while one or other changes a costume The whole thing is perfectly dovetailed and complete.

When the curtain first goes up on the pseudo-marble hall made of canvas, wood and paint—nevertheless a very charming hall—we see a wild, whirling figure gyrating like a dervish in the centre of the stage.

This is one of the Farabonis Brothers. He is clad in very little. A short waistcoat, Turkish shoes and a pair of balloon-like Turkish trousers which belly out like sails in a harbour storm as he twists and twirls frantically. This member of the troupe can also do marvellous things with a tambourine. In his hands this instrument is not merely a piece of wax paper stretched upon a wooden ring with chiming pieces of tin strung about the whole. It is more than that. It is a living thing. Even when he knocks it with his elbow he achieves a kindlier chink of sound than that achieved by an ordinary tambourinist. He has caught the mastery of the Eastern women who turn their tambourines into vital rings of music as they dance in their pattering bare feet.

With a last whirl and a bow he is gone, and we have suddenly before us a pair of dancers. The man, a gipsy or a bandelero from Spain. Whatever he is, he has southern, adventuring blood in his veins, inherited probably from some Spanish dagger-throwing ancestor who roamed the world.

And the other—no other than Annita Bronzi—in her slim red gown, which makes her a slender silhouette against the green of the "marble" hall.

This is a dance of love and courtship—a dainty thing, beautifully danced.

Surrounded each by a white spotlight, which throws their mingled shadows upon the floor of the stage, they trip and turn and fly and leap in a merry, wooing measure. The two spotlights merge into one as they dance together, but as the dancers separate, so the lights become two again, until at last the music swings up into the finale, the birds, which are Annita Bronzi's feet, skim lightly over the stage and are suddenly in the air as she is held aloft by her triumphant gipsy.

After that it is her turn. This time she has the stage to herself. No bandelero now, no twirling Turk with an insidious tambourine, she dances with a far less material but far more graceful partner than either of these—her own shadow generously placed there for her delight by the spotlight.

Now she is in blue and looking like a moonbeam which has lost its way on earth instead of going back to the moon when the sun comes up. Blue and white and silver she is as she dances enchantingly with that black, fantastic shadow of herself.

Will it catch her? Yes. No. She flies from it, but still it follows her. Will she elude it in the deep darkness at the back of the stage? Ah, she has lost it, it has disappeared in the darkness. But then the spotlight finds her again and mercilessly brings her shadow back to her. It is a well-fought fight: girl and shadow racing for the goal, neither outrunning the other. It is difficult to choose between them, as they are both so lovely. But at last the big chords that cry "finale" come from the orchestra, and presently both of them are bowing to the storm of applause from the audience.

Now the bandelero comes back again to gyrate busily with the laughing Turk. But this is merely to fill in time until the *piece de resistance* of the act is made ready.

Annita Bronzi again. But this time she has cast off her slim silhouetting gowns of red and blue. She is not a modern maiden, nor a moon lady this time, but Colombine—she who has stirred the pens of poets through all time and incited musicians to sweet song.

A mauve Colombine, this, with violets tucked into the folds of her frothing gown and violets dropping from her wrist. This is the best of all. She stands upon her toes, and her heels do not touch the floor again until the dance is over.

A most delicious Colombine. But I must leave you to judge her for yourselves, since she and the two Farabonis are due here in South Africa shortly.

This is their first trip southwards, and I am sure that the flying feet of these three will dance no less happily and beautifully upon the stages of South Africa than they do upon English and Continental stages.

RED DAISY TEA IS THE BEST—TRY IT.

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Johannesburg Programmes for Week Commencing Monday, June 15.

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Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2.30 p.m.
African Theatres, Ltd., present the World-Famous English Company,
The Celebrated Macdona Players,
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BERNARD SHAW REPERTORY,
"MAN AND SUPERMAN."
A Comedy and a Philosophy.
Booking at the Carlton Hotel and all Reef Theatres.

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Nightly at 8.15.
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African Theatres, Ltd., present
FREDA GODFREY,
Heading a Specially Selected London Company,
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"SPRING CLEANING."
By Frederick Lonsdale.
A Brilliant, Witty Comedy, produced by Geo. Montford.
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Nightly at 8 o'clock.
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 3 p.m.
COMMENCING MONDAY, JUNE 15:
"CAPTAIN BLOOD."
From the novel by Rafael Sabatini.
The Greatest Love Story ever told, with **J. Warren Kerrigan, Jean Paige,** and All-Star Cast.
Advance Booking at the Theatre, Jeppe Street. 'Phone 3609.

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"The Place Where Everyone Goes."

Two Shows Nightly at 7 and 9.
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 3 p.m.
Vaudeville for the Week:
WILMA AND GARCIA. BROUGHTON AND CREEDON.
Photo-Play:
COMMENCING MONDAY, JUNE 15:
A Special Feature Photo-Play—"THE LOVE MASTER,"
with **Strongheart,** the Wonder Dog.
"Dogs know things that are hidden from mere humans."

CARLTON THEATRE
(AFRICAN THEATRES, LTD.)

Daily at 3, 7 and 9.
MON., TUES. and WED., JUNE 15, 16 and 17:
"TRUXTON KING," featuring **John Gilbert** and **Ruth Clifford.**
THURS., FRI. and SAT., JUNE 18, 19 and 20:
"LET NOT MAN PUT ASUNDER," from the famous novel by Basil King, starring **Pauline Frederick** and **Lou Tellegen.**

PALLADIUM
(AFRICAN THEATRES, LTD.)

Daily at 2.30, 7 and 9.
MONDAY and TUESDAY, JUNE 15 and 16:
"THE ETERNAL CITY," featuring **Lionel Barrymore, Barbara La Marr** and **Bert Lytell.** Adapted from the novel by Sir Hall Caine.
WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY, JUNE 17 and 18:
"THE EAGLE'S FEATHER," featuring **James Kirkwood** and **Mary Alden.**
FRIDAY and SATURDAY, JUNE 19 and 20:
"THE BACHELOR DADDY," featuring **Thomas Meighan.**

TIVOLI THEATRE
FORDSBURG.
(AFRICAN THEATRES, LTD.)

Two Shows Nightly at 7 and 9.
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 3 p.m.
MONDAY and TUESDAY, JUNE 15 and 16:
"SHOOTIN' FOR LOVE," starring **Hoot Gibson.**
WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY, JUNE 17 and 18:
"OVER THE BORDER," featuring **Betty Compson.**
FRIDAY and SATURDAY, JUNE 19 and 20:
"SOFT BOILED," starring **Tom Mix.**

EMPIRE PALACE
(AFRICAN THEATRES, LTD.)

Nightly at 8.15.
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Sixth Week of the Song and Dance Show,
"SALLY"
Book and Lyrics by Guy Bolton and Clifford Grey.
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(AFRICAN THEATRES, LTD.)

Nightly at 8 o'clock.
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 3 p.m.
MONDAY and TUESDAY, JUNE 15 and 16:
"LAWFUL LARCENY," featuring **Hope Hampton** and **Conrad Nagel.**
WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY, JUNE 17 and 18:
"RAINBOW RANGERS," starring **Pete Morrison.**
FRIDAY and SATURDAY, JUNE 19 and 20:
"BLUEBEARD'S EIGHTH WIFE," with **Gloria Swanson** and All-Star Cast.

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DOORNFONTEIN.
(AFRICAN THEATRES, LTD.)

Nightly at 8 o'clock.
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 3 p.m.
MONDAY and TUESDAY, JUNE 15 and 16:
"SPORTING YOUTH," featuring **Reginald Denny.**
WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY, JUNE 17 and 18:
"THE LIGHTS OF NEW YORK," featuring **Estelle Taylor.**
FRIDAY and SATURDAY, JUNE 19 and 20:
"THE SPOILERS," starring **Milton Sills** and **Anna Q. Nilsson.**

PALACE THEATRE
VREDEDORP.
(AFRICAN THEATRES, LTD.)

Nightly at 8 o'clock.
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 3 p.m.
MONDAY and TUESDAY, JUNE 15 and 16:
Special Attraction—"WOMAN TO WOMAN," featuring **Betty Compson.**
Also **"WITH THE PRINCE OF WALES IN WEST AFRICA."**
WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY, JUNE 17 and 18:
"THE BACHELOR DADDY," starring **Thomas Meighan.**
FRIDAY and SATURDAY, JUNE 19 and 20:
"THE ROOF TREE," featuring **William Russell.**
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Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 3 p.m.
MONDAY and TUESDAY, JUNE 15 and 16:
"GEORGE WASHINGTON, JUNIOR."
WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY, JUNE 17 and 18:
"A MAN OF ACTION."
FRIDAY and SATURDAY, JUNE 19 and 20:
"FOR SALE."

PALACE THEATRE
TURFFONTEIN.
(AFRICAN THEATRES, LTD.)

Nightly at 8 o'clock.
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 3 p.m.
MONDAY and TUESDAY, JUNE 15 and 16:
"THE EAGLE'S FEATHER," featuring **James Kirkwood** and **Mary Alden.**
WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY, JUNE 17 and 18:
"A CALIFORNIA ROMANCE," starring **John Gilbert.**
FRIDAY and SATURDAY, JUNE 19 and 20:
"OVER THE BORDER," with **Betty Compson** and **Tom Moore** in the cast.

BROADWAY THEATRE
ROSETTENVILLE.
(AFRICAN THEATRES, LTD.)

Nightly at 8 o'clock.
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 3 p.m.
MON., TUES., WED. and THUR., JUNE 15, 16, 17 and 18:
"SOFT BOILED," featuring **Tom Mix.**
FRIDAY and SATURDAY, JUNE 19 and 20:
Special Feature—"WOMAN TO WOMAN," with **Betty Compson** and All-Star Cast.

Capetown, Durban and East London Programmes for Week Commencing Monday, June 15.

TIVOLI THEATRE
CAPETOWN.
(AFRICAN THEATRES, LTD.)

Nightly at 8.15.
Matinees Thursday and Saturday at 2.30 p.m.
COMMENCING WEDNESDAY, JUNE 17:
Vaudeville:
FEMINA QUARTETTE. BARKER AND WYNN.
LES STORKS.
Photo-Play:
"THE FIGHTING COWARD."
Adapted from Booth Tarkington's story. The Greatest Romantic Comedy ever Screened.

ALHAMBRA THEATRE
CAPETOWN.
(AFRICAN THEATRES, LTD.)

Nightly at 8 o'clock.
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 3 p.m.
MON., TUES. and WED., JUNE 15, 16 and 17:
"THE WANDERING JEW." Adapted from E. Temple Thurston's famous stage play. Presenting **Matheson Lang** and **Hutin Britton.**
THURS., FRI. and SAT., JUNE 18, 19 and 20:
"THE ETERNAL THREE," with **Hobart Bosworth, Claire Windsor** and **Bessie Love.**

GRAND THEATRE
CAPETOWN.
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Daily at 3 and 8.
MON., TUES. and WED., JUNE 15, 16 and 17:
"THE BREATH OF SCANDAL," featuring **Betty Blythe, Forrest Stanley** and All-Star Cast.
THURS., FRI. and SAT., JUNE 18, 19 and 20:
"DON'T CALL IT LOVE," starring **Agnes Ayres, Rita Naldi** and **Jack Holt.**

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Nightly at 8 o'clock.
Matinee every Saturday at 3 p.m.
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Photo-Plays:
MON., TUES. and WED., JUNE 15, 16 and 17:
"WOMAN PROOF," featuring **Thomas Meighan.**
THURS., FRI. and SAT., JUNE 18, 19 and 20:
"HIS CHILDREN'S CHILDREN," starring **Bebe Daniels.**

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Special Feature—"MOON OF ISRAEL," with All-Star Cast. A stupendous production, with 25,000 people in many of the scenes.

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Nightly at 8 o'clock.
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MON., TUES. and WED., JUNE 15, 16 and 17:
Special Feature Film—"IF WINTER COMES," starring **Ann Forrest** and **Percy Marmont.** Adapted from A. S. Hutchinson's novel of the same name.
THURS., FRI. and SAT., JUNE 18, 19 and 20:
"THREE WOMEN," featuring **Pauline Frederick, May McAvoy** and **Lew Cody.**

GAIETY BIOSCOPE
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Nightly at 7.30 and 9.
Matinees Wednesday at 3.30 p.m. and Saturday at 3 p.m.
MONDAY and TUESDAY, JUNE 15 and 16:
"THE SILENT PARTNER," featuring **Leatrice Joy** and **Owen Moore.**
WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY, JUNE 17 and 18
"THE FOOTLIGHT RANGER," starring **Charles Jones.**
FRIDAY and SATURDAY, JUNE 19 and 20:
"POISONED PARADISE," featuring **Kenneth Harlan, Clara Bow** and **Carmel Myers.**

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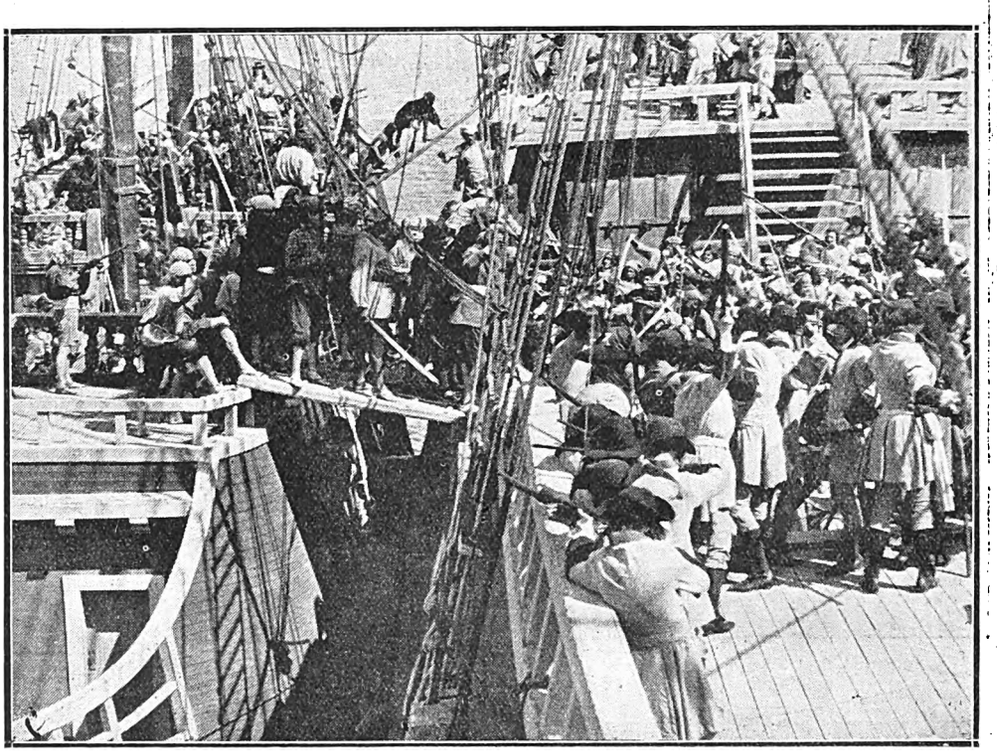
Captain Blood.

Many of our readers will remember the very excellent illustrated story of "Captain Blood" we were enabled to give a few weeks ago, and will be interested to know that the film is now coming to the Bijou Theatre, Johannesburg, on June 15 for one week. In "Captain Blood" Rafael Sabatini has given us one of the greatest love stories ever told. J. Warren Kerrigan is a handsome Captain, Jean Page takes the part of Arabella Bishop, and with Charlotte Merriam and James Morrison are only a few in a splendid cast.

Easily one of the most spectacular and thrilling occurrences in the film circles for years, it is a story of buccaneering days of the Spanish Main, one of the most romantic and adventurous epochs of the world. And the reader is taken into the atmosphere of the time, and is made to realise all its vivid charm, yet skilfully kept from being nauseated by its brutality. The best thing about it is that it is an imposing tale, a wonderful yarn. The reader is not interested in its descriptions, in its literary values, in its English, in this or that; he is interested in Captain Blood, and before he gets through he is better acquainted with Captain Blood than he is with his neighbour who lives next door. Peter Blood is a young Irish physician who, because he gives medical aid to a follower of the Duke of Monmouth in his rebellion against King James, is condemned as a slave to the Barbadoes by the cruel Lord Jeffreys. During an attack on the West Indies colony by the Spaniards, who sack the town, Blood and his fellow rebels-convict capture the enemy's galleon and sail for Tortugo, rendezvous of the pirates. Blood leaves behind the girl he loves, Arabella, niece of the Governor. The rebels-convict organise, and Blood becomes the leader of the buccaneers.



Boarding the pirate vessel of "Captain Blood."

His name is terror to all who sail the West Indies seas. Captain Blood joins the French flag and is tricked by the avaricious admiral of the fleet. His persecutor, King James, is dethroned, and Blood enlists under the English flag. He pursues the French traitor and in a terrific sea fight saves Port Royal for England and rescues Arabella from the besiegers.

Strongheart, the wonder dog of the screen, showing at the Orpheum, Johannesburg, June 15th.

A Kid Must Eat.

Gems of humour often fall from the lips of youth. In "Truxton King" there is a love scene between John Gilbert, in the title role, and Ruth Clifford, who plays Lorraine. Mickey Moore in the character of the young Prince Robin is supposed to warn them that Lorraine's fiancé is approaching. Mickey was hungry then and the director was taking special pains to give the proper shade of emphasis to the scene. He went over each detail carefully to impress the youngster with the necessity of doing them correctly. So, when Mickey gave the warning, "The Count is coming," nobody murmured when he added, "And if we don't all beat it, the restaurant will close in ten minutes and we'll go without dinner."

"Truxton King" will be shown at the Carlton Bioscope, Johannesburg, on June 15, 16 and 17.

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"The Fighting Coward."

Fare at the Tivoli.

The Capetown Tivoli, commencing June 17th, will show "The Fighting Coward," adapted from Booth Tarkington's latest and greatest stage comedy success "Magnolia."

Ernest Torrence and Mary Astor head the cast, and I have only to tell you that James Cruze, who produced "The Covered Wagon," has produced it, to interest you at once.

On the same date there will be three vaudeville acts, the Femina Quartette, pretty girls who sing and play wonderfully, headed by Estelle Mark, Barker and Wynne, great favourites wherever they have been, and Les Storks, about whom you will read if you turn over the pages of this paper.

"The Eternal Three."

The ingratitude of humanity and the devotion of a life to others is the theme of the story which will be flashed on the screen at the Alhambra, Capetown, on the 18th, 19th and 20th June.

The problem propounded by Marshall Neilan for his characters to work out in their actions is a fascinating one. Dr. Walters, a famous surgeon, takes a young bride who becomes fascinated by his charming, graceless foster son, Leonard. The young man's weakness for a pretty face causes him to forget filial devotion and he arranges to elope with Mrs. Walters. In his mad haste to reach the trysting place he meets with an accident which sends him to the hospital, facing a delicate operation on the brain.

Dr. Walters has learned of the affair between his wife and his foster son just before he is called upon to perform the operation which will save Leonard's life—and restore him to Mrs. Walters. By an undetected twist of the knife, during the operation, Leonard can be removed from the surgeon's path, giving him a chance to win back his bride and his lost happiness. How Dr. Walters meets this situation and what comes of it forms the stirring and unexpected climax of the picture.

Claire Windsor, Hobart Bosworth, Bessie Love, Tom Gallon and Raymond Griffith are some of the stars in this powerful drama of a man who made beautiful women his prey.

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Cutex Liquid Polish is obtainable at 2s. 6d. at all chemists and stores, and it also comes in two of the complete manicure sets.

Cutex sets are in four sizes—the "Compact," the "Five Minute," the "Travelling," and the "Boudoir," at all chemists and stores.

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The Madcap Cyclist.

"I don't know why they call me the Madcap," says Miss Dolly Victoria a little plaintively when asked for the origin of her name.

"I'm not really careless or reckless, if they only knew. I have absolute control of my machine. I suppose they call me that because I seem to them to be doing very daring things.

"Still, it doesn't matter much what the public calls one as long as it likes one. And I have always found it very kind to me.

"You see, I have been on the stage ever since I was a very small girl. I started in the circus. My people were all cyclists, and when I was three I felt very out of it when they all went careering into the ring on their wheels and I was left to cry my eyes out in the caravan.

Miss Dolly Victoria and brother.

"So eventually they had a tiny little bicycle made for me, and at the age of three I kissed my hand to my first public. No, I can't remember my emotions that night. I do not think I enjoyed the applause half so much as I loved my little bicycle and the fun of riding round the ring after the big cycles. That was a great night for me.

"Then I began to do bigger things as I grew older. I am an Australian, you know—born in Brisbane, but I have not lived in my home country very much, as I have been too busy travelling round the world to have time to settle down in one place.

"I have always loved the circus life, because it took me into strange countries. I suppose all circus people are born with the love of travelling in their blood. It is a lovely gipsy life and one has such splendid adventures. There is great joy in settling down for a few weeks in one place, but there is greater joy in going on again to new lands with new audiences to conquer.

"And yet, you know, I think that every travelling gipsy person wants a settled home really. Underneath their love of adventure and change lies that fundamental love for a home. That's how I feel about it, anyway.

"I have a sweet home in England, and my greatest joys are domestic ones. I love to go a-weeding in my own garden. I love my roses and my mignonette and my spring violets, and I like to tend them with my own hands.

"And I'm something of a cook, too. I like to think out new and strange dishes and then cook them myself. I pride myself on my housewifery and on being able, like all good housewives, to make something out of nothing.

"Sewing, too. I love that. So you see that, even though I have travelled over most of the civilised world, I am a home woman at heart.

"Yes, I have played and ridden my bicycle all over the world, I think. Most of the crowned heads have witnessed my act. Cycling is the most splendid exercise and keeps me beautifully fit.

"That's why I have looked forward to my trip to South Africa. I want to go cycling, not only on the stages of the principal towns, but also along the roads under the sunshine. The roads call me, and my home calls me, and, like a gipsy, I have to choose between them."

Miss Dolly Victoria admits that, though she dearly loves the stage, she will be quite happy when the time comes for hr to settle down, "probably at the south of France—Nice or Monte Carlo."

She loves gambling. Not for high, ridiculous stakes, but for the fun of the game. Her lucky number is seven and, though she has no "system" of playing, she always stakes something on that number, "just for luck." At Cairo once she won a large amount of money on her favourite seven.

Anybody who sees her cycling act will agree with the name her public has given her—"Madcap," for as she circles the stage on one wheel, or two wheels, as the case may be, with her wild hair flying out behind her, she looks just like a little girl playing truant from school and having a wild and splendid adventure.

Miss Victoria, *en passant*, is the wife of the famous Noni, the musical clown, and the mother of little Miss Noni, who, they hope, will one day be as well known as her father and mother. Time enough for that, however, since as yet she can only stand with the aid of a chair leg.

Meanwhile Dolly Victoria and brother will appear at the Grand, Pretoria, on June 15th, together with Noni and Horace.

"The Green Goddess."

In that wonderful film, the "Green Godess," which shows at the Appolo, Germiston, on the 15th, 16th and 17th June, Mr. George Arliss is the "Rajah of Rukh." Mr. Arliss is a very fine screen actor; in fact, he is acclaimed to be almost the greatest screen and stage actor of the generation.

With Mr. Arliss appears Alice Joyce—the beautiful favourite of millions, returning after an absence of two years—David Powell and Harry T. Morey. The action calls for the finest-edged portrayal of emotion on the part of these four. Mr. Olcott's direction of these distinguished players is superb. But, and this is mightily to his credit, he rises to equal heights in those great street rioting scenes when fanatic subjects of the Kingdom of Rukh storm the palace and temple towers, demanding the lives of the three English prisoners. Mr. Olcott evidently injected his fiery personality into each single member of that mob of more than 2,000 people as they fought back and forth, emphasizing one of the vital points of this gorgeous spectacle melodrama. As a matter of fact Mr. Olcott does the next best thing to individual coaching of mobs. Whenever a group of extras is assembled, no matter how large or small, he goes before them and with infinite care explains the entire action of the picture in process of production. He not only tells them what they are to do and how, but why. The bearing of their frenzy on the plot is made apparent to every member of the mob, and not until he is certain that they comprehend does he call for rehearsal and camera.

Mr. Olcott has had great experience with mobs both in screen life and in real life, and once, years ago, in the Holy Land, he nearly lost his life at the hands of fanatics who resented his presence there to take a motion picture. He had gone to Jerusalem for the shooting of "From the Manger to the Cross." One Sunday morning he was standing at St. Stephen's gate, preparing for a shot, when a crowd of natives rushed upon him with knives. He was saved after a desperate fight in which he was called upon to use his revolver. For the next two days Olcott was in great danger of his life.

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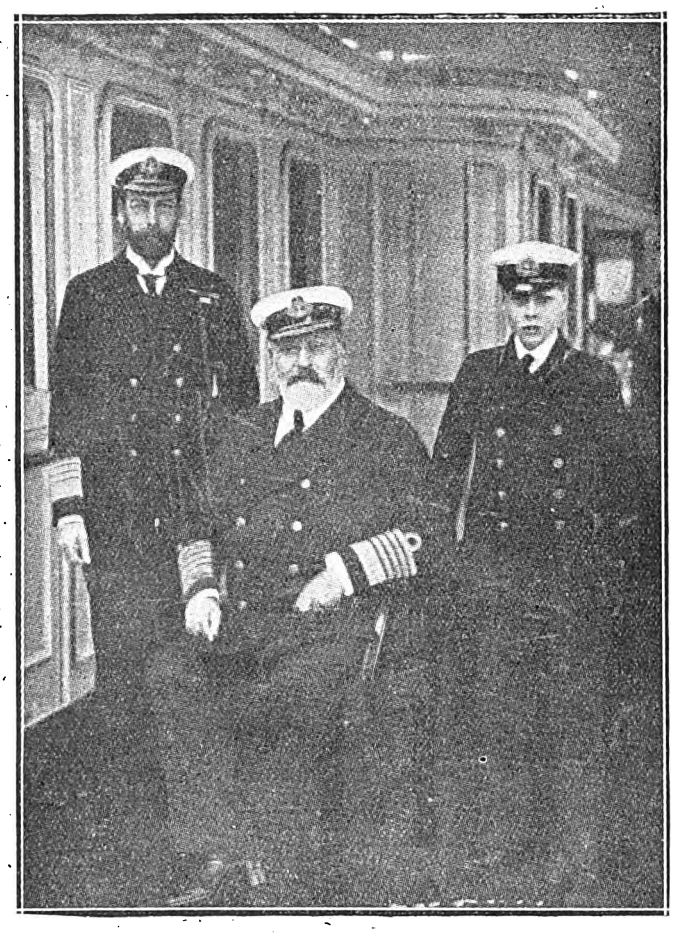
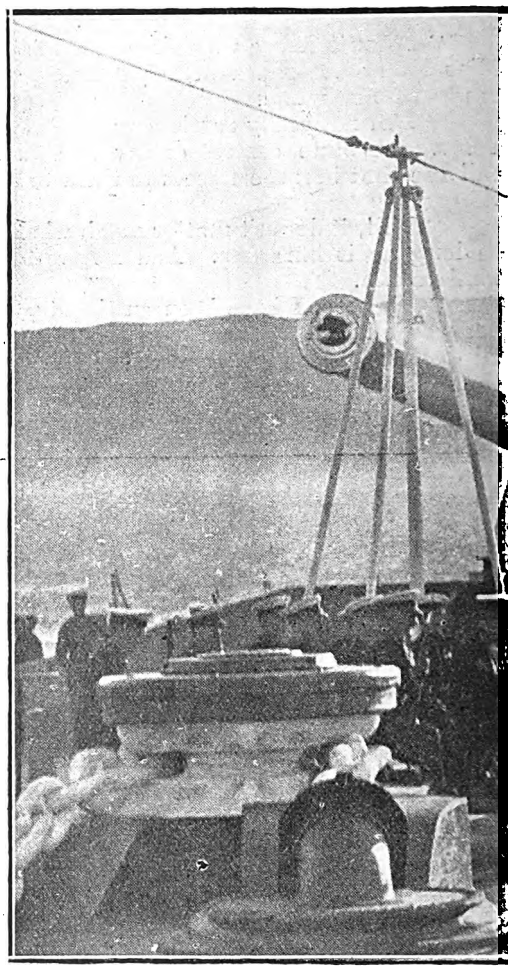
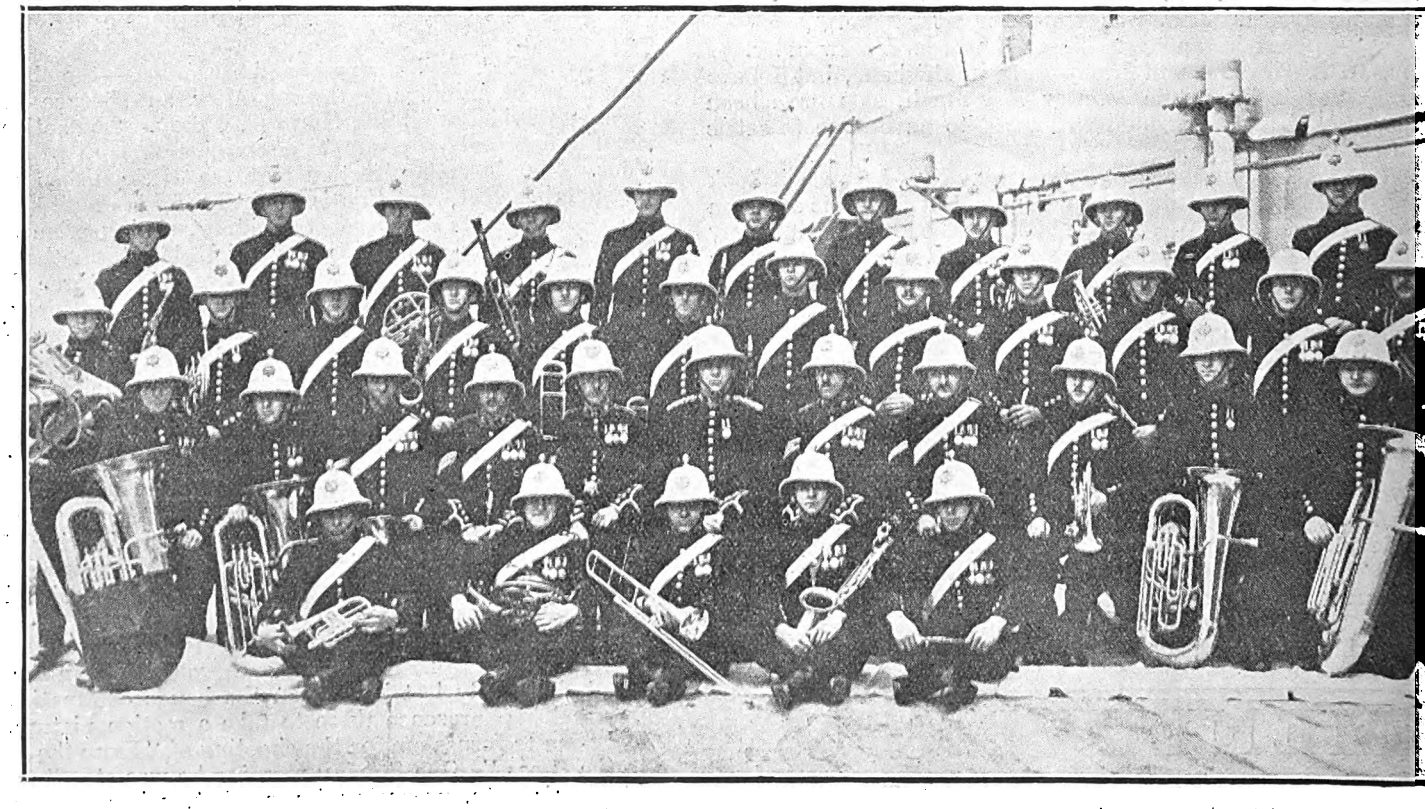


THREE GENERATIONS OF ROYALTY:
KING GEORGE, LATE KING EDWARD, H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.



THE ROYAL MARINES



THE HEADQUARTERS' BAND OF THE ROYAL MARINES, WHICH HAS BEEN SPECIALLY SELECTED TO ACCOMPANY H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES ON HIS S.A. TOUR.

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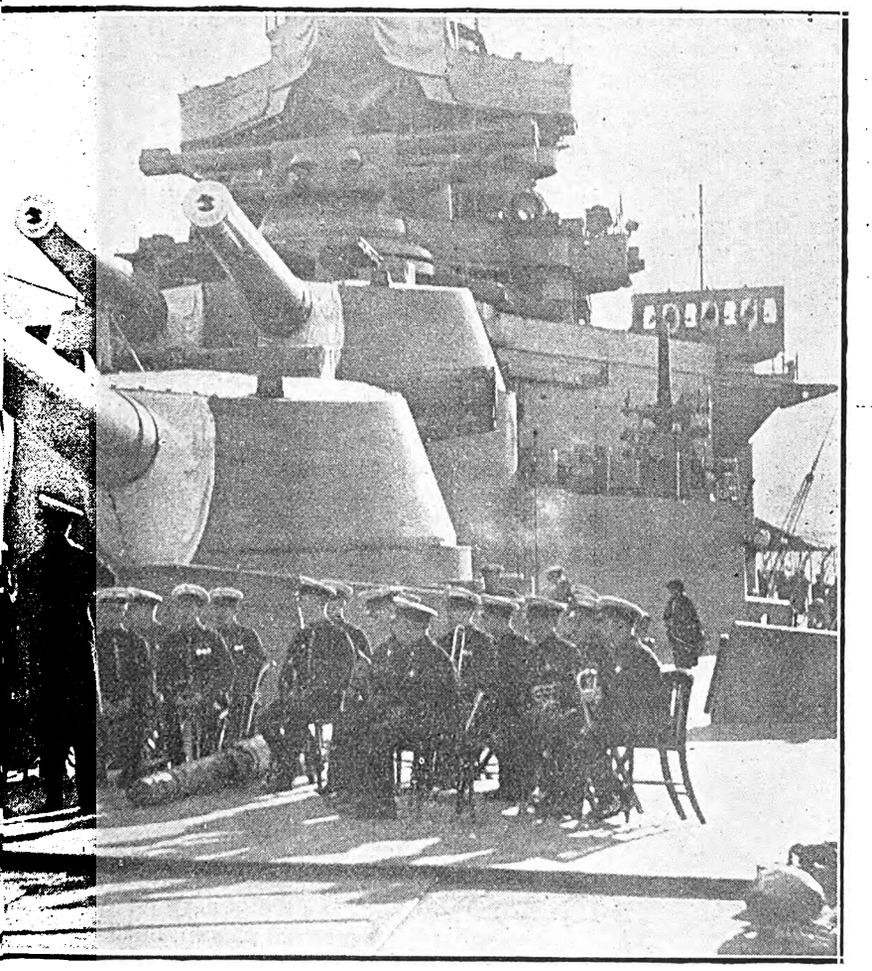


REHEARSING ON BOARD H.M.S. "REPULSE."
[*Photo by Akkersdyk, Capetown.*

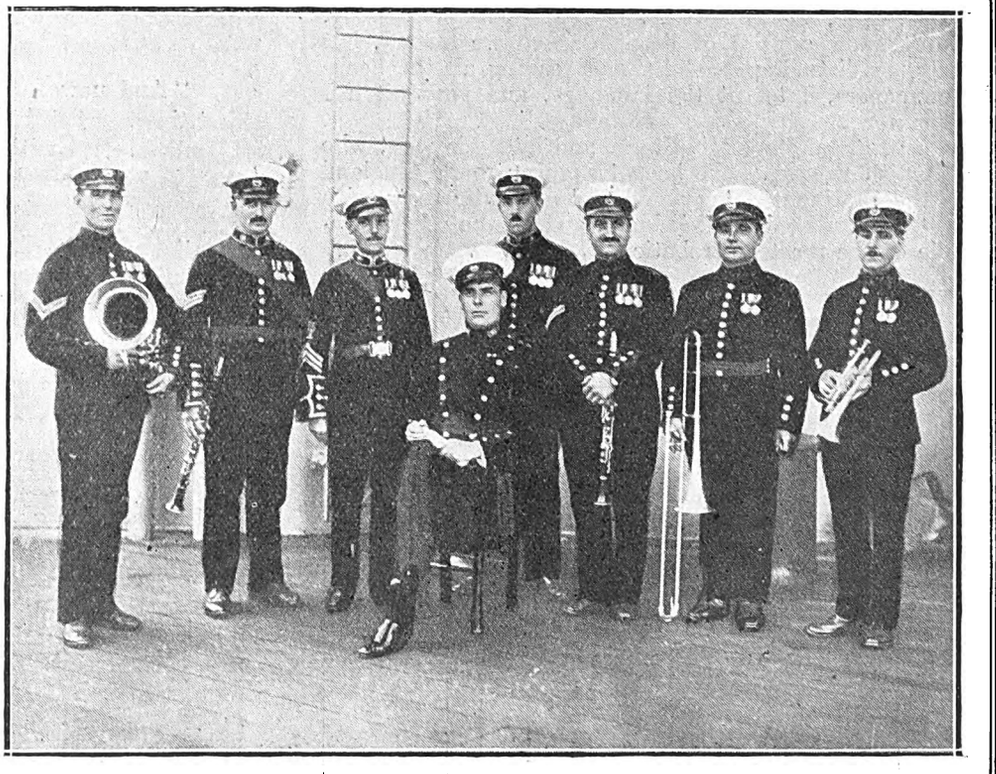
LIEUT. BERTRAM W. O'DONNELL, F.R.A.M., R.M., CONDUCTOR OF THE ROYAL MARINES BAND.

THE BAND OF HIS MAJESTY'S ROYAL MARINES

WHICH IS NOW

VISITING JOHANNESBURG.

H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.



LIEUT. B. W. O'DONNELL AND THE NON-COM. OFFICERS OF THE BAND.

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Tulip Town.

Mr. Derek Stork, of Holland!

And yet, I think, he might be called half English, since he has spoken English consistently for fifteen years—ever since he has been on the stage, in fact.

He admits that all his life he wanted to be a trapeze artist, but fate turned him unkindly into an upholsterer. His former life was taken up in padding chairs and arm-chairs and divans.

At night he and several of his Dutch comrades used to spend their hours between dinner and bedtime in a gymnasium in which they invented all sorts of strange and wonderful feats.

"One night," says Mr. Stork, "an English vaudeville manager happened to see us and he immediately booked two of us—myself and another—for two dates in England.

"Of course, we accepted, and I left off upholstering. We didn't know a word of English when we landed, but gradually, by listening carefully and reading all the books and newspapers, I learnt the language, and very often I am taken for an Englishman nowadays."

So for fifteen years Mr. Stork, and later his wife, who is an English woman, have been travelling round England and on the continent doing wonderful acrobatic feats with swings, trapezes, hoops and ladders, and all the other paraphernalia of the master acrobatic.

LES STORKS AT HOME IN HOLLAND.

From left to right: Mr. Derek Stork, his niece, his sister, his little boy and Mrs. Stork.

Now they are in South Africa.

Mr. Stork takes his name from the national emblem of the town of The Hague in Holland, which is a stork. In his own language his Christian name is spelt Dirk. But the English are apt to pronounce it as it is spelt, so he changed it to English spelling.

He is an ardent Dickensian—if one may coin a word which connotes "reader of Dickens." His favourite book in the world is "David Copperfield," and "Pickwick Papers" runs a good second.

"My ambition? Well, I have only one, and that is a very modest one. I want to make enough money to be able to retire from the stage and live in Holland or in France. I want a little house with tulips growing round it and a room full of books and a small garden for my little boy to play in. I think that is all."

Mr. Stork talks lovingly of his native Holland, which he still visits periodically. In fact, he says that all the flags are hung out (metaphorically) when he returns, and he gets a wonderful reception at the end of his act.

"Holland in the tulip time is, I think, one of the loveliest places in the world," asserts Mr. Stork. Crowds of people on bicycles ride out to the tulip nurseries—or maybe they go along the canals in barges, and help to pick the tulips. For twopence a man can have tulips strung round his neck and weighted over every possible part of his bicycle, and a few shillings will pay for the flower decoration of a whole barge.

"I have heard it said by some that Holland is damp. It may be, but I do not think that it is as damp as England. England is a fine place to play in, but not to live in. It is much too wet.

"I think, too, that acrobatic turns are more appreciated in Holland, Germany and France than they are in England. England likes us but she does not show her affection as openly as they do on the continent. Except in the northern towns; an acrobat gets a wonderful reception there. The midland people all like us enormously.

"And now I am seeing a southern country for the first time. I hardly know how I shall like it yet. However, I look forward with great pleasure to my tour. Not only that, but I hope I shall meet some of my own Dutch countrymen, so I shall not feel I am far from home.

"And when I go back I shall sit in my tulip garden in Tulip Town, and smoke a clay pipe and dream of the warm, sunny days in South Africa. Life is good!" Les Storks opens at the Tivoli, Capetown, on June 17th.

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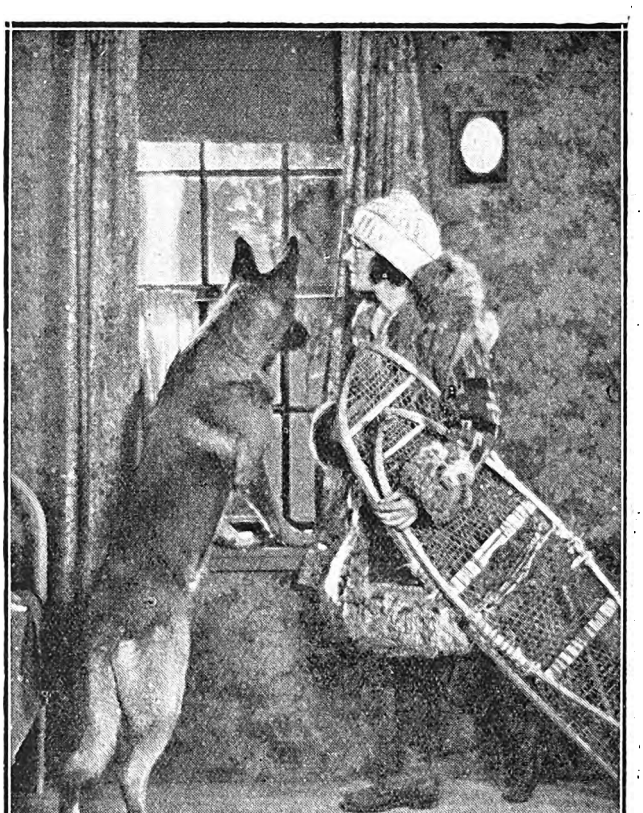
Strongheart.

Strongheart, the wonder dog of the screen, has made many friends; grown-ups and kiddies love him alike. In "The Love Master" he has the aid of another beautiful police dog—Lady Julie by name—and five of the cutest puppies that have ever broken into pictures. Despite the drama and the near tragedy of the story which unrolls on the screen, the production abounds with humour, and Strongheart and his family provide the big majority of the laughs. Strongheart's courting of Lady Julie, and the incidents which befall him when he fares forth with love in his heart brings heartier laughs than are usually the lot of pictures which are labelled comedy. The last laugh of the production, however, falls to one of the sons of Strongheart. Through the closing scenes he is busy trying to clamber up on a board to see what all the excitement is about, and when he finally gets up the excitement is all over and the picture fades out on one of the most puzzling looks a puppy has ever worn.

Strongheart has never been more delightful than he is in "The Love Master." He has more to do than in any other production he ever made, and he does it all well. He gains prestige as a comedian and then turns around and takes the leading role in a scene which for sheer drama excels anything that has ever been placed on the screen.

Lilian Rich and Harold Austin are two of the stars in the film, which will be shown at the Orpheum, Johannesburg, on June 15 to 20.

Wilma and Garcia, and Broughton and Creedon will be the vaudeville acts.



Strongheart in "The Love Master."

New Books.

Several books of interesting reading come from Herbert Jenkin's Colonial Library, and in their gay bindings, make an immediate attraction to the novel reader.

"The Masked Woman," by Johnstone McCulley, is the story of a Professor turned crook. James Salwick, professor and a bachelor, is tired of the inactive life he is leading and takes to the tortuous ways of the Underworld, where he meets a mysterious masked woman, Madame Madcap. He assists her to form a band of crooks, and together, they meet with many hair-raising adventures. "The Masked Woman" is well and brightly written.

"The Isle of Enchantment," by S. Andrew Wood, contains some very clever descriptions of the Mediterranean wound into a love story, which runs anything but smoothly. John Chatterton, a millionaire, is anxious to acquire the Island of San Martina and turn it into a modern Monte Carlo. A syndicate, headed by Count Leon de Barsac, have the same idea, and the Count and the millionaire are also rivals to the affections of Judy Kinsella. How Judy holds the island against the two of them makes a charming and interesting story that is very well written.

"In a Shallow Cup," by Phillippa Cook. The authoress takes the ever old theme of the Eternal Triangle, and treats it in a new and dramatic manner. How the happy married life of Harry and Audrey Lawrence is marred by the arrival of Zoe, and how Audrey pieces her ruined home together makes a thrilling tale.

Then come two books from John Lane, the Bodley Head, Ltd., very well got up and nicely bound.

"The Blue Diamond," by Annie Hayes, is a bright chattily written novel, with a strong crime story running through it. It tells the tale of a beautiful unknown girl who comes into a country family under remarkable circumstances, and of her connection with "The Blue Diamond." The heir, Sir Arthur Hargreaves, falls in love with her, and will hear no wrong of her, although circumstances in the end prove to be her undoing.

"The English Comic Characters," by J. B. Priestly, is a book that every library and every student should possess. Through its pages we read about old friends, Bully Bottom, Touchstone, Falstaff, the two Wellers, Dick Swiveller, Mr. Micawber, among others, all treated with a stimulating breadth of sympathy that shows the born critic. Mr. Priestly's work is splendidly got up and brilliantly written.

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"Don't Call It Love."

Everyone will be flocking to see "Don't Call It Love" when it is shown at the Grand Bioscope, Capetown, on the 18th, 19th, and 20th June, for it is a picture that is not only true to life, but charming and exquisitely appealing. Then there are the stars. What do you say to Agnes Ayres, Jack Holt, Nita Naldi, Theodore Roeloff, and Rod la Rocque? It is an interesting story.

Richard Parrish, a wealthy bachelor, loves Alice Meldrum, but becoming infatuated with Rita Coventry, a prima donna, he neglects Alice. Parrish and Rita go to a summer resort where the latter meets Patrick Delaney, a piano tuner. Rita, bored by Parrish's love-making, becomes interested in Delaney and throws Parrish over. Parrish's love for Alice revives, and he goes to her and is forgiven. Rita marries Delaney and they go abroad.

Of course, there are many fine situations, and you will see the picture offers wonderful possibilities.

No matter how much a man cares for a woman, he doesn't want her draped around his neck *all* the time. This is the excuse Parrish gives for the "white lie" that takes him to Rita Coventry.

Although we are told the film is "Don't Call it Love," this looks rather like Love, doesn't it?

The Royal Marine Band.

The centre pages of this week's issue contain the pictures of the Band of His Majesty's Royal Marines, which accompanied H.R.H. the Prince of Wales on the "Repulse," and is now touring the country. By the time this issue comes out many of our readers will have heard it in many centres, and many also at the Wanderer's Hall, where it gave such a splendid performance on the 10th, 11th, and 12th (last Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday).

The band is a headquarter band of the corps, stationed at Deal, and was specially selected to accompany His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales on his present tour.

The origin of the band is lost in the mists of antiquity, but early in the last century it was to be seen, dressed in scarlet trousers with white jackets, aigulettes, and wonderful hats with still more wonderful plumes, playing for the changing of the guard on the old Governor's Green at Portsmouth. It was then the band of the Portsmouth Division, but its connection with that town was broken when, on the amalgamation of the two branches of the corps—the Royal Marine Light Infantry and the Royal Marine Artillery—it was transferred in 1923 to Deal. The band has frequently throughout its career been associated with Royal cruises and honoured by Royal commands.

The band is a "double-handed" combination; that is, it performs either as a military band or as an orchestra. Ability to perform on a string as well as a wind instrument is, therefore, demanded of many candidates for admission into the band. There are thirty-five members in the band, and the programmes are being chosen with a view to showing what a military band is capable of to-day.

Next week's centre pages of the *S.A. Pictorial* will show magnificent reproductions of "The Ten Commandments," a wonderful Paramount picture which the African Theatres, Ltd., will shortly present at the leading picture houses in South Africa. The film ran for 62 weeks in New York, and has created the greatest interest wherever it has been shown. It is a Cecil B. de Mille production.

The Director of Music.

Lieut. B. Walton O'Donnell, F.R.A.M., is the director of music, and he has had a most brilliant career as a musician. At the age of five he was already exhibiting ability at the pianoforte, and a few years later made the acquaintance of a "quarter-size" violoncello, as well as the intricacies of harmony, counterpoint and composition.

When twelve years old he was awarded the Coulson Scholarship for violoncello at the Royal Irish Academy of Music, Dublin, and the following year gained the first Ada Lewis Scholarship for this instrument at the Royal Academy of Music, London. At this latter institution he rapidly became a "show student," and appeared regularly as a soloist and composer at the Queen's Hall and other halls in London, besides touring the provinces. He created a record in the number of prizes and scholarships gained by him, and has had a most remarkable career. On the outbreak of war his career in "The Services" commenced when he was appointed to the 7th Queen's Own Hussars in India. He returned from India to London on being appointed to the Royal Marines, and he has applied himself to raising the standard of music composed directly for military bands, and to quote from *The Times*, when "the military band comes into its own, O'Donnell will be recognised as its classic composer."

Lieut. O'Donnell is a F.R.A.M. as well as L.R.A.M., and he also examines at the Royal Military School of Music and the Royal Naval School of Music.

The appearance of this band and its distinguished conductor should be anticipated with great pleasure.

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Current Racing.

By "Observer."

Weights for the Durban July Handicap had not been published at the time these notes went to press. Wonder, Bird of Prey, Desert Gold, and the best of Mr. F. W. Murray's are likely ones for those who fancy the prices now on offer.

Down at Durban on Saturday the Stewards of the Turf Club held an enquiry into the running of Scarf Pin. The explanation was accepted, but as an aftermath, Mr. F. W. Jacobs, one of the Stewards, tendered his resignation, and Mr. T. A. Shirley was appointed to fill the vacancy.

Stewards Enquiries.

On Saturday last the Stewards of the Turf Club were kept fairly busy with three enquiries. Dealing with the racing on Monday, they accepted the explanations tendered about Guardian and General Hunter. The running and riding of Essay in the Booysen's Selling Handicap was also dealt with. In this case the Stewards apparently were dissatisfied, for they suspended one of the owners, Mr. L. S. Landsman, and the jockey, L. Howe, and have reported them to the Jockey Club.

Decreased Double Dividend.

Double event betters are of the "get rich quick Wallingford" type of backers, and as a rule are well repaid when they strike a lucky combination. On the concluding day of the Winter Meeting they struck a reverse. There was £1,336 in the pool, but as 429 people picked the dual winners, Enchanter and Cardinal's Hope, the dividend was the record small one of £2 14s., or at the rate of 7 to 4. In their individual races these horses started at 7 to 4 on.

Double for Sir Abe Bailey.

Rand visitors to Durban for the Prince of Wales's Cup were not impressed with the Coast horses on view. Hose was an exception, and the critics thought he could be improved for the Durban July Handicap. Sir Abe Bailey's horses were detained 24 hours on the rail journey down, but two of the three, in Policeman (Natal Breeders' Stakes) and Jubilant II., in the Prince of Wales's Cup, duly scored. Kriger rode a "jolly" race on Policeman, who should have won easily but was nearly caught napping by Murphy, on Pleasant Surprise, after crossing the road. In the Prince of Wales's Cup Jubilant II. was returned as having won by a head from Hose. Photographs of the finish show Jubilant II. scoring by a good half length, and it would seem as if Durban's man in the box likes close finishes. Sir Abe Bailey was not present, and after the race his trainer, Mr. W. L. Randall, who imported Jubilant II. and sold him to Sir Abe, received the trophy from the hands of the Prince. "Tickey" Nicoll, who rode the winner, was presented by H.R.H. with a miniature of the £200 Gold Cup.

Favourites to the Fore.

A feature of the recently concluded Winter Meeting was the number of short-priced favourites. There were no fewer than seven odds on chances, only three of which were beaten. One of these was Boxer, who ran a dead heat with Carry On. In the decider the last named started odds on and won. Including Vesper Bells, who divided a dead heat with Cardinal's Hope, and a couple of others who showed favouritism, 12 first favourites won in 23 races. This set up a series of disasters for the bookmakers, many of whom had only two winning races during the three days, and the ringmen report having had the "blackest" and most expensive meeting on record at Turffontein. To many the general idea is that bookmakers are parasites on racing, rolling in wealth, living on champagne and smoking fat cigars. This may be so in fiction or in other countries, but on the Rand the reverse is the case, and it would come as an eye-opener if one could disclose the shifts many of Tattersall's men were forced to adopt to meet their liabilities over the Winter Meeting.

The Lucky Winners.

The principal winning owners at the Winter Meeting were:—Messrs. Jos. Simpson, £985; C. Armstrong, £850; J. Prince, £555; G. H. O'Meara, £527 10s.; A. Rowe, £399; A. H. Myers, £360; W. L. Randall, £340; and G. S. Weale, £340.

The following were the successful trainers:—Messrs. Jos. Simpson, 5½ wins; W. W. Pickering, 3½ wins; W. L. Randall, D. Grant, and A. G. Prince, two apiece; Major J. Cooper, Messrs. G. F. Butt, A. Rowe, A. Sproule, J. Duval, I. Bendon, G. L. Graham and G. S. Weale, one apiece.

Riding honours were very restricted, only ten jockeys scoring, and one of them in H. Foster could claim only half a win. Those who scored were:—C. Westwater, seven; G. Nicol, five; L. Howe, C. Buckham and G. Askew, a double apiece; E. Jacobie, one win and a divided dead heat; S. Marais, A. Herschell and L. Hammon, one apiece; and H. Foster, a divided dead heat.

Auckland Park.

Auckland Park Racing Club are putting forward a programme of seven events for their meeting on Saturday. Racing commences at the usual hour of 12.50 p.m., but, owing to the shortened card, the last race is set down for the earlier hour of 4.50 p.m. The double will be run on the fifth and sixth races on the card. The following should run well:—

12.50 p.m. Juvenile Handicap; seven furlongs.—
1, Polyfoil; 2, Northern Light; 3, Sea Lord.

1.30 p.m. Brixton Handicap (C); five furlongs.—
1, Loved One; 2, Morgan's Faye; 3, Cough Drop.

2.10 p.m. Auckland Park Handicap (C); one mile.—
1, Chloe; 2, Cherry Blossom; 3, Berry.

2.50 p.m. Brixton Handicap (B); six furlongs.—
1, Rio Grande; 2, Junia; 3, Brag.

3.30 p.m. Auckland Park Handicap (A); nine furlongs.—
1, Carry On; 2, Memoria; 3, Back Answer.

4.10 p.m. Brixton Handicap (A); five furlongs.—
1, Treasurer; 2, Emmet D.; 3, Caronroe.

4.50 p.m. Auckland Park Handicap (B); nine furlongs.—
1, Vesper Bells; 2, Outpace; 3, The Tortoise.

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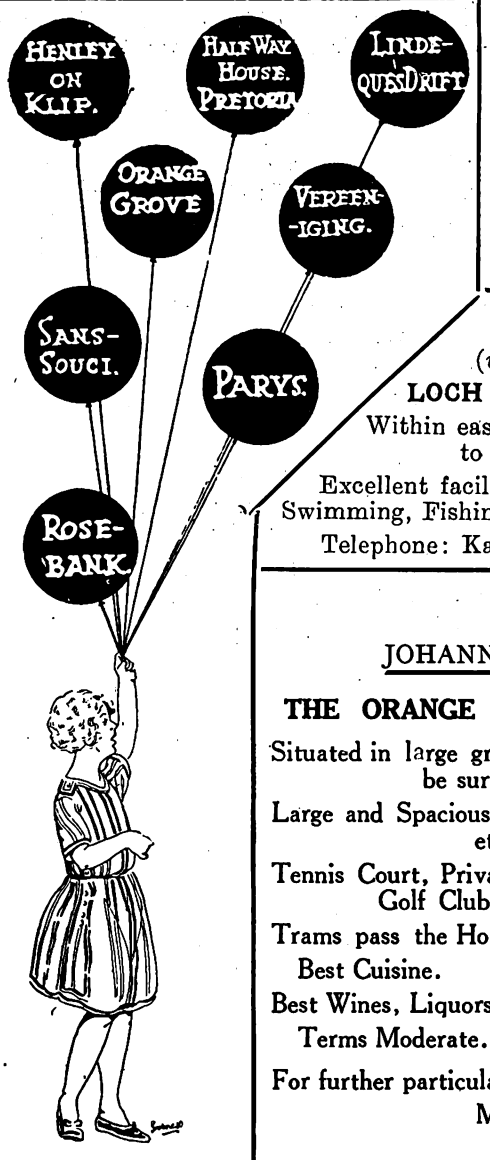

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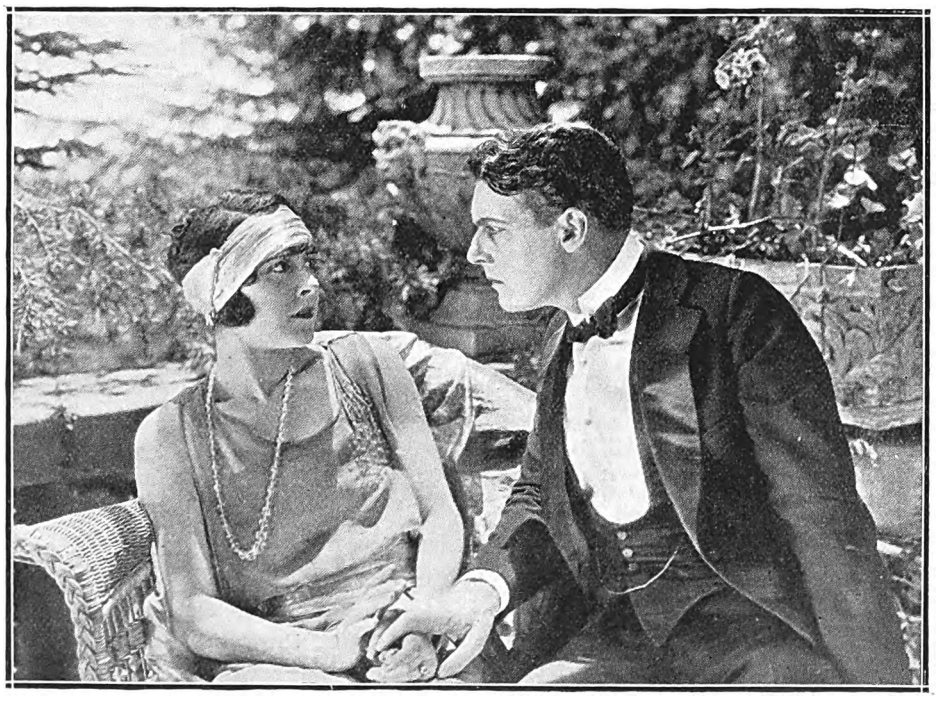

The young society girl in "The Breath of Scandal."

"The Breath of Scandal."

This film, which is coming to the Grand Bioscope, Capetown, on the 15th, 16th and 17th June, is an absorbing story, and I have never seen a more powerful tale told with greater dramatic conviction. From the first flash until the final fade-out, the spectator's interest is never for a moment permitted to fag so real and alive is made the drama of a young society girl whose first contact with raw reality comes when she learns that her father, whom she has idolised, has gone from his home to seek elsewhere the love and understanding that his wife has been unwilling to give. The daughter's reaction to her parent's disregard for the conventions that make a home sacred is one of the most interesting angles of modern life that I have seen depicted on the screen this season. Then, of course, there is Betty Blythe, the famous screen vamp in it, Patsy Ruth Miller, Lou Tellegen, Forrest Stanley and a splendid cast, and———ladies, just a word in your ear: some wonderful clothes!

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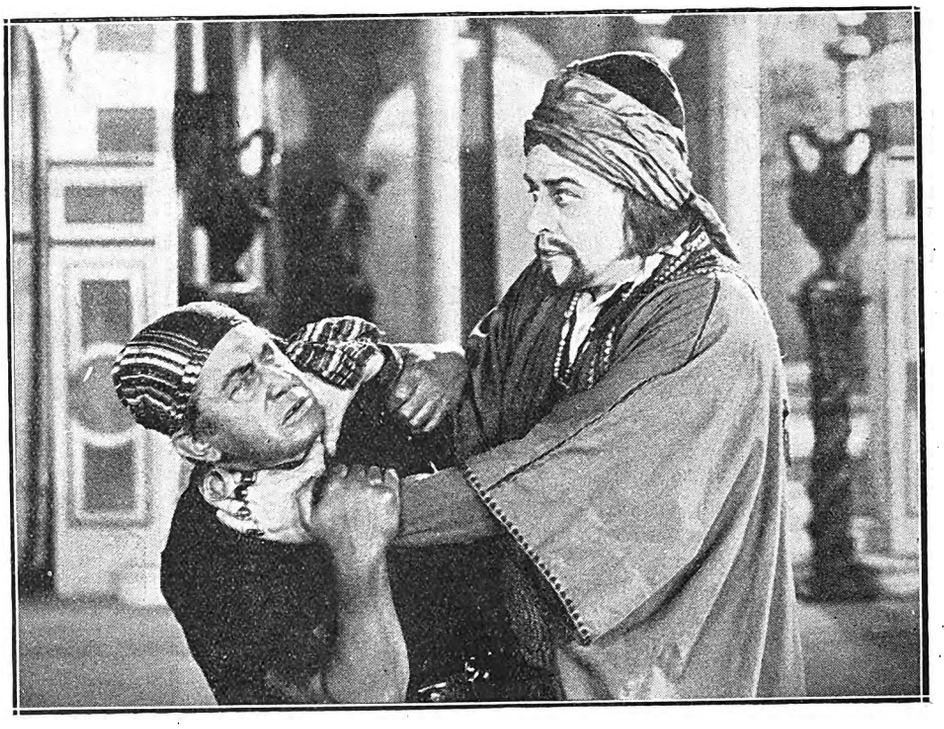
The Wandering Jew.

Great as was its success as a stage play, "The Wandering Jew" will be an even greater success as a film. At least, this is the prophesy of those who have already seen the film. Mr. Matheson Lang takes the principal role, a character played here by Sir Frank Benson, and he is supported by a magnificent cast.

The story is not merely a story of a mythical figure. Like all great legends it is symbolic of the life of any individual human being. The figure of "The Wandering Jew" is used to represent the dreams, aspirations and thwarted desires of humanity. Mr. Thurston deals first of all, with a proud, ordinary normal man in the days of the Roman conquest of Jerusalem.

This man is intolerant and does not believe in the divinity of the Messiah. The symbolism here is that none of us have faith.



Mr. Matheson Lang in "The Wandering Jew."

A striking scene from "The Wandering Jew."

Through this lack of faith this man is cursed with a curse of living for ever, until faith shall enter into his soul.

It is humanity which is cursed with this unbelief, it is humanity which wanders for ever through the earth, seeking peace and contentment, and never realising that in its own lack of belief in goodness and sweetness lies humanity's great failing.

The film will be shown at the Alhambra, Capetown, on the 15th, 16th and 17th June.

Mr. Bernard Shaw is credited with saying that all his greatest works have been written in the train between King's Cross and Hatfield. It is only fair to the railway company to explain that on the day he wrote "Back to Methuselah" there was a fog on the line.

The First Illusion.

The first illusion of which there is any record dates from the Sixteenth Century, and it consisted in cutting off a man's head! The method employed was very crude, and it is difficult to understand how anyone was deceived by it.

The late Mr. John Nevil Maskelyne, the grandfather of Capt. Maskelyne, improved upon this illusion in a remarkable manner; indeed, many people thought that, in his hands, the illusion was too realistic! Not only was a man's head cut off—so far as the audience could see—but the head was placed on a small glass-topped table, and in this queer position the head moved and talked!

Captain Maskelyne is *not* presenting this illusion during his present tour.

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Woman's Eternal Question.

"Let Not Man Put Asunder," which will be the attraction at the Carlton Bioscope, Johannesburg, on June 18, 19 and 20, brings together two of the most romantic figures in the amusement world, Lou Tellegen, famous for his portrayal of the romantic lover, and Pauline Frederick, whose roles have always been characters torn by the passions of deep emotions. The picture also marks Miss Frederick's return to the screen after an absence of a year, during which she starred on the stage. The dearth of good stories was credited for Miss Frederick's temporary retirement from the screen. She is an actress with such exceptional emotional power that only stories with big dramatic themes appeal to her. "Let Not Man Put Asunder" is one of the few stories suitable for the screen which provides opportunity for the full play of vigorous artistic ability possessed by Miss Frederick.

Lou Tellegen also has a difficult role in the production, which calls for an unusual amount of artistry. He portrays the divorced man whose wife will not give up her career on the operatic stage. The two drift apart, always loving each other, and, despite the fact that the law has severed the marriage bond, each feels the other is joined by a tie which no law can sever. The intense moment comes when these two are reunited in a tragic event which places them beyond the laws of man. Helena D'Algy has the role of the divorced wife.

The production is filled with striking scenes in which the players must run the gamut of emotionalism. The daring handling of the divorce problem by Basil King, the author, promises a photoplay of universal interest.

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Mr. P. Tucker, from a photograph.

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(Signed) **Thomas Hayes.**

Mr. Thomas Hayes, from a photograph.

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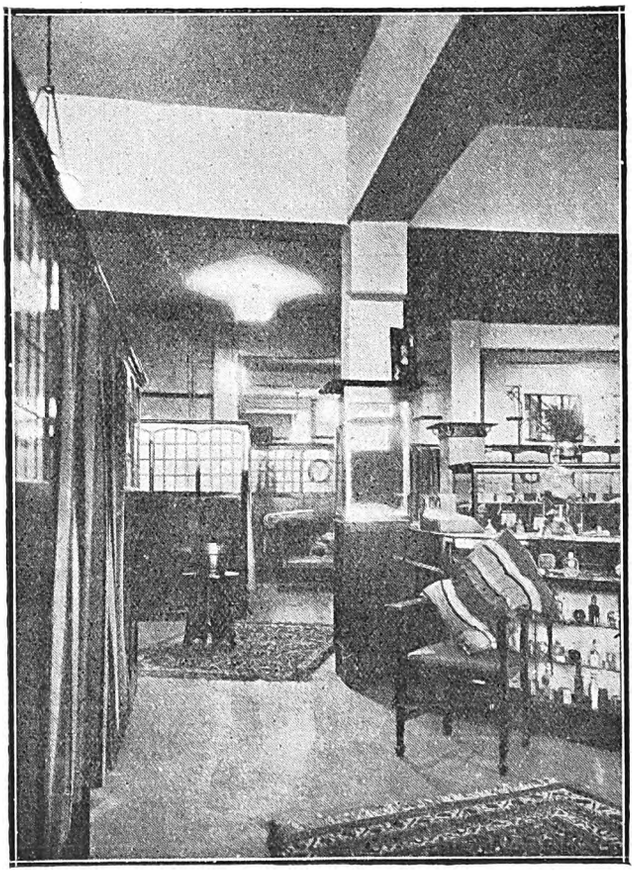

A corner of the lounge at Maison Camille's new ladies' hairdressing saloons in Davidson's Mansions, Bree Street, corner of Eloff Street.

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Pretoria, Reef and Port Elizabeth Theatres. Programmes for Week Commencing Monday, June 15.

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Constance Talmadge in **"HAPPINESS A LA MODE."**
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Jack Hoxie in **"THE WESTERN WALLOP."**
FRIDAY and SATURADY, JUNE 19 and 20:
Charles (Buck) Jones in **"ROUGH SHOD."**

A scene from "Flaming Barriers."

"Romance and Rustlers."

This picture presents Yakima Carutt, the world's champion cowboy, in a straightforward portrayal of a clean, upright Westerner wrongly accused of cattle rustling. It is coming to Wolfram's Bioscope, Capetown, on the 15th, 16th and 17th June, and will be followed by "Flaming Barriers" on the 18th, 19th and 20th.

Briefly, this is the story of "Flaming Barriers":—Patrick Malone, a poor inventor, devises a fast motor fire truck, but poverty prevents its adequate exploitation. His daughter, Jerry, believes in the truck. In a neighbouring town, old Mr. Barton is having trouble with his son, Sam, who is a thorough sport and has little desire to do hard work. It is round the story of Jerry and Sam that the film is written.

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Captain Clive Maskelyne, who opens at the Criterion, Durban, on June 15th, and Miss Cecil Home-Douglas, one of his assistants.

Miss Jules Goldberg.

Miss Jules Goldberg, who has taken the stage name of Godby, made her first public appearance in London on the 6th, at the opening celebration of the big new Art Gallery and Musical Centre in Chelsea, and gained much success.

Miss Goldberg is the daughter of Mr. and the late Mrs. Louis Goldberg of Yeo Street, Johannesburg, and a sister to Lieut.-Col. Reuben Goldberg and Mr. Alec and Mr. Mark Goldberg. She has been engaged to take part in Nigel Playfair's revival of the "Beggar's Opera," at Hammersmith, and her friends will join with us in wishing her all success.

"The Covered Wagon."

"The Covered Wagon," which has made such a big stir wherever it has been shown, will be featured at the Appolo, Germiston, on the 18th, 19th and 20th June. It is a marvelous picture, splendidly produced, and one that causes a responsive thrill in every South African heart, in the hearts of pioneers.

Mr. Jack Buchanan, the musical comedy and revue actor, has been offered a very big salary to go on the films, to sign a contract for five years. He has not yet definitely decided, we understand, whether he will accept, but is in any case going to America as he is under contract to appear in a Ziegfield production in New York. If he decides to do film work he will begin as soon as this production ends.

Mary Pickford expects to make three pictures this year, which is more than she has done in any twelve months since she was a Famous Players star. The first of these, "Little Annie Rooney," is now well under way. In this film Mary Pickford returns to the ragamuffin parts in which she has had her greatest success.

Next Week's Theatre Calls.

WEEK COMMENCING MONDAY, 15TH JUNE, 1925.

Tivoli, Capetown.—(Opening 17th June) Femina Quartette, Barker & Wynne, Les Storks.

His Majesty's, Johannesburg.—The Celebrated Macdona Players in "Man and Superman."

Empire, Johannesburg.—"Sally," The Great Winter Garden success, with all new Principals and Chorus.

Standard, Johannesburg.—(From 18th June) Freda Godfrey and New London Company in "Spring Cleaning."

Orpheum, Johannesburg.—Wilma & Garcia, Broughton & Creedon.

Grand, Pretoria.—Noni & Horace, Dolly Victoria and Brother.

Opera House, Pretoria.—(15th, 16th and 17th June only) Freda Godfrey, supported by New Dramatic Company, in "The Heart of a Child."

Rinko, Maritzburg.—Morris & Vane, Stevens & Gould.

Criterion, Durban.—Clive E. Maskelyne, Graham Brothers.

Vaudette, Kimberley.—(15th, 16th, 17th and 18th June) Bert Maddison, Strength Bros.

Vaudette, Bloemfontein.—(19th and 20th June) Bert Maddison, Strength Bros.

Grand, Port Elizabeth.—(Opening 16th June) Rupert Hazell & Co., Stella & Partner, Astor & Astoria.

Opera House, Capetown.—Renee Kelly and Company in "Daddy Long Legs," to be followed by "A Kiss for Cinderella."

Scott's Theatre, Maritzburg.—Iris Hoey and London Company in "Clothes and the Woman," "The Pelican," and "The Man from Toronto."

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Vaudeville Acts.

Among vaudeville acts which are appearing in the country at present and have not been mentioned in this issue are Mina and Nora and Zetta Mor, at the Criterion, Benoni, Morris & Vane and Stevens & Gould at the Rinko, Maritzburg, Bert Maddison and Strength Bros. at the Vaudeville, Bloemfontein, and Rupert Hazell and Co., Stella and Partner, and Astor and Astoria at the Grand, Port Elizabeth. These acts all open on June 15th at the respective places.

That well-known house, the Empire, Johannesburg is continuing with great success its run of "Sally."

Carlton Ball.

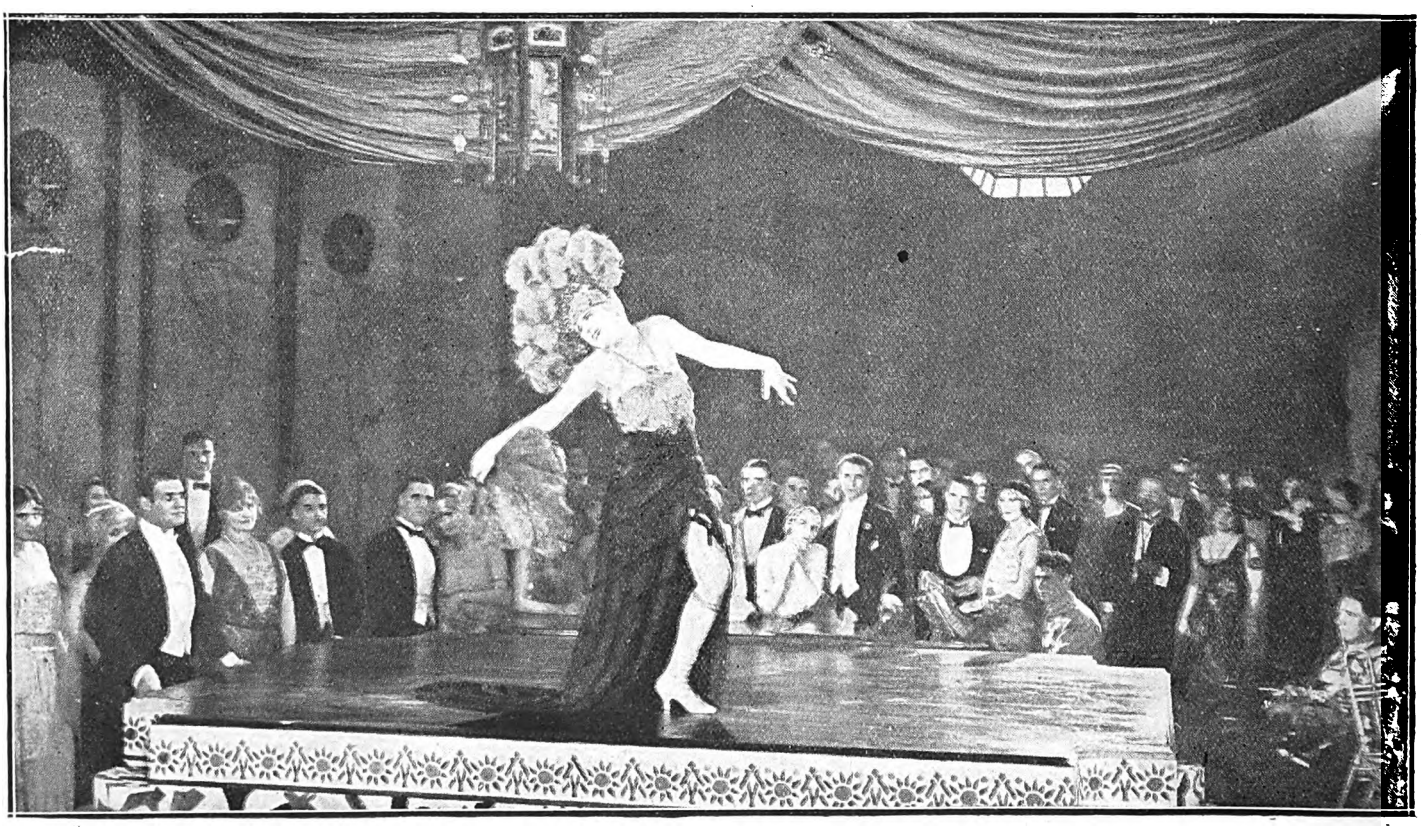
It must be extremely gratifying to Mr. Distin, who has taken such a great interest in, and is chairman of, the Carlton Ball on the 24th in honour of the Prince of Wales's visit, to find that his arrangements have gone so splendidly that the ticket list has had to be closed. The executive were faced with an extremely difficult task in sending out tickets, as the demand was several times greater than could possibly be acceded to, and the utmost care was taken is going through the lists of those wishing to attend.

A scene from "Romance and Rustlers," showing at Wolfram's, Capetown, on June 15th.

Moon of Israel.

A picture that has overwhelmed with its grandeur enthralled with its beauty and impressed with its story, wherever it has been shown, is "Moon of Israel." It is a tale of the olden days, when hearts were young and miracles warped judgment. The love story of an Israelite maiden and an Egyptian Prince, with the Book of Exodus for background. This film is adapted from Sir Rider Haggard's famous novel, and has particular appeal to Jewish people. It contains a wonderful, realistic parting of the waters for the Israelites to cross the Red Sea, with the glories of ancient Egypt magnificently visulised. Adelqui Millar stars in "Moon of Israel,"

"Moon of Israel" is coming to the Empire, Durban, for the week commencing June 15th.



A dance in "Let no Man put Asunder," at the Carlton Bioscope, Johannesburg, June 18th to 20th.

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S.A. PICTORIAL.

STAGE & CINEMA.

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The Week.

The African Theatres, Ltd., have signalised the visit of His Royal Highness The Prince of Wales, to Johannesburg, by putting on two new plays. At His Majesty's Theatre, the Macdona Players will give us Bernard Shaw's "You Never Can Tell," details of which you will find elsewhere in this issue. On the same evening, Monday 22nd, "Three Wise Fools" will be staged at the Standard Theatre by The Freda Godfrey Company. "The Three Wise Fools" are, let me hasten to say, three old men who have all been in love with the same woman. Somehow or other she did not relish their kind intentions, and frankly and simply ran away. Thereupon our friends set up house together, evidently one common sorrow making them kin. So we find them when the play opens. There is a detective in the story and a bad man whom one of the three, who is, by the way, a judge, has sentenced once on a time to imprisonment. With these characters much in evidence, you will see that the plot thickens. Later, I would have you know, our Wise Fools receive a legacy, the daughter of their dear lamented, sent over that they may guide her footsteps. Of course, what happens to the daughter makes also part of an enthralling play. Miss Freda Godfrey and her company are sure to handle it well, and the production is in the hands of Mr. Geo. Montford.

Evelyn Pierce, latest addition to the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer stock company, posed for this unique rug portrait, while appearing in Robert G. Vignola's production, "The Way of a Girl."

You would doubtless like to hear of old friends. Miss Iris Hoey and her company are due to open at the Opera House, Pretoria, on June 29th, in "Baby Mine." They will play this until the 2nd, when "Scandal" will be staged till the 4th. And on the 6th, Johannsburg, warm admirers of Miss Hoey will welcome her in "Baby Mine." Miss Hoey and her charming husband left a host of friends behind them when they went away, and after a very successful tour they are coming back and are sure of a right royal welcome.

Miss Renee Kelly is continuing her season at the Opera House, Capetown, and will open at the Grand Theatre, Port Elizabeth, on Tuesday, June 30th, in "Daddy Long Legs."

One must own that South Africa is being well catered for in a theatrical sense.

I would tell you of the amateurs and the Standard Theatre, Johannesburg, when, on Tuesday evening, there was a well-filled house to welcome Madame Ravodna and her pupils, who gave a show for the benefit of the National Service Fund. It was an exceedingly clever performance, and one's only regret is that Madame herself did not give a *pas seul* but only danced in the Hungarian Rhapsody. Miss Marjorie Sturman gave some excellent dances, her technique is really very fine. Then I loved the "Bird" of Miss Poppy Frames, and "The Park Flirtation" was one of the most charming of the items, Miss Biddy Milne being a very fascinating maid. "Faust," an ambitious scena, was very well carried out.

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"AS MAN DESIRES"

A Short Complete Story.

FICTIONIZED BY PERMISSION OF FIRST NATIONAL PICTURE, INCORP.; PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS PLAYED IN PICTURE BY MILTON SILLS AND VIOLA DANA.

Despite her youth, Gloria Gordon's existence had taught her to be all things to all men. Garrison life in India has a tendency to develop this philosophy in most females of the Caucasian species.

"Love moulds a woman who loves into such a character as man desires," was a proverb she had abundantly exemplified. But until John Craig, busy army surgeon, came into her ken she had believed the type most preferred by the cynical British officers who flocked about her was that of the sophisticated, not too straight-laced woman of the world.

Major Craig was different. He exalted womanhood on a pinnacle so high that the ardent advances of Evelyn Beaudine, wife of a brother officer, actually shocked him. Mid-Victorian enough to believe in fidelity to the marriage vows, the flimsy pretences to sickness by which Mrs. Beaudine was wont to summon him to her boudoir repelled and irritated him. He made no secret of his disgust, characteristically blind to the fact that the spiteful beauty might some day take revenge by turning her slanderous tongue upon him.

'John, dear, I wish you wouldn't place me on such a pedestal," Gloria hinted one evening as, together, they sat out a dance at a post hop at the officers' barracks.

A tender smile softened the stern, handsome face. Craig drew from his pocket the marriage license he had taken out that morning, and with it, a wedding ring.

"It is because you are worthy to be placed upon a pedestal," he replied, "that I am so eager for the day to come when we shall utilise both of these articles."

The concern in Gloria's lovely eyes gave way to relief when a servant came up to summon Major Craig to the phone.

"Hang these professional calls!" he muttered, returning a second later. "It's from Major Beaudine's quarters. I'll have to go over and persuade his neurotic wife that there's nothing wrong with her heart."

Gloria was still musing on the problem that, sleeping or waking, had haunted her ever since she had met and loved this chivalrous, high-minded physician, when a suave voice at her elbow whispered:

"Why so pensive, little lady love?"

With a start of dismay Miss Gordon twisted about to face the last man on earth she wanted to hear addressing her thus familiarly.

"Colonel Carringford, I must have a serious talk with you," she cried, suddenly resolving to lay forever this ghost out of her unfortunate past.

"Slip out through the end door. We can dodge into my car, and go to my quarters for a confab, quite like old times," offered the middle-aged bachelor, who prided himself on having a way with women and who was universally hated by his brother officers for the cad he was.

Only for a moment did Miss Gordon hesitate. Then, Why not?" she thought. It was the quickest way to get rid of this unwelcome old admirer, and she must be off with the old love before she was on with the new.

But once in the dimly-lighted living-room of the Colonel's detached bungalow, her heart began to sink. The furtive way in which Naboth, Sir Edward Carringford's native servant, whom rumour said he beat mercilessly, slunk about made her conscious that the fellow suspected their intrigue.

Sir Edward also noticed the native's sullen looks, and angrily struck him in the face.

"Get out of here. you swine, or I'll—— "

But the Hindu had vanished as silently as he had come.

Naboth was not the only witness to the fact that the commandant was entertaining a lady in his quarters. From a corner of the barracks Major Gridley and Major Singh, the latter a native prince, had seen the two guiltily steal away to Carringford's car. There were not, in all India, two more devoted friends of John Craig than these two brother officers, who shared his bungalow.

Back in their quarters, later on, they discussed his approaching marriage.

"To think of knightly, idealistic Craig engaged to a woman like that!" sighed the former.

"Isn't it our duty to warn him before it is too late?" asked Singh.

"By Jove, you're right!"

The two started up in surprise when the door was thrown violently open, and the object of their solicitude staggered in.

"You can spare yourselves the ordeal, my friends," was his greeting, betraying the fact that their words had been overheard. "I know all. I've just come from the Colonel's quarters, where I was an eye-witness to what I could never have believed except for such evidence." Craig covered his face with his hands in an agony of disillusion and heartache. "I can't talk about it," he added brokenly.

Gridley patted the heaving shoulders.

"No woman is worth the tears of any man," he counseled cynically, "least of all Gloria Gordon."

"Furthermore," contributed Singh, "there are always plenty more."

Major Craig flung back his head in a laugh, more tragic than his tears.

"If I ever trust another woman it will be one so frankly low, so utterly depraved, that deception as to what she really is will be impossible. But, thank God, I gave the cad one drubbing that he'll never forget," he finished, savagely.

Fist clenched at the recollection, the physician narrated how, on his way back to the barracks after a call on Mrs.

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Beaudine, he had heard a woman's angry outcry from the bungalow opposite. Though it was, he knew, the quarters of his commanding officer, he rushed in to the rescue—to find his *fiancee* alone with the most profligate roue in the Post. To her lame and halting explanations Sir Edward added his jeers. Craig had lost control of himself and felled the Colonel to the floor with a blow that rendered him unconscious. Then, refusing to listen to the supplications of the woman who had deceived him, he had seen her to his own waiting car outside, given orders to the chauffeur to drive her home, and come straight to his two best friends.

Major Gridley was the first to realise what all this involved.

"If you've struck your commanding officer, my dear fellow," he cried, you must clear out before you are court-martialed."

"Courtmartialed! What of it?" The question was significant of the bitterness and despair that had entered into Craig's soul.

Craig turned a deaf ear to the supplicat ions of the woman who had betrayed him whose paramour stood looking on with a sneer.

A sharp rap on the door renewed the panic of his two friends. Singh fairly dragged him into the next room, while Gridley answered the summons.

"Major Craig is wanted at headquarters," announced the orderly.

"Very well, I'll tell him when he comes in," replied the officer calmly.

"For the murder of Colonel Sir Edward Carringford," finished the man, clicking his heels and saluting.

When the door had closed upon him, Gridley faced about to find Craig's staring incredulous eyes fixed upon him in horror.

"My God! I can't believe it!" he whispered hoarsely. "It was a knock-out blow, to be sure, but I never meant to murder him. I couldn't have!"

"You must have a clear head to plan your escape before they send for you."

"Escape?" Craig mopped his brow. "I'm not going to escape. I shall face the music like a man."

"This is madness!" Major Singh exploded. "You wont have a chance in the world to get off."

"Remember that Evelyn Beaudine's boudoir windows overlook Carringford's living-room," Gridley's tones were sinister. "That woman will perjure herself any day to even off the score she has against you for spurning her love.

"Gloria Gordon could, of course, clear him of the charge of deliberate murder," he continued thoughtfully. "She was there and knows all the circumstances."

"Stop!" Craig ordered curtly. "Faithless as she is, I won't drag her into this. No—not if it means the difference between life and death."

"That's just what it does mean!" persisted Gridley, frenzied at the danger his friend was courting, and realising that every moment was precious. For half-an-hour he and Maor Singh exhausted their powers of persuasion. At last they had the satisfaction of winning from Craig a half-hearted consent to their plan of escape. By the time the squad was dispatched from headquarters for his arrest, Major John Craig was speeding on his way to the coast, his only reminders of the past, the marriage license and wedding ring which, with grim irony, he had tucked into the breast pocket of the first civilians clothes he had worn in many years.

Captain John Clay, of the pearl fishing schooner, "The Lark," was a figure as mysterious among the non-descript islanders of the South Seas as he was feared. He had given the name of "Forbidden Island" to the small, but lovely, isle on which he had erected a rustic bungalow. No one was allowed to land there except the labourers he employed on his plantation and such native servants as he had trained for his own use.

With his Chinese cook and a scowling, ill-favoured fellow, Bill Hayes, who acted as mate, the strange, lonely Englishman visited his oyster beds, harvested their rich treasure, and put in at Colony Head, the largest in the group of islands, only when in need of supplies.

"He a mos' handsome white man," was the verdict of Pandora La Croix, the diminutive half-caste beauty who could easily have been the belle of the demi-mondaine society that constituted practically the only female element in Colony Head, if she had cared for the dubious honour. But Pan, though she never made any secret of the fact that she was 'one damn bad girl," disdained the little treacheries and venalities of most of her clan.

"When Pan she lik' a man, she lik' him," she declared, "it mak' no deeference whether he hav' de mon'. Only his keeses Pan care for. An' if she do not lik' him, all the mon' in the worl' cannot buy one seengle kees from little Pan."

"Gorilla" Bagsley, the biggest bully and the greatest thief in the South Sea Islands, was one of the men that Pan detested. His pursuit of her usually led to a fracas, in which the nimble Pan was able to hold her own by reason of her greater agility. From the branches of a tree she would mock him like a monkey, or, dodging between the tables of the bar, she would bring down upon him the ridicule of the room full of derelicts and drabs, and then fly just in time to escape his on-rush.

But one day Pan was not quick enough in her calculations, and Bagsley caught her by her curly mane before she could spring through the open door. It was at that phychological moment that the dread Captain Clay, seeking vengeance on Bagsley for pirating his oyster beds, strode into the saloon. Bagsley looked up from his brutal assault upon Pan to hear a voice, ringing with authority, snap out:

"Which of you scum lined up here is Gorilla Bagsley?"

Pan went spinning towards the corner from the impetus of the shove her captor gave her. With eyes, round with admiration, she watched this alien Englishman square off for the fight that something told her would be the bloodiest Colony Head had ever known. Little Pan was right. Never had Bagsley met his match before. When Clay had finished with him he resembled a case for the ambulance, but in the South Seas the only approach to medical relief was that which the mysterious Captain Clay sometimes administered when his labourers were sick.

From the deck of "The Lark," watching through a spy-glass, Bill Hayes had seen his boss disappear into the

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saloon, and knew that the ensuing amenities would leave him time for the thorough overhauling he had promised himself to give the Captain's desk if ever he was left alone on board. A sly, vicious wharf rat himself, Hays figured that any man who had accumulated such a fortune in pearls as Clay had done and who continued to live the life of a hermit in those God-forsaken parts, had some good reason for it. To Hayes, "good reasons" usually connoted a police record. His "Aha!" was one of satisfaction when, in the corner of Clay's desk, he discovered a wallet bulging with papers which, upon examination, disclosed a yellowed marriage license with a wedding ring and numerous newspaper clippings. One of these was sufficient.

Under a life-like cut of "Captain John Clay," dressed in the uniform of a British Army officer, was the headline:

"*Wanted for murder of his Commanding Officer, Captain John Craig. Reward of Five Thousand Pounds for information leading to his arrest.*

Hayes looked again at the names on the marriage license, and whistled. So the bloke who never missed a chance to turn up his nose at women was once on the point of taking unto himself a wife. Some joke, that! But there was scant room in Hayes' avaricious head for an appreciation of comedy. He must restore the desk to the condition in which he had found it and get off to the battleship "Falcon," moored half a mile away, before the boss returned. Thanks for a mutual taste for rum, he had met the wireless operator on the "Falcon" during his shore leave and had sized him up as a bird of his own feather. He would know how to get word to the authorities in Calcutta for that five thousand pounds he, Bill Hayes, could lead them to the murderer of the old geezer who, according to the date on the newspaper, had departed this life some ten years previous.

Meantime, having meted out to the pearl pirate a punishment that Clay trusted would serve as a warning to all like-minded criminals, he sat down at a table, bruised and bloody from the fray, and ordered a drink.

Instantly he became the centre of attraction to a bevy of spoiled doves of Colony Head, each of whom, in language more simpering than the other, assured him that she had once been a "swell," "a perfect lady, sir," and that the bludgeoning of fate alone was responsible for her present status. He turned his back on them in disgust—to find at his elbow, a bowl of clean water and a clean rag in her small brown hands, the little native girl he had seen repulsing Bagsley when he entered the saloon.

"My name is Pan," the dusky beauty smiled. "I was not never a lady. Pan jus' a plain bad girl."

In spite of his ill humour and chronic mood of bitterness, Clay had to laugh. Why, the little creature was scarcely more than a child! Any lack of morals she might confess to seemed more like impishness of a monkey than the reprehensible conduct of a responsible adult.

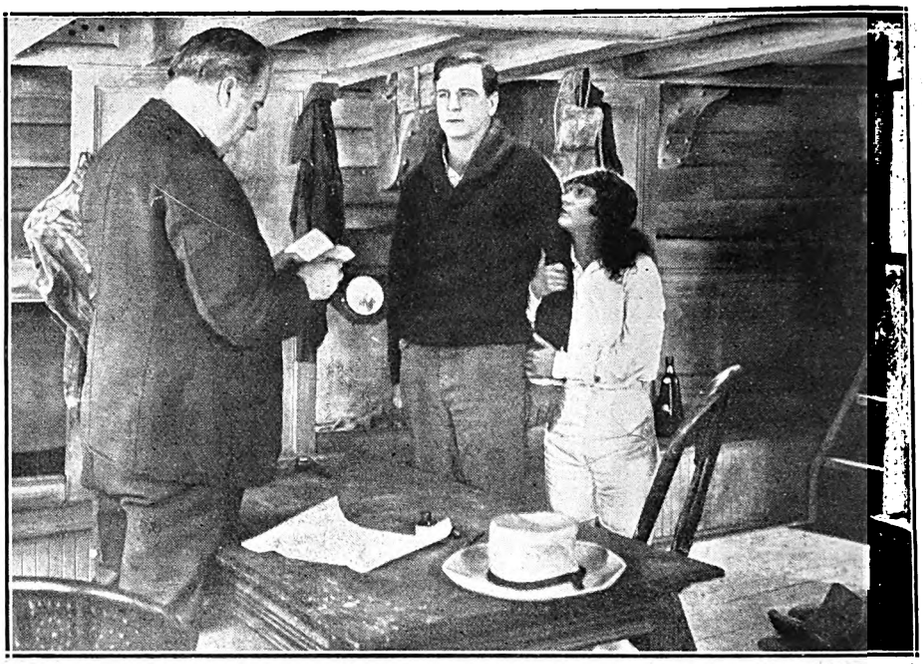
"Well, you're honest, at least," he grinned, "a rare virtue in your sex. What are you going to do with that water, by the way?"

"Wash the kind and brave gentleman's face." Pan suited the action to the words.

"Pan admire ver' much a brave gentleman," she hinted broadly. "Pan could love you like hell!"

"If it's all the same to you, I'd just as soon you wouldn't," replied Clay jokingly. "Love is the bunk, if you get what I mean."

The little thing put her head on one side like a reflective bird. Then she answered slowly:



It was the strangest wedding the scandalized missionary had ever solemnized, the bride attired in a white duck sailor suit, bridegroom sardonic and taciturn.

"Perhaps the kind, brave gentleman say that because no real woman has ever really lov' him."

Clay winced. He said no more. A few moments later he was striding toward the beach where his motor-boat was moored.

After supper that evening he was seated moodily in his cabin when an excited chattering from his Chinese cook attracted his attention. It was followed by the precipitate entrance of the little half-breed girl who had washed his face that afternoon.

'But I weel not get out," she was defying the Chink. "Pan has come to stay."

"Oh, no you haven't." Not ungently Clay took the dripping wet little figure by the shoulders and herded her back on deck. "Home you go," he ordered. "You had no right to swim out to my boat like this. I don't allow women on board."

Pan doubled up her fists and rubbed the tears from her bright eyes.

"But if I go back to Colony Head Bagsley will half keel me," she explained. "He will what you call 'take it out of me' for the beating the kind, brave gentleman have give him. Please, Mr. Captain, let me go with you to your island!"

Clay shook his head.

"Impossible! The only women I permit on Forbidden Island are the wives of my labourers."

"Pan could be a wife—to the kind, brave gentleman!" She slid her soft arm around his neck.

Clay roared with laughter. What a child it was! Suddenly his heart swelled with pity. Poor little thing! She was pretty, bright, honest—a trait he had given up looking for in women. Probably that brute would make her life a hell if she returned to the only home she had ever known. By Jove, he would take her to Forbidden Island! Then, as his fingers lightly struck a metal substance in his trousers pocket, a sardonic smile lighted his stern, handsome face. A prophecy he had made in a far-away land, long years ago, recurred to him:

"If I ever trust another woman it will be one so frankly low, so utterly depraved that deception as to what she really is will be impossible."

"Pan, I'm going to take you up on that," he said suddenly. "Have Chink get you something dry to put on. You can't be married all dripping like that, you know, and I'll send ashore for the missionary. We're going to do this thing up proper, regular white man's way."

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A look of incedulous joy shone in the half-caste's face. She put her hands together as if in prayer, and said in awed ones:

"Mr. Captain, you one damn fine man! Pan will never, never in all her born days give one leetle kees to any other!"

It was the strangest wedding the scandalised missionary had ever celebrated—the little brown girl grotesquely clad in a white duck sailor uniform, miles too large for her, the bridegroom sardonic, taciturn, the Chinese cook and that sneaky-looking British seaman, the only witnesses. Whence the Captain had resurrected a wedding ring way off there in the ends of the earth, the reverend gentleman couldn't imagine. Anyhow, it was really none of his affair, especially as he would probably never see theme again. Clay seldom set foot ashore except on Forbidden Island, and after this mad marriage to a half-caste it was scarcely probable that he would expect white men to countenance him even there.

The native labourers on Forbidden Island were delirious with joy when their master returned with a bride and gave them permission to spend the night in feasting and dancing, according to the native custom on such occasions. Only little Pan, for the first time in her unfettered life, wearing a nightgown lent her by the wife of the overseer, realised that, to all intents and purposes, the kind, honourable man was quite willing to let her remain a wife in name only. There were tears in her soft, dark eyes as she watched the revels in the firelit arena below the bungalow. Sadly she went into her lonely bedroom.

"This is one helluva wedding night!" she sighed.

At the breakfast table the next morning she exercised all her arts to intrigue this strange, fascinating Englishman. But, though he often looked across at her as if trying to familiarise himself with the idea of a woman in his menage, the expression in his eyes was vague and dreamy. At last, with a stab of jealousy, the little half-caste guessed the reason.

"Mr. Captain, when you look at me lak that," she began slowly, "it is not Pan you see. It is some other lady, some one you have loved in the long ago, who stay always in your heart."

Clay started, amazed at the little thing's powers of intuition. Without another word he left the table—and Pan knew that her surmise was correct.

As he nervously promenaded the wide verandah, his heart harrowed by the memories Pan's artless words had stirred, the owner of Forbidden Island was surprised to see a strange white man, attired in the regulation tourist costume, approaching from the garden. He hurried to the top of the steps to greet the unknown visitor.

"My business is very urgent," began the stranger. "Tell me at once, are you ——"

The words became an inarticulate mumble. The tall figure dropped, apparently lifeless, at the feet of his astonished host.

"Pan, run quickly and call my valet," shouted Clay. "He'll show you a case of surgical instruments. Boil them. Get out clean sheets and spread them on the library table. I'll have to operate on this man at once or he will die. It's appendicitis."

While the man, whose skill as a surgeon had once upon a time made him the envy of all his profession, prepared to operate, little Pan carried out his instructions with surprising intelligence, even to the preparation of the anesthetic.

"He may never come out of the ether," Clay went on. "You'd better look through his clothes, Pan, for something that may help us to identify the poor fellow."

At an ejaculation from the little half-caste, several moments later, Clay turned. She was holding up a newspaper clipping, her eyes riveted upon the unmistakable likeness of himself dressed in soldier's uniform. It was fastened to a copy of Bill Hayes' wireless message to the Police Department of Calcutta.

"Major John Craig," Pan spelled out painfully. "That man he so damn like you, Mr. Captain, I think he might be same person."

"He is," responded her mysterious husband, grimly seizing the wireless message and wondering if the full import of its possession by this English tourist, unconscious now from the anesthetic, had been grasped by Pan. Whoever the man might be, his purpose on Forbidden Island was all too evident. Gripped by the greatest temptation of his career, Major John Craig, *alias* Captain Clay, stood motionless beside the man whose life lay in his power. Simply to abstain from operating would probably be sufficient to send his pursuer to the Great Beyond. To give an overdose of ether could always be explained as an accident. But only for a moment did the refugee from justice hesitate. The ethics of the physician no less than the honour of the man prevailed, and Craig went on with the operation.

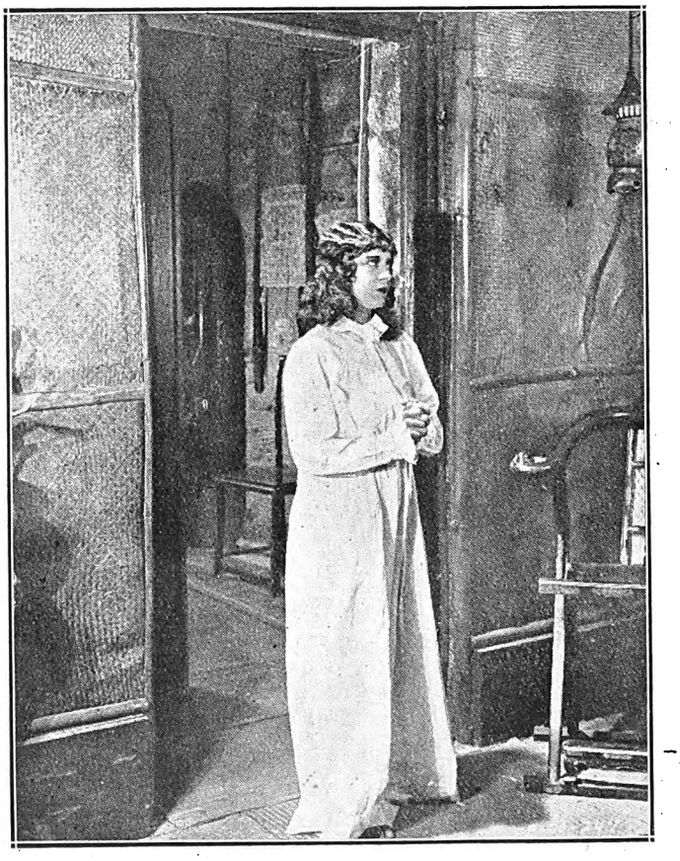
Scarcely had the normal breathing of the patient proclaimed that he was undoubtedly going to pull through satisfactorily, than light steps sounded on the verandah outside. Leaving Pan to make the Englishman comfortable, John Craig strode out. There, with arms outstretched, a wistful smile on her lovely face, stood—Gloria Gordon.

Mr. Wilson told me to wait on the bench until he had a chance to tell you the good news," she began, but stopped short at the bewilderment in Craig's face. Briefly he told her of the unknown visitor's collapse before he had time to even state his name.

"He was from Calcutta," said Gloria. "He came in response to a queer message, signed by a man named Hayes, that the police of that city turned over to the officers of your old regiment. They had been trying for years to locate you and let you know that you had been exonerated of the murder. Naboth, the Colonel's native servant, whom he had always abused came in that fatal night and found him just recovering from the knockout you gave him. He killed him by a blow on the head with a heavy candlestick. Afterwards, when I gave my own testimony at the trial, proving that the blow you struck could not have been responsible for his death, Naboth confessed."

The blue eyes remained steadfastly upon his face as Gloria finished.

"Even since that day, John, I've tried to be the sort of woman you desired. Is it too late, dear, for you to forgive me and take me to your heart again?"



Pan looked disconsolately at the closed door opposite. "This is one helluva wedding night," she sighed.

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Craig bowed his head, unable to speak. Behind him a deep sigh called the attention of the two to a forlorn little figure, whose face was like that of a grieved child.

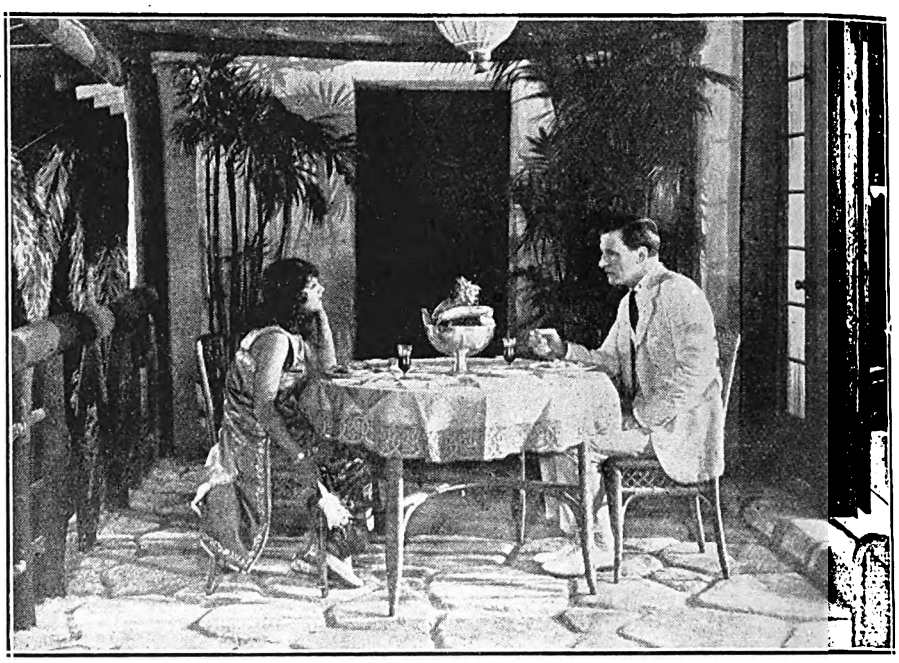
Craig drew her forward with the simple introduction:

"Miss Gordon, this is my wife. The beautiful lady, little Pan, is a long-lost friend whom I never expected to see again."

Pan looked up into his face searchingly; her lips quivered.

"Pan know," she answered quietly. "She is the lady that live always in your heart."

A furtive sound at the window brought all three to the right-about. Framed for an instant against the light Bagsley's evil face was silhoutted, a cocked pistol in his hand. Quick as lightning Craig whipped out his gun. Two shots rang out simultaneously. Craig's went home and the bully fell dead on the verandah, his own embedding itself in the woodwork above Gloria's head. It was Pan who turned toward the door in the nick of time to see Bill Hayes' scowling countenance and the gun aimed at the heart of a man he had betrayed. There was not time for Craig to whirl about and meet this new assailant. Little Pan flung herself between him and certain death, her arms flung out protectingly. Too late Craig, aware of the presence of the second assassin, discharged the bullet that brought Hayes down to rise no more. The little half-caste wife had given her life for his.



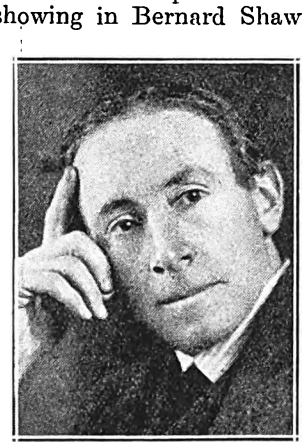
Clay was amazed at the little half-caste's powers of intuition....He stared across the breakfast table at her in silence.

"Everything ends all right," she gasped, as Craig pillowed her dark head and listened to her dying words. "You not need Pan now. You got the lady you always saw when you looked at me. She the sort of lady brave, kind gentleman like you desire."

Over the still, quiet form John Craig and Gloria Gordon clasped hands. Their hearts were too full just then to speak of the future and happiness it held for them both.

"You Never Can Tell."

It was the stately old gentleman, Mr. Ramsden, I interviewed regarding the new play which will be produced on Monday evening next at His Majesty's Thearte, Johannesburg. Why? Because his *alias* is Mr. Stanley Drewitt and he is the producer for the Macdona Players who are showing in Bernard Shaw Repertory.



Mr. Drewitt.

"The scheme," he said, is very like Shaw's other plays, in that it sets people working in individual attitudes somewhat divorced from actual reason. It is a distinctly humorous play; in all of Bernard Shaw's plays there is the definite inevitable purpose, and that is why they are definitely humorous."

"Have you been associated with Shaw before coming to South Africa?" I enquired.

"Oh! yes," answered Mr. Drewitt. "In fact, I have produced one or two of the original productions when I associated with Granville Barker at the time. I was directing at the Manchester Theatre for four years and did many of the Shaw plays, including 'Man and Superman,' 'Candida,' 'You Never Can Tell,' and 'Windowless Houses.' When I was directing at the Playhouse in Liverpool I put on 'Getting Married'—put it on just as a stop-gap, because we were waiting for another show. It was supposed to run a fortnight, and it ran ten weeks. It's a good play and I'd like to put it on here. Shaw personally? A charming man, very considerate and sympathetic, but he gets up against all reason. He's a hard man on reason. You would not consider him humorous in conversation, for he is rather reticient, but he is distinctly the type of man who would be hopeless in a drawing-room. Shaw has splendid ideas on other subjects than his work, and his comments on Shakespeare are most illuminating. He shows a very fine appreciation of the great dramatist. To my mind, of course, there is no doubt but that Shaw is the modern Shakespeare."

"Can you tell me something of 'You Never Can Tell'?" was my next query.

"As I said before, very like Shaw's other plays. He is keen on destroying illusion, you know. Each character has its own little attitude of existence. There is a father and mother; he is a hard man, takes a hard view of life, and they are separated. The mother takes an attitude of superimposing on her eldest girl's good behaviour and respectability; that is really the germ idea of Anne in 'Man and Superman.' This girl is restrained, and you see, in spite of it all, that she grows up exactly like her father. How she shows human response through her love is part of the play, and there is a fine scene in which father and daughter come face to face. Then, clever developments at the end of the play. One of the characters is very interesting—that of an old waiter, a simple and benevolent man who is seen throughout the play, a symbolic figure always setting things right.

He has a son, a K.C. The part, by the way, will be played by Mr. Geo. S. Wray. His character is also, to my mind, symbolical of that inevitable reason. We're all iconoclasts, for the moment, when we come up against the necessity of being reasonable, you know. I am satisfied that 'You Never Can Tell' will interest Johannesburg, in fact, South Africa. Your city has shown itself very appreciative, and we all like playing to your audiences immensely."

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"The Early Bird."

If speed, laughs, humour, fun, thrills and hectic romance could be rolled into one and animated into a living person, that personage would be none other than peppery Johnny Hines.

Johnny is now giving a thoroughly appreciable account of himself in an ingeniously humorous comedy-drama entitled "The Early Bird," which, taken far and large, is a real hit. This clever screen comedian is at his best in this production, for the action carries him into no end of amusing situations that bring continual gales of laughter. The audience is kept on edge throughout the full six reels, for coincident with the clean comedy vein is a plot rich in melodramatic and thrilling moments, which, aside from the star, gives Sigrid Holmquist, Edmund Breese and Wyndham Standing untold opportunities to portray some of the finest bits of acting we have seen for some time.

"The Early Bird" deals with the fame to fortune rise of a milkman who, falling in love with the girl of his dreams, decides to get somewhere in life before he asks her for her hand. You will be able to see where his ambition carries him if you live in Capetown, for "The Early Bird" will be shown at the Grand Bioscope on June 22, 23 and 24.

Johnny Hines in "The Early Bird."

"Now she was married Laline thought very seriously about it." Corinne Griffiths in "Six Days," showing at the Alhambra, Capetown, on June 22nd.

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Miss Estelle Taylor, the wife of Jack Dempsey. Miss Taylor is a well-known film star. She plays Miriam, the sister, in the "Ten Commandments."

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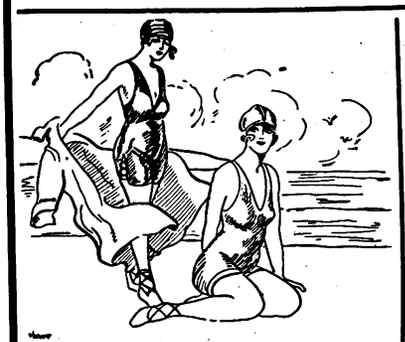
Capetown and Peninsula Comfort Centres.



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Families specially catered for. Moderate charges. Large and Airy Rooms. Good Table.

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Terms moderate. Garage close to Hotel. Tennis.

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'Phone 006, Hout Bay. Telegrams: "Excursions," Hout Bay.

3 minutes' walk from Beach. 15 miles from Cape Town. The use of nine-hole Golf Course. Tennis Court, free to residents, adjoins the Hotel.

Apply for Accommodation to **H. W. STRONG,** Manager.

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Is situated in large grounds surrounded by beautiful trees and mountains.

Known as "The Beauty Spot of the Cape," it is conveniently situated, as it is a short distance from Cape Town.

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Proprietress: Mrs. LEVY (late of Fountain Cafe, Cape Town)

The Lure of Love.

How many of us have felt it, and how many of us have to live a lie?

The picture, "The Fool's Awakening," shows the danger of living a lie, once started. Not that the film attempts to point out any moral, but it simply lays the story before you of one man who did try to live another man's life and his success. Hanson Lord and Enid Bennett star in it and, of course, the original novel was written by William J. Locke. You'll be able to see it at the Carlton Bioscope, Johannesburg, on June 25th, 26th and 27th.

Killing a Man.

"If I killed a man, and had the courage for that deed, I must have the courage to face the music." claims a hero. What hero? Why, Lionel Barrymore in "I am the Man." He plays the part of an unscrupulous politician who commits a murder in an insane moment and, as you would expect this famous actor to do, gives a fine, artistic portrayal of a double personality. If you want to see soul-stirring romance and exciting adventure, surmounted with a cage of mystery; if you want to be entertained as you have never been entertained before, go to the Carlton Bioscope, Johannesburg, on June 22nd, 23rd and 24th, and see the film story.

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Vapo-Cresolene

Established 1879.

Sold by your Chemist.

ALLEN & HANBURYS Ltd., Agent, Durban.

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Jungle Acrobatics.

There is no acrobatic feat that Miss Vanguard and Mr. Spalding, who are appearing at the Criterion, Durban, on June 22nd, cannot achieve—from balancing themselves on a chair on top of a lamp post to turning a somersault on a saucer. It is all one to them.

Their career has been a lively one, and considerably varied. To begin with they have been all round the world, and South Africa is one of the few countries in which they have not played before.

Miss Vanguard and Mr. Spalding.

Originally they were circus people—in fact, they were both born in a circus, and their parents before them were acrobats, so that love of trapezes and dangerous feats was born in them.

Even as children they were trained to become contortionists, and they have gone on training themselves since they grew up.

Mr. Spalding himself is very keen on physical culture, and studies all the latest methods. He has even given lessons in physical culture upon occasion. When he is not playing at night, he practises for two hours every day to keep himself in condition, and so does Miss Vanguard. But when they are in an engagement they rest in the mornings so as to be fit for their turn at night.

"Adventures?" said Mr. Spalding when he was asked to tell of his travels. "Why my life has been full of them. I have tramped and caravaned all over the world, I think. Certainly I am sure that I have travelled into nearly every country in the world and every circus I have played in.

"I remember once when I was with Barnum's Circus, which is world-famous, the tent caught fire. That was a dreadful and wonderful scene. There was a tremendous gale raging at the time, and the elephants stampeded, trampling people down before them. The great iron girders which held the tent up fell down upon the horses and severed the heads from the necks. We of the circus just managed to escape with our lives. Of course, the audience stampeded too. There was a rush to all the exits. Luckily we were able to extricate everybody and nobody was hurt.

"We have been into the Balkan States and are quite familiar with Turkey and Constantinople. The Turks we found excellent audiences, so appreciative and generous with applause. We found that all continental people received our act with great pleasure.

"I thought out the act we are now showing when we were in Brazil. That, of all the countries in the world, is the one I most want to see again. The country is so beautiful, the vegetation all tropical, and the trees abound in all sorts of magnificently coloured birds, which sing most exquisitely.

"The butterflies in Brazil are the largest and most beautiful I have ever seen.

"The scenery used for our act is based on a certain spot outside Rio de Janeiro—a most lovely little spot which appealed to me so much that I had pictures taken of it and the scenery made in almost exact imitation. Instead of having the ordinary lamp posts and poles of the usual acrobat, we have datepalms to climb and heavy green vegetation to swing about in.

"In Brazil the tropical trees are all connected together by long heavy tendrils, which grow from the trunks and the top branches. Occasionally in the interior one sees monkeys swinging gaily from tree to tree by means of these tendrils, assisted, of course, by their funny little tails.

"Oh, Rio and Buenos Aires are splendid towns, and I hope some day to go back and visit them.

"But, after all, the British Empire is the best of all places to live in. Although I am by birth a Belgian, I consider myself British, because I have lived a great deal of my life in England, and consider that my home—if any traveller round the world can be said to have a home. Somehow one's thoughts all turn to England when one says 'Home.'"

"Rain," which was produced at the Garrick Theatre, London, has a strange history. Mr. Somerset Maugham first incorporated it in his book of short stories, "The Trembling of a Leaf." In England, the story was called "Rain," and the American production, "Miss Thompson." For some reason or other Mr. Maugham missed the dramatizing possibilities of it and it was not until Mr. John Colton and Mr. Clemence Randolph came along and asked to have "a shot at it" that he agreed, to find himself the author of the most profitable short story known in the world.

Ada Reeve was on the bill at the Coliseum when the mail left. Lately, she has been contributing a good many of their reminiscences to the London papers, and among them, I notice, one or two stories of South Africa.

Miss Ada Reeve.

"White Cargo" was a year old on May 15th. After its 420th performance it was removed to the Fortune Theatre.

Miss La Verne, whom the critics acclaim as giving, perhaps, the finest example of authentic acting in London at present, is 65. On the stage she smokes prodigiously, but off it never smokes a cigarette. Miss Hetty King, as our readers will remember, always smokes tough-looking cigars and pipes on the stage, but off it never smoked, saying it gave her no pleasure.

It is possible that Mr. Michael Arlen's dramatisation of his novel, "The Green Hat," will be Miss Gladys Cooper's next London play. At present, she is considering it while playing in "Iris" with Mr. Ivor Novello. The two stars have revived interest in the play—the oldest play in a West End theatre—and it is having a most successful run.

The *Theatre Magazine* special commissioner describes Mr. Arlen as "a young man with a winsome smile. He was not very tall and not very short. A black beaver hat was perched at a rakish angle on his amber coloured hair.

Mr. Arlen.

Dollie and Billie were at the Scala, Berlin, in mail week.

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The Art of Making Love.

Shall I give you Elinor Glyn's recipe ?

Monday—
Keep him guessing.

Tuesday—
Continue treatment.

Wednesday—
Same as yesterday.

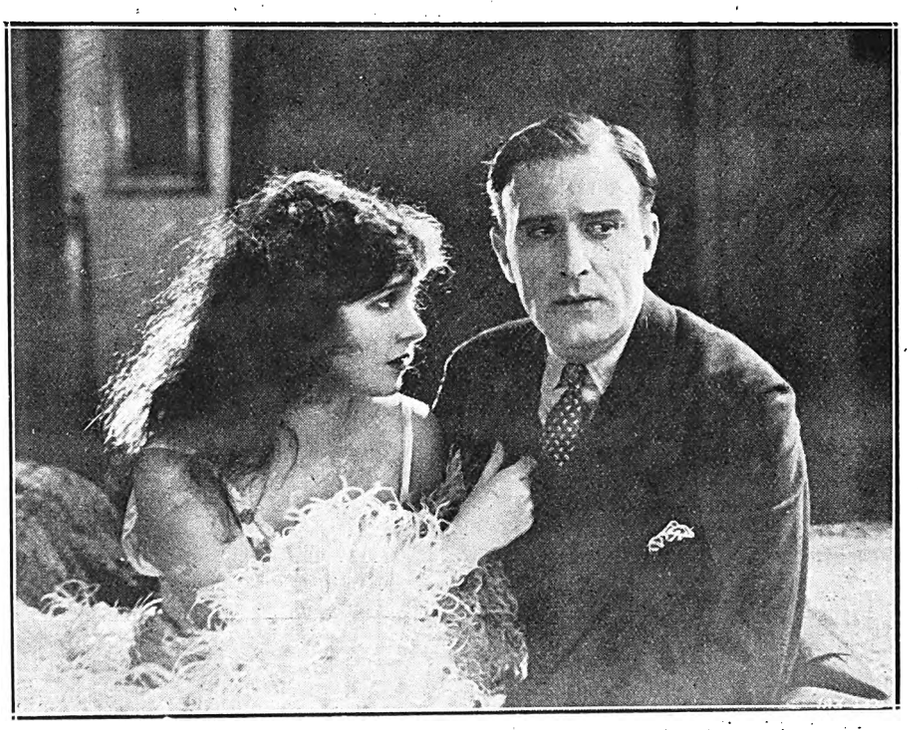
Thursday—
Don't weaken !

Friday—
He's yours for keeps !

Saturday—
Quick, the minister !

It looks easy, but you've got to know how.

I should advise you to study "Six Days," the Elinor Glyn film that is coming to the Alhambra, Capetown, on June 22, for one week. It is the drama of a beautiful girl rescued from society's auction block by a young man who knew how to do it. They met on the deck of an ocean liner. Their romance flowered in gay Paree. And then they were imprisoned underground by an explosion for six glorious days. There is Corinne Griffiths and Frank Mayo heading a wonderful cast; there is love, passion, luxury, thrill, heart throb and romance in he story. Can you beat it?



Naline recovers her consciousness and realizes that she has Dion back again—Frank Mayo and Connie Griffiths in "Six Days."

The lady has rather a wicked look in her eye so it is perhaps a good thing it is only a film—"West of the Water Tower," at the Grand Bioscope, Capetown, on the 25th June.

"West of the Water Tower."

Early in 1923, the New York publishing firm, Harper & Bros., published a book by an anonymous writer called "West of the Water Tower." The novel proved a literary bombshell and scored a tremendous hit in all quarters. Now the novel has been screened and is coming to the Grand Bioscope, Capetown, on the 25th, 26th and 27th June, and Glenn Hunter is the star. You will remember him in "Merton of the Movies," of course. Ernest Torrance, May McAvoy, George Fawcett and Zasu Pitts are in featured roles. The story is that of Guy Plummer, a boy who rises to popular favour, wins and betrays the girl he loves, and round this bare outline is wrapped an exciting and thrilling tale of town life.

Next Week's Theatre Calls.

WEEK COMMENCING MONDAY, 22ND JUNE, 1925.

Tivoli, Capetown.—Femina Quartette, Vera Kitchen, Les Storks.

Empire, Johannesburg.—"Sally," the Great Winter Garden Success, with all new Principals and Chorus.

His Majesty's, Johannesburg.—The Celebrated Macdona Players in Bernard Shaw's "You Never Can Tell."

Standard, Johannesburg.—Freda Godfrey and New London Company in "Three Wise Fools."

Orpheum, Johannesburg.—Nina & Nora, Knight & Brady.

Grand, Pretoria.—Clive Maskelyne, Bert Maddison.

Criterion, Benoni.—Noni & Horace, Dolly Victoria & Brother.

Rinko, Maritzburg.—Graham Bros.

Criterion, Durban.—Annita Bronzi and the Two Farabonis, Spalding and Vanguard, Stevens & Gould.

Vaudette, Bloemfontein.—Stella & Partner, Zetta Mor.

Apollo, Germiston.—Broughton & Creedon, Strength Bros.

Opera House, Capetown.—Renee Kelly and Company in "Daddy Long Legs," to be followed by "A Kiss for Cinderella."

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About "The Ten Commandments."

The centre pages of this issue show pictures of "The Ten Commandments," of which it has been said: "The Miracle of the Bible has been reproduced by a miracle of the films. Majestic in theme and magnificent in execution, At once the greatest sermon and the greatest entertainment ever shown on the screen, and, considered from every point of view, it is the finest photo-play ever made." "The Ten Commandments," by Cecil B. de Mille, is coming to South Africa shortly, having been bought by the African Theatres Ltd.

* * * * * * * *

Pageants and pleasurings of oriental monarchs never equalled the extravagance of the Royal City of Rameses in this film. The building of it and the events that went on in it occupied but little over a month altogether, and within that short period—18 days of filming, in fact—£200,000 was spent. This does not include the cash expended for the modern part of the picture, which was at least £100,000 more.

* * * * * *

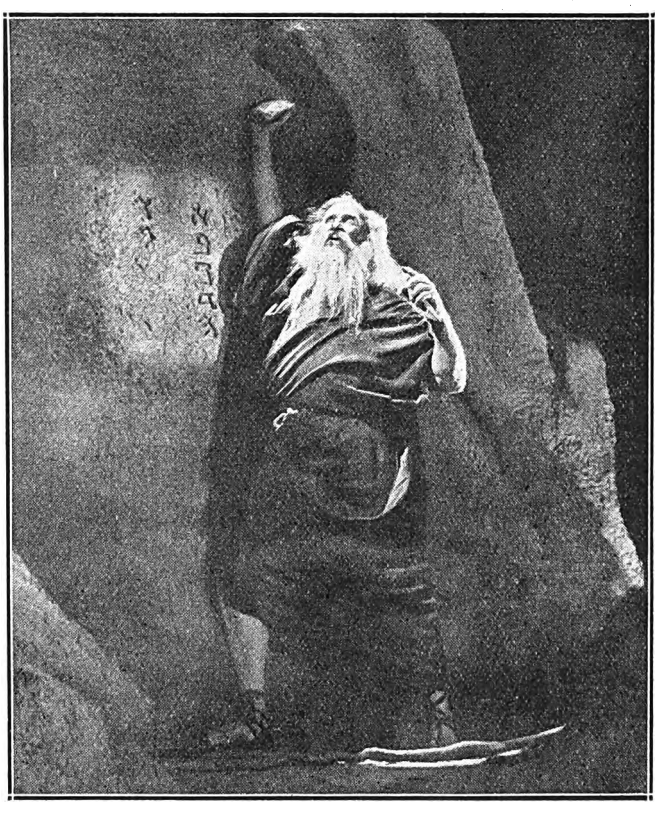
It took 2,000 mechanics to build it. Most of them were brought up to Guadaloupe from Los Angeles, 200 miles away, and most of the lumber and other materials were transported from equal distances.

* * * * * *

After the city was done, a tent city of 3,500 souls immediately sprang up beside it, for the actors and the professional and mechanical forces employed in the Biblical part of the spectacle. For 18 days these 3,500 people had to live out in the desert, day and night, and they had to be supplied with sleeping accommodation, food, water, baths, light, heat and recreation.

* * * * * *

Mr. De Mille's engineers built water works, brought electric lights four miles, built mess halls and kitchens and sewerage disposal plants, built recreation halls, built five miles of board walks, so that the people could go freely to and on their errands, and then turned around and built a third city —this time a coral for 5,000 horses, donkeys, oxen, sheep, goats and all the other little animals that accompanied the Israelites to Sinai.



Moses in "The Ten Commandments."

Through the centre of the Tent City ran a broad avenue known as No Man's Land. It was controlled by 150 police guards, whose purpose it was to see that no person crossed. Away from the locations, where both sexes worked together, they could meet each other only by permit and chaperoned.

* * * * * * * *

There were always two companies of military, headed by Capt. Imboden, of the Monterey Presidio, for the breaking in of Pharaoh's horses to the quaint, single-yoked Egyptian chariots, and after the breaking in for the driving and participation in the chariot race of Pharaoh after fleeing Israel, even into the waters of the Red Sea.

* * * * * * * *

For the second or modern part of the story Mr. De Mille and his company went to San Francisco, and took part in the construction of the great St. Peter and Paul's Cathedral, in Washington Square. When they got ready to film, the actual work on the Cathedral stopped for a time in order that the members of the company could represent the scenes of the tragic collapse of a real wall. In the first of these scenes much of the filming was done at the foot of the spire, 200 feet above the street level.

* * * * * * * *

Other outdoor stunts included the representation of Dan McTavish's death in the wild storm at sea, opposite two Gibraltar-like cliffs on which the letters of the Ten Commandments form before the fated mariner's dying eyes.

Making the "Ten Commandments" occupied, altogether, ten months, from February to the end of October, of which about 45 days was spent for the Biblical filming, about two and a half months for the modern filming.

In the cast of the prologue, "Moses" is played by Theodore Roberts, "Rameses" by Charles de Roche, "Mirian," the sister of Moses, by Estelle Taylor; "the wife of Pharaoh," Julia Faye; his son, Terrence Moore, "Aaron" and "Datham the Discontented," are Lawson Butt and Clarence Benton; and Noble Johnson is "The Bronzeman." These characters all appear in the prologue of Jeannie Macpherson's story. In the main story Edythe Chapman is "Mrs. Martha McTavish"; her sons, Richard Dix and Rod, La Rocque. "Mary Leigh" is played by Leatrice Joy; "Sally Lung," by Nita Naldi; "Reddy," by Robert Codeson; and Charles Ogle is the doctor.

* * * * * *

You must not forget that by hand work it took 100,000 slaves, labouring twenty years, to build one of the great Egyptian monuments such as the Great Pyramid.

* * * * * *

The avenue of twenty-five five-ton sphinxes that forms the approach to the Palace of the Pharaohs was also poured, not as unit but in standardised parts (just like flivver manufacture) which were carted to the scene, lifted to the Sphinx platforms, by pulley and tackle, and then carefully fitted along prepared grooves.

* * * * * *

Unlike the Israelites shown in the picture, who "made bricks without straw" and painfully dragged the statues into position, machines did the work. Not a hand was lifted till it came time for the chiselers to polish the brows and beards of the Pharaoh collosi.

In the "Egypt" that Famous Players built at Guadaloupe, central California, the magnavox, or loud speaker, replaced the taskmaster's bellow. Fleeing Israel and Pharaoh's pursuing host were in instant communication with each other by army field telephones. Though the modes of oxen wains and chariot driving shown are as primitive as Hyksos kings, the control was the electric spark along the wire.

Science ruled the camp equally. In place of manna from Heaven and the water-gushing rock at Moses' wand, water engineers provided a municipal plant and the commissary prepared several tons of food daily for the 2,500 actors. This second home city of tents, commissariat, mess halls, school, synagogue and recreation halls—like the plaster City of the Pharaohs—was put up to serve eighteen days' actual film work in the desert, after which both vanished like the City of Ozymandias in Shelley's poem.

It is safe to predict that the "Ten Commandments" will be one of the, if not the, biggest picture successes ever seen in South Africa.

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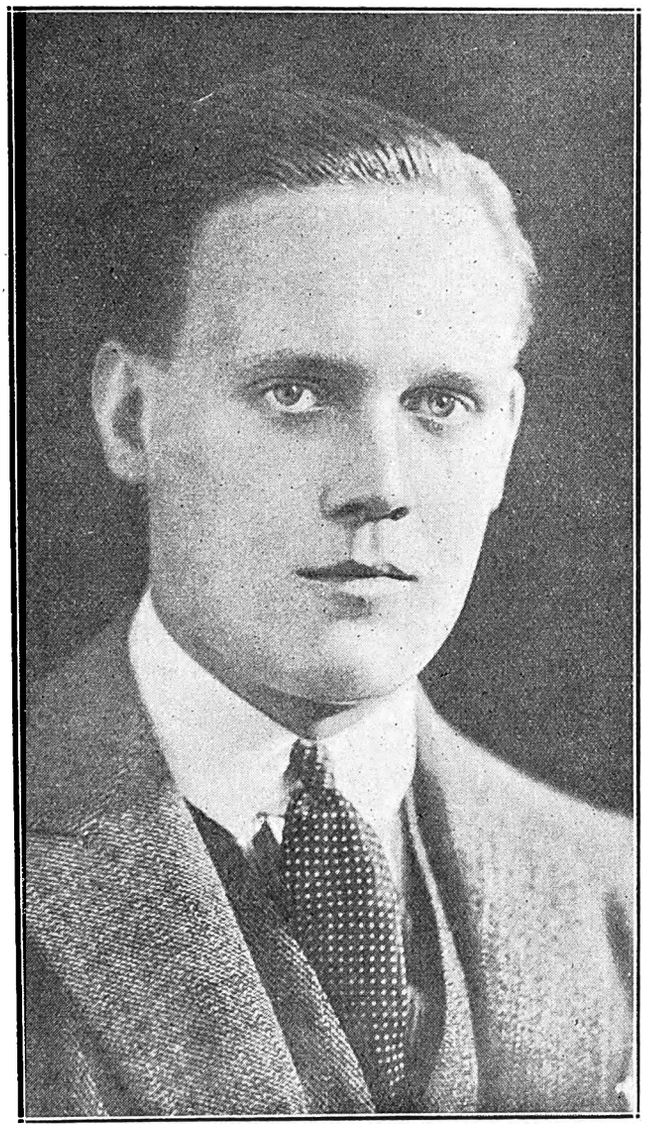

Mr. Cyril Raymond, the husband of Miss Iris Hoey, whose return to Johannesburg, on July 6th, will be looked forward to.

A Rising Dentist.

The title is somewhat reminiscent of hours, of periods of indecision, isn't it? Of teeth that suddenly get better when faced with the dentist's door, and of heroes who face the table of instruments with a smile. There are not many of these latter, by the way; the strongest man is but a babe in the arms of his dentist.

Valentine is the dentist I mean to tell you about; but fear not, he is—or will be—on the stage when "You Never Can Tell" is produced on Monday evening next at His Majesty's Theatre, Johannesburg. Valentine—Mr. Cecil Trouncer, to wit.

"I am a thoroughly unoriginal man," affirmed Mr. Trouncer, when I found him in a corner of his dressing-room trying to keep warm. "Thoroughly unoriginal, for nothing happens to me. I've had no adventures and I've got no hobbies. Sounds dull, doesn't it? I do like Sunny South Africa immensely; ever since I've been here (with a smile that lit up his whole face) I've been frozen to death! Your South African winters are nearly as severe as our own summers, but I'm liking your country so much that I do hope we stay here and see a real summer."

Mr. Trouncer then got on to speak of books and plays, and the self-confessed "dull" person talked and argued with a force and determination that showed he knew much of the literary and theatrical world. Of America, too, for he has lived there for some years, his father being an English actor who has nevertheless been on the American stage for twenty-five years.

"I was a pupil of Kate Rorke," said Mr. Trouncer, "and first went on tour for two years—wonderful experience. Then I was for three solid years at the Haymarket Theatre, and then went on tour again, and then back to the Haymarket. In fact, I seem to have spent most of my time there. Among other things I have understudied Leon Quartermaine. But, as I said before, I am thoroughly unoriginal, and have really had a peaceful life on the stage. It is a grievance of mine that nothing ever happens to me."

Ronald Knight and Sheila Brady, appearing at the Orpheum, Johannesburg, June 22nd.

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New Books.

Among the new books just to hand is a very interesting one for all tennis players. It is called "Lawn Tennis," and is written by Kathleen McKane, who is, of course, the first British holder of a Wimbledon Singles Championship since 1914, and a brilliant exponent of technique, as the book shows. Beginners will find it of enormous assistance, and also those who have already acquired a degree of proficiency. There are many excellent diagrams and action-photographs, and Ward, Lock & Co., Ltd., are to be congratulated on producing a book which imparts instruction in a lucid manner and holds the interest of the reader from cover to cover. It is priced at 5s.

"The Little Brown Baby," by Peter Blundell, published by John Lane, the Bodley Head, Ltd., is one of the most amusing and interesting books I have received for a long time. Mr. Blundell is, of course, a well-known writer, and is already responsibile for some six good novels. "The Brown Baby" is really funny, and it has the true ring about it of spontaneous humour, and one follows the adventures of the Gladstone Mortimers and of Ernestina Vasco de Gama Gladstone Mortimer with the utmost interest.

"The Secret Road," by John Ferguson, is by the same publisher (both volumes, by the way, are neatly and brightly bound in cloth) and is of absorbing interest. It is a tale of India that one grudges having to put down for an instant until the end is reached. It is not far-fetched in any way, and the author evidently knows his India and the Service well. All the characters are well drawn and the denouement comes as a surprise to everyone.

"The Buried Rubies," by Edgar Jepson, belongs to the Herbert Jenkins library, and in its bright paper cover looks most attractive. There is a young child in the story—the Owl—who is very like the Lady Noggs, who was also created by Mr. Jepson, as you will remember. How the rubies were stolen and how they were found makes a humorous adventure story.

"Kim Ruff," by Sidney Gowing, is another book sent forth by Herbert Jenkins, and is a romance of a man who climbed up the ladder from a machine cleaner. It is an exceedingly interesting story, showing what a man of grit can do, and is just the book to while away a pleasant hour.

Miss Eva Novak, the well-known film star.

Miss Adelaide Newman.

Miss Adelaide Newman was the winner of the Pianoforte Open Championship Gold Medal at the recent Eisteddfod in Capetown. Miss Newman also gained the Trinity College Bursary at the Eisteddfod, and won a bursary at the S.A. College of Music, Capetown, a short while ago. Miss Newman is only seventeen years of age, and her accomplishments are considered a record for South Africa.

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Special terms for Permanent Boarders, Commercial Travellers and Professionals
Proprietor .. .. P. Cooke
Manager .. .. F. Fillis

Miss Jose Collins, the well-known actress, in the beautiful gown and cloak, trimmed with ostrich feathers, which Mr. Reville has created for her to wear in the successful play "Frasquita."
Copyright photo: Reville, London.

Success lies in what you do with what you have. Bananas never brought any real money till they set 'em to music.

When a couple become engaged, the woman has something on her finger and the man has something on his hands.

Eve committed the first sin and then turned over a new leaf.

"GARLETTE"
Mrs. R. B. SYMS (Late of Joscelyne's).
ART FURNISHING AND FANCY GOODS SALON.
FURNITURE MADE TO ORDER.
EXCLUSIVE DESIGNS AT PRICES TO SUIT ALL INCOMES.
207, BREE STREET, BETWEEN ELOFF & JOUBERT STREETS.

HORLICK'S MALTED MILK
Malted Barley, Wheat and Milk
Is the Ideal Food-Drink. In concentrated form it contains ample nourishment to invigorate and sustain without unduly taxing the digestion. Its tonic effects on the system are remarkable, imparting renewed energy and vitality.
OF ALL STORES IN SOUTH AFRICA
Send 4d. in stamps for Sample Tin to South African Representative: P. N. RYAN P.O. Box 2182, CAPETOWN.

Perfect Beauty *Demands* Perfect Health
A daily glass of Lamplough's Pyretic Saline in water keeps the system vigorous, refreshed giving a clear healthy appearance to the skin. It entirely removes Headache, Biliousness, Indigestion, Constipation and Skin Eruptions and is invaluable to those subject to change of climate and diet. Lamplough's Pyretic Saline is the original and differs from other Salines and Salts.
3s. 9d. A Bottle of all Chemists.
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Sole Agents for S.A.: LENNON LIMITED, Cape Town and Branches.
London Agents: HEPPELLS' LIMITED, Foreign Chemists, 164, Piccadilly, London, W 1.

MARINE CHAMBERS, GARDINER STREET, DURBAN. LARGE AND WELL FURNISHED.

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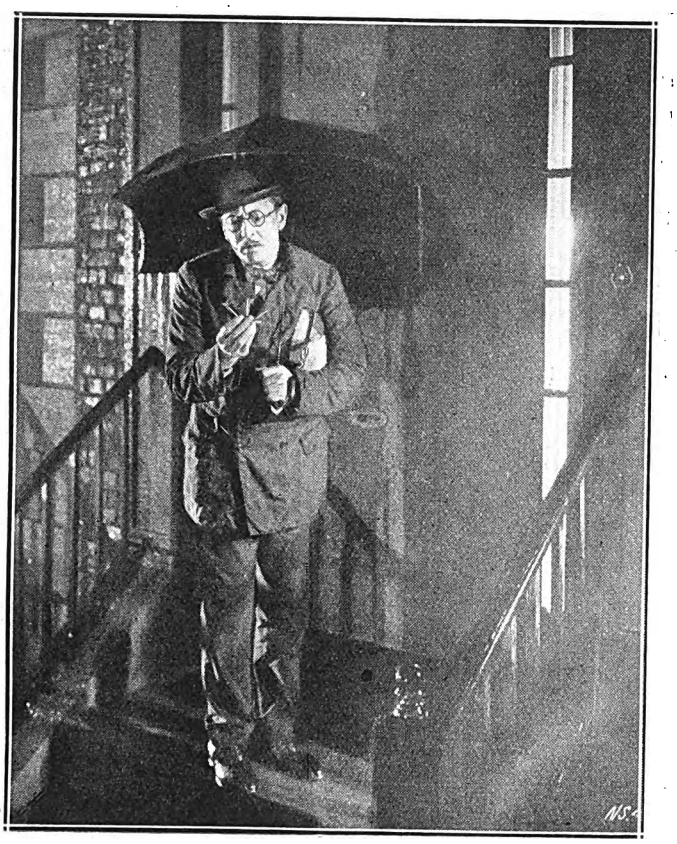
What Would You Do?

A narrow street, only twenty feet wide, furnishes the basis of a charming story, a story set in the crooked little alleys that twist and turn their way across crowded cities. You will be introduced to Simon Haldane, played by Matt Moore, as unobtrusive and retiring as the narrow street he lives in. *Then*, there is always a then in these things,



he finds, one stormy night, his bachelor quarters invaded by a nameless girl, who asks for refuge from the inclement weather and —— the police. What would you have done? Especially if the girl were charming Dorothy Devore? Go to the Orpheum, Johannesburg, on June 22nd, and see for yourself, and then ask yourself the question: "What would I have done?"

A scene from "Let Not Man Put Asunder" at His Majesty's, Durban, 29th June, and 1st July.

Grossmith's
Old Cottage
Lavender Water

A breath of an Old English Garden, fragrant and refreshing, comes to you in this quaint old-fashioned green bottle. "Old Cottage" Lavender Water, with its delicate reminder of the graces and allurements of long ago, is a world-wide favourite.

"Old Cottage" Lavender FACE POWDER, is adherent and unobtrusive, and delightfully fragrant.

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Man's Faith.

A scion of rare English stock, but a villain to the heart, was Luke Cavendish, the brother of the one girl Kit Carew loved. Kit Carew was from the Far North, where men fight for what they get, and Kit won his bride.

His hand was as steady as his eye, and his eye as clear as his heart. And he sacrificed his all for the love of the one woman in the world, whose light shone to him in a love that never waned.

Such is the theme of "Bucking the Barrier," which will be shown at Wolfram's Bioscope, Capetown, on the 22nd, 23rd and 24th June.

He was Kit Carew of the Klondike, with a doubled fist of his enemies and a doubled faith for his friends.—Dustin Farnum in "Bucking the Barrier."

Vaudeville Acts.

Apart from those vaudeville acts we have mentioned in paragraphs or photos, for the week ending the 22nd South Africa will be able to see: At the Empire, Johannesburg, "Sally"; at the Orpheum, Johannesburg, Nina and Nora and Knight and Brady; at the Grand, Pretoria, Clive Maskelyne and Bert Maddison; at the Criterion, Benoni, Noni and Horace and Dolly Victoria and Brother; at the Rinko, Maritzburg, Graham Bros.; at the Criterion, Durban, Annita Bronzi and the two Farabonis; at the Vaudette, Bloemfontein, Stella and Partner and Zetta Mor; and at the Apollo, Germiston, Broughton and Creedon and Strength Brothers.

The real joy of seeing yourself slim again!

After a short course of **Clark's Thinning Bath Salts,** you will experience that almost indescribable joy of seeing your youthful figure return to you. After many expensive and tiresome treatments you may have despaired of ever feeling young and vigorous again and have reconciled yourself to the idea of a stout middle age; yet the impossible has happened. Merely a hot bath every day with a packet of these wonderful salts dissolved in it. In about a fortnight the fatty tissues just beneath the skin will "melt" away, leaving you slim, supple and full of energy.

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Large packets can be obtained from the best Chemists' Stores at 1s. 9d. To become thin as quickly as possible, try Laxative Thinning Pastilles at 3s.
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£1,000 to the legal personal representative of the bona-fide holder of this Coupon Insurance Ticket if the holder shall be killed by an accident within the Union of South Africa to passenger train, passenger steamer, public omnibus, tram-car, taxicab or cab (which is being driven by a licensed driver plying for public hire) in which the holder is travelling as a ticket-holder or fare-paying passenger; or

£1,000 to the holder should such accident as above defined not prove fatal, but cause the loss of two limbs by actual separation above the wrist or ankle, or the total and irrecoverable loss of all sight in both eyes; or

£500 to the holder should such non-fatal accident cause the loss as aforesaid of the sight of one eye or the loss as aforesaid of one limb only.

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(a) That such death or loss shall result within thirty days after the accident; (b) that the holder shall, prior to the accident, have written his (or her) usual signature in the space provided underneath, and shall be a complete copy of the current issue of the "South African Pictorial" containing the signed Coupon Insurance Ticket on his (or her) person at the time of the accident; (c) the notice in case of injury be given to the African Guarantee and Indemnity Co., Ltd., at its principal office, corner of Market and Simmonds Streets, Johannesburg, within seven days after the accident, and in case of death within fourteen days after accident; and (d) that the insurance applies only to persons over twelve and under seventy years of age; and (e) that the Company's liability is limited to one Coupon Insurance Ticket associated with this or any other publication for any one holder, and holds good for seven days from 6 a.m. of the day of issue.

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Date of Issue: June 20, 1925.

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Johannesburg Programmes for Week Commencing Monday, June 22.

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Nightly at 8.15
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2.30 p.m.
African Theatres, Ltd., present the Celebrated Macdona Players
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BERNARD SHAW REPERTORY,
"YOU NEVER CAN TELL."
Bernard Shaw's Greatest Play. A Comedy of the Purest Delight.
Booking at the Carlton Hotel and all Reef Theatres.

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Nightly at 8.15.
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 3 p.m.
African Theatres, Ltd., present
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And a Specially Selected London Company,
in
"THREE WISE FOOLS."
By Austin Strong. Produced by Geo. R. Montford.
A Play which combines Charm with Quaint Comedy and Strong Dramatic Action.
Booking at the Carlton Hotel and all Reef Theatres.

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(AFRICAN THEATRES, LTD.)

Nightly at 8 o'clock.
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 3 p.m.
COMMENCING MONDAY, JUNE 22:
"THE LIGHT THAT FAILED."
A picturisation of Rudyard Kipling's story, with **Jacqueline Logan, Percy Marmont** and **Sigrid Holmquist** in the cast.
A film of tremendous dramatic power and appeal; one that will never be forgotten.
Advance Booking at the Theatre, Jeppe Street. 'Phone 3609.

ORPHEUM THEATRE
(AFRICAN THEATRES, LTD.)
"The Place Where Everyone Goes."

Two Shows Nightly at 7 and 9.
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 3 p.m.
Vaudeville for the Week:
NINA AND DORA. KNIGHT AND BRADY.
Photo-Play:
COMMENCING MONDAY, JUNE 22:
"THE NARROW STREET."
A film that stands in a class by itself; full of Mystery, Adventure and Laughter.
Starring the Famed Comedienne, **Dorothy Devore** and **Matt Moore.**

CARLTON THEATRE
(AFRICAN THEATRES, LTD.)

Daily at 5, 7 and 9.
MON., TUES. and WED., JUNE 22, 23 and 24:
"I AM THE MAN," presenting **Lionel Barrymore** and **Seena Owen.**
THUR., FRI. and SAT., JUNE 25, 26 and 27:
"A FOOL'S AWAKENING," adapted from William J. Locke's story "The Tale of Triona," featuring **Enid Bennett, Harrison Ford** and **Mary Alden.**

PALLADIUM
(AFRICAN THEATRES, LTD.)

Daily at 2.30, 7 and 9.
MONDAY and TUESDAY, JUNE 22 and 23:
"SOFT BOILED," featuring **Tom Mix.**
WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY, JUNE 24 and 25:
"BELL BOY THIRTEEN," with **Douglas MacLean.**
FRIDAY and SATURDAY, JUNE 26 and 27:
"OVER THE BORDER," starring **Betty Compson** and **Tom Moore.**

TIVOLI THEATRE
FORDSBURG.
(AFRICAN THEATRES, LTD.)

Two Shows Nightly at 7 and 9.
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 3 p.m.
MONDAY and TUESDAY, JUNE 22 and 23:
"THE FACE IN THE FOG," with **Lionel Barrymore** in the cast.
WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY, JUNE 24 and 25:
"THE WORLD'S APPLAUSE," with **Lewis Stone** and **Bebe Daniels.**
FRIDAY and SATURDAY, JUNE 26 and 27:
"GEORGE WASHINGTON, JUNR.," starring **Wesley Barry.**

EMPIRE PALACE
(AFRICAN THEATRES, LTD.)

Nightly at 8.15.
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Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 3 p.m.
MONDAY and TUESDAY, JUNE 22 and 23:
Mary Carr in the Sweet Mother Story, **"SILVER WINGS."**
WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY, JUNE 24 and 25:
"WOMAN PROOF," starring **Thomas Meighan.**
FRIDAY and SATURDAY, JUNE 26 and 27:
"ST. ELMO," with **Barbara La Marr, John Gilbert** and **Bessie Love** in the cast.

ALHAMBRA THEATRE
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Nightly at 8 o'clock.
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 3 p.m.
MONDAY and TUESDAY, JUNE 22 and 23:
"LAWFUL LARCENY," featuring **Hope Hampton** and **Conrad Nagel.**
WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY, JUNE 24 and 25:
Richard Dix and **Lois Wilson** in **"TO THE LAST MAN."**
FRIDAY and SATURDAY, JUNE 26 and 27:
"ENEMIES OF WOMEN"—Special Feature—with Lionel Barrymore and **Alma Rubens** in the cast.

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(AFRICAN THEATRES, LTD.)

Nightly at 8 o'clock.
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 3 p.m.
MONDAY and TUESDAY, JUNE 22 and 23:
"BAVU," featuring **Forrest Stanley, Estelle Taylor** and **Wallace Beery.**
WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY, JUNE 24 and 25:
Betty Compson and **Tom Moore** in **"OVER THE BORDER."**
FRIDAY and SATURDAY, JUNE 26 and 27:
"FOR BIG STAKES," starring **Tom Mix.**
Two Houses Saturday, 7 and 9.

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Nightly at 8 o'clock.
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 3 p.m.
MONDAY and TUESDAY, JUNE 22 and 23:
"THE ROOF TREE," with All-Star Cast.
WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY, JUNE 24 and 25:
"BAVU," featuring **Forrest Stanley, Estelle Taylor** and **Wallace Beery.**
FRIDAY and SATURDAY, JUNE 26 and 27:
"DRIFTING," starring **Priscilla Dean.**

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TURFFONTEIN.
(AFRICAN THEATRES, LTD.)

Nightly at 8 o'clock.
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 3 p.m.
MONDAY and TUESDAY, JUNE 22 and 23:
"BELL BOY THIRTEEN," featuring **Douglas MacLean.**
WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY, JUNE 24 and 25:
"ONE EIGHTH APACHE," with All-Star Cast.
FRIDAY and SATURDAY, JUNE 26 and 27:
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MONDAY and TUESDAY, JUNE 22 and 23:
"DULCY," featuring **Constance Talmadge.**
WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY, JUNE 24 and 25:
"GEORGE WASHINGTON, JUNR.," starring **Wesley Barry.**
FRIDAY and SATURDAY, JUNE 26 and 27:
William Russell in **"THE ROOF TREE."**

Capetown, Durban and East London Programmes for Week Commencing Monday, June 22.

TIVOLI THEATRE
CAPETOWN.
(AFRICAN THEATRES, LTD.)

Nightly at 8.15.
Matinees Thursday and Saturday at 2.30 p.m.
COMMENCING WEDNESDAY, JUNE 24:
Vaudeville:
FEMINA QUARTETTE. VERA KITCHEN.
LES STORKS.
Photo-Play:
"THE MAN LIFE PASSED BY."
A story of a man, a maid, and the fury of a bitter injustice, featuring
Jane Novak, Percy Marmont and **Cullen Landis.**

ALHAMBRA THEATRE
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Nightly at 8 o'clock.
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 3 p.m.
COMMENCING MONDAY, JUNE 22:
"SIX DAYS," adapted from Elinor Glyn's novel, with **Corinne Griffith** and **Frank Mayo** in the cast. A sensational love story of two continents.

GRAND THEATRE
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Daily at 3 and 8.
MON., TUES. and WED., JUNE 22, 23 and 24:
"THE EARLY BIRD," a brilliant Comedy-Drama. Another great success for the Screen Comedian, **Johnny Hines.**
THUR., FRI. and SAT., JUNE 25, 26 and 27:
"WEST OF THE WATER TOWER," starring **Glenn Hunter,** with **Ernest Torrence** and **May McAvoy** also in the cast.

WOLFRAM'S THEATRE
CAPETOWN.
(AFRICAN THEATRES, LTD.)

Daily at 3, 7 and 8.45.
MON., TUES. and WED., JUNE 22, 23 and 24:
"BUCKING THE BARRIER," with **Dustin Farnum** as star.
THUR., FRI. and SAT., JUNE 25, 26 and 27:
"WOMEN FIRST," a Whirlwind Romance of the Turf featuring **Eva Novak,** supported by notable cast.

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DURBAN.

Nightly at 8 o'clock.
Matinee every Saturday at 3 p.m.
Vaudeville for the Week:
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SPALDING AND VANGUARD. STEVENS AND GOULD
MON., TUES. and WED., JUNE 22, 23 and 24:
"Marguerite de la Motte in **"WHEN A MAN'S A MAN."**
THUR., FRI. and SAT., JUNE 25, 26 and 27:
"TRUXTON KING," featuring **John Gilbert.**

EMPIRE THEATRE
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Daily at 3 and 8.
MON., TUES. and WED., JUNE 22, 23 and 24:
"HELL'S HOLE," starring **Charles Jones.**
THUR., FRI. and SAT., JUNE 25, 26 and 27:
"FOR SALE," with **Claire Windsor, Adolphe Menjou** and **Mary Carr** in the cast.

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THUR., FRI. and SAT., JUNE 25, 26 and 27:
William Walling and **Virginia Valli** in **"THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH."**
Founded on Longfellow's Immortal Poem.

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MONDAY and TUESDAY, JUNE 22 and 23:
"THOSE WHO DANCE," featuring **Blanche Sweet** and **Bessie Love.**
WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY, JUNE 24 and 25:
"THE LURE OF GOLD," starring **Neil Hart.**
FRIDAY and SATURDAY, JUNE 26 and 27:
"ROUGH SHOD," with **Charles (Buck) Jones.**

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The Man Life Passed By.

"Revenge is Sweet," an old saying, but how very true. "The Man Life Passed By" is a thrilling tale of revenge.

It is the story of a man whose bitterness in heart against life is changed by a woman to love, and the woman is the daughter of his enemy. But this happens only after the girl's younger sister barely escapes the penalty of her father's wrong against the man whose invention he stole.

Jane and Eva Novak are in the play, and Percy Marmont plays the title role. There is one scene I am sure you will love, the raid on the "Spotted Dog," where Moore's younger daughter has taken her guests, after her father's secretary put an end to the daring frolic at her home. The raid sends the distracted girl fleeing into the arms of her father's enemy, and the scenes that follow will grip every spectator. The climax occurs when the repentant man goes to "Iron Man" Moore's home, to ask for justice, and is shot down. The picture will be shown at the Tivoli, Capetown, on the 24th June. The Femina Quartette, Vera Kitchen and Les Storks will be the vaudeville acts.

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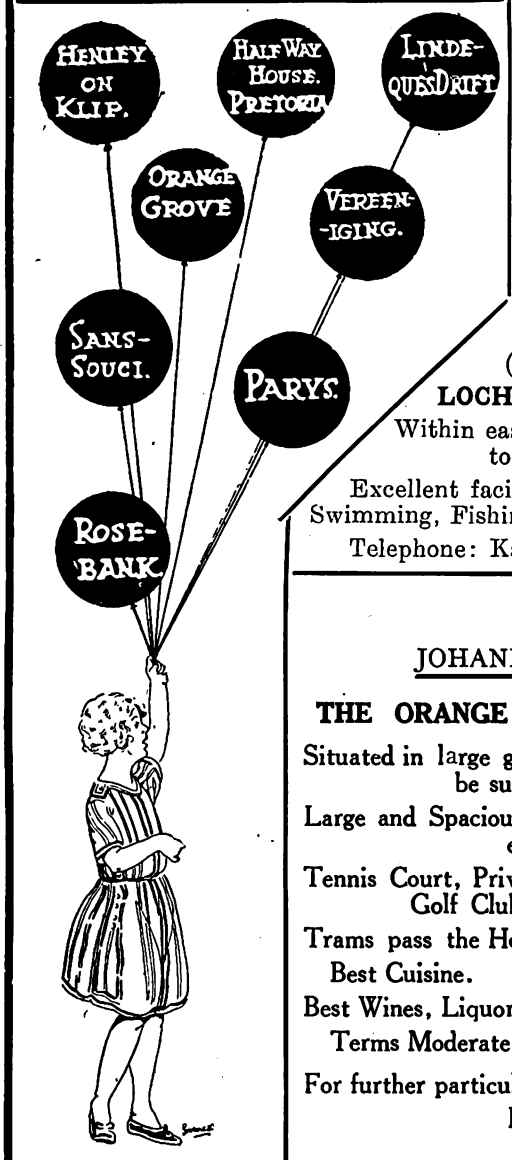

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A scene from "The Light that Failed."

"The Light That Failed."

It is the exquisite story of love and sacrifice, the pulse-quickening action, the contrasted backgrounds, tucked away in odd corners of the earth—all vividly real, and sure to get you. Jacqueline Logan heads the cast, and is one of the best-known heroines on the screen. She and Percy Marmont give splendid accounts of themselves in Rudyard Kipling's famous story. It is coming to the Bijou, Johannesburg, on June 22, for a week. There will be a good comedy in addition, Buster Keaton in "The Frozen North."

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The above picture will give a reason or two why "Chickie," one of the first National pictures, is considered one of the most daring films of the year. The lady of the lithe limbs is none other than Dorothy MacKail, star of the production.

The "Spelvin" Family.

We have a "James Spelvin" in "Sally," at the Empire, Johannesburg, but it is nothing to what members of the "Spelvin" family are doing in America.

"George Spelvin" is appearing at present in four different Broadway (New York) productions, namely, the "Ziegfeld Follies," "Hell's Bells," "The Witch Doctor" and the new arrival, "The Gorilla."

There is also a "George Spelvin" in the London company of Arthur Hammerstein's operetta, "Rose-Marie." He plays the part of a Caretaker, a character that is not on the programme of the New York production.

At the Tivoli, Capetown, on June 24th, Vera Kitchen will join the bill, on which will be also Les Storks and the Femina Quartette.

Little Vera is only 14 years of age, but yet is booked up to 1928—an enviable position—and this year she will play in pantomime at the Opera House, Belfast, starring in "Little Red Riding Hood."

It was at the age of two years and eight months that she first came on the stage, and at eight she was already Fairy Queen in pantomime and, although she has never been trained, she dances and acts with the finish and unerring effectiveness of an adult, but with all a child's charm.

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PRETORIA
PRODUCED ENTIRELY IN SOUTH AFRICA

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Pretoria, Reef and Port Elizabeth Theatres. Programmes for Week Commencing Monday, June 22.

GRAND THEATRE

PRETORIA.
(AFRICAN THEATRES, LTD.)

Nightly at 8 o'clock.
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 3 p.m.
Vaudeville for the Week:
CLIVE MASKELYNE. BERT MADDISON.
Photo-Plays:
MON., TUES. and WED., JUNE 22, 23 and 24:
"FIND YOUR MAN," featuring the Famous Screen Dog, **Rin-Tin-Tin.**
THUR., FRI. and SAT., JUNE 25, 26 and 27:
"THE SPANISH DANCER," with **Pola Negri** and **Antonio Moreno** in the cast.

APOLLO THEATRE

GERMISTON.
(AFRICAN THEATRES, LTD.)

Nightly at 8 o'clock.
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 3 p.m.
Vaudeville for the Week:
BROUGHTON AND CREEDON. STRENGTH BROS.
Photo-Plays:
MON., TUES. and WED., JUNE 22, 23 and 24:
"THE LAW FORBIDS," featuring **Baby Peggy.**
Also **Larry Semon** in **"HORSESHOES."**
THUR., FRI. and SAT., JUNE 25, 26 and 27:
Rin-Tin-Tin, the Famous Screen Dog, in **"FIND YOUR MAN."**

VAUDETTE THEATRE

KRUGERSDORP.
(AFRICAN THEATRES, LTD.)

Nightly at 8 o'clock.
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 3 p.m.
MONDAY and TUESDAY, JUNE 22 and 23:
"DRIFTING," starring **Priscilla Dean.**
WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY, JUNE 24 and 25:
"THE LIGHTS OF NEW YORK," featuring **Estelle Taylor** and **Marc Macdermott.**
FRIDAY and SATURDAY, JUNE 26 and 27:
"THE LAW FORBIDS," with **Baby Peggy** as star.

CRITERION THEATRE

BENONI.
(AFRICAN THEATRES, LTD.)

Nightly at 8 o'clock.
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 3 p.m.
Vaudeville for the Week:
NONI AND HORACE.
DOLLY VICTORIA AND BROTHER.
Photo-Plays:
MONDAY and TUESDAY, JUNE 22 and 23:
"BLUEBEARD'S EIGHTH WIFE," with **Gloria Swanson** as star.
WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY, JUNE 24 and 25:
"DRIFTING," featuring **Priscilla Dean.**
FRIDAY and SATURDAY, JUNE 26 and 27:
"TO THE LAST MAN," with **Richard Dix** and **Lois Wilson.**

SPRINGS THEATRE

SPRINGS.
(AFRICAN THEATRES, LTD.)

Nightly at 8 o'clock.
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 3 p.m.
MONDAY and TUESDAY, JUNE 22 and 23:
"THE SPOILERS," featuring **Milton Sills** and **Anna Q. Nilsson.**
WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY, JUNE 24 and 25:
"THE LOVER OF CAMILLE," starring **Marie Prevost** and **Monte Blue.**
FRIDAY and SATURDAY, JUNE 26 and 27:
"STEPHEN STEPS OUT," with **Douglas Fairbanks, Junr.,** as star.

PALACE THEATRE

VOGELFONTEIN.
(AFRICAN THEATRES, LTD.)

Nightly at 8 o'clock.
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 3 p.m.
MONDAY and TUESDAY, JUNE 22 and 23:
"THE LIGHTS OF NEW YORK," featuring **Estelle Taylor** and **Marc Macdermott.**
WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY, JUNE 24 and 25:
"MONTE CHRISTO"—Special Feature—with **John Gilbert** and **Estelle Taylor.**
FRIDAY and SATURDAY, JUNE 26 and 27:
"BLUEBEARD'S EIGHTH WIFE," with **Gloria Swanson** as star.

EMPIRE THEATRE

BOKSBURG.
(AFRICAN THEATRES, LTD.)

Nightly at 8 o'clock.
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 3 p.m.
MONDAY and TUESDAY, JUNE 22 and 23:
"THE LIGHTS OF NEW YORK," featuring **Estelle Taylor** and **Marc Macdermott.**
WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY, JUNE 24 and 25:
"SILVER WINGS," starring **Mary Carr.**
FRIDAY and SATURDAY, JUNE 26 and 27:
Gloria Swanson in **"BLUEBEARD'S EIGHTH WIFE."**

EMPIRE THEATRE

BRAKPAN.
(AFRICAN THEATRES, LTD.)

Nightly at 8 o'clock.
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 3 p.m.
MONDAY and TUESDAY, JUNE 22 and 23:
Special Feature Film—"CHU CHIN CHOW," featuring **Betty Blythe.**
WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY, JUNE 24 and 25:
"ST. ELMO," starring **John Gilbert, Barbara La Marr** and **Bessie Love.**
FRIDAY and SATURDAY, JUNE 26 and 27:
"ONE NIGHT IN ROME," with **Laurette Taylor** and **Tom Moore** in the cast.

GRAND THEATRE

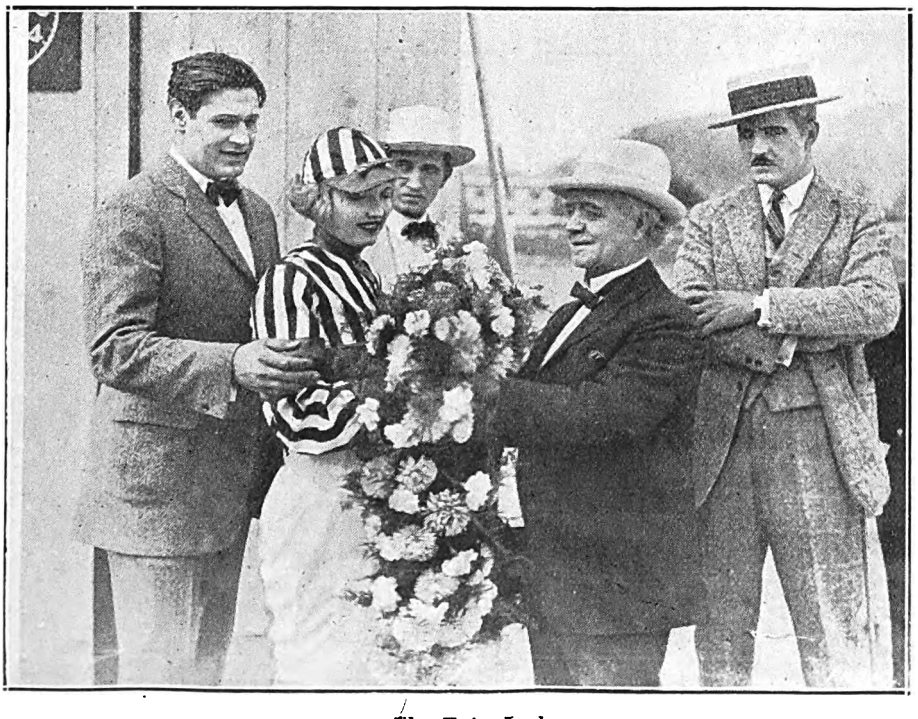
PORT ELIZABETH.
(AFRICAN THEATRES, LTD.)

Nightly at 8 o'clock.
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 3 p.m.
MONDAY and TUESDAY, JUNE 22 and 23:
"JAZZMANIA," with **Mae Murray** as star.
WED., THUR., FRI. and SAT., JUNE 24, 25, 26 and 27:
"ACROSS THE WORLD BY ZEPPELIN Z.R.3,"
And **Tom Mix** in **"THREE JUMPS AHEAD."**

GAIETY THEATRE

PORT ELIZABETH.
(AFRICAN THEATRES, LTD.)

Nightly at 8 o'clock.
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 3 p.m.
MONDAY and TUESDAY, JUNE 22 and 23:
"FLYING HOOFS," featuring **Jack Hoxie.**
WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY, JUNE 24 and 25:
"THE FACE ON THE BAR-ROOM FLOOR," with All-Star Cast.
FRIDAY and SATURDAY, JUNE 26 and 27:
"PIONEER TRAILS," starring **Cullen Landis.**



The Fair Jockey.

"Women First."

Of course, they should be, all the time; you, ladies, will agree with me about that. And you will want your husbands, sweethearts and brothers to take you to see the film at Wolfram's Bioscope, Capetown, on the 25th, 26th and 27th June. It will be worth going to, with William Fairbanks and Eva Novak as the stars.

It is a story of a Kentucky racing family and their triumph over the attempts of an unscrupulous scoundrel to prevent their horse from running.

Of course, the picture at the side is taken from the film.

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Racing News.

By "Observer."

As the final acceptances for the Durban July Handicap e not due before these notes go to press one cannot deal th that important event. The withdrawals to date are important, and up to the present I remain true to Wonder, esert Gold, Bird of Prey and best of F. W. Murray's lot, hich I expect to be Vigilance.

n Improved Horse.

Seldom do we see a finer finish than we did on Saturday hen View Holloa narrowly beat Carry On, Memoria, and rincess Alice. Less than three weeks earlier View Holloa ad finished, tailed off last in a field of five at Benoni. The ark Stewards did not see fit to hold any formal enquiry, though to many the discrepancy of the two showings eemed to call for one, and through Carry On, who was in oth races, it looked a decided reversal of form. Perhaps me day, when we have competent stipendiary stewards, uch happenings will not be allowed to go unchallenged. lways we are crying out for stricter supervision, but as well ight we cry for the moon.

ack to the Fold.

Mr. Arthur Forbes has, after a year's absence, rejoined ne ranks of our owners, and the South African turf is all he better off. Mr. Forbes keeps a high class stud, and as bred such smashers as Red Ronald, Brown Bess, and Blacksmith II., not to mention a host of other useful ones. t has always been his aim to import and breed of the best, nd we could do with many more of his type, for everything e undertakes he does in a most thorough manner. When e relinquished owning he leased several of his horses to is trainer, C. Bridgen. With the free consent of the latter, Mr. Forbes has cancelled the lease in Golden Tip and the mare, who remains with her trainer, is to run in the name nd colours of Mr. Forbes in the Prince of Wales Cup. nd were she to win the coveted trophy the victory would e highly and deservedly popular with the masses.

Prince of Wales Cup.

On Wednesday next the Prince of Wales Cup is to be un, and as the great day draws nearer so the interest in he event deepens. The mystery of the race is the top veight, Wonder. Last in the Winter Handicap of but three weeks ago, in which he started at 50 to 1, Wonder vas at the time favourite for the July Handicap, and negligible for the Prince of Wales Cup. Quite recently here have been two runs in the betting on Wonder, about vhom the boards in the Rooms were claimed on Monday. t is said that Wonder has a twofold mission, the Prince of Wales Cup and the Durban July Handicap. To win the louble he will need to be better than was Pamphlet at his best, and this is very open to doubt. Wonder will run in he two races. He may finish close up in the Prince of Wales Cup and, benefited by that race but escaping a penalty, may win the July Handicap. After that inglorious showing in the Winter Handicap it would almost be asking oo much of the public to expect to see him win the Prince of Wales Cup, but after View Holloa at the Park on Saturday, horses seem able to improve very rapidly. That competition for the Prince of Wales Cup and the honour of receiving the trophy from the hands of the Prince, will be of the keenest, leaves no room for doubt. Were it not for his utter failure in the Winter Handicap, one could fancy Wonder. That failure, however, was too marked and, therefore, I will take Jubilant II., a young improving English horse, to repeat his victory at Durban in a similar event, and to anticipate Harry Solomon's verdict, I shall place them: Jubilant II., 1; Golden Tip, 2; Surprise Sauce, 3.

A Good Man Gone.

There died, on Sunday last, Mr. Alex. Robertson, veteran breeder and one of the grand old men of South Africa. Mr. Robertson was born in Scotland but, through long residence in Cape Colony, he seemed to belong to the country. "Old Alec," as he was known to so many, was deservedly popular and highly respected. Straight as a die, his word was his bond and, by his passing, South Africa is the poorer. In those good old days, of which we hear so much and really know so little, Alex Robertson was a prominent figure in racing circles. When he married a daughter of the late Mr. Oosthuizen, Mr. Robertson settled close by in the Colesberg district, where he established the Stormfontein Stud, which has always been famous. There he bred Nunnery and that mare's greatest son, Abelard; and from there sprang winners galore, including Colesberg—one of the best horses of recent years. Mr. Robertson was not only a remarkably good judge of horses and racing, but was a most able student of the intracacies of the subtle art of breeding. From time to time he imported from England horses and mares that were to make their name and leave their mark on the history of the South African turf. Until quite recently he regularly attended the Rand Show and Yearling Sales, at which he was represented by a high-class draft, which buyers always purchased with the utmost confidence, for "Old Alec" simply could not tell a lie, not even to get an extra hundred or two for a yearling. Of late years, the tall erect figure of the Squire of Stormfontein Stud, was not so regular in attendance. Then one heard that, having passed the allotted span of life, old age was demanding the relinquishing of the annual trip which, to him, was most enjoyable. Following a severe sickness, Mr. Robertson recently had a trip to Capetown but the improvement in health, if any, was most fleeting, and after another severe and painful bout of illness, he passed away on Sunday, and was buried on Monday at Colesberg. He leaves a widow and an only child, Mr. Allan Robertson, to whom the sincerest sympathy will be extended.

Ponies and Galloways.

It is most pleasing and gratifying to record an appreciable improvement in the entries for Saturday's meeting of the one time very popular Pony and Galloway Club. The following are the times and order of the events and those that should run well:—

1.10 p.m. Pony Handicap (D); five furlongs.—
1, Rummy; 2, Wavy's Pride; 3, Harlam.

2 p.m. Galloway Handicap (C); five furlongs.—
1, Beth; 2, Martingale; 3, Cry Baby.

2.35 p.m. Pony Handicap (A); one mile.—
1, Oxton; 2, Summertime; 3, Gueret.

3.15 p.m. Galloway Handicap (A); six furlongs.—
1, Wills Maid; 2, Flek; 3, Wilsan.

3.50 p.m. Galloway Handicap (B); one mile.—
1, Wilful Lady; 2, Buiter; 3, Thorima.

4.25 p.m. Pony Handicap (C); six furlongs.—
1, Monad; 2, Bonny Bud; 3, Solway.

5 p.m. Pony Handicap (B); six furlongs.—
1, Scout; 2, Erica; 3, Husk.

CARLTON HOTEL

Monday, June 22,

Grand Cabaret

Commencing at 10 p.m.

RESERVE YOUR TABLE BY RINGING UP THE HOTEL.

'PHONE 3111 CEN. H. GAUTHIER, MANAGER.

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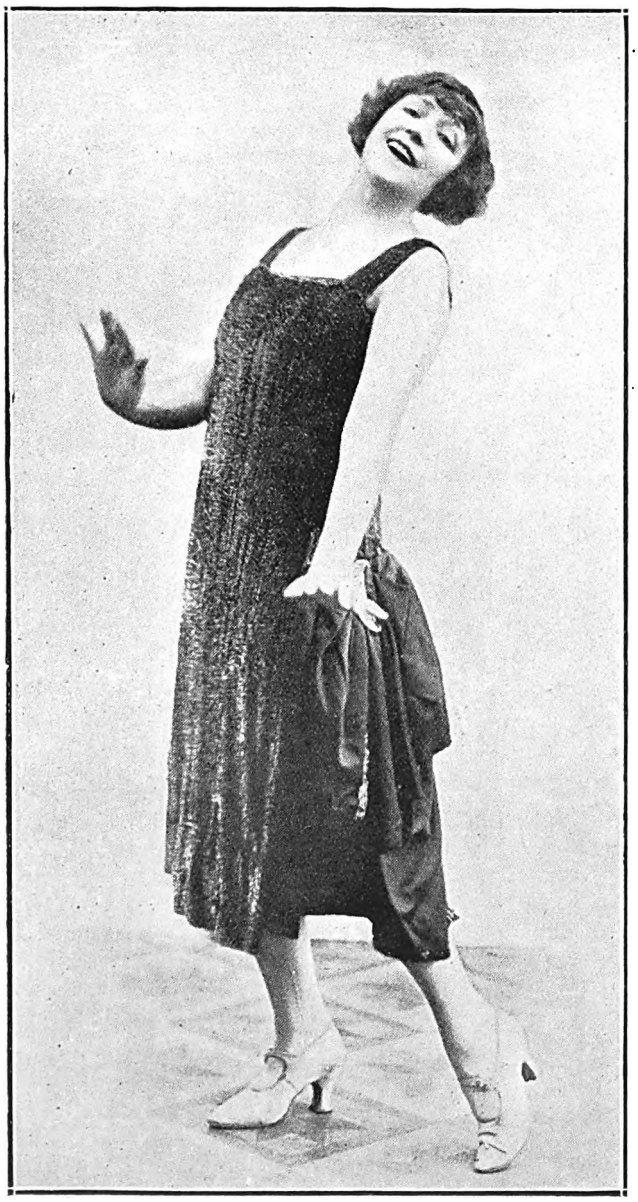
A Word with Stevens and Gould.

It is not often that a girl, designed by her parents to be a millinery expert, and a man ordained for the church, join forces to make an excellent music hall act. Yet this has been the case with Stevens and Gould, who are known on the bills as "the entertaining duo with a piano."

These two decided that parents do not always know what is best for them and, taking the law into their own hands, they went on the stage. That was when they were younger, however. They did not meet and join forces until much later—until they had both had considerable theatrical experience and had achieved some consequence as singers and comedians.

Miss Stevens, the feminine half of the act, has been to South Africa before with another partner. She supplies most of the comedy for the act. There is no branch of comedy she has not attempted, and she will give you a sketch of a cockney woman in Billingsgate or a vague, amusing scion of the aristrocracy in Belgrave Square, before you can say knife. Her sense of characterisation is phenomenal and she makes her representations live and move like very real people.

On Monday next, 22nd, at the Carlton Hotel, there will be a grand cabaret, commencing at 10 p.m. This will be the first of a series of festivities in honour of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales' visit to South Africa.



May Stevens, of Stevens and Gould.

Gould, of Stevens and Gould, who are appearing on June 22nd at the Criterion, Durban.

Miss Iris Hoey, who will open in "Scandal" at the Opera House, Pretoria, on June 29th.

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S.A. PICTORIAL.

STAGE & CINEMA.

VOL. XX. No. 517. | SATURDAY, JUNE 27TH, 1925. | (Registered at G.P.O. as a Newspaper.) PRICE 6D.

Welcome to Johannesburg

God Bless the Prince of Wales!

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S. A. PICTORIAL

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The Week.

Two new plays to tell you of; both of them were staged on Monday evening, in Johannesburg. Two new plays, each of them exceedingly well acted.

Let me tell you.

First, shall we visit His Majesty's Theatre? Before a large and very representative audience the last play of the Bernard Shaw season was staged, "You Never Can Tell." It gave us three hours of pure enjoyment, there was, as has been the case in all the plays that the Macdona Players have produced, no single weak spot. It was a notable performance, and was Shaw at his lightest and merriest, most paradoxical and brightest. It also afforded Mr. Stanley Drewitt as Fergus Crompton, and Miss Alice O'Day as Mrs. Clandon, the chance, to my mind, of giving the best performances they have done during the season, and that says a very great deal. Mr. Drewitt was most convincing throughout, and his pathos was very real. Miss O'Day was splendid, natural unaffectedness the keynote of her acting. Miss Sibyl Jane as Gloria Clandon had a difficult role, but filled it very efficiently. At pert pretty flapper was Dora Macdona, one of the best and most natural stage flappers I have seen, and both she and her brother Philip, played by Mr. John Boddington, contributed greatly to the spirit of the play—their offering youth at its best. Mr. Cecil Trouncer had a very arduous role, that of Valentine, the dentist, but was excellent throughout. William, the waiter, gave Mr. A. S. Homewood a great opportunity, which he used to its utmost; the kindly old man who seemed to be always there at the right moment, smoothing the paths of others in unobtrusive fashion.

His son, Bohun, K.C., gave Mr. George S. Wray all too short a part for our liking, but even in this he lived up to the reputation he has made among us and gave a performance which could not have been excelled. He was the figure of Inevitable Reason, "whose speciality was being right when everyone else was wrong." Although clad in disguising domino the audience knew him at once and gave him a round of applause as he made his entrance. Mr. J. Denton-Thompson reminded one of many a family solicitor one had known, and as Finch McCowan he was very good. Miss Molly Burns made a dainty parlour maid. The setting was all that could be desired, and Mr. Stanley Drewitt was responsible for the production. Mr. Dave Foote, in the conductor's chair, attended to the excellent selections played during the evening.

OF THE STANDARD THEATRE.

Three Bachelors—they deserve capital letters, you will agree—were Austen Strong's "Wise Fools." They set up house together, for the girl they loved with their three hearts had jilted them and they were sad. Then to brighten their lives came the daughter of this lady, willed to them all to bring up and care for. Of course, they did it, although there were great complications. Miss Freda Godfrey was a very charming, lovable girl who one adored at first sight, and played her role very sympathetically. Mr. George R. Montford, also responsible for the production, as Dr. Richard Gaunt, one of the "Three," gave an excellent rendering. His two confreres were Mr. Clarence Bigge as the banker, and Mr. Leslie Manners as the judge, and they both treated us to fine pieces of acting. Mr. Barry Livesey was good as the nephew of the banker, Findlay, and Miss Florence Vie took the part of the housekeeper very effectively. It is a play you will like—well produced and well caste.

At the Carlton.

It was gala night in very truth at the Carlton Hotel, Johannesburg, on Monday evening. His Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales, was being entertained to a private dinner and dance there, but managed during the evening to put in an appearance at several other functions. The ball room and palm court had a cabaret going from ten o'clock till the "wee sma' hours." It was a wonderful sight, many hundred people enjoying themselves to the full, and bright balloons, paper caps and flowers made brilliant splashes of colour at every table. The novelties were sold in aid of the Star Seaside Fund, Mr. Gautier, manager of the hotel, having kindly donated them. I would so like to give you a complete list of those dancing, but it is really impossible, you understand that, don't you? So, if I may, I will tell you of a few. Lady Dalrymple was with her son and looked very lovely in white georgette with a low waistline of pearls and diamante plastrons on the hips. Lady Wallers was handsome in a beautiful gown of deep blue embossed in grey chenille. Mrs. I. W. Schlesinger wore an exquisite gown of hyacinth blue made on straight lines, the front beautifully embroidered in beads, and at the back a narrow sash kept the draperies in place. Mrs. Bullock wore a chic pink georgette gown embossed in coloured flowers in beadwork. Madame Emil Levy was well gowned in gold laces. Miss Iris Hoey and Mr. Raymond, just back from their successful tour of the country, were being welcomed by many friends. Miss Hoey looked very elegant in perveche blue embroidered in crystals and corals over silver tissue. Mrs. Paul Selby had on a charming white gown embroidered in beads and a shrimp pink sash of ribbon at the side caught with a rose. Mrs. Gordon Watson looked well in black edged with fringes and embroidered in jet. Mrs. Peter Kaplan wore a lovely gown of blue embossed in coloured flowers edged with beads. Mrs (Dr.) Sheridan came in a smart rose gown edged with feathers. Miss Julie Popper looked very pretty in a gown of white laces over pink, the insets being of white accordion-pleated georgette. Monsieur Paul Dreyfus, Mr. Tielman Roos, Mr. and Mrs. Ted Marks, Mr. and Mrs. Julius Wertheim, Mr. Norman Curry Mr. and Mrs. J. Neilson, Miss Olive Jackson, Mrs. Bedell-Sivright in china blue embossed in beads, Miss Rita Reuas in silver blue tissue, Mr. and Mrs. Percy Leon, Mr. T. Pauncefort, Miss Kathleen Yates, Miss Margaret Riddick were among others I saw. By kind permission of the African Theatres, Ltd., during the evening "Sally," Miss Cecile Maule-Cole, gave an interpretation of "The Dying Swan," and Miss Gladys Deane, with some of the dancers also delighted the large crowd.

Freda Godfrey Company on Tour.

The Freda Godfrey Company will leave the cosy Standard Theatre, in which the African Theatres, Ltd., installed them, and will leave Johannesburg on June 27th for **Kimberley,** where they will play at the Theatre Royal on June 29th and 30th in "The Heart of a Child." "Spring Cleaning" will follow on July 1st and 2nd and the season will end with "Three Wise Fools," on July 3rd and 4th. Owing to lack of space the remainder of the tour is held over till next week.

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"MADONNA OF THE STREETS"

A COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

FICTIONIZED BY PERMISSION OF THE FIRST NATIONAL PICTURES.

No one knew from what dregs of humanity she had sprung, this insolent, calculating beauty who had made men her victims ever since she had known how to exercise her woman's wiles to their undoing. But every one was aware that she had sold herself to elderly Henry Vavasour because, with his days clearly numbered, she had believed it inevitable that he would will his princely fortune to her. All New York chuckled, therefore, when, upon the death of the old rake, it became known that Vavasour had cut her off without a farthing, bequeathing his millions to an obscure nephew, a clergyman, "Somewhere in London."

Mary Carlston raged and stormed when the lawyers broke the news to her, then, with characteristic cunning, dissembled her feelings.

"You say this nephew is a Rev. John Morton, rector of St. Andrews Church, London?" she asked with perfunctory interest. "Very well, I shall at once remove myself from the Vavasour residence and let you gentlemen take charge. Certain formalities of the law must be complied with, I suppose. And you say it will be a matter of several weeks before you will be ready to go to London and acquaint the heir with his good fortune?"

The affirmative answers cemented the adventuress in her hastily conceived plot. She would inveigle this unknown clergyman into marrying her before the knowledge that he was a millionaire could reach him. What man hitherto had ever been able to resist her charms? Why should she let a psalm-singing parson stand between her and the wealth she had set her heart upon?

But she reckoned without a knowledge of John Morton's character or the passion for humanity that had led him to give up his fashionable parish to devote his life to the poor. In the dingiest slum in the Limehouse District the minister had established a mission where, with the assistance of his loyal friend, Lady Sarah Padrington, he was already erecting a settlement house, with workrooms for the destitute and an asylum for those who were homeless. Lord Padrington, her father, scoffed at the scheme and denounced the young rector, whose radicalism had offended three-fourths of his former parishioners, as a fool; but Morton only smiled tolerantly.

"It is not a new religion that I am preaching," he told Doctor Colbeck, the skilled specialist who had attended the Padrington family for a generation. "The religion is as old as Christianity. It is the application that men find new—to treat their fellows as brothers and to love their neighbours as themselves. Some day you will agree with me that you scientists, who believe only what you can prove by the senses, have much to learn. God will give you a sign."

"Meantime, I suppose you will continue to take into your home every thug and derelict, every fallen woman and outcast who knocks at your door," responded the physician dryly.

"Most certainly I will," was the emphatic rejoinder. "If only I had a million dollars, how much more room could I have for such a service! My first investment would be in a home for fallen women where, without any red tape or heartless probing, they might find shelter and comfort."

Such a type of man was an unknown quantity to Mary Carlston, but it was not for nothing she had crossed the ocean. If the clergyman's speciality was homeless outcasts, she would cheerfully make up for the part. In less than a week after landing in Liverpool, under the name of Mary Ainsleigh, "friendless, homeless, a stranger in this great London, sir," she was esconced in the Settlement House. Two weeks after that date, so subtle and finished was her technique, chivalrous, idealistic John Morton had asked the girl, whom he believed to be as genuinely in love with him as he was with her, to be his wife. When, a short time thereafter, the London representative of the American law firm called to advise Morton that he was sole heir to five million pounds sterling, no one was more "surprised" than the artful courtesan.

John Morton was first incredulous, then transported with delight. He eagerly scanned the copy of the will which the solicitor presented. His fine face furrowed into lines of anxiety when he came to the clause cutting off "the woman, Mary Carlston," without a farthing, turning to the detective who had accompanied the lawyer to comply with the formalities of certifying the heir's identity, he asked:

"Can you possibly find this Mary Carlston? Surely, it appears from the very wording of this document that she had some claim upon my uncle. To cut the poor thing off without a penny, is grossly unjust. Trace her for me and see that a substantial sum is paid to her out of my inheritance."

Mary, who had gone white at his first words, interrupted cunningly:

But John dear, is that wise? She may be happily married now, and to bring up her past would be cruel!"

"Time enough to decide on that point when the detective locates her," laughed John, "though it is like my sympathetic, generous little wife to wish to shield her from the possibility of shame."

Mary, for the first time in her selfish career, felt a stab of conscience. In her shallow, fickle way she had from the first been drawn to the handsome, vigorous young clergyman. Physically, he was one of the most magnetic men she had ever met, but real love was an emotion she had never experienced. Now she looked at him as if seeing him for the first time, when John exclaimed:

"Think of it, darling, all our dreams will soon come true! Five millions pounds sterling to spend on God's poor! Not one penny of it will we touch for ourselves. And first of all I shall erect that supremely-needed home for fallen women. Over the altar a stained-glass window will be set and the face of the Madonna, that it will depict, will be the face of my dearly beloved wife!"

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Mary sprang back as if he had struck her. Something stirred in her calloused heart. Here was a man to whom money meant nothing, whose grand passion was the service of his fellow men—and how he idealised her! But a moment later the habit of a lifetime asserted itself and the woman, whose love of luxury and pleasure had so long been her dominating motive, paced the floor in sudden fury. It was a Mary that John Morton had never seen who, several days later, retorted to his rhapsodies on the subject of his contemplated gifts with:

"Children's hospitals! Homes for fallen women! Do you never think of anything else? How about me? Yes, perhaps I am selfish"—she answered the unspoken criticism in her husband's face—"But I'm human and I'm young, beautiful—I want to live and have some of the good things of life!"

John gazed at her for a moment in stupefied astonishment, then with a shrug decided that even his wife was, after all, subject to feminine nerves, and, turning to his secretary, he suggested mildly:

"Howard, Mrs. Morton needs a little diversion. I must go to visit a dying woman, but I want you to take her to a cinema and perhaps, afterwards, for a little walk in the park."

"Cinemas! Walks in the park!" Mary was inwardly raging. Were these fit recreations for the wife of a millionaire? Why, she was no better off than a pauper!

Howard Bowman, like herself, had come up from the slums. From the first day Mary had entered the Settlement House the clergyman's secretary had been enamoured of her. Instinctively also he recognised that at heart she was a wanton and that, though she pretended sympathy with her husband's spirituality and high ideals, secretly she yearned for the fleshpots. It was not to a cinema, therefore, that he took his employer's wife, but to a low dive, where the liquor was raw and the dancing even more so. When midnight came and Mary discreetly reminded him that if they were to arrive home ahead of her husband they must leave at once, the boy, his passion inflamed by drink, began to make violent love to her, and Mary was only half-hearted in her rebuffs. Bowman continued his overtures even after they reached the Settlement House, and it was with difficulty that the girl freed herself from his embrace and reached her room without creating a disturbance. John was not yet at home, but she knew that he would soon arrive, and was proportionately startled when a note was poked under the door by her importunate admirer.

"Mary, dearest, I am mad about you. Come to my room across the hall when every one is asleep. Your husband will never know. Devotedly yours, Howard."

With a laugh, partly contemptuous, partly of gratified vanity, Mary dropped the note on the floor and rocked herself back and forth gleefully. It was good to know that she still had power to charm, though she sneered at the lowliness of here victim.

She was still simpering over her conquest and toying with the temptation when, unnoticed by her, a hatpin was thrust beneath the crack of the old and shrunken door, and the note she had discarded was cautiously withdrawn. It was not for nothing that old Hester, the housekeeper, had spied all these weeks upon the girl she had hated from the moment she entered the Mission. When she had seen Howard Bowman slinking away from the door she had determined to investigate. She was just finishing her her gloating perusal of this proof of Mary's guilt, when the two derelicts who were among the latest to share John Morton's hospitality, ascended the stairs. Both men were curious to know the contents of the note that caused the old crone such satisfaction. Smirkingly, she showed it to them.

"'Ere comes the master. I'll give it to 'im," she croaked, suiting the action to the words as John entered, worn out from his long vigil at the deathbed.

An expression of mortal anguish crossed his face. Then, his chivalry instantly gaining the ascendant, he said with forced lightness:

"Of course, you realise this proves nothing against Mrs. Morton. Bowman has insulted her. The very fact that she will not join him will be proof of her innocence I am going to ask you all to remain in this room, where you can watch all night to prove to your satisfaction that she does not come through that door to keep the assignation."

The three regarded him with awe and perplexity. Had the housekeeper crowed too soon? Perhaps Mrs. Morton was decent, after all. Obediently they secreted themselves behind the various pieces of furniture indicated. In their excitement they did not notice that the clergyman feverishly scribbled off a note and pushed in beneath his wife's door.

Hour after hour passed, and no sign came from the fateful room. At last the pale shafts of the dawn pierced the darkness and the three watchers knew that their suspicions had been in vain. John, from his place in front of the fire, rose peremptorily.

"Fetch Bowman here! He leaves my roof at once!"

"Good morning." It was Mary's voice from the threshold. "Everyone is up early to-day."

Howard Bowman's appearance, haled forward by the two thugs, prevented any answer. Her eyebrows went up in well-simulated alarm when, seizing his secretary roughly by the shoulders, John Morton cried:

"Mary, we all know how this ingrate has insulted you by the vile note he wrote to you. He is going to apologise to you here and now, then he will leave my house forever!"

Mary felt her knees grow weak beneath her. The secretary, like a whipped cur, mumbled his contrition and went back to his room to pack up. Hester and the other two gaping witnesses slunk downstairs. Then only did John Morton turn savagely upon his quaking wife.

"To protect you I forged that second note that kept you in your room last night!" he cried hoarsely. "But I know you for what you are. Get out of my house! I never want to lay eyes on you again!"

The woman, who had brought to her feet princes of finance and even titled heads, who had never known the meaning of pity in her heartless gamble for gold and pleasure, fell at the feet of this simple clergyman. She knew that if he sent her out of his life the sun of her

Two weeks after Mary Carlston's arrival at the Settlement House, so subtle and finished was her technique, chivalrous, idealistic John Morton asked her to be his wife.

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happiness would set forever. In her warped, stunted soul sprang into being at last that divine spark, which is the genesis of true love. With tears and sobs she pleaded, vowed by all that he held sacred that it had never been her intention to leave her room, that no one but her husband mattered in her heart of hearts. And at last, his own love itself urging Mary's cause, John Morton turned and held out his arms.

"Yes, dearest, I do believe you. Forgive me for ever doubting you," he cried.

It was while she was still smothered in his embrace that Hester tapped on the door, announcing:

"The detective you sent to America, Sir, is 'ere. 'E says as 'ow 'e's found the woman, Mary Carlston."

"Oh, John, what do you care?" Mary's voice was shrill and despairing. 'Don't bother with him."

But Griffiths, the detective, was already standing before them. His eyes, as they rested on the guilty woman beside his client, told Mary she need expect no quarter.

"I have found the adventuress, Mary Carlston," he announced grimly. "I traced her from New York to Liverpool, to London—and finally, to the Limehouse District."

"Poor thing! Then if she's living in this foul slum she will surely be in need of a substantial sum." John Morton was deeply moved.

"Oh, Mr. Griffiths, are you sure you've found the right woman?" burst from Mary's ashen lips.

"No one should know that better than yourself, Mrs. Morton," came the answer, with such unmistabable meaning that the clergyman whirled about, sick and horrified, to stare at his wife. There could be but one interpretation of those hunted eyes, that haggard, guilty face. The detective, his duty done, left the room with a muttered goodbye. John, his face like that of an avenging Nemesis, raised his arms above his head as if to curse this woman who had so basely betrayed him.

"I see it all! You married me to get Henry Vavasour's millions! Your every word and act and look have been a lie, your protestations of love all deceit. Out of my sight, wanton that you are, back to the streets where you belong. I never want to hear your name again!"

Mary flung herself at his feet, her cry of anguish, like that of a lost soul.

"John, John, don't send me away! Don't turn from me! I love you; I need you. You find good in every common thief, the lowest prostitute that seeks shelter here; can you not believe that there is a germ of it in your own wife? Whatever was in my heart when I married you, to-day there is nothing but love, worship, adoration. Oh, John, if you fail me now, what will become of me?"

But the clergyman, his head bowed upon his hands, neither spoke nor gave any sign. At last the broken woman got upon her feet and, staggering like a blind thing, crept out of the house, out into the streets, out of the life of John Morton.

Broken in body and spirit by the great grief that had disillusioned and darkened his life, John Morton for a time could scarcely carry on. Then, with a return to normalcy, compassion was born in his magnanimous soul. Love triumphed over doubt and he realised that, no matter what this woman had been, truth rang in those despairing words of hers, "I love you. If you fail me now, what will become of me?" And with the powers of his nature John sought to retrieve his hasty deed, and set at work every resource in London to find the wife he had driven from his door.

But all in vain. If the earth had opened and swallowed up Mary Carlston she could not have more effectually disappeared. Month rolled into a year, the beautiful House of Refuge for Fallen Women, with its chapel opening upon the street as well as into the office of the home, was completed. Night after night among its pathetic inmates John Morton looked in vain. Even Hester, her rancour and hatred melted before the daily evidence of her beloved master's grief, joined in the prayers that went up unceasingly for the lost wife's salvation.

Then came a bitter winter's night, when a subdued sound in the chapel sent John hurrying from the office into the dimly-lighted church. In an unconscious heap upon the floor lay a draggled, emaciated form. Holding the candle close, he bent over the pinched, white face. His glad cry of recognition brought Hester stumbling from her room. One glance at the wasted figure sent a pang to the old woman's heart. Death was written unmistakably in every lineament. Without waiting for instructions she 'phoned for the nearest doctor, and sent word to Lady Padrington that Mrs. Morton had at last been found, but that in her opinion only a miracle could save her.

Lord Padrington agreed to take his daughter at once to the sick woman.

"Colbeck, you'd better come along, if any earthly skill can pull her through, yours can," he declared gruffly.

But when the eminent specialist stood over that still, white figure he knew that the end was near.

"Only a miracle can save her," confirmed old Hester's prophecy. "Her life is but a matter of minutes."

The London physician held up his hand solemnly as the sick woman's feeble breathing ceased to stir the coverlid.

"She is gone!" he pronounced, leading the way out of the room that the bereft husband might be alone with his dead.

John Morton knelt beside the motionless figure.

"Oh, God, if only Thou wouldst give her back to me that I might prove my love!" he prayed, as the long rays of the rising sun fell like a benediction upon him and upon the face of the sleeper. The tears coursed down his cheeks as he bowed his head upon the pillow.

A soft hand fell upon his hair, startling him as if he were in the presence of a supernatural force. Fear kept him mute and motionless. He dared not look up.

"John, dear!" It was Mary's beloved voice.

He raised his head in awe. The long lashes had fluttered open. The look on the quiet face was one of unutterable love.

Mary's coquettish ways were new to her clergyman husband. Every day found him more fascinated by her artistry.

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I've come back to you," smiled his wife, feebly raising herself upon the pillow.

"She lives! She lives!"

The wild, exultant cries brought the whole household crowding into the sick chamber, Dr. Colbeck in the vanguard. The physician stood aghast, unable to believe the evidences of his own senses.

"It was nothing less than a miracle!" he gasped, wringing John's hand.

"A miracle, yes," answered the clergyman, reverently. "A sign from God. Did you not ask for one?"

The great scientist humbly bowed his head. Then, fixing his gaze upon the chastened face of the sick woman, whom suffering and privation had purged of earthly dross, he cried:

"Look Morton, the face is that of the Madonna in the Chapel — the Madonna of the Streets! Do you not see the resemblance?"

Husband and wife exchanged a long, inscrutable glance. Then John Morton answered simply:

"Yes, the Madonna of the Streets, whose compassion is infinite.

The kiss he pressed upon Mary's thin fingers was holier than a vow.

John Morton knelt beside the motionless figure of his wife. "Oh, God, if Thou wilt only give her back to me that I may prove my love," he prayed as the long rays of the rising sun fell like a benediction upon him and upon the face of the sleeper.

Enid Bennett, the lovely film star.

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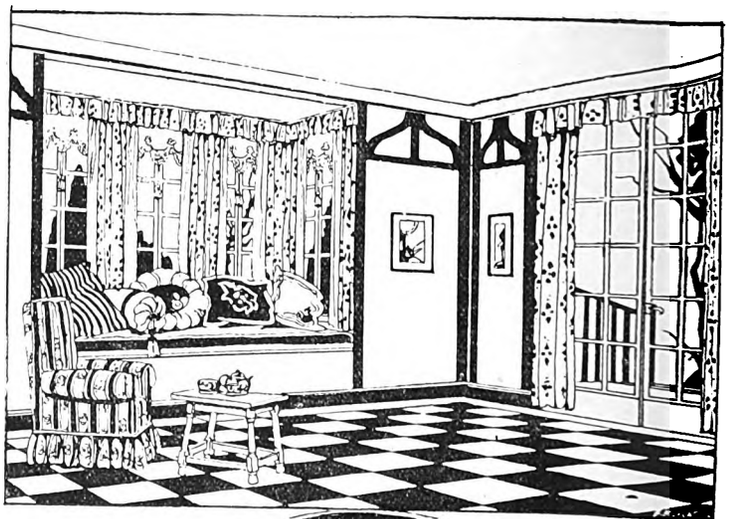

Geen & Richards
FURNITURE TOWN

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Miss Iris Hoey.

By this it will not be news to you that Miss Iris Hoey will be in Pretoria on the 29th, at the Opera House, and that she will open in "Baby Mine," to be followed by "Scandal," and that on July 6th she will bring both plays to Johannesburg, to His Majesty's Theatre. When "Baby Mine" was first produced on the London stage it was Miss Iris Hoey herself who took the leading role of "Zoie,"

Miss Iris Hoey.

the part she will naturally sustain here, and the play was a tremendous success. Since then it has been staged in all the principal cities of, one might almost say, the world, and translated into every conceivable language. Laughter is the keynote, ludicrous situations which amuse one—no, not the problems of "to be or not to be—shingled," not the problems of Europe; no, nor the cost of her gowns. Simply over—babies. Alfred, who is our Zoie's husband, loves babies, adores them, and our Zoie does not. She likes to enjoy herself and you must own that to have to trot along twins to a cabaret is something of a handicap. Alfred is, however, jealous, and here the tale develops when he leaves home in a fury. Margaret Mayo is responsible for this clever farce. Then, I would tell you of "Scandal," for Miss Iris Hoey will play it in Pretoria at the Opera House on the 2nd, 3rd, and 4th July. A wayward and rebellious young woman first of all (can't you just imagine our coquetting, charming Iris in the part?), who expects everyone to assist her whenever she gets into scrapes, and scrapes are the breath of life to her.

The first thing she does? Well, we shall be shown the studio of a popular painter. He must be popular if he made money; it costs money to have a studio such as his, and if the saying is true: "money talks," it certainly gives him a lot of light-hearted chatter.

Well, he's got a few friends there at a late hour, when our wayward and rebellious maiden takes it into her head to turn up. It's past midnight, mind you. *This* is the beginning of the story. In London it was played, I remember, at the Strand Theatre, and was very gay and bright, and——slightly naughty. You'd like to hear more? Well, our artist, I am afraid, makes love to the lady, but Franklin, one of his pals, comes in at the wrong moment, as pals have a habit of doing, and insists on putting the lady in a taxi and taking her home. But it is too late to catch her train, so she stays out all night, and her Victorian family don't like it. Then to save herself, she declares she is Franklin's wife, to his utter astonishment and——but I decline to tell you more and spoil it for Miss Hoey, for she, herself, wants to show you what happened. There is a bedroom and a double bed——but no, wild horses won't drag more from me.

Mr. Campbell Gullen, of Miss Hoey's Company, who has earned great praise from the critics round the country for his fine acting.

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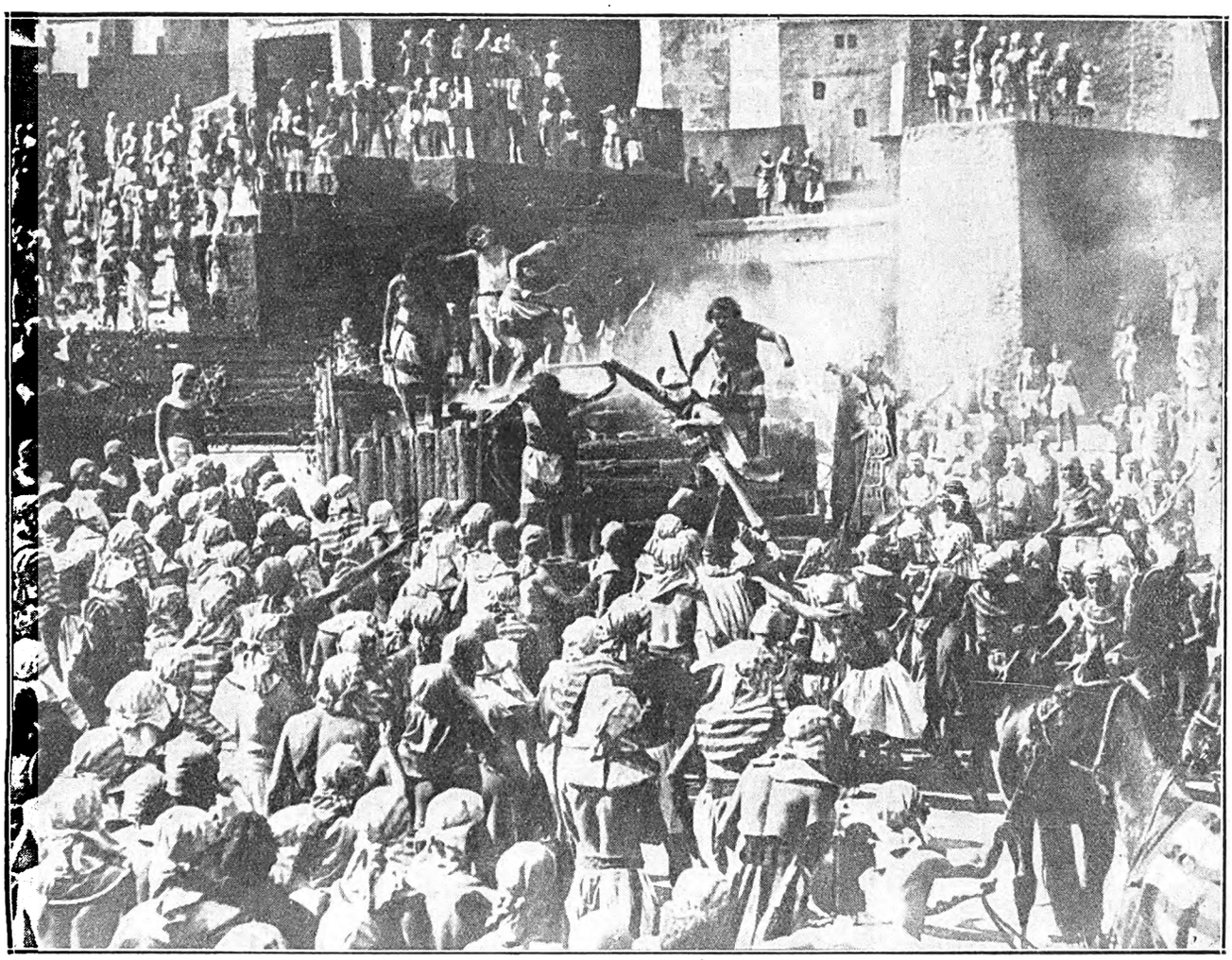

A wonderful scene from the "Moon of Israel" picture, which will be a special feature at the Vaudette, Krugersdorp, on July 1st and 2nd.

The Late Mr. Leonard Rayne.

It is with sincere regret we learn of the death of Mr. Leonard Rayne, which occurred this week in Capetown. It is two years now since Mr. Rayne has given up active management, although he was still interested in the companies which had appeared starring Miss Freda Godfrey at the Capetown Opera House. Mr. Rayne had been in bad health for some time and the end was not unexpected. He made his first appearance in Johannesburg in 1895, and ever since then the Standard Theatre has been peculiarly associated with his name. A kind and genial manner made Mr. Rayne very popular, and many will mourn his decease. He has made theatrical history in South Africa.

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Johannesburg Programmes for Week Commencing Monday, June 29.

HIS MAJESTY'S
(AFRICAN THEATRES, LTD.)

Nightly at 8.15
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2.30 p.m.
African Theatres, Ltd., present the Celebrated Macdona Players
in
BERNARD SHAW REPERTORY,
"YOU NEVER CAN TELL."
Bernard Shaw's Greatest Play. A Comedy of the Purest Delight.
Booking at the Carlton Hotel and all Reef Theatres.

NEW BIJOU
(AFRICAN THEATRES, LTD.)

Nightly at 8 o'clock.
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 3 p.m.
COMMENCING MONDAY, JUNE 29:
"FOOL'S HIGHWAY."
The Screen's Supreme Sensation, with a plot that is Unique and Compelling.
Starring Beautiful **Mary Philbin**, hailed as the coming idol of America.
Advance Booking at the Theatre, Jeppe Street. 'Phone 3609.

ORPHEUM THEATRE
(AFRICAN THEATRES, LTD.)
"The Place Where Everyone Goes."

Two Shows Nightly at 7 and 9.
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 3 p.m.
Vaudeville for the Week:
SPALDING AND VANGUARD,
In Gymnastic and Dancing Burlesques.
Photo-Play:
COMMENCING MONDAY, JUNE 29:
"SKID PROOF."
A Racing Romance, featuring **Charles Jones.**

CARLTON THEATRE
(AFRICAN THEATRES, LTD.)

Daily at 5, 7 and 9.
MON., TUES. and WED., JUNE 29, 30 and JULY 1:
"FLAMING BARRIERS," featuring **Jacqueline Logan.**
THUR., FRI. and SAT., JULY 2, 3 and 4:
"THE ETERNAL THREE," starring **Hobart Bosworth.**

PALLADIUM
(AFRICAN THEATRES, LTD.)

Daily at 2.30, 7 and 9.
MONDAY and TUESDAY, JUNE 29 and 30:
"DULCY," featuring **Constance Talmadge.**
WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY, JULY 1 and 2:
"LEGALLY DEAD," starring **Milton Sills.**
FRIDAY and SATURDAY, JULY 3 and 4:
"LYING LIPS," with **Florence Vidor** and **House Peters.**

TIVOLI THEATRE
FORDSBURG.
(AFRICAN THEATRES, LTD.)

Two Shows Nightly at 7 and 9.
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 3 p.m.
MONDAY and TUESDAY, JUNE 29 and 30:
Special Feature—"SCARAMOUCHE," a photo-play version of Rafael Sabatini's world-famous novel, featuring **Ramon Novarro** and **Alice Terry.**
WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY, JULY 1 and 2:
"NORTH OF THE RIO GRANDE," starring **Jack Holt.**
Also **Baby Peggy** in **"LITTLE MISS MISCHIEF."**
FRIDAY and SATURDAY, JULY 3 and 4:
"BAVU," featuring **Wallace Beery.**

EMPIRE PALACE
(AFRICAN THEATRES, LTD.)

Nightly at 8.15.
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 2.30 p.m.
ALL-STAR VAUDEVILLE BILL,
Headed by
CLIVE MASKELYNE,
The World-Famous Illusionist.
Noni and Horace—Musical Absurdity.
Dolly Victoria and Brother—Australian Madcaps.
Rupert Hazell & Co.—The Man Who Made The King Laugh, in "Harmonylarity."
Zetta Mor—Impressionist.
Strength Brothers—Equilibrists.
Stevens and Gould—Versatile Vendors.
Morris and Vane—Comedy Duo.
Plans at Carlton Hotel and all Reef Theatres.

JEPPES THEATRE
(AFRICAN THEATRES, LTD.)

Nightly at 8 o'clock.
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 3 p.m.
MONDAY ONLY, JUNE 29:
Laurette Taylor in **"ONE NIGHT IN ROME."**
TUESDAY ONLY, JUNE 30:
Tom Mix in **"SINGLE SHOT PARKER."**
WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY, JULY 1 and 2:
Special Feature—"SCARAMOUCHE." Rex Ingram's mammoth production of Rafael Sabatini's famous book, starring **Alice Terry.**
FRIDAY and SATURDAY, JULY 3 and 4:
"HELL'S HOLE," featuring **Buck Jones.**

ALHAMBRA THEATRE
DOORNFONTEIN.
(AFRICAN THEATRES, LTD.)

Nightly at 8 o'clock.
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 3 p.m.
MONDAY and TUESDAY, JUNE 29 and 30:
"SILVER WINGS," featuring **Mary Carr.**
WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY, JULY 1 and 2:
"HIS CHILDREN'S CHILDREN," starring **Bebe Daniels.**
FRIDAY and SATURDAY, JULY 3 and 4:
"BLUEBEARD'S EIGHTH WIFE," featuring **Gloria Swanson.**

PALACE THEATRE
VREDEDORP.
(AFRICAN THEATRES, LTD.)

Two houses nightly at 7 and 9 o'clock.
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 3 p.m.
MONDAY and TUESDAY, JUNE 29 and 30:
"HAIL THE WOMAN," featuring **Florence Vidor** and **Theodore Roberts.**
WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY, JULY 1 and 2:
"LYING LIPS," with **Florence Vidor** and **House Peters** in the cast.
FRIDAY and SATURDAY, JULY 3 and 4:
"SHOOTIN' FOR LOVE," featuring **Hoot Gibson.**
Also **"H.R.H. PRINCE OF WALES'S SOUTH AFRICAN TOUR."**

LYRIC THEATRE
BRAAMFONTEIN.
(AFRICAN THEATRES, LTD.)

Nightly at 8 o'clock.
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 3 p.m.
MONDAY and TUESDAY, JUNE 29 and 30:
"SOFT BOILED," starring **Tom Mix.**
WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY, JULY 1 and 2:
"HAIL THE WOMAN," featuring **Florence Vidor** and **Theodore Roberts.**
FRIDAY and SATURDAY, JULY 3 and 4:
"THE LOVER OF CAMILLE," featuring **Monte Blue** and **Marie Prevost.**

PALACE THEATRE
TURFFONTEIN.
(AFRICAN THEATRES, LTD.)

Nightly at 8 o'clock.
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 3 p.m.
MONDAY and TUESDAY, JUNE 29 and 30:
Special Feature—"WOMAN TO WOMAN," starring **Betty Compson.**
Also **Charlie Chaplin** in **"THE FLOORWALKER."**
WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY, JULY 1 and 2:
"THE SHUTTLE," featuring **Constance Talmadge.**
FRIDAY and SATURDAY, JULY 3 and 4:
"NORTH OF THE RIO GRANDE," with **Jack Holt** and **Bebe Daniels** in the cast.

BROADWAY THEATRE
ROSETTENVILLE.
(AFRICAN THEATRES, LTD.)

Nightly at 8 o'clock.
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 3 p.m.
MONDAY and TUESDAY, JUNE 29 and 30:
"BAVU," featuring **Forrest Stanley** and **Estelle Taylor.**
WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY, JULY 1 and 2:
"THE ORDEAL," starring **Agnes Ayres.**
FRIDAY and SATURDAY, JULY 3 and 4:
"THE SIREN CALL," featuring **Dorothy Dalton.**

Capetown, Durban and East London Programmes for Week Commencing Monday, June 29.

TIVOLI THEATRE
CAPETOWN.
(AFRICAN THEATRES, LTD.)

Nightly at 8.15.
Matinees Thursday and Saturday at 2.30 p.m.
COMMENCING WEDNESDAY, JULY 1:
Vaudeville:
ROLF SLATER. VERA KITCHEN.
KNIGHT AND BRADY.
Photo-Play:
"GOING UP."
A fascinating Comedy-Drama, adapted from the famous stage success of the same name, featuring **Douglas MacLean.**

ALHAMBRA THEATRE
CAPETOWN.
(AFRICAN THEATRES, LTD.)

Nightly at 8 o'clock.
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday at 3 p.m.
COMMENCING MONDAY JUNE 29:
"THE NE'ER-DO-WELL," a brilliant picturisation of Rex Beach's world-famous novel, featuring **Lila Lee** and **Thomas Meighan.**
A story teeming with tense situations.

GRAND THEATRE
CAPETOWN.
(AFRICAN THEATRES, LTD.)

Daily at 3 and 8.
MON., TUES. and WED., JUNE 29, 30 and JULY 1:
"THE DARK SWAN," with **Marie Prevost, Monte Blue** and **Helene Chadwick** in the cast. From the book by Ernest Pascal.
THUR., FRI. and SAT., JULY 2, 3 and 4:
"ENCHANTED COTTAGE," featuring **Richard Barthelmess** and **May McAvoy.** Adapted from Sir Arthur Wing Pinero's play.

WOLFRAM'S THEATRE
CAPETOWN.
(AFRICAN THEATRES, LTD.)

Daily at 3, 7 and 8.45.
MON., TUES. and WED., JUNE 29, 30 and JULY 1:
"ROUGH DIAMOND," starring **Tom Mix.**
THUR., FRI. and SAT., JULY 2, 3 and 4:
"MY MAN," with **Patsy Ruth Millar** and **Dustin Farnum** in the cast.

CRITERION THEATRE
DURBAN.

Nightly at 8 o'clock.
Matinee every Saturday at 3 p.m.
Vaudeville for the Week:
BERT MADDISON. FYNCH AND FISHER.
Photo-Plays:
MON., TUES. and WED., JUNE 29, 30 and JULY 1:
"I AM THE MAN," starring **Lionel Barrymore.**
THUR., FRI. and SAT., JULY 2, 3 and 4:
"TORMENT," with **Owen Moore** and **Bessie Love** in the cast.

EMPIRE THEATRE
DURBAN.
(AFRICAN THEATRES, LTD.)

Daily at 3 and 8.
MON., TUES. and WED., JUNE 29, 30 and JULY 1:
"THE GREEN GODDESS," adapted from the great screen success of the same name, with **George Arliss** as the Raja of Ruhk.
THUR., FRI. and SAT., JULY 2, 3 and 4:
"DRIFTING," with **Priscilla Dean** as star.

VAUDETTE THEATRE
EAST LONDON.
(AFRICAN THEATRES, LTD.)

Nightly at 8 o'clock.
Matinees Wednesday at 3.30 p.m. and Saturday at 3 p.m.
MON., TUES. and WED., JUNE 29, 30 and JULY 1:
"PLEASURE MAD," featuring **Norma Shearer, Huntly Gordon** and **Mary Alden.**
THUR., FRI. and SAT., JULY 2, 3 and 4:
"WHY MEN LEAVE HOME," starring **Lewis Stone** and **Helene Chadwick.**

GAIETY BIOSCOPE
EAST LONDON.
(AFRICAN THEATRES, LTD.)

Nightly at 7.30 and 9.
Matinees Wednesday at 3.30 p.m. and Saturday at 3 p.m.
MONDAY and TUESDAY, JUNE 29 and 30:
"OWD BOB," featuring **J. Fisher White.**
WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY, JULY 1 and 2:
"THE HURRICANE KID," starring **Hoot Gibson.**
FRIDAY and SATURDAY, JULY 3 and 4:
"PIONEER TRAILS," featuring **Cullen Landis.**

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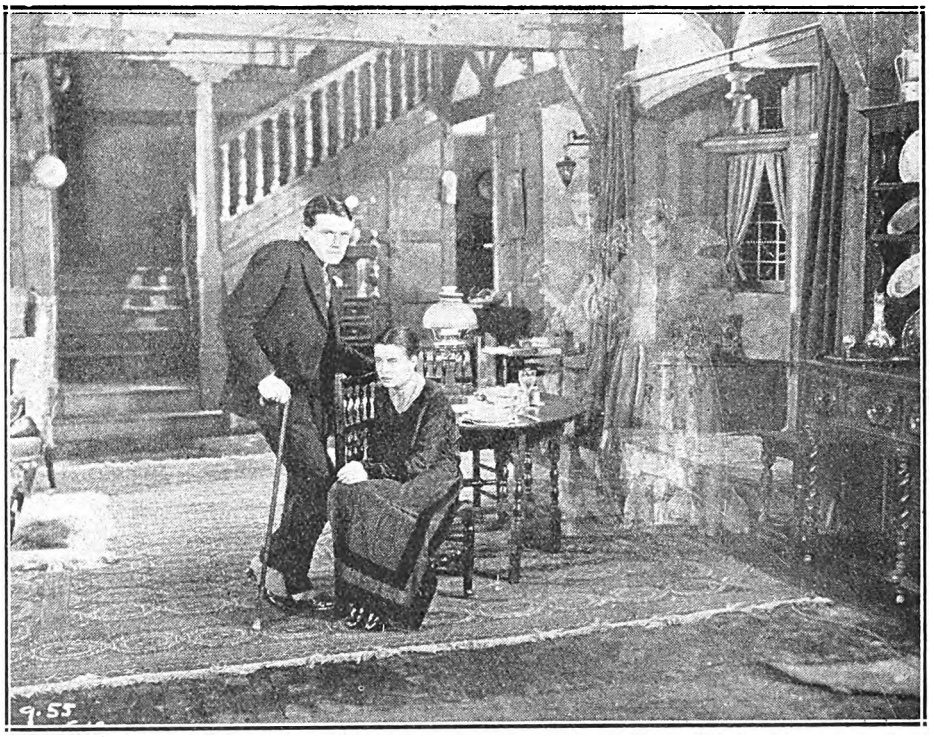
"The Enchanted Cottage."

It was such a delightful cottage. The one you would really fancy yourself in—these days of Rent Boards and things. The ceiling was made of broad oak beams, the fireplace was of imitation stone, the cupboards were filled with real pewter ware, and the chairs, tables and lamps were genuine antiques. English periodicals lay on the table, English books were on the shelves, and even the cigarettes in the old brass cigarette box were of an English brand. Then, of course, the producers needed a quaint English garden and a bit of greensward. That man can create more beautifully than nature was proved by the appearance of this set. Sod was laid in the studio floor containing real grass, trees were imported from the countryside, flowers were embedded in the sod, water poured from the fountain in the centre of the garden. A light directed a shadow at a proper angle on the sun dial, and every stone of the cottage wall, every brick of the cottage itself was stained so as to appear age-worn. The heat of the studio revived the grass and made it flourish green, the flowers lifted their heads and, on the trees, buds began to bloom. An electric fan supplied the warm breeze of early October, the time of the picture.

I know you will want to know how the dream sequence was done, but it would be betraying a confidence to tell you how dreams come true on the films. It simply can't be done. I am sorry. I apologise. But there you are. In our Enchanted Cottage was Richard Barthelmess, but you'd hardly know it for he is a physically wrecked victim of circumstances, twisted and with bent shoulders. Then May McAvoy looks ugly, too, can you imagine that? But movie fans don't care only for splendid physiques, sleek hair, pearly teeth and flashy smiles, they like acting, good acting. You will get it, my friends, in plenty in this picture, which will be shown at the Grand Bioscope, Capetown, on the 2nd, 3rd and 4th July.



It is difficult to believe this is our handsome film idol, Richard Barthelmess and charming Miss May McAvoy, isn't it? "The Enchanted Cottage" appears quite enough to frighten them. Don't you think so?

Richard Barthelmess is responsible for this parody on E'la Wheeler Wilcox famous old poem:—

"It's easy enough to look handsome
When you're born with a beautiful face,
But the star worth while
Is the one who can smile
When he gets his make-up in place."

The last night, the beauty of a tropic sky, caressing winds and the great glory of the velvet strewn sky—from "The Ne'er-do-Well," at the Alhambra, Capetown, on June 29th.

Tony Moreno, busy abroad with "Mare Nostrum" (which Rex Ingram is directing, with Tony and Alice Terry in the leading roles), writes to say that in Paris the women are cutting their hair shorter than the men, with clippers used on the sides and in the back. Ears show, says Tony, and are rouged.

Talk about your transatlantic travellers, Betty Blythe takes the first prize. No sooner does she get to America than she turns around and goes back to Europe. She was to have come home several weeks ago from London, but on the eve of sailing was lured to Egypt for a picture called "Jacob's Well."

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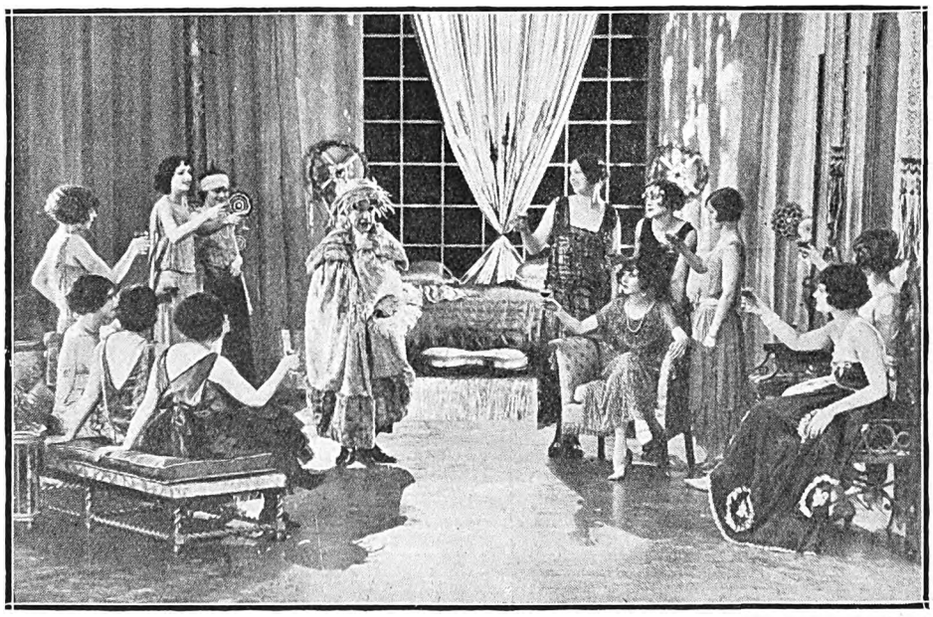
Flaming Barriers.

This picture taken from "Flaming Barriers" certainly looks exciting, doesn't it? Jacqueline Logan, Antonio Moreno and Walter Hiers are the featured players in it, and the story is very fine.

Patrick Malone, a poor inventor, devises a fast motor fire truck, but poverty prevents its adequate exploitation. His daughter, Jerry, believes in the truck, as also does Joseph Pickens, who owns nearly all of the town of Burbridge, and who also seeks to obtain control of the invention as well as the hand of Jerry, who detests him. In a neighbouring town, old Mr. Barton is having trouble with his son, Sam, who is a thorough sport, and has little desire to do hard work. He is sent to Burbridge as an efficient expert to take charge of Malone's business. He meets Jerry and falls in love with her. Sam is interested in the fire truck and demonstrates its efficiency in a forcible manner when a forest fire threatens the town and the lives of its inhabitants. Pickens shows his colours, is thrashed by Sam for making violent love to Jerry, and many daring and thrilling scenes ensue. The motor fire truck is adopted by the fire authorities, and Sam and Jerry become man and wife. It is coming to the Carlton Bioscope, Johannesburg, on June 29th, 30th, and 1st July.

A scene from "Flaming Barriers."



The old roue (Wm. Norris), at the age of 100, still plays with the girls.—"The Eternal Three."

The Love Thief.

He is really society's most dangerous criminal, isn't he? The film I particularly want you to go and see deals with such a one, and with the story of a famous surgeon's devotion to his professional duty despite the personal suffering that it costs him. Clive Windsor, Hobart Bosworth, Bessie Love and Raymond Griffith are some of the stars; and the picture, which is called "The Eternal Three," comes to the Carlton Bioscope, Johannesburg, on July 2nd, 3rd and 4th.

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A Star in the Making.

Few theatrical stars, no matter how famous they may be when they grow up, can boast of having been on the stage at the age of two years and nine months. True, some of them have been carried before the footlights in extreme infancy by the heroine or the villain of the piece, but that, after all, can hardly be called acting.

But little Vera Kitchen, who is playing at the Tivoli, Capetown, was actually acting when she had not yet achieved the glory of being three years old. She sang the song "You're a Beautiful Baby," and the files of the newspapers at Bexhill-on-Sea bear testimony to the fact that the applause she received was thunderous.

Vera, after planting in her public's heart a keen desire to see more of her, retired from the stage and her time was taken up in learning pot-hooks and nursery rhymes and dressing dolls, and doing all the things common to the very small girl.

At the age of six her first contract was offered her. A certain manager agreed to pay her seven and sixpence if she sang in his concert. Vera forthwith made her mark along the dotted line, and achieved her second great success with a song called "Baby Doll."

By this time she was well launched and when she was travelling with her father and mother in a theatrical company in Scotland she played her first part. Her dress was made by her mother out of an old skirt, and in her yellow satin gown she made her first appearance as a dramatic actress soon after she became seven.

During the war thousands of soldiers became friends with the small lady who sang so sweetly to them from concert platforms. Wherever her little feet tripped merrily upon the boards, the army of England laid down their hearts for her to dance upon. Vera Kitchen's first years on the stage were full of royal adventure.

You must remember, when you see her lightly dancing on the stage at the Tivoli, that she is still only fifteen. She does not look more than twelve, but she protests firmly that she is three years more than that, and, with those very serious eyes and that grave mouth begging to be believed, one must give in and admit the fifteen.

This child is not only a self-taught dancer—all her steps are original, very new and very eccentric, and she has never had a dancing lesson from anybody in her life—she is also something of a composer. She helped in the composition of her own song, "Emma Ellen Topsy Sally Macindoo," and she has thought out all sorts of tunes for new songs. Vera practises by herself and picks out the tunes of her songs with one finger. Travelling from town to town leaves very little time for a child's education. Nevertheless, Vera has achieved the fame of getting top marks in two London examinations, wholly by studying her lessons while she was touring. Her one-finger feats on the piano she also taught herself.

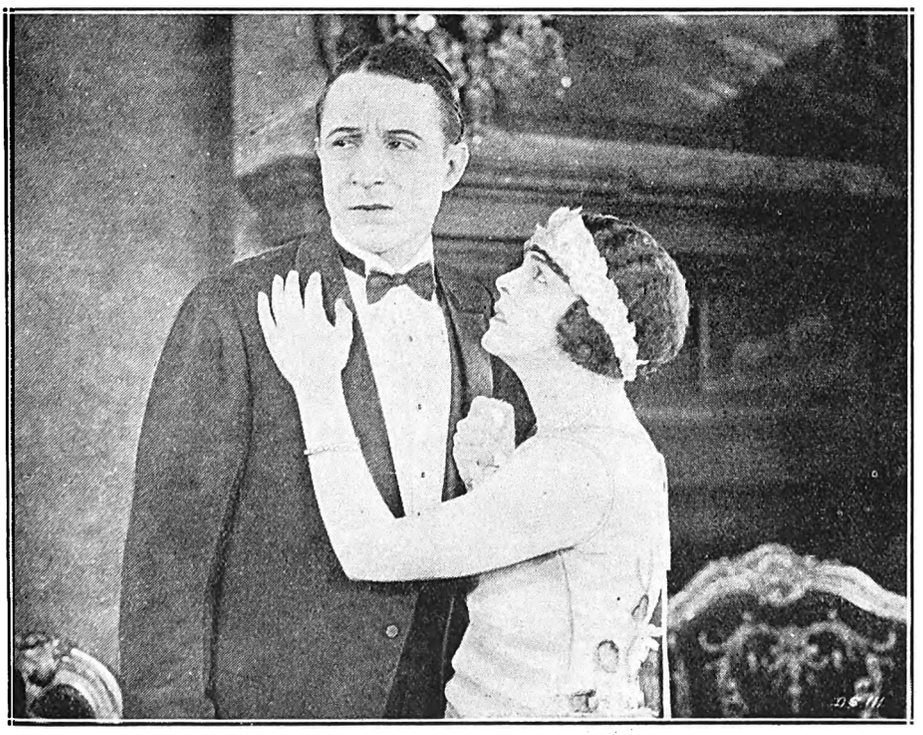
She paints, too, this very versatile little person. But her chief delight (she blushes as she confesses to it) is dressing dolls. In these days, when young people of fifteen are going to night-clubs and race meetings, it is very refreshing to find a girl still really interested in dolls. But no pink and white French china beauties for Vera Kitchen. Her tastes are simpler. She prefers her sixpenny children, which she gets from Woolworth's, that emporium of wonder.

"I'd rather shop at Woolworth's than anywhere in the world," says Vera Kitchen, and the long yellow curls go nodding a golden acquiesience as she speaks. "My most precious doll came from there—her name is Priscilla, and she has thirty-nine dresses. She wears a different one every day. I make them all myself."

Vera, you see, believes that a mother should make her child's clothes herself, and Vera's own mother is often called upon to rummage in her boxes for scraps of silk in which to dress the sixpenny Priscilla.

Once, when she was eight, she was playing the part of Faery Queen in the pantomime, "Cinderella." The moment came for her song but the diminutive piece of faery royalty was missing. Stage hands, actors, dressers, electricians were all looking for her, and an impatient audience waited in the front of the house. At length she was found, sound asleep on a packing basket with one of her dolls staring glassily into space beside her. It was a very vague, sleepy song the Faery Queen sang that night.

Vera's chief ambition is to play Peter Pan, though one is tempted, looking at those curls of hers, to persuade her that Wendy is the part for her, and a delicious, cosy Wendy she would make, I'll swear.



Monte Blue in the "Dark Swan," Grand Bioscope, Capetown, 29th June.

Claire Windsor, the pretty film star, is now Mrs. Bert Lytell. News comes by last mail of their marriage. It was at Juarez, in Mexico, that the ceremony took place, at the Presidencia.

The movie stars had a strictly Spanish wedding, at which a Mexican judge officiated.

Being film stars, the newly weds "did their stuff" in the glare of flashlights and in front of cranking cameras.

"Love, honour and be gay" will be the groom's motto, while the blonde-headed bride has promised to "love, honour and obey."

Fashion experts say the shorter skirts are restful. Sure, they enable many men to get their minds off their work.

Some girls give almost as much thought to choosing a husband as they do to choosing silk stockings.

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A Charming Ballet.

Miss Kathleen Yates as "Rosie."

dland who Hooper."

Durban, Theatre Royal, June 29 to July 8.

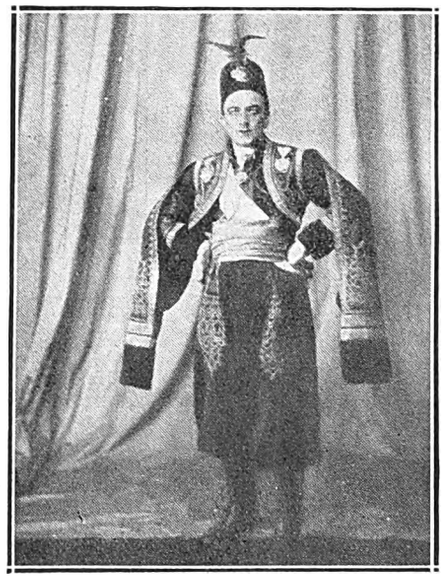
Maritzburg, Scott's Theatre, July 9 to 11.

Bloemfontein, Grand Theatre, July 14 to 18.

Port Elizabeth, Grand Theatre, July 21 to 25.

Capetown, Opera House, July 28 to August 8.

Pretoria, Opera House, August 11 to 15.



Mr. Thomas Pauncefort as "Constantine."

Sally and her Boys.

"The Bat," Miss Rita Renas, in the Butterfly Ballet.

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The Empire, Johannesburg.

The Empire, Johannesburg, will say farewell to "Sally." to the bright and gay crowd of boys and girls, on June 27th, and on the following Monday will revert back to vaudeville. A splendid bill? I should say so. Let me tell you about it.

Captain Maskelyne.

Captain Clive Maskelyne, M.C., of Maskelyne's Theatre of Magic, London, will make his bow to Johannesburg, with his four assistants. He is a magician! Magic is a form of entertainment, and the magician apparently breaks some law of nature and accomplishes the impossible. How, then, can there be such a thing as "fair magic"? Captain Clive Maskelyne's is that sort. One of the unalterable rules of "Maskelyne's" is—no confederates. Therefore, when Captain Maskelyne invites members of the audience to come upon the stage and assist in any way, it is open to anyone in the audience to accept the invitation. Of course, he always runs the risk of his invitation being accepted by some very inquisitive person who will do his level best to try and discover the closely guarded secrets of the illusions, but Captain Maskelyne is willing to run that risk. He knows that he is liable to be "bowled out," but, so far, he has managed to escape.

Still—one never knows!

Cecil Douglas, one of his assistants.

Noni.

Noni and Horace. Here I would introduce you to a clown please, a clown with an infectious smile, a funny bald head and indescribable clothes that make us laugh as soon as we see him—Noni. And just so that you can see what he really looks like in private life, here he is. And with his partner, Horace, he will entertain. Noni is a Frenchman, as French as the Comédie Française or the River Seine. He will play divinely and ridiculously upon a one-stringed violin; dance you a tripping measure or a buffoon dance, gyrate bravely on a swinging trapeze—anything that will bring you a moment's laughter Noni will do. He has played before the King and Queen at a command performance; he has played for lords and ladies, many score of them—Noni, the laughter maker.

Dolly Victoria and Brother. A pretty, dainty little lady and her brother and bicycles. The little lady had her first bicycle at the age of three, and kissed her hand to her first audience. She admits that the bicycle was the greatest joy, not the applause Dolly Victoria is an Australian, but she has travelled all over the world, and, dare I tell you, goes by the nickname of "Madcap."

Dolly Victoria and Brother.

Rupert Hazell.

Rupert Hazell & Co. A really funny act; a first-class comedian and a charming girl who is also a cultured singer. I'll put her photograph in for you to see. Rupert Hazell's stuff is quite original and this delightfully ridiculous patter is perhaps the cream of the turn. I should warn you that you'll laugh all the time, laugh uproarously at his burlesque recitations and his queer intonations. "Harmonylarity," as the act is called, is good. "Can I say more?" as the Duke of Czecocovinia says in "Sally," "No, I can't."

Elsie Day.

Zetta Mor.

Zetta Mor will give a number of varied impersonations that will surely please. Songs at the piano, character songs; a varied programme, Zetta (you like her photo., don't you? Very charming and slightly cheeky, I think myself), is very spontaneous and attractive and is sure to become popular.

Stevens and Gould. The lady must come first please; here she is with Mr. Gould on the other side. They call themselves "The Versatile Vendors," and you'll agree with the title when you hear them. Real comedy entertainers at the piano. Very chic gowns May wears. Victor, well, have you seen his monocle? Unfortunately he has not got it in the picture. As singers and as comedians, you'll love them.

May Stevens.

Victor Gould.

I shall tell you a secret. May was here some time ago with another partner. I wonder if you will recognise her.

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Strength Bros. It is very careless of them only to have had their photo taken, the one balancing on the other's hands, but what could I do? I did it. I've had to put them on page 24; do you mind, please, turning over the leaf? You'll find their's not only an amusing acrobatic and equilibristic act, but rather wonderful. Just wait and see.

John Morris.

Morris and Vane. This will introduce you to John Morris, the tenor, and Joy Vane, the "Dandy Boy." Some boy, eh? And a very fascinating smile. They undoubtedly constitute one of the most popular duos on the halls to-day, and they are going to introduce to us two of their hits, "After the Storm," and "Go 'Long Mules." There are fine dramatic qualities in the first, and really side-splitting humour in the second. So please give a clap to "Those Boys Somewhere East," Morris and Vane.

Joy Vane.

What do you think of our programme, friends? We feel sure you'll like it, and will be glad to welcome you at the Empire.

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£500 to the holder should such non-fatal accident cause the loss as aforesaid of the sight of one eye or the loss as aforesaid of one limb only.

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(a) That such death or loss shall result within thirty days after the accident; (b) that the holder shall, prior to the accident, have written his (or her) usual signature in the space provided underneath, and shall be a complete copy of the current issue of the "South African Pictorial" containing the signed Coupon Insurance Ticket on his (or her) person at the time of the accident; (c) the notice in case of injury be given to the African Guarantee and Indemnity Co., Ltd., at its principal office, corner of Market and Simmonds Streets, Johannesburg, within seven days after the accident, and in case of death within fourteen days after accident; and (d) that the insurance applies only to persons over twelve and under seventy years of age; and (e) that the Company's liability is limited to one Coupon Insurance Ticket associated with this or any other publication for any one holder, and holds good for seven days from 6 a.m. of the day of issue.

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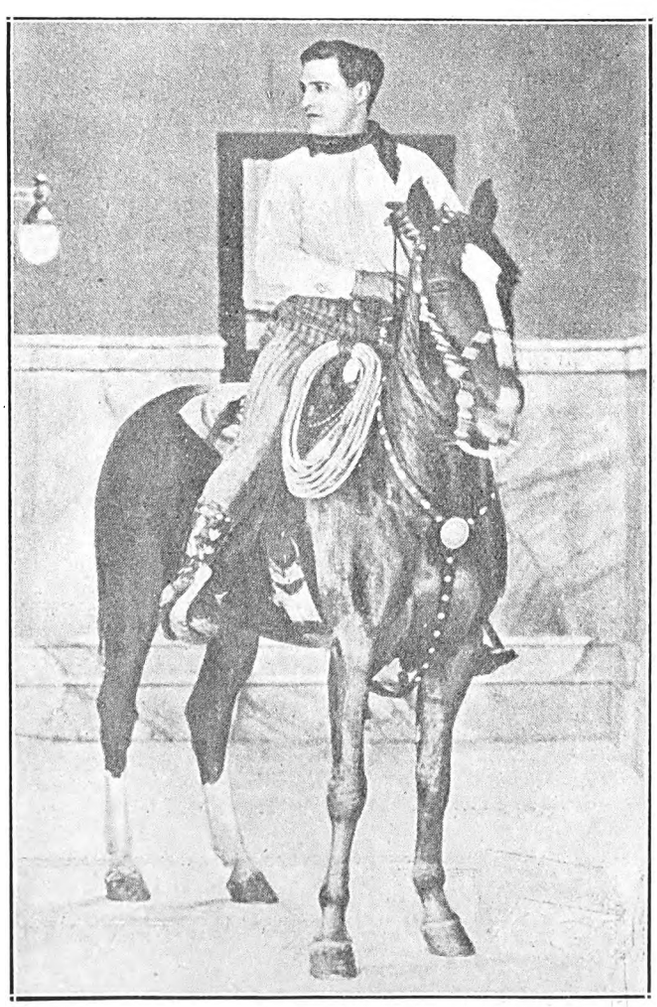
Whose Man?

Well, the one I want to tell you about is "My Man," a very unique film. It is one of George Randolph Chester's fine novels, and was published under the name of "A Tale of Five Roses." Our friend, Dustin Farnum, plays "Sledge," the man who holds the destinies of Ring City in the palms of his hands. A lovely position to be in, don't you think? There is nothing like power—except love. But there, what is the use of speculating? Let me tell you of Molly Marley, played by Patsy Ruth Miller, the motherless daughter of the president of the Street Railway. And she, as you may have guessed, is the innocent cause of all the trouble. Of course, Sledge is in love with her, and when he hears she is fond of roses, he sends them to her by the wagon load. There is another suitor, Bert Glider, and when he announces the engagement, Sledge, in his happy little way, proceeds to break him. But Frank Marley, her father, gets really annoyed, and lends his fortune to aid Bert. Now comes really a pretty ending, showing the inconsistency of women. For Molly is kidnapped by Sledge, and when he permits her to return home at last, she finds she really loves him, and so mends again the fortunes of her father and her erstwhile love. "My Man" will be shown at Wolfram's Bioscope, Capetown, on the 2nd, 3rd and 4th July.



Tom Mix and his wonderful horse. He will be seen in "The Rough Diamond" at Wolfram's Bioscope, Capetown, on June 29th.

Macdona Players Tour South Africa.

Let me give the following details of the tour of the Macdona Players in Bernard Shaw Repertory. They finish at **Johannesburg** on July 4th, after a most successful season, and then go to **Capetown.** On July 7th to the 11th "Pygmalion" will be played, on the 13th to the 18th "Man and Superman," and on the 20th to the 27th "You Never Can Tell." The "Walmer Castle" will then take the company to **Durban,** where they will play at the Theatre Royal, which lies in West Street, I would have you know. There "Pygmalion" will be staged from August 3rd to 8th, "Man and Superman" from the 10th to 15th, and "You Never Can Tell" from the 17th to the 22nd. Booking, you know, is always at the Empire Theatre. **Pietermaritzburg,** Scott's Theatre, will be the next place of call. On August 24th and 25th "Pygmalion," on the 26th and 27th "Man and Superman" and on the 28th and 29th "You Never Can Tell." Booking, please, at Holcomb & Sons. Then away to **Bloemfontein,** to the Grand Theatre, where "Pygmalion" will be played on the 1st and 2nd of September, "Man and Superman," on the 3rd and 4th, and on Saturday, September 5th, matinee and evening, "You Never Can Tell." Booking will be at the Theatre booking office. **East London** will be reached on September the 8th and 9th, and at the City Hall you will be able to see "Pygmalion," on the 10th and 11th "Man and Superman," and on the 12th, which is a Saturday, "You Never Can Tell." Booking is at the Vaudeville Theatre. **Port Elizabeth** comes next; on the 15th and 16th "Pygmalion," on the 17th and 18th "Man and Superman," and on Saturday, for matinee and evening, "You Never Can Tell." Booking is quite convenient at the Grand Theatre itself. Last on the tour is **Pretoria,** the Opera House the venue. On September 22nd and 23rd "Pygmalion," on the 24th and 25th "Man and Superman," and on Saturday, 26th, "You Never Can Tell." Booking there is at the Grand Theatre.

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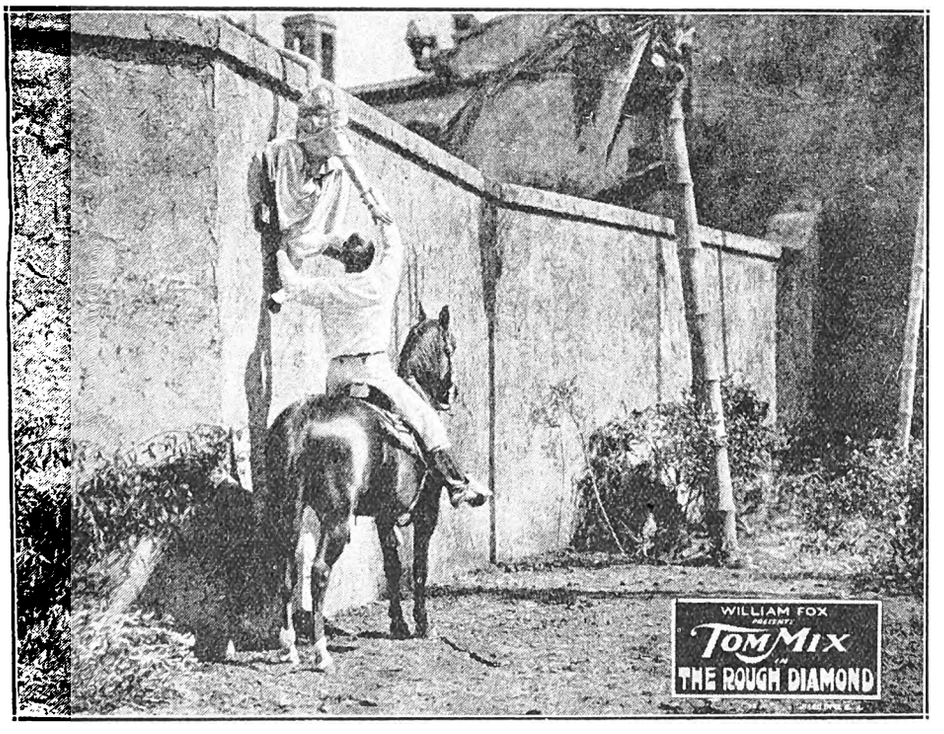
"The Dark Swan."

Two sisters, one very beautiful, the other ugly. Sounds like Cinderella, eh? Cornelia (Helene Chadwick) yearns for romance, but Eve (Marie Prevost) gets it all, and is heartless and selfish to the core. Her husband soons finds her only a frothy, tinsel lady, and it is round this story, a story accentuated by Cornelia returning from a trip abroad and coming once more into his life, that the film deals. With three such stars as I have mentioned, you will want to see "The Dark Swan." Remember it is at the Grand Bioscope, Capetown, on the 29th, 30th and 1st July.

A wonderful bedroom scene in the film.



Tom Mix rescues the lady.

Platinum?

No, not to-day; we'll talk of diamonds, "The Rough Diamond" in fact, and of Tom Mix. Do you remember how he rode through London just a few weeks ago on his wonderful horse? The horse is also in the film, which will be shown at Wolfram's Bioscope, Capetown, on the 29th, 30th and 1st July. It was for flirting during working hours, flirting with a pretty girl, Eva Novak, on the film "Gloria Gomez," that Tom Mix, who plays the part of "Hank Sherman," got sacked. So he went off on his mule and joined a circus; and so the story starts. Are the happy pair re-united? Of course!

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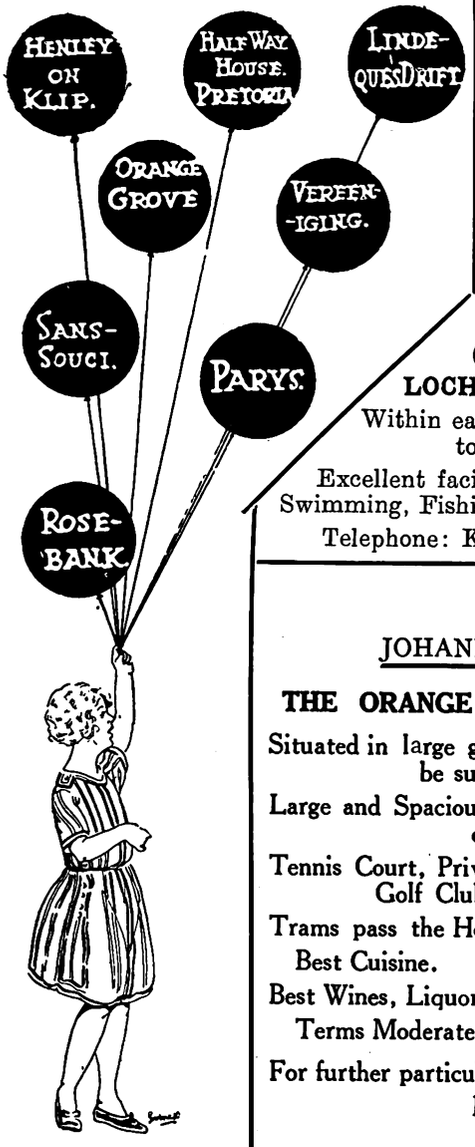

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Ben Lyon has become well versed in the art of make-up, and is seen in the above photo exercising his ability on one of the Parisian dancing girls appearing in the First National special, "The White Moth," in which Miss Barbara La Marr plays the leading role.

The Adventures of "Sally."

"Sally" is going adventuring round South Africa. "Sally," gay and sparkling, a bright, gay bunch of boys and girls. They will all be glad to see you in **Durban,** where they arrive on Monday, June 29th, and will play at the Theatre Royal till July 8th. At **Maritzburg**, at Scott's Theatre (you book at Holcomb & Son, please), from July 9th to the 11th. Then at **Bloemfontein** at the Grand Theatre from July 14th to 18th. **Port Elizabeth** follows; again the Theatre is called the Grand, and the dates? July 21st to 25th. **Capetown,** and a delightful time by the sea in between matinee and evening performances, at the Opera House, beginning on July 28th to August 8th. Back to the Tranvaal, **Pretoria,** and the Opera House, August 11th to the 15th. So endeth the adventures of "Sally." Lots of good luck to you all.

From New York comes news of the recently formed organisation of dramatic writers and critics attached to New York daily papers and theatrical trade papers. They have called themselves "The First-Nighters," and are holding their meetings at Keene's Chop House on 44th Street. James S. Metcalfe, of the Wall Street "Journal," was elected Editor. Every daily in New York and Brooklyn, and all the theatrical weeklies are represented in the membership.

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A scene from the "Enchanted Cottage," which will be shown at the Grand Bioscope, Capetown, on 2nd July.

Round the Country.

You'd like to know what the different vaudeville acts will be on June 29th, wouldn't you? The Empire, Johannesburg; you will find them all on pages 16 and 17. At the Tivoli, Capetown, commencing July 1st, Rolf Slater, Vera Kitchen, and Knight and Brady. At the Orpheum, Johannesburg, on the 29th, Spalding and Vanguard; Grand, Pretoria, Annita Bronzi and the two Farabonis. The Graham Brothers will be at the Criterion, Benoni, and at the house of the same name in Durban Bert Maddison and Lynch and Fisher. Nina and Nora and Broughton and Creedon open at the Vaudette, Bloemfontein, and Stella and Partner and Wilna and Garcia at the Apollo, Germiston.

"Going Up."

Douglas MacLean is the star in "Going Up" the film which will be shown at the Tivoli, Capetown, on July 1st. Rolf Slater, Vera Kitchen and Knight and Brady will be the Vaudeville acts. Douglas MacLean will be the French ace in "Going Up." It is just the sort of comic entertainment that all audiences revel in. The supporting caste is superb. Majorie Daw is a sufficient excuse for any young man to risk his neck. "Going Up" you will remember as a musical comedy which was exceedingly popular.

Johnny Hines, star in "The Early Bird," which was shown at the Grand Bioscope, Capetown, on June 22nd, was presented with a silver plaque, inscribed with the appreciation of the management of the Gotham Theatre, New York, for his services as master of ceremonies at the re-opening of the house in February. The presentation was made at the Plaza Hotel, when the grand ball room was packed to the doors at a preview of his newest picture, "The Crackerjack."

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The Fool's Highway.

Mamie Rose was a little clothes mender in the tailor shop of old Levi, and was greatly beloved by Mike Kildare, a pugilist of the Bowery. Our Mamie, however, is very horified at his profession and will have nothing to do with him, although she is attracted by the man's brute strength and animal attraction. He lures her on, but finally the girl's innocence shames him. Then he discovers his love for her to be a true and holy thing, and so he forsakes his old gang. They lay a trap for him and he is horribly beaten in an underground den. Then —— but you must go to see the "Fool's Highway" for yourself at the Bijou Theatre, Johannesburg, on June 29. Lovely Mary Philbin is the star, and additional interest comes from the old Bowery, which is reproduced in detail with its quaint old resorts and queer characters whose names have gone down into tradition. It reflects the unforgettable "'Nineties."

Next Week's Theatre Calls.

WEEK COMMENCING MONDAY, 29TH JUNE.

Tivoli, Capetown.—(Opening 1st July.) Rolf Slater, Vera Kitchen, Knight and Brady.
Empire, Johannesburg.—Clive Maskelyne, Noni and Horace, Dolly Victoria and Brother, Rupert Hazell and Co., Zetta Mor, Strength Bros., Stevens and Gould, Morris and Vane.
Orpheum, Johannesburg.—Spalding and Vanguard.
His Majesty's, Johannesburg.—The Celebrated Macdona Players in Bernard Shaw's "You Never Can Tell."
Grand, Pretoria.—Annita Bronzi and The Two Farabonis.
Opera House, Pretoria.—Iris Hoey and London Company in "Baby Mine."
Criterion, Benoni.—Graham Bros.
Criterion, Durban.—Bert Maddison, Fynch and Fisher.
Vaudette, Bloemfontein.—Nina and Nora, Broughton and Creedon.
Apollo, Germiston.—Stella and Partner, Wilma and Garcia.
Theatre Royal, Durban.—The Great Song and Dance Show "Sally" with all New London Company of Principals and Chorus.
Theatre Royal, Kimberley.—Freda Godfrey and New London Dramatic Company in "The Heart of a Child," to be followed by "Spring Cleaning" and "Three Wise Fools."
Grand, Port Elizabeth.—(Opening 30th July.) Renee Kelly and Company in "A Kiss for Cinderella," to be followed by "Windows."

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Fiddle-De-Dee.

Fisher is the fiddle part of the act and, I suppose, if I am to carry the analogy further, Fynch represents the "de-dee," since he is the songster.

These two entertainers, with their combined speciality act, are opening at the Criterion, Durban, on June 29th, where they will perform before their first colonial audiences.

That is to say, the colonies will be a new experience for Mr. Fynch, but Mr. Fisher is very well known in musical circles in Johannesburg as a clever violinist—indeed, he has spent several years of his short life in that town and speaks with authority and keen appreciation of the musical world in South Africa.

"I have played my violin in all sorts of places—on the continent, all over England, in Canada—and I do not think I have ever found such love and respect for music as that which abounds in South Africa. South Africans are a naturally musical people. Music comes to them as easily as bodily contortions come to a child born in a circus troupe. They have a naturally quick ear for music, a quick perception, and, above all, a very critical appreciation.

These two entertainers—Fynch and Fisher—still little more than boys, have been in training for the stage ever since they were children. Fisher played his precious violin at school concerts, and had practically no musical training at all. He was taught his notes and how to read music, and the rest he learnt for himself.

Fynch, however, had at first no thoughts of a theatrical career—he was to be a mechanical engineer. All day he stood in a hot factory working his machines and singing as he worked. At length one of the powers-that-were passed and heard his song. He stopped and told the boy he was wasting his time and should be on the stage. That night the boy had an invitation to take part in a concert. That was the beginning of his stage career.

He began at the bottom, taking any part that was offered him, and he always made it his duty to understudy every part in whatever drama he was playing at the moment.

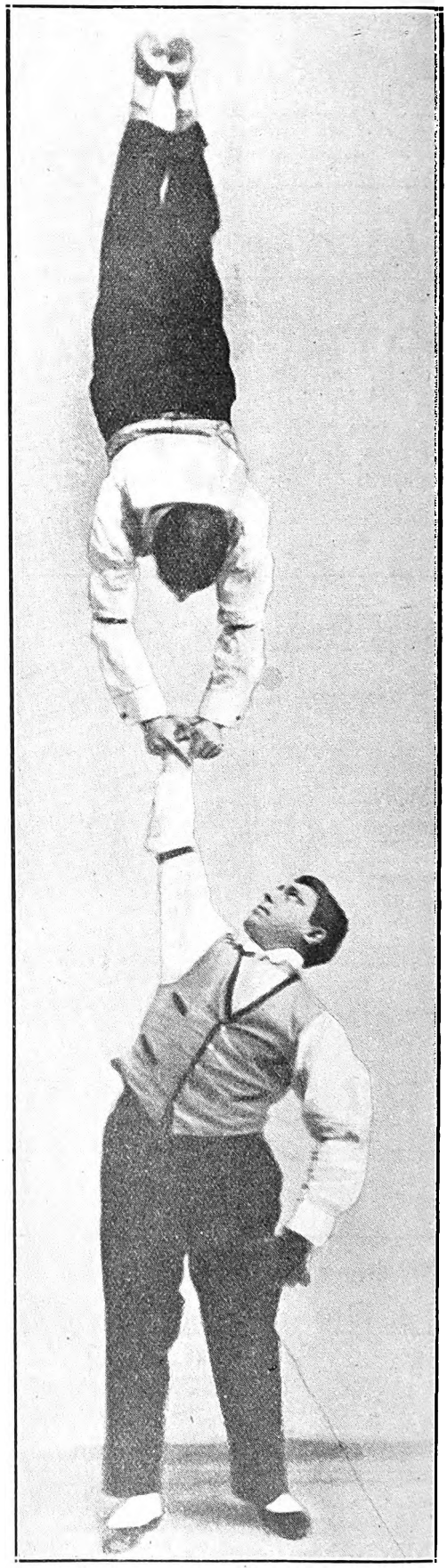
"You see, I thought in my heart that my chance would come one day and I determined to be ready for it when it arrived. Sure enough it came. I joined the "Rattles" revue in London. Soon I was playing juvenile lead, later I was principal comedian and stage director and manager as well. That was a great experience for a young actor. And my advice to young aspirants to the stage is: work, work and work. And when you've gone so far that you realise you know nothing, then you're on the way to knowing a very great deal."

Then the war came, and Fynch and Fisher, who were still at that time separate entities and had not amalgamated into their present partnership, were torn up from the pleasant work of entertaining and flung into the melée of battle. During the war years they both took part in concerts for the troops, and it was towards the end of the war that they met and decided to cast in their lots together.

Soon they became known as the "young Charity Kings," because they were always ready to take part in any concert for any fund.

Unlike most people who are well on the road to "arriving," these two young men are always willing to having their work criticised by outsiders, and welcome any advice which may help them to improve it. Their act has been thought out by themselves and they are both self-trained and taught.

They just finished a tour of the Moss Empire Theatres before sailing for South Africa. Fisher wants to greet his uncle, Mr. Nat Fisher, in Johannesburg, with his fiddle, bought from Ferramosca, the South African, under his arm. Fynch, with a bundle of new songs, and both of them full of the fire and enthusiasm of youth.



Strength Bros. (*see page 17*).

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The Ne'er-do-Well.

Somehow or other they have everyone's sympathy, those ne'er-do-wells. Graceless as they are, we love them for their very fall from grace. So I do not need to beg your sympathy for Kirk Anthony, played by Thomas Meighan, for he was one of that clan.

Rex Beach's famous novel is, of course, the original story, and the company spent six weeks in the Panama zone in order to film it. Among the interesting places used were the ruins of Old Panama, which was destroyed in 1625 by Morgan, the pirate; the old Cherokee prison, and the celebrated Union Club. Thomas Meighan is a wonderful star, and in this picture he is associated with a fine cast; among them Lila Lee, Gertrude Astor, and John Miltern. So, fair readers, I would crave your indulgence for *my* Ne'er-do-well at the Alhambra, Capetown, on June 29th. He will only stay there one week.

Thomas Meighan and Lila Lee in "The Ne'er-do-Well."

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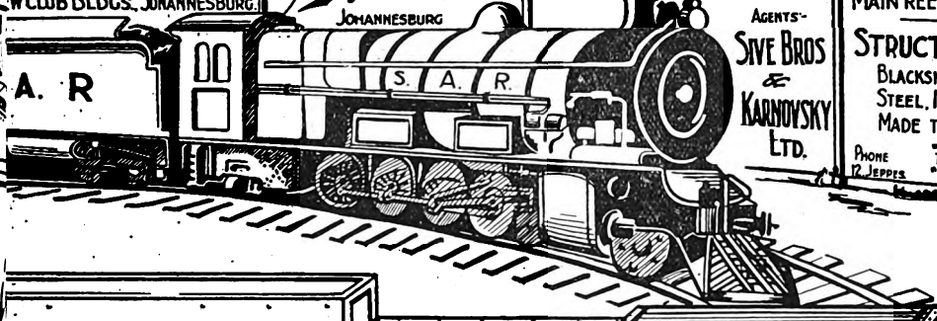

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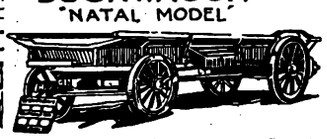

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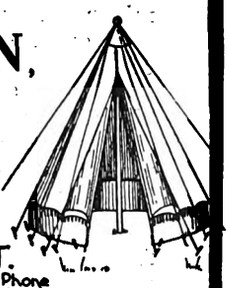

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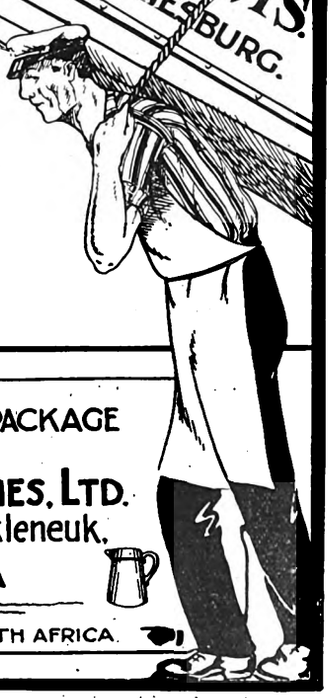

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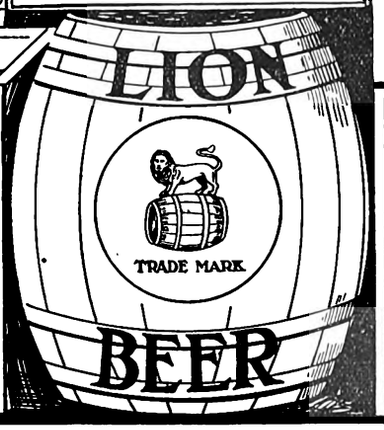

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Racing News.

By "Observer."

Owing to the holidays and festivities arising out of the visit of the Prince of Wales to Johannesburg, these notes have to go to press much earlier than usual. The Prince of Wales Cup has not been run at the time of writing, and, therefore I am confining myself this week to a preliminary digest of the Durban July Handicap.

When the final acceptances were declared there was a field of twenty-one left in the Durban July Handicap. Two hours later came a telegram notifying the withdrawal of T.M.S. The stake of the race is with final acceptances of twenty-one at £25 each, and is brought up to £3,025, or £25 less than when Oriel won last year. By now the wheat has fairly well been sifted from the chaff, and it is highly improbable that there will be anything in the nature of a sensational betting change. Wonder, the mystery horse of the past couple of weeks, is not as firm in the quotations as of yore, but it would not surprise me to see him wind up an equal or even better favourite than Bird of Prey.

Although heavily burdened, almost exceptionally so for an animal that in his three seasons has won only two minor events in England, Wonder is a good horse. How good one does not know, and certainly he is not the equal of some of our old-time equine giants. Correspondingly, the others also are a weak lot, and I fully expect to see him among the placings on the fateful afternoon of July 4.

Oriel has all he is entitled to, and he will find 8st. 4lb. vastly different to the luxurious impost of 6st. 4lb. he carried to victory in the race twelve months ago. Bird of Prey has good winning form at the Cape, but when Sir Abe Bailey bought him at a long figure he was as burly as a Pamphlet. Bird of Prey might show his best form with his ribs heavily covered, but muscle is also required.

King's Daisy I do not fancy, but Hose, on his second to Jubilant II. in the Prince of Wales's Cup, reads something more than a possibility. Then he was a trifle above himself, and the distance, one and a half miles, is a trifle too far. Mr. H. C. de Meillon owns Hose, who is leased to Mr. J. Leaman,, and, as Flush of Dawn has been withdrawn, it may have been in favour of Hose—purely assumption, of course, on my part: he may be a better horse than anyone outside of his immediate connections imagine.

Desert Gold, the beaten favourite for last year's Durban July Handicap, is to have another shot at the race. With an additional year over his four-year-old head, and 1lb. less to carry, Desert Gold, who in the meantime has not been overworked or over-raced, reads a likely winner. Major Cooper has useful trying tackle in Thoughtless Beauty, and, judging by the steady way in which Desert Gold has crept up in the betting quotations, one can rest assured that the Major is satisfied with the well-being of his gelding.

Durbanites speak highly of Entangler, and say that he will follow in the footsteps of Oriel and keep the race in Durban. Knowing nothing, I will wait until I can see him in action on the training track next Tuesday.

Medeboeler and Marten may find the distance a trifle beyond them, but from all accounts Kedgeree has taken on stamina since tking up her residence at Durban. She is an own sister, a year younger, to Surprise Sauce, who won the Goldfields Handicap at the Winter meeting, but so far I cannot have her, although her trainer holds a different opinion.

Were it not for his bad showing later in the Derby, one could genuinely fancy the Guineas winner, Narrow Gauge, with 6st. 10lb. Being a son of Brown Ronald, he should get the easy mile and a quarter of the Durban July Handicap. His speed is unimpeachable, and I do know that his owner-trainer is fairly confident and has backed him for the race.

Vigilance may bring off a coup some day, but according to the latest market move, Figaro will be the elect of Mr. F. W. Murray's pair. The latter's book form is not encouraging, but with the feather of 6.0 on his back Figaro would not need to be even a good horse to win here. As an own brother to contentment we could feel assured of his stamina had not Figaro already proved his ability to get an even longer course. Should he win it will be a distinct triumph for Fred. Murray, who has already established a record by winning four consecutive July Handicaps, with Sir Caulin, Nobleman, Lombard and Caged Bird. Before joining his present quarters Figaro had been "cash" from several stables and once changed hands at auction for something like £12. Therefore, if the gelded son of Pietri-Felicity wins the July Handicap he will add another romance to the history of South African racing.

Despite his rougish tendencies, which at times have been very pronounced, all connected with Dark Brown are wonderfully confident about the July Handicap. He is owned by Mr. A. Lavenstein, who has won the race twice with Pamphlet, and he is trained by Geo. Weale, who prepared the heavily backed Longstop when he defeated Mr. Lavenstein's Navarre in 1921. That Dark Brown is quite capable of winning a July Handicap under 6-8 cannot be denied. He ran third in the Prince of Wales's Cup at Durban, which seems to be his favourite course, but doubting his honesty, I will not stand him or any of the other light weights engaged.

With another week to go and the chance of seeing most of the candidates in action, I may change my mind and my selections in the next issue of this paper. At the present those I like best are Desert Gold, Wonder, Bird of Prey, and Narrow Gauge.

The following are those left in the Durban Turf Club Handicap, value £2,500 (plus a sweepstake of £25 each for final acceptors), of which £250 to the second and £150 to the third horse. One mile and a quarter. Run Saturday, July 4th:—Wonder, 9st. 4lb.; Oriel, 8st. 4lb.; Bird of Prey, 8st. 3lb.; King's Daisy, 7st. 13lb.; Hose, 7st. 12lb.; Desert Gold, 7st. 9lb.; Jubilant II., 7st. 4lb.; Entangler, 7st. 2lb.; Medeboeler, 7st. 2lb.; Kedgeree, 7st.; Marten, 6st. 11lb.; Narrow Gauge, 6st. 10lb.; Farseeing, 6st. 10lb. (including 10lbs. penalty); Vigilance, 6st. 9lb.; Dark Brown, 6st. 8lb.; Lord Bronte, 6st. 4lb.; Bad Lad II., 6st.; Sun Lad, 6st.; Charley's Aunt, 6st.; Figaro, 6st.

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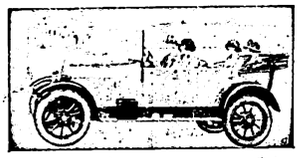

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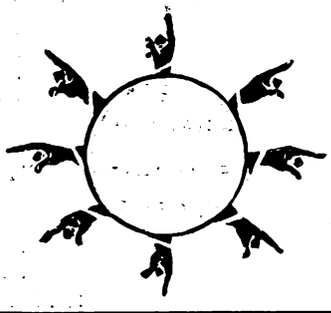

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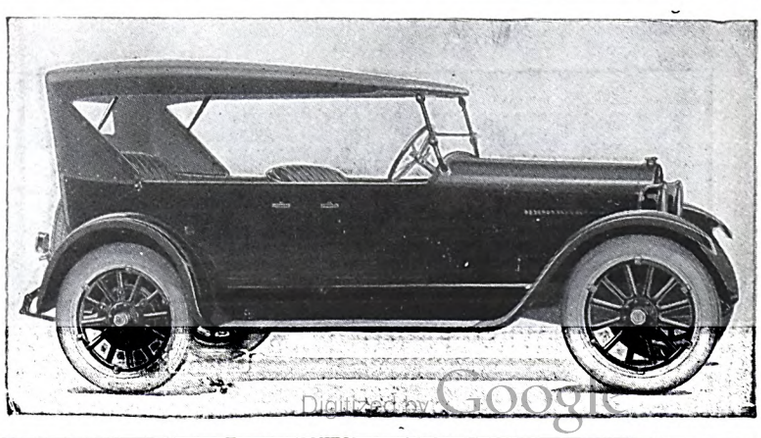

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Accommodation engaged in advance.

Circular Tours by all Routes.

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Consult THOS. COOK & SON, Sacke's Buildings, Joubert Street, JOHANNESBURG.

South African Pictorial.

XX., No. 495] JOHANNESBURG, JANUARY 24TH, 1925. [Registered at G.P.O. as a Newspaper. PRICE 6D.

Poor Brandy is a menace—Good Brandy is appreciated—Perfect Brandy is the aristocrat of spirits.

The Spirit of the New Year. The aristocrat of S.A. Brandies.
Made by Connoisseurs and mellowed by time.

(ESTABLISHED 1894)
THE HOME OF THRIFT
Attractive Investments — Absolute Security

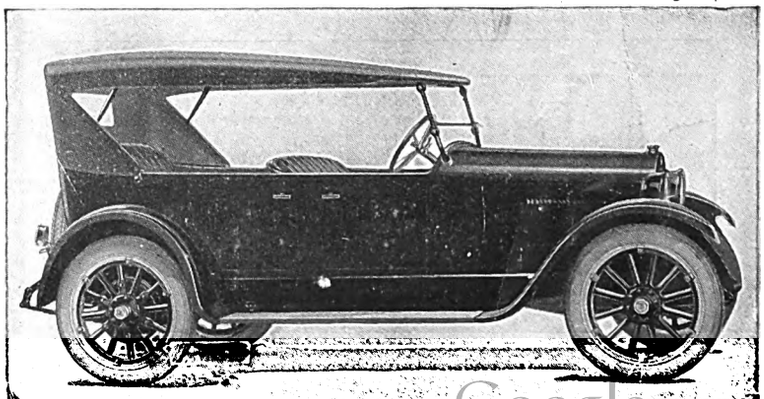
Accounts Opened With Deposits of 5s. and Upwards
SUBSCRIPTION SHARES — LOANS

GOLDFIELDS BUILDING,
Corner ELOFF and FOX STREETS,
——JOHANNESBURG——
BOARDMAN SILCOCK, F.I.S.A., Secretary.

A REFRESHING MEMORY

ONCE MORE TO THE FORE
You will have again your Fresh Prime Beef, Pork, Mutton and
Famous Sausages
Note New Address:—
64-66 PLEIN STREET, CAPE TOWN
(In the Premises of the lately Occupied Savoy Cafe)
NO CONNECTION WITH ANY OTHER FIRM IN CAPE TOWN
BROS
'Phone 1416. P.O. Box 2468.
CAPE TOWN.

VERY DAY AND IN EVERY WAY IT'S GETTING
BETTER AND BETTER
RELIABLE AND ECONOMICAL
FOR TOWN OR COUNTRY USE
emonstrations and full particulars from:—
ENERAL GARAGE
MARSHALL STREET, JOHANNESBURG
O. Box 1905. Telephone 6181.



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JACQUELINE
MILLINER & COSTUMIER
Makers of Opera Cloaks, Evening Dresses, etc. New French Styles by every Mail.
Malvern Tram stops at door
563, Jules Street, MALVERN

SHOP WHERE YOUR HOME IS:
JULES STREET,
MALVERN

R. T. COLES
435, JULES STREET, MALVERN
MOTOR GARAGE AND CYCLE WORKS
For Repairs to all Motor Cycles. Accessories, Oils and Petrol stocked.

FREE COUPON
INSURANCE TICKET (Not to be Detached)
THE AFRICAN GUARANTEE AND INDEMNITY CO., LTD.
PRINCIPAL OFFICE: CORNER MARKET AND KRUIS STREETS, JOHANNESBURG.

WILL PAY

£1,000 to the legal personal representative of the bona-fide holder of this Coupon Insurance Ticket if the holder shall be killed by an accident within the Union of South Africa to passenger train, passenger steamer, public omnibus, tram-car, taxicab or cab (which is being driven by a licensed driver plying for public hire) in which the holder is travelling as a ticket-holder or fare-paying passenger; or

£1,000 to the holder should such accident as above defined not prove fatal, but cause the loss of two limbs by actual separation above the wrist or ankle, or the total and irrecoverable loss of all sight in both eyes; or

£500 to the holder should such non-fatal accident cause the loss as aforesaid of the sight of one eye or the loss as aforesaid of one limb only.

Provided that the above undertaking is subject to the following special conditions, which are of the essence of the contract, viz.:—

(a) That such death or loss shall result within thirty days after the accident; (b) that the holder shall, prior to the accident, have written his (or her) usual signature in the space provided underneath, and shall have a complete copy of the current issue of the SOUTH AFRICAN PICTORIAL containing the signed Coupon Insurance Ticket on his (or her) person at the time of the accident; (c) the notice in case of injury be given to the African Guarantee and Indemnity Co., Ltd., at its principal office, corner of Market and Simmonds Streets, Johannesburg, within seven days after the accident, and in case of death within fourteen days after accident; and (d) that the insurance applies only to persons over twelve and under seventy years of age; and (e) that the Company's liability is limited to one Coupon Insurance Ticket associated with this or any other publication for any one holder, and holds good for seven days from 6 a.m. of the day of issue.

This insurance entitles the holder of the benefit of, and is subject to the conditions of the African Guarantee and Indemnity Co., Ltd., except so far as the same are altered by the terms and special conditions above stated.

Date of issue January 24, 1925.

Signature of Holder:.....

The holder of a pass or privilege ticket travelling as a passenger is a ticket-bearing passenger within the meaning of the Coupon Insurance Ticket.

SUBSCRIBERS NEED NOT SIGN COUPON OR CARRY PAPER.

Those who subscribe in the way mentioned below are not required to sign the coupon or carry a copy of the current issue of SOUTH AFRICAN PICTORIAL, between the time of registration by the Publisher and the expiry of their subscriptions, provided that they preserve the Publisher's acknowledgment.

Readers who wish to become subscribers may do so either by paying quarterly, half-yearly, or yearly in advance, to the Business Manager, SOUTH AFRICAN PICTORIAL, Empire Buildings (Box 1574), Johannesburg.

MARTIN'S
APIOL & STEEL PILLS for Ladies.
A French Remedy for all Irregularities. Thousands of Ladies keep a box of Martin's Pills in the house, so that at the first sign of any irregularity of the System a timely dose may be administered. Those who use them recommend them, hence their enormous sale. At all Chemists and Stores, or post free 5/-.
MARTIN, Chemist, SOUTHAMPTON, ENGLAND.

Improved

"Cream Cracker"

Back of the thinking-out which has led to the improvement of this Biscuit has been the desire to make a Cracker in the highest degree

CRISP, LIGHT & FLAKY

That we have achieved our aim is the opinion of those who have tried the new Cracker, and we can, therefore, with all the greater confidence recommend it to you

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PYOTT, LTD.,
Port Elizabeth.

PORT SHEPSTONE, NATAL.

Good Table, airy Rooms, facing sea. Garages.
Public and Private Bars.
Under the management of the Proprietor:
Mr. F. B. STIFF.

Get both at

The centre of the most fertile and beautiful district in Natal.
The Umzimkulu River is navigable for seven miles from the sea.

Special Anniversary Number of the "South African Pictorial" second week in February.

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18 MAY '25

South African Pictorial.

Circulation INCREASING ALL THE TIME

VOL. XX., No. 496] JOHANNESBURG, JANUARY 31ST 1925. [Registered at G.P.O. as a Newspaper. PRICE 6D.

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The Key to Geen & Richards' value in Chesterfield Suites is inside, in the hidden work represented by adequate springing that ensures a lifetime of service and comfort and thorough workmanship. The choice of artistic materials for covering would be bewildering if it was'nt so fascinating. 2 division suites

From £22/10/-

GEEN and RICHARDS

126 Market Street, 'Phone 5288
Johannesburg's Largest Furniture Store

The
Fastest Time
EVER RECORDED
by a
Standard Stock Model Motor Car on Mulder's Drift Hill was accomplished by Mr. Owen on a Superior

CHEVROLET

Time: 1 min 37 1/5 secs
January 1st, 1925.
The World's Lowest Priced Fully Equipped Quality Motor Car.

"MELLOWED BY AGEING"
Santy's
UNDER GOVT. CONTROL

SELF RESPECT

is one of the most satisfactory qualities possessed by men. Try Systematic Saving for one year and see how it makes you feel. Our Savings Department has helped many a man on the way to a competence in his old age. The money you deposit with us earns interest for you while you sleep.

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P.O. Box 2052. 'Phone 1391.
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During the Summer Months

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Refreshing, Invigorating and Sustaining

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Fire, Marine and Accident.

South African Railways and Harbours.

EXCURSION FACILITIES.

SUMMER SEASON 1925.

Seasonal Excursions at minimum fares of £2 first and £1 7s. 0d. second class, will be issued from stations in the Transvaal, Orange Free State, Cape and South-West Africa, as follows:—

To CAPETOWN, CAPETOWN-SIMONSTOWN SECTION, STRAND, BOT RIVER (for HERMANUS) and SALDANHA (for HOEDJES or SALDANHA BAY) on certain days each week during JANUARY, FEBRUARY and MARCH, 1925.

To EAST LONDON, PORT ELIZABETH, JEFFREYS BAY, PORT ALFRED, GEORGE (for KNYSNA and THE WILDERNESS), MOSSEL BAY SECTION, and UMTATA (for PORT ST. JOHNS) on certain days each week during JANUARY and FEBRUARY, 1925.

To SWAKOPMUND on certain days each week during JANUARY and FEBRUARY, 1925.

For particulars see handbills.

W. W. HOY,
General Manager.

Johannesburg,
December, 1924.

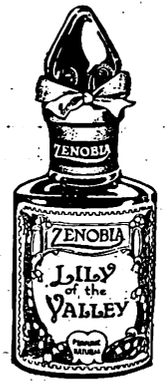
More Straw Hats
are to be worn this year.
Give new smartness to the hat you have with
Colorite
STRAW HAT FINISH
At Drug and Department Stores

This Book of Millinery Secrets Free

Write for your copy *today*

CARPENTER-MORTON COMPANY
DEPT. E BOSTON, MASS.
Try "*COLORITE*" Fabric Dyes

Send 2d. Postage for Free Booklet to Estate late B. P. DAVIS, P.O. Box 3371, Johannesburg.



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The delicate bouquet of Zenobia Lily-of-the-Valley is like the scent-laden zephyrs from an English Garden.

Zenobia Night Scented Stock, and Zenobia Sweet Pea Blossom are two other natural flower perfumes—subtle, dainty and fresh, and redolent with the sweet fragrance of delicate English blooms.

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ZENOBIA Talcum Powder is delightful for all powder purposes. Soothing and antiseptic, particularly suitable for the nursery and most beneficial after shaving. In White or Flesh colour, in Assorted Odours. Now being supplied in sprinkler topped bottles.

Manufactured only by ZENOBIA LTD, Loughborough, Leicestershire, Eng.

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The Ideal Hotel for Comfort

Good Table, airy Rooms, facing sea. Garages. Public and Private Bars.

Under the management of the Proprietor:

Mr. F. B. STIFF.

HEALTH and REST!
Get both at
PORT SHEPSTONE

The centre of the most fertile and beautiful district in Natal.

The Umzimkulu River is navigable for seven miles from the sea.

Your Skin and Complexion can be kept in a Perfect Condition all the year round a regular use of

BEETHAM'S La-rola

Of all high-class Chemists and Stores. It effectually removes all Roughness, Redness, Tan, Irritation, etc., and is delightfully Soothing and Refreshing at all times.

Manufactured by
M. BEETHAM & SON, CHELTENHAM, England.

PIANO.

ROBERT B. LLOYD
A.R.A.M.
Mackay Bros. Building
and
40, Kapteijn Street, Hospital Hill, Johannesburg.

JEYES' FLUID WAS ADOPTED BY THE INDIAN GOVERNMENT AGAINST PLAGUE.

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South African Pictorial.

Circulation INCREASING ALL THE TIME

OL. XX., No. 497] JOHANNESBURG, FEBRUARY 7TH 1925. [Registered at G.P.O. as a Newspaper. PRICE 6D.

Poor Brandy is a menace—Good Brandy is appreciated—Perfect Brandy is the aristocrat of spirits.

CHATEAU

The Spirit of the New Year. The aristocrat of S.A. Brandies.
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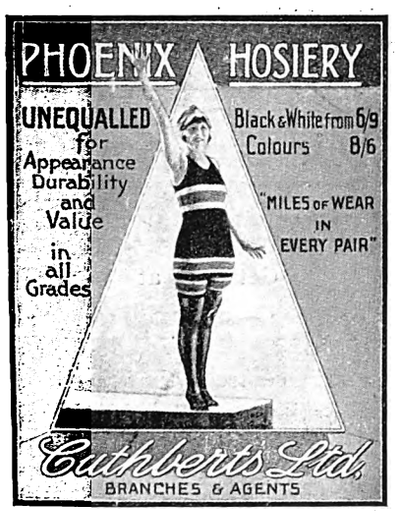

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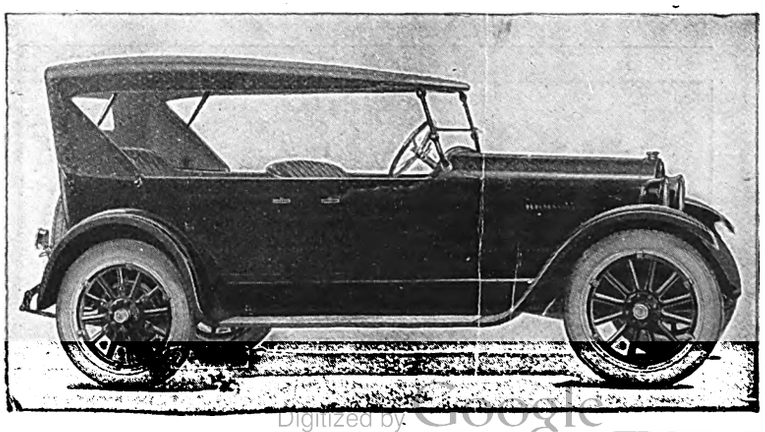

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435, JULES STREET, MALVERN
MOTOR GARAGE AND CYCLE WORKS
For Repairs to all Motor Cycles. Accessories, Oils and Petrol stocked.

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INSURANCE TICKET (Not to be Detached)
THE AFRICAN GUARANTEE AND INDEMNITY CO., LTD.
PRINCIPAL OFFICE: CORNER MARKET AND KRUIS STREETS, JOHANNESBURG.

WILL PAY

£1,000 to the legal personal representative of the bona-fide holder of this Coupon Insurance Ticket if the holder shall be killed by an accident within the Union of South Africa to passenger train, passenger steamer, public omnibus, tram-car, taxicab or cab (which is being driven by a licensed driver plying for public hire) in which the holder is travelling as a ticket-holder or fare-paying passenger; or

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Date of Issue: February 7, 1925.

Signature of Holder:.....

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MARTIN, Chemist, SOUTHAMPTON, ENGLAND.

PYOTT'S
Improved
"Cream Cracker"

Back of the thinking-out which has led to the improvement of this Biscuit has been the desire to make a Cracker in the highest degree

CRISP, LIGHT & FLAKY

That we have achieved our aim is the opinion of those who have tried the new Cracker, and we can, therefore, with all the greater confidence recommend it to you

Sold by all Grocers

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Port Elizabeth.

PORT SHEPSTONE, NATAL.

PORT SHEPSTONE HOTEL.
The Ideal Hotel for Comfort
Good Table, airy Rooms, facing sea. Garages.
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Under the management of the Proprietor:
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The centre of the most fertile and beautiful district in Natal.
The Umzimkulu River is navigable for seven miles from the sea.

Special Anniversary Number of the "South African Pictorial" second week in February.

JEYES' FLUID WAS ADOPTED BY THE INDIAN GOVERNMENT AGAINST PLAGUE.

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AFRICAN PICTORIAL, VOL. XX. 498. FEBRUARY 14, 1925. REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER AT THE G.P.O., LONDON.

Sixth Anniversary Number

South African Pictorial.

OL. XX., No. 498] JOHANNESBURG, FEBRUARY 14TH 1925. [Registered at G.P.O. as a Newspaper. PRICE 6D.

Just as the "South African Pictorial" sets the standard for bright and entertaining journalism, so do **Messrs. GEEN & RICHARDS** set the standard for furnishing in Johannesburg. On this the sixth birthday of the South African Pictorial, the old established firm feel it opportune to express their appreciation of the confidence and unstinted support which they have received from the Johannesburg public.

Furniture is more than a necessity. The wife expresses her personality as much through the chairs and carpets in her rooms as she does in the clothes she wears. Realizing this, Messrs. GEEN & RICHARDS, of 126, Market Street, Johannesburg, combine artistic choice of form and colour with solidity of construction and this produces furniture with an ideal—Strength and beauty hand in hand.

The
Fastest Time
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Standard Stock Model Motor Car on Mulder's Drift Hill was accomplished by Mr. Owen on a Superior

CHEVROLET

Time: 1 min 37 1/5 secs
January 1st, 1925.
The World's Lowest Priced Fully Equipped Quality Motor Car.

"MELLOWED BY AGEING"
Santy's
UNDER GOVT. CONTROL

SELF RESPECT

is one of the most satisfactory qualities possessed by men. Try Systematic Saving for one year and see how it makes you feel. Our Savings Department has helped many a man on the way to a competence in his old age The money you deposit with us earns interest for you while you sleep.

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Johannesburg.
JOHN A. NOBLE, Secretary.
P.O. Box 2052. 'Phone 1391.
Pretoria Agents:
Handley and Moore, Ltd.,
14 and 16 Bureau Street.

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Refreshing, Invigorating and Sustaining

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SUMMER SEASON 1925.

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To SWAKOPMUND on certain days each week during JANUARY and FEBRUARY, 1925.

For particulars see handbills.

W. W. HOY,
General Manager.

Johannesburg,
December, 1924.

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STRAW HAT FINISH

Made these 4 different looking hats from one shape

This Free Book shows you how.
Write for your copy today

16 beautiful colors at Drug and Department Stores

CARPENTER-MORTON COMPANY
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Try "COLORITE" Fabric Dyes

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STANDARD TYPEWRITER

Winner of all the World's Championship Contests for SEVENTEEN CONSECUTIVE YEARS, the Underwood is built for speed and durability, while its distinctive touch makes it the choice of discriminating users . .

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Good Table, airy Rooms, facing sea. Garages. Public and Private Bars.

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Mr. F. B. STIFF.

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The Umzimkulu River is navigable for seven miles from the sea.

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GUARANTEED ALL-WOOL INDIGO NO. 1 SERGE.
4½ gns. SUITS; or LADIES' COSTUMES

Made to measure to perfection. Extra trousers 1 Guinea. A large variety of other materials in stock. Dress or Dinner Suits, from 6 Guineas

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s arranged to all Seaside rts, also to the Victoria lls, Matopos, Zimbabwe, Drakensberg, etc., etc.

Accommodation engaged in advance.

Circular Tours by all Routes.

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Consult THOS. COOK & SON, Sacke's Buildings, Joubert Street, JOHANNESBURG.

South African Pictorial.

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L. XX., No. 499] JOHANNESBURG, FEBRUARY 21ST 1925. [Registered at G.P.O. as a Newspaper. PRICE 6D.

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CHATEAU

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Made by Connoisseurs and mellowed by time.

FOR BETTER VALUES FURNISH AT

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AND BE SATISFIED.

Quality *Economy*

JOSCELYNE'S LTD.,

Furnishers Decorators

JOUBERT STREET, JOHANNESBURG.

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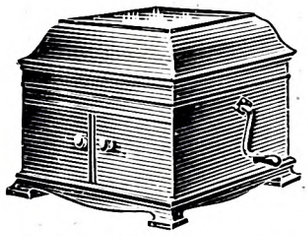

THE NEW MODEL 107

His Master's Voice

IS WONDERFUL VALUE.

A Table Grand, measuring 15 inches wide, 12½ inches high, and 18½ inches deep, it embodies the newest improvements, and plays 10 and 12 inch records. In Mahogany, £11. In Oak, £9 10s.

Ask for Reduced Price List. Terms arranged.

MACKAY BROS., LTD.

Rissik and Pritchard Streets, Johannesburg. And at Pretoria, Potchefstroom, Benoni, Kroonstad and Durban.

DODGE BROTHERS MOTOR CAR

EVERY DAY AND IN EVERY WAY IT'S GETTING BETTER AND BETTER

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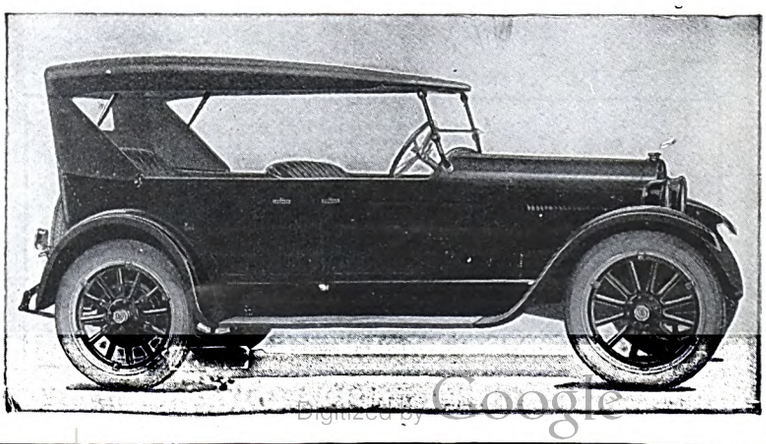

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PRINCIPAL OFFICE: CORNER MARKET AND KRUIS STREETS, JOHANNESBURG.

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£1,000 to the legal personal representative of the bona-fide holder of this Coupon Insurance Ticket if the holder shall be killed by an accident within the Union of South Africa to passenger train, passenger steamer, public omnibus, tram-car, taxicab or cab (which is being driven by a licensed driver plying for public hire) in which the holder is travelling as a ticket-holder or fare-paying passenger; or

£1,000 to the holder should such accident as above defined not prove fatal, but cause the loss of two limbs by actual separation above the wrist or ankle, or the total and irrecoverable loss of all sight in both eyes; or

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This insurance entitles the holder of the benefit of, and is subject to the conditions of the African Guarantee and Indemnity Co., Ltd., except so far as the same are altered by the terms and special conditions above stated.

Date of Issue: February 21, 1925.

Signature of Holder:.....

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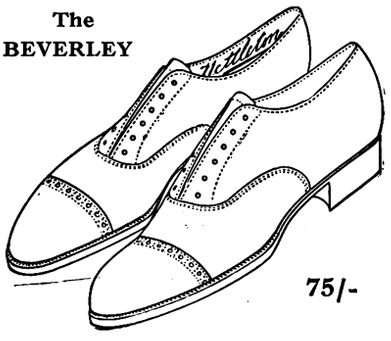

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This insurance entitles the holder of the benefit of, and is subject to the conditions of the African Guarantee and Indemnity Co., Ltd., except so far as the same are altered by the terms and special conditions above stated.

Date of Issue: February 28, 1925.

Signature of Holder:.....

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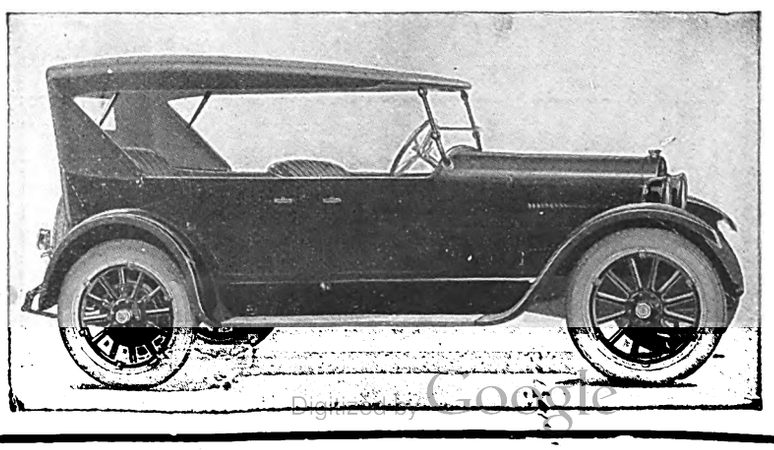

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This insurance entitles the holder of the benefit of, and is subject to the conditions of the African Guarantee and Indemnity Co., Ltd., except so far as the same are altered by the terms and special conditions above stated.

Date of Issue: March 7, 1925.

Signature of Holder:.....

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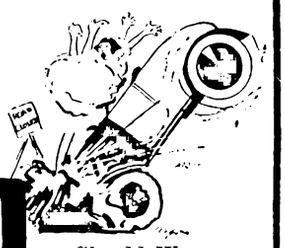

Should Women Drive Motor Cars?
SEE PAGE 1.

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Date of Issue: March 14, 1925.

Signature of Holder:.....

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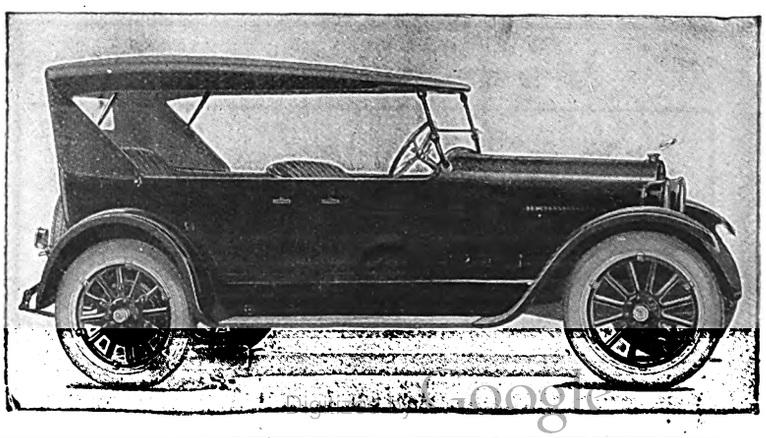

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£1,000 to the holder should such accident as above defined not prove fatal, but cause the loss of two limbs by actual separation above the wrist or ankle, or the total and irrecoverable loss of all sight in both eyes; or

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Date of Issue: March 21, 1925.

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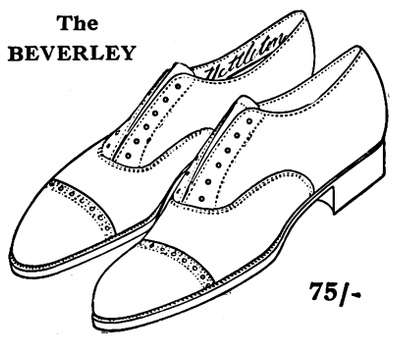

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This insurance entitles the holder of the benefit of, and is subject to the conditions of the African Guarantee and Indemnity Co., Ltd., except so far as the same are altered by the terms and special conditions above stated.

Date of Issue: March 28, 1925.

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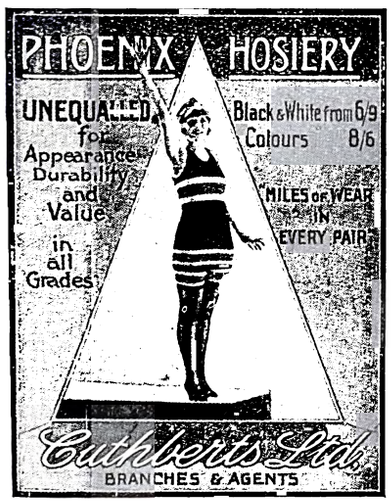

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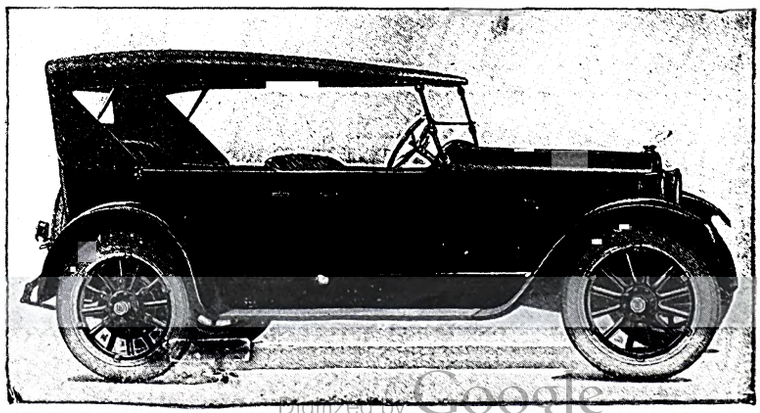

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Date of issue: April 4, 1925.

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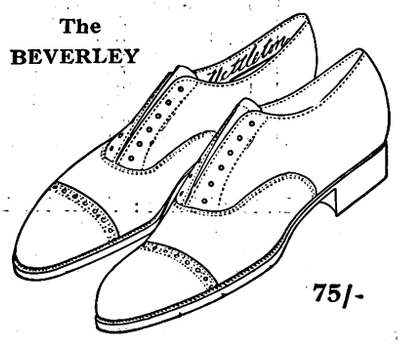

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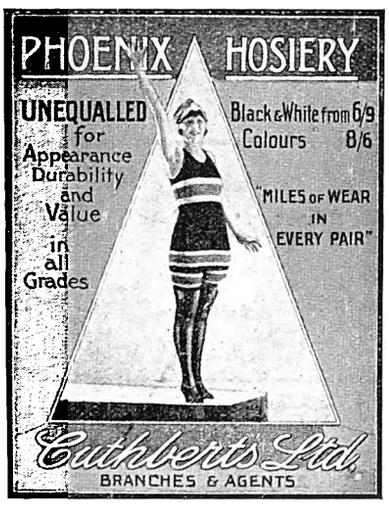

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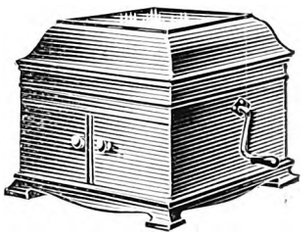

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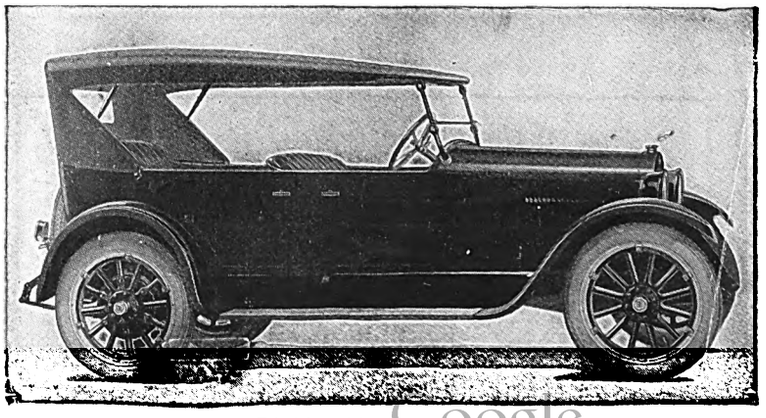

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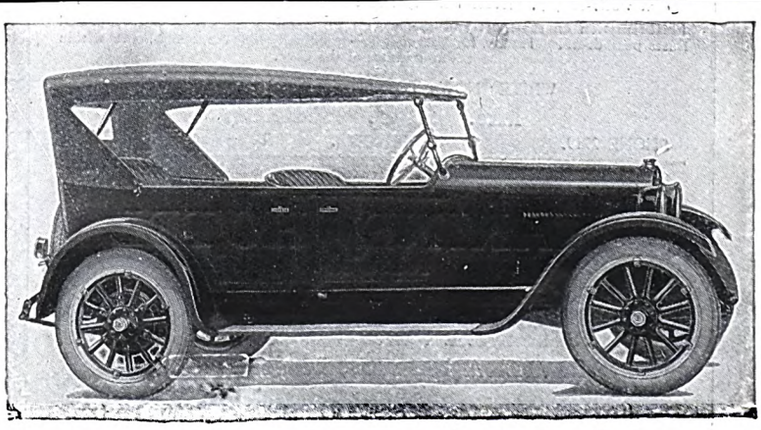

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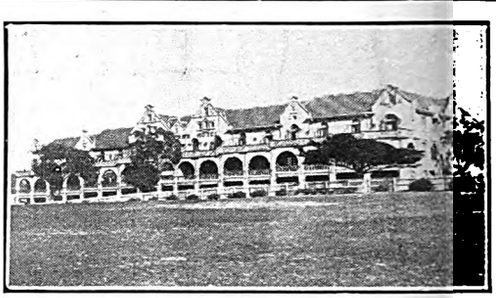

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For full particulars and governing conditions see leaflet obtainable at stations.

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VOL. XX., No. 511] JOHANNESBURG, MAY 16TH, 1925. [Registered at G.P.O. as a Newspaper. PRICE 6D.

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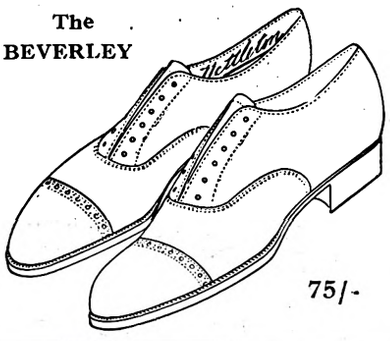

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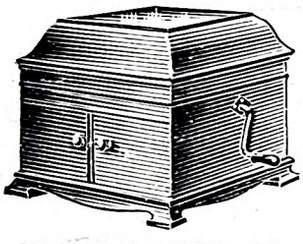

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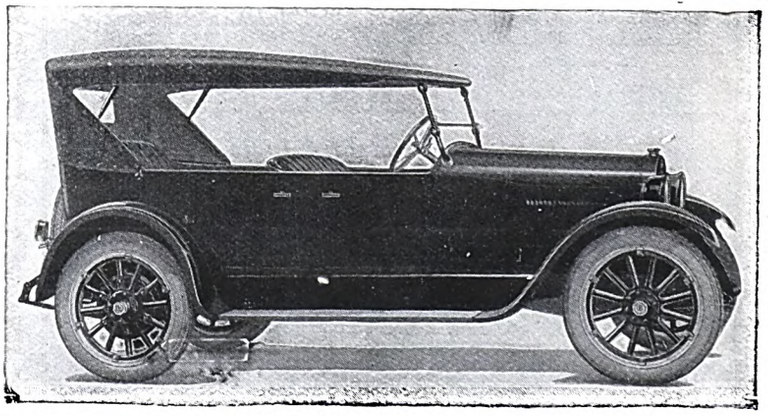

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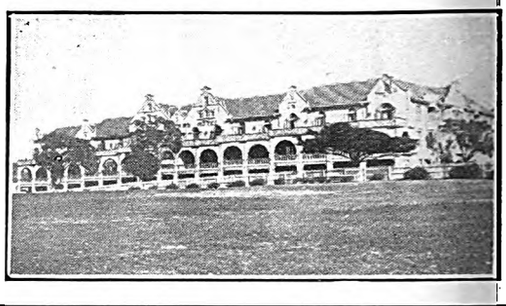

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VOL. XX., No. 512] JOHANNESBURG, MAY 23RD, 1925. [Registered at G.P.O. as a Newspaper. PRICE 6D.

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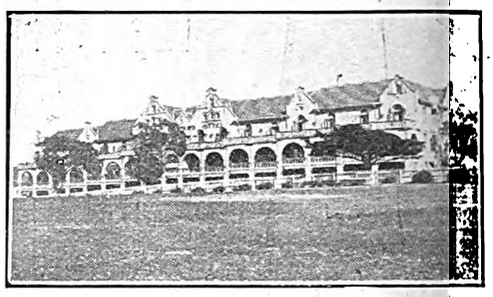

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.. XX., No. 513] JOHANNESBURG, MAY 30TH, 1925. [Registered at G.P.O. as a Newspaper. PRICE 6D.

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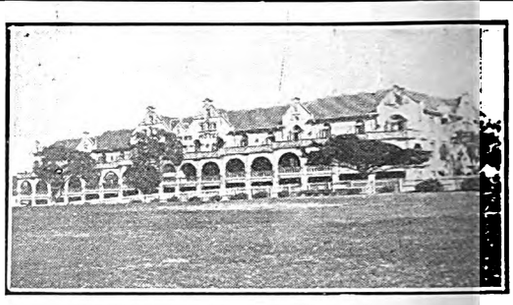

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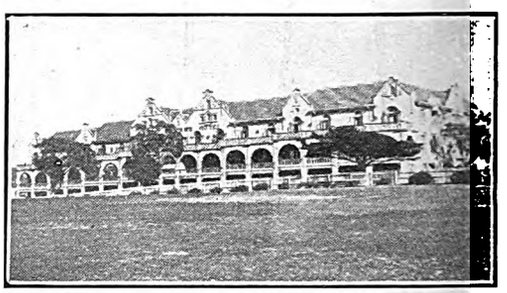

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VOL. XX., No. 515] JOHANNESBURG, JUNE 13TH, 1925. [Registered at G.P.O. as a Newspaper. PRICE 6D.

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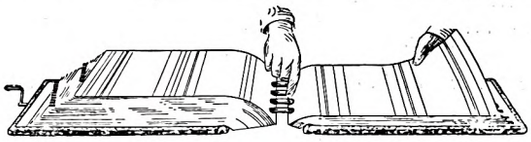

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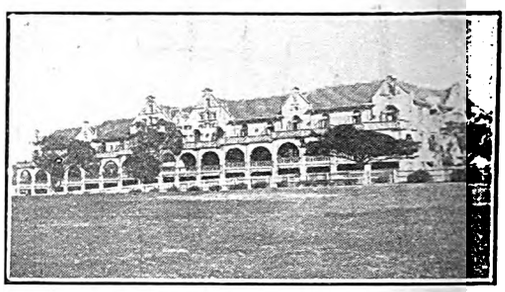

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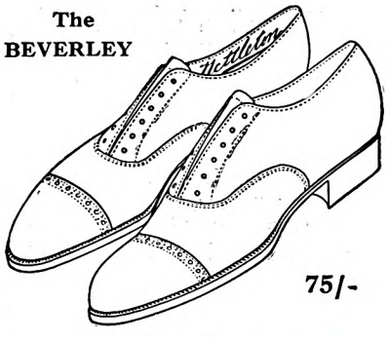

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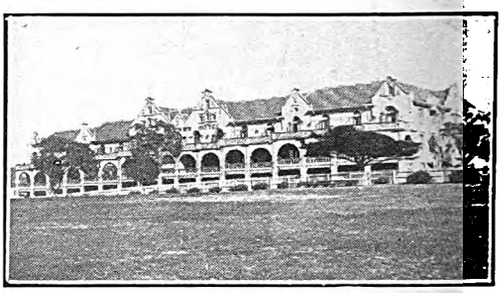

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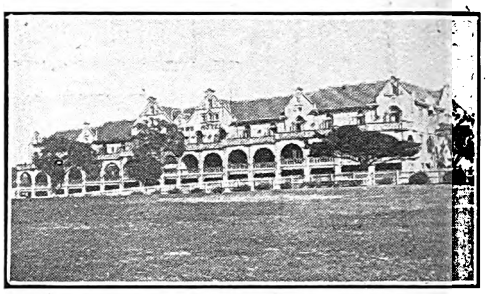

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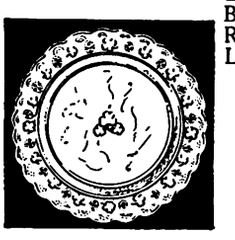

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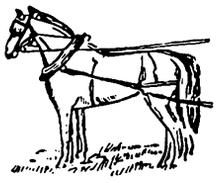

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